

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

"I LOVE THEM THAT LOVE ME: AND THOSE THAT SEEK ME EARLY SHALL FIND ME." PROV. VIII, 17.

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NEARER MY HOME.

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than ever I've been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the "many mansions" be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer that bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown.

Selected for the "Instructor."

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

"MOTHER, mother," exclaimed Charley Morris, as he rushed into the house after school in great excitement, "what do you think we are going to do in school?"

"Study, I hope," said his mother, quietly, while the little boy stopped to take breath.

"We shall have to, that's a fact," said Charley, "but that was not what I wanted to tell you, mother. You know there are just six weeks before examination, and they are going to give certificates then only to the very best scholars, who have sustained themselves perfectly through the term."

"And you mean, of course, to rank among the very best, if you can," said Mrs. Morris.

"Of course I do, mother, but there is one thing more. The boy who has been at the head of his classes for the longest time is to have besides his diploma, a golden star to wear upon his breast. He will be called the star scholar, and will rank highest in the school."

"So you are aiming at this bright particular star."

"Yes, mother, and will have it too, you will see!" Dr. H. says it is a more honorable distinction than the Legion of Honor. Won't you be proud, mother, to see me wearing it at the evening exhibition. The teachers will tell you that your boy is the best scholar in the school." Mrs. Morris smiled. "Won't you be glad, mother?" repeated Charley, eagerly.

"Glad I shall certainly be of the scholarship that has won the honor, if it is fairly earned," replied the mother. "But what are your grounds of expectation?"

"Why, mother, I am at the head of all my classes but one, and in that there is no one

above me but Henry Colton. I don't suppose there would be any hope of going beyond him if he was always there, but he is sometimes absent at the hour we recite, and so he won't have as good a chance of keeping his place in the class."

"What is the cause of his absence?"

"He has to do errands for his mother. She takes in sewing, and they are too poor to have any servant, so Henry carries the bundles home."

"Mrs. Colton has made great effort to keep her boy at school. He is a good scholar is he not?"

"Yes, mother, I don't know a boy that studies harder than Henry Colton."

"Not even Charley Morris."

"No mother, but then I am not obliged to study so much because I have been to school more regularly than he has, and then I have more time to myself at home. Why, Henry is up and studying before any one else is stirring in the morning, and always sleeps with his book under his pillow at night."

"Then if he fails to obtain the highest rank in the school, it will not be for want of diligence, or even of scholarship, but from the mere accident of his outward circumstances. But he will doubtless make a great effort to be punctual for these six weeks to come."

"He will, if he knows of the plan," said Charley moodily.

"He learns his lesson at home, does he not, so as to keep up with the class, though he should be absent for a single day?"

"Yes, mother, but to-day we had a special explanation of something in arithmetic, that I know he cannot work out by himself."

"Is my boy quite conscious of the spirit he is indulging?" asked the mother gently.

"Does he really wish to gain this prize for himself at the expense of one who deserves it full as much, and perhaps even more?"

"Then you don't want me to get the star after all, mother," said Charley, after a few moments' silence."

"You will not doubt your mother's interest in your improvement, even if she should be less solicitous about this particular honor," Mrs. Morris replied. "You know all the ambition I have in the world, is centered in my children. I would see them active, energetic, foremost, if possible, in the pursuit of every honorable attainment. And yet there is 'a more excel-

lent way' which I would have them follow; an attainment higher even than mental wealth, without which, though possessing 'all knowledge' they are nothing."

Charley's glowing ambition had somewhat cooled, during his mother's calm, but earnest conversation. He was listening attentively as he sat in his favorite place at her feet, though his eyes were downcast, and a sense of shame stole over him.

"You remember the passage in which this 'way' is described?" asked his mother.

Charley took down the little well-worn Bible in which he always loved to read aloud to his mother. Turning to 1 Cor. xiii, he slowly read the first three verses.

"Do you think, mother," he asked "that this forbids seeking any honor for one's self? It says, 'seeketh not her own.'"

"It is not necessary for us to settle the bearing of this on the question of prizes at school. But one question comes nearer to the case in hand. Do you think that in strict honesty the star would be your own, if you gained it, not by superior scholarship, but by your more prosperous circumstances, and Henry's hindrance through his mother's necessities? The only value of the sign is in the thing signified. To me this badge would mean, not that my boy was a better scholar than Henry, but only that his father was richer than Henry's mother."

"Mother, I don't want the star at all," said Charley with a resolute effort, "that is, if Henry can get it. I am going around now, if you are willing, to show him about the arithmetic, and to ask his mother to arrange if possible, so that he can attend school constantly, the next six weeks."

Mrs. Colton's consent to the latter arrangement was easily gained, especially when Charley had begged permission to assist in doing the errands after school hours. The obstacles in arithmetic were cleared away, so that the rivals started on their friendly race with a fair field and no favor to either. Henry had been at the head of the class just the same length of time that Charley had been before him, when, three weeks before the examination, he was taken sick. It would be difficult to say which of the two classmates was most disappointed at this derangement of their plans. Charley watched the progress of the fever almost as anxiously as Mrs. Colton, and daily beset the doctor, to learn the prospect of a speedy recovery.

The third week had arrived before Henry was able to be dressed, and breathe the outer air for a few minutes of the day. Examination day came, and by Charley's earnest entreaties the invalid was permitted to be present on the important occasion. He sat next his friend and leaned upon him when too weary

with the effort and excitement. After many less interesting exercises, the president arose, and with some words of explanation, proceeded to confer, as he said, the highest mark of honor ever received in the institution. The star was awarded to "Charles Morris, for punctuality of attendance, propriety of deportment, and success in scholarship."

There was a moment of almost breathless attention through the crowded audience, as Charles walked to the foot of the platform and was seen to address a few words to the president. Those who were nearest could hear him say:

"The star, sir, does not rightfully belong to me. Henry Colton has worked harder than I to obtain it. He is a better scholar, and but for sickness, would have been at the head of all his classes."

After a moment's consultation with the gentlemen on the platform, the president replied:

"The faculty, Morris, prefer that you should retain the star, as you have literally fulfilled the conditions prescribed."

"It would not be right, sir," said Charley, firmly, though with a trembling voice. "I beg you will give it to Henry."

"In that case, you yourself must bestow it," said the president. "Henry Colton will come forward."

Henry, unsuspecting what was going on advanced, his pale face flushed with wonder and amazement. Charley, stooping down, fastened the star upon his breast, and then supported him back to his seat. The noisy applause of the audience jarred almost painfully upon his heart, full as it was of a deeper joy than earthly fame can give—the joy of obedience to the precept, "In honor preferring one another." In his mother's loving smile he found a full reward for the sacrifice of his selfish ambition. Coveting earnestly the best gifts he had found in the spirit of brotherly-kindness, "a more excellent way."

Selected for the "Instructor."

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

CHAPTER II.—ENVY AND HATRED OF JOSEPH'S BROTHERS.

As evil feelings grow worse with time, unless removed by the grace of God, this withering passion of jealousy grew stronger and stronger in Joseph's brethren. At last they hated him so much that they "could not speak peaceably unto him"—a dreadful state of things between brothers. There is no doubt that Joseph was a kind, loving brother, and that he did whatever he could to make his home happy. There is no record of a reproachful look or word that he ever gave one of his brothers.

He did them no wrong, and his only crime was being so much beloved by his father. For this they hated him.

Soon after they began to be jealous of him, God revealed to him a strange dream; and like a simple-hearted child, who meant no harm, he told it. He told his brothers that he dreamed they were all out in a field together binding sheaves, and that around his sheaf all the other sheaves gathered and bowed down. After this he dreamed another dream, and told it as he did the first. He said he had dreamed that the sun and moon and eleven stars made obeisance to him. As his brothers talked over these dreams together, another bad passion crept into their hearts. One would think that jealousy was enough; but now envy comes in. "These dreams are not common dreams" thought the envious brothers; they mean something. Joseph is to be greater than all of us. It is plain enough what these things mean." While tormented thus by jealousy and envy, the brothers one day took their father's flock and led them to Shechem, where the pasture was better. They were gone a number of days, and Jacob began to be anxious about them; so he called Joseph, and sent him off to see whether it was well with them and with the flock. The innocent are seldom afraid, and Joseph promptly obeyed his father, and started for Shechem; but when he reached there, he could not find his brothers. A kind stranger met him as he was wandering about, and told him he would find his brothers in Dothan. Intent on his errand he went toward Dothan. When his brothers saw him in the distance, alone and unprotected, the horrible thought of murder took possession of some of their minds; and quickly after this thought followed another—the thought of telling a lie to hide the murder, telling their father that a wild beast had torn him in pieces. But Joseph's time to die had not yet come. A great many things were to happen before he died: he was to come to greatness, and his brothers were to be the instruments of his greatness; they were to take him by the hand, and lead him directly to it. They did not intend any such thing—they had only mortal eyes, and could not see that their own acts were to bring about the very events they would have dreaded, could they have foreseen them. But the all-seeing God, whose eyes are upon the ways of man, marking all his goings—saw exactly what the end would be; and more than this, he was regulating and controlling the whole himself, and using these cruel brothers to do his will.

Oh what heart that has learned what God can do for it, need fear? He may lead us by a way that we know not. Darkness may be around us, and clouds above us, yet we need not be afraid, for God is caring for us all the time.

By his overruling power the bitterest thing in life can be turned into the sweetest blessing; and even our enemies may, in his hands, bring us richer blessings than our friends. Joseph without suspicion of what was to befall him, approaches his brothers. The plan to murder him was quickly matured. Reuben, who was the oldest son, was moved with pity for his brother, and for his father too; and the idea struck him that, if Joseph could be thrown alive into a pit, it would do him no great harm; for as soon as the others turned their backs and were out of the way, he would help him out, and restore him to his father. So the beautiful coat that Jacob had given him was taken off, and he was thrown into the pit. You may imagine how a brother's pleading cry arose from the pit, and how he begged to be taken out. But his tears and pleadings did no good; they could not soften hearts hardened by jealousy and envy; and there Joseph remained in the pit. Poor Joseph! far from his father, unpitied by his brothers, and left alone to die. His heart sinks; he trembles and prays, and then again he begs to be taken out. Ah Joseph, you seem to be in a dreadful place, and it is enough to break a tender heart to look at you; but there is a guardian God close by your side: and though you are in a pit, you are on a way to a throne, and such a throne as few kings in this world have ever sat on.

Little friends, no matter how deep and dark may be the pit into which you or I may be thrown, we need not be afraid. God knows what is best for us. He knows the character of every one of his children, and knows what is necessary to prepare them to live for him; and if we trust in him, he will place us exactly where we can do and get the greatest good, and there we ought to be willing to be. Let your prayer be to God that his will may be done, not yours; and promise him that you will trust him to lead you wherever he will. If God gives you riches, be thankful for it, and use it to his glory; or if he gives you many friends and joys in life: but if he gives you poverty, and shame and enemies and sorrows, still be thankful. All the gifts of God, whether they be pleasant or otherwise, will, if received by a thankful, loving, trusting, obedient heart, work out for you an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. It may not always be easy for you to realize this. But when you open your eyes in heaven, when you there sit at the Saviour's feet, and hear from him how he redeemed you, and led you home, you will understand it. He will make it all plain to you; and you will then thank him for the sorrow that oppressed your heart, for the tears you shed, and for all the providences that seemed so mysterious. What you do not know now you will know hereafter. Now you must live by faith.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., NOVEMBER, 1859.

For the Instructor.

WELL DOING.

My mind has dwelt much of late upon those blessed words that will one day be spoken to the righteous, "Well done, good and faithful servants." O, I have thought, with what joy unspeakable would it fill my heart, if at the last, when the record of my life shall pass in review before the Judge of quick and dead, Jesus should say unto me, Thou hast well done! Doubtless every serious reader of the INSTRUCTOR is hoping, with me, to escape the doom of the unprofitable servant, and secure to themselves this heavenly benediction. It may be so. What a thought this is, that we, so poor and fallen may through grace be so exalted.

But with all our hope we have many fears, and well we may have if we are not striving by all the means in our power to *do* the work allotted to us here, and also to do it *well*. It may be of our lives as a whole that these words are to be spoken, yet life, be it longer or shorter, is made up of days and hours and swiftly-flying moments. And I have thought we might know something about it as we pass along. A week is not well spent if such cannot be truly said of the days in that week, the hours in those days, and the moments in those hours; while small beginnings, well spent moments first, after that hours and days, will bring at last a well spent week. And so it is, if we would have it said unto us, Well done, at the close of the journey, we must *do well* all along as we go.

We are told that if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart and knoweth all things; but if our heart condemn us not, then have we confidence toward God. We shall find it profitable to hold frequent communion with conscience, and pay good heed to the report it brings. Have I done *well to-day*? When I went about my work or my pleasure this morning without prayer, did I *do well*? The time that I spent in frivolous conversation, in light reading, in needless retailing of the faults of others, was it *well spent*? Those impatient words, were they *well spoken*? My careless, indifferent deportment, did it gather with Christ? or scatter abroad?

Well will it be for us if we find no occasion for these and similar queries; well, if a happy consciousness that we have done what we could for the Lord, for those about us, and for our own soul's prosperity shall pervade our hearts.

Dear young friends, you have all something to do. It is not like the labor of the servants of the Lord who "preach the word," or of those whose experience and abilities fit them for great things. It is the work of children, of brothers and sisters, and friends; and with many of you, I trust, the work of young disciples of Christ. O see that you

do it well. See that you do truly honor your parents in the Lord; see that your example is such as your brothers, sisters, and associates may safely follow, and following, be led to Jesus; see that your daily blameless life and guileless conversation proclaim you followers of the Lamb of God. Then may you lie down nightly upon your pillow with the "*well done*" resting peacefully in your heart, and with the blessed hope of entering, by and by, into the joy of your Lord.

H. N. S.

For the Instructor.

THERE REMAINETH THEREFORE A REST TO THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

THIS is a declaration of the apostle Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews. But the question arises, Who will be permitted to enjoy this rest?—who are the people of God?

We read in many places in the word of God, that a kingdom is promised to those who shall overcome their sins and be faithful to their Creator. We there learn that this kingdom is to be a home of happiness—not one circumstance will ever transpire to cause the least shade of sorrow; but it will be everlasting happiness and pleasure, according to the wisdom and goodness of God.

The Bible is full of beautiful precepts which, if obeyed by all the children of men, would be a means of much pleasure. If each individual would obey *one* precept of God's word, and do to others, as they would wish to be done by, how much sin and wickedness would cease to exist. This is a plain command of the word of God.

There is no other way to the kingdom, but by obeying God's word. This word often speaks of the rest that remains to God's people; tells us that it will be glorious; that it will far exceed all our anticipations. Let us for a little while imagine in our minds what would be a state of happiness to us. Were we to possess every pleasure of this life we can think of, and know that they all belonged to us, the pleasure and happiness of God's kingdom far surpasses them all.

But, we ask again, To whom does this rest remain? We answer, to those who obey God's word. To those who carefully and prayerfully seek each day of their lives to walk as they should before God, he will give this blessed rest. Those who think it is worth their while to put away their *little* sins, will finally realize a peaceful rest in the kingdom of God. With such bright prospects before us then, let us travel on cheerfully, and let us be determined to surmount every difficulty, till we reach the rest of the blessed inheritance. Say the Scriptures, Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right. J. F. B.

WHEN thou doest good, do it because it is good—not because men esteem it so. When thou avoidest evil, flee from it because it is evil—not because men speak against it. Be honest for the love of honesty, and thou shalt be uniformly so.

For the Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 11.

A drowning man saved—Night signals for immediate relief—British fleet of prison-ships in commotion—Another hole cut, and discovered—A letter from the eighteen escaped—Measures taken by the United States government to clothe their prisoners—Prisoners sent to Dartmoor—Cheering news of peace.



On taking our stations at 10 P. M., it was whispered along our ranks that two men, not of our number were waiting at the hole, insisting that they would go first or they would raise a cry and prevent any one from going. They had been drinking, and would not be reasoned with. It was finally settled to let them go. The first was put through very quietly, saying to his drinking companion, I will hold on to

the ship's rudder-rings until you come. The second man, being not much of a swimmer, sank like a log, and rose up under the stage, splashing and struggling for life. Said the soldier to his next companion, Here's a porpoise. Put your bayonet into him, replied he. I will, said the first, if he comes up again. We were by this time all listening with almost breathless attention, fearing our chance for liberty was about gone. Up he came again. We heard the rush, and then the cry, Dont kill me! I'm a prisoner. Prisoner! prisoner! where did you come from? Out of a hole in the ship. The soldier cried, Here's a prisoner overboard! Prisoners are getting out of the ship! Prisoners are getting out of the ship! was the quick response of all the watchmen. All hands came rushing on the deck. In a few moments our vigilant commander came running from his bed, frantically enquiring, Where? and hearing the sound outside, he rushed down the accommodation ladder, crying out, How many have gone? One of the prisoners, who felt disposed to quicken our chief Captain's speed, put his face to the grating hole, and cried out, About forty, I guess.

In quick succession, the night signals of distress brought well manned boats to pick them up. Where shall we pull? Here, there, all around. Do you find any? No sir, no sir.

Orders were now given to land a body of men, and surround Gellingham forest, where they supposed the "forty" must have escaped, explore it in the morning, and take them on board. We were much amused to see what full credit the commander gave to the prisoner's "guess."

After making these arrangements, they got the drowning man on deck and demanded of him to state the facts; but he was so far gone with the large draughts of salt water which he had swallowed, some-

what mixed up with his rum, and the dreadful fear of being harpooned with a soldier's bayonet, that he failed to satisfy them, only that there was a hole in the ship, from which he passed out. One of the boats at length found it, pushed a long iron rod inside, and remained there until morning.

When we were permitted to come on deck in the morning, poor Johnson was lying, tied to a stake, floating in the water, near the beach. All that we could learn was, that the string of his bag was fast around his left wrist, below which, his hand was nearly cut off. Some of his friends knew that he had a sharp knife in the pocket of his pants, which was missing when found floating near the shore. Fastening his bag on his wrist instead of his neck, was doubtless a great hindrance to his getting away from the boats. In attempting to cut this string, we supposed he cut his wrist, and thus bled to death by the time he reached the shore.

We were kept on deck all day, without food, mustered by name, and strictly examined, to see if we answered to our original descriptions. When it was clearly ascertained that eighteen living men had escaped the night previous to the discovery of the hole, and the full number of prisoners still reported on board, the British officers were arrested for making a false report, but released again on our president's declaring how the affair was managed. See No. 10.

The following day, the king's carpenters, from Chatham, were sent on board with their tools and a heavy stick of timber to plug up the hole. While they were busy, cutting and pounding in our midst, some of the prisoners picked up a few of their loose tools and began, the opposite side of the ship, to cut out another hole, equally as good as the first, and finished it before the carpenters had closed up the other. The soldiers outside ascribed the noise to the king's carpenters.

That night, a number of us stationed ourselves at this hole to watch for an opportunity to escape, and remained there until about four o'clock in the morning. The copper being cut off in a great hurry, ragged and sharp points were left. To prevent these points from mangling our flesh, we fastened a wollen blanket to the lower side to slip out on. Besides the vigilant guard, a boat was pulling around the ship during the night, with one man in the center, sounding the side of the ship, under the lower stage, with a long iron rod. The rod continued to strike on each side of the hole during the night but failed to find the place they were punching for.

Before daylight, one of our number ventured to slip out, just after the boat passed, to ascertain whether the night was light, or dark enough to escape detection by swimming astern of the ship before the boat could get round. After pulling him in, he said the night was clear and he could see a great distance on the water. We therefore concluded to wait until the following night. By negligence of our committee, the blanket was left with the end

floating in the water. This was discovered by the boatmen soon after daylight. Here's another hole, on this side of the ship! and in came the iron rod, blasting all our hopes of escape from this quarter. To repair these damages, a portion of food was deducted from our daily allowance, and continued for some time.

Our boasting commander began to be sorely troubled for the safety of himself and family. It seemed almost certain that these audacious, daring Yankees would yet sink their prison-ships or gain their liberty. I was told that he declared he would sooner take charge of 6000 French prisoners than 600 Yankees.

After all their search for the eighteen who had escaped, a letter came from London, directed to the Commander of the Crown Princen prison-ship, informing him of the happy escape of every one of them, and of their safe travel, seventy miles, to the city of London; and that it would be useless for him to trouble himself about them, for they were on the eve of sailing on a foreign voyage. They gave him to understand that they should remember his unkind treatment.

From this, the British government began to talk of sending us all to Dartmoor prison, a dreary waste, some fifteen miles inland from Old Plymouth harbor, where we should find some trouble in getting outside the massy stone walls and dungeons that were so strongly fortified.

In 1814 the American prisoners continued to pour in from Halifax, the West India Islands, and other parts of the world. Their state was miserable indeed for want of proper and decent clothing, especially the soldiers. It was distressing to see them in their tattered rags, many of them having their dirty woollen blanket wrapped around them to shield them from the cold storms. Statements were sent to the United States which at length aroused the government to take measures to provide their prisoners with suitable clothing.

Mr. Beasley, acting agent for the U. S. in London, was empowered to attend to this matter for his suffering countrymen. He sent a London Jew with his boxes of ready made or basted clothing, and a strippling of a clerk to deal them out to us according to his judgment; so that some who were not needy got supplied with a whole suit, while others were turned away who were much in want. The prisoners remonstrated with Mr. B. by letter, but he justified his agent, and paid little or no attention to our grievances.

After remaining a prisoner over a year, the British government condescended to pay us our small pittance of wages, which enabled me to furnish myself with clothing and some extra food as long as it lasted. My father was favored with an opportunity to send to an agent in London to furnish me with means from time to time. The agent sent me twenty dollars, which were most gladly received. Soon after this the American prisoners were sent off to Dartmoor, and I heard no more from him.

It was in the summer of 1814, that we were sent in large drafts by sea to Plymouth, and from thence to Dartmoor. Soon we numbered, as we were told, 6000. The double stone walls, about fourteen feet high, broad enough for hundreds of soldiers to walk on guard, formed a half moon, with three separate yards containing seven massy stone buildings, capable of holding from fifteen to eighteen hundred men each. The center one was appropriated to the colored prisoners.

These buildings were located on the slope of a hill, fronting the east, affording us a prospect of the rising sun; but it was shut out from our view long before sunset. A large number of similar buildings lay above us, on the west, separated by heavy iron palings, occupied for barracks, store and dwelling-houses for our keepers, and a hospital. On these three sides, one of the most dreary wastes, studded with ledges of rocks and low shrubs, met our view, as far as the eye could reach. Surely it was rightly named *Dartmoor*.

The prisons were three story, with a flight of stone steps at each end, open in the center. There was one iron-grated port-hole on each gable end. We were guarded by a barrack of 600 soldiers, counted out in the morning and driven in at sunset. It was quite a sight when the sun shone, to see those who desired to keep themselves decent, seated in groups about the yard, clearing their blankets and beds from vermin. On hearing of a fresh arrival, the prisoners would crowd up to the gates and make a lane for all to pass through; and as they passed along, some of them would recognize their friends. Halloo! Sam. Where did you come from? Marblehead! Any more left? No, I was the last one. In this way all were recognized. It was often stated that nearly all the Marblehead sailors were prisoners.

During the winter, agent Beasley's men appeared again to supply us with clothing, which was done much more to our satisfaction.

Religious meetings were held in the colored prison about every Sunday, and some professed to be converted and were baptized in a small pool of water in the yard, supplied from a reservoir on the hill, which was generally used by the prisoners in washing their clothes.

December, 1814, brought us the cheering intelligence that a treaty of peace between the United States and Great Britain was signed by the Plenipotentiaries at Ghent, on the continent of Europe. Those who were never doomed to imprisonment in this dark and most dreary spot can appreciate nothing respecting our feelings. Yet we were held in suspense while a Frigate was dispatched across the ocean to obtain President Madison's signature. In February 1815 she returned with the treaty ratified. Shoutings of rapturous joy rang through our gloomy dungeons, such as most likely will never be heard there again. What! about to be liberated, go to our native country, and gather around the paternal fire-

side once more! Yes, this hope was in us, and it seemed sometimes as though we were almost there.

It was supposed that there were about two hundred of us in Dartmoor who came there from the British Navy. This was a tacit acknowledgement on their part, of our impressment. Some of these had served them from twenty to thirty years. As we had not taken arms against them, we sent up a respectful petition to the British Parliament, asking a mitigation of our sufferings or an honorable release. This was strongly objected to by the noble lords, on the ground that they had trained us in their naval tactics, and if we were liberated before the close of the war, we would, as a matter of course, enter the United States Navy and teach them how we learned to fight. That, said they, will be putting sticks into their hands, wherewith to break our heads.

JOSEPH BATES.

Jackson, Mich.

“THE LITTLE ONE.”

Matt. xix, 13, 15.

AND is it true, what I am told,
That there are lambs within the fold
Of God's beloved Son?
That Jesus Christ with tender care,
Will in his arms most gently bear
The helpless “little one?”

Oh yes! I've heard my mother say,
He never sent a child away
That scarce could walk or run;
For when the parent love besought,
That he would touch the child she brought,
He blessed the “little one.”

And I, a little straying lamb,
May come to Jesus as I am,
Though goodness I have none;
May now be folded to his breast,
As birds within the parent's nest,
And be his “little one.”

And he can do all this for me,
Because in sorrow on the tree
He once for sinners hung;
And having washed their sins away,
He now rejoices day by day,
To cleanse the “little one.”

Others there are who love me too,
But who with all their love can do
What Jesus Christ hath done?
Then if he teaches me to pray,
I'll surely go to him and say,
Lord, bless thy “little one.”

Thus by this gracious Shepherd fed,
And by his mercy gently led
Where living waters run,
My greatest pleasure will be this,
That I'm a little lamb of his,
Who loves the “little one.”

For the Instructor.

TIME IS ROLLING ON.

YES, each departing moment brings us nearer the time when our Saviour will have laid aside his priestly garments and closed his ministration in the

sanctuary. And with almost impatient longings do the weary toil-worn Christians look forward to the time when Christ shall come to claim them as his own; when the “closing scenes of time” shall be past, and eternity be opened to their vision. How gladly do they watch events which plainly tell that Jesus' coming is near! How beat their hearts with hope and joy as a realizing sense of time's fast flight rests upon them. Time is rolling on, but to the Christian, welcome, most welcome, is the sound; while to the lover of pleasure, if he at all realizes that he is bound to sin, it seems not so welcome, because he knows most assuredly, that as time rolls on, his guilt increases, unless he breaks from the strong bonds of sin and flees for refuge to the Saviour. But too humbling is the step for many. They cannot bow low in the valley of humility. How proud, how stubborn are poor, wayward mortals!

Strait is the gate. O that all who read the pages of the *Instructor* may enter that gate, even though it is strait, is the prayer of one who loves the truth.

D. E. EDMUNDS.

Saline, Mich., Oct. 10, 1859.

LETTERS,

“Little children, abide in Him.”

From Sarah Leonard.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: For the first time I would try to say a few words to you through the *Instructor*. I love to read the communications from other children that love the Lord. At the age of nine, my own dear mother was taken from us by the cruel hand of death, and we were left alone to struggle with the bitter feelings of sorrow that spring up all around a home circle, destitute of a mother. Two long years have passed since we heard our mother's prayers, but we expect soon to meet her when Jesus comes to gather home his saints.

I want to overcome, and I believe I may if I trust in the Lord, and diligently seek his help.

Yours in hope.

Burlington, Mich.

From Sarah A. Richmond.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have lately made up my mind to go with the saints to mount Zion, and I can say that I am not sorry that I have started in this good way. I feel that eternal life is worth striving for, and by the help of the Lord I mean to obtain it. We may have trials to pass through here, but let us not be discouraged.

“The road may be rough but it cannot be long.” Let us remember that we must be purified and fitted for our Master's use. Job says, [chap. xxiii, 10], “He knoweth the way that I take, when he hath tried me I shall come forth as gold.”

I hope soon to meet with all the dear people of God where parting will be no more.

Ashfield, Mass.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

For the Instructor.

THE LOST CHILD.

On the ninth of August last, Mrs. King, living about four miles north-west of Kalida, Putnam Co. Ohio, started on foot to visit a friend some miles distant, accompanied by her daughter, a child of some six years old, named Margaret. After going some little distance from home, the little girl left her mother, and started with her two brothers towards where her father was at work in the woods, splitting out rails. The boys were taking water to their father for him to drink. After proceeding some distance with them, she concluded to leave them and return home.

The home was in sight, but there was a road near by, leading into the trackless woods, whither it is supposed she directed her inexperienced feet. Her brothers watched her a short time till they supposed she was safe, and then they went on to their father.

The place where she was lost is near where the Blanchard river empties into the Auglaize, and is infested with wolves and bears. The woods are dense, the ground covered with thickets, and high weeds, while the flat prairies in the vicinity, were covered with a rank growth of coarse grass, nearly as high as a man's shoulders.

About two hours after she was lost, it was discovered that she was missing. The friends and neighbors started in search of her, and continued the search for ten days, but without success. Some of the time twelve hundred men were on search. On the eleventh day however, her lifeless body was found near a thicket, called the wild cat thicket. There had been a number of rains during the time of her stay in the woods, and it seems that she had taken off her clothes to dry them, for her bonnet and other clothes were all found near where her naked body lay.

Her poor body was badly cut and scratched, probably by going through the high, coarse grass, or perhaps by the thorns and briars. Her father could not rest night nor day till she was found; and when the body of the little unfortunate child was brought home to the mother, she embraced it, and fainted. It is said that she swooned the fourth time, and with difficulty was restored to life. Who can tell the agony of that mother and father?

A place was found where she had built some play-houses, and had peeled the bark from a log, and laid it upon it. Poor thing! how sad she must have been!

The above is from the verbal report of a young man who lives in the vicinity, and assisted in the search. He states that there were so many false reports concerning the loss of the child, that people from a distance did know how to act until some days after she was lost; and that the body was not wholly stiffened when it was found, showing that a

little earlier action might have saved the poor wanderer. So much for false reports.

What must have been the feelings of that child when she found that she was lost, and the darkness of night settled around her, and the chilling rains fell upon her? No house, no fire, no warm supper, no bed, no father nor mother, nor brother, nor sister, but all darkness and gloom!

So will it be with the poor wanderers from God, when mercy disappears, and the chills of eternity settle down upon them. The last sound of mercy will then have died away in the distance. Return now, Oh, youthful wanderer, return!

J. CLARKE.

THE TWO ROBES.

"Be clothed with humility; for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." 1 Pet. v, 5.

There is a robe which Satan weaves,
And every little child receives;
'Tis soiled and tarnished everywhere,
Though many call it pure and fair.

O, for grace to cast aside
This cloak of vanity and pride,
And like the child of God to be
Adorned with sweet humility.

This lovely robe which many scorn,
Once by the Lord of life was worn—
Once, when he went his wondrous way—
From Bethlehem—to Calvary.

There is no covering so fair,
So like what happy angels wear;
And Jesus sends it from above
To all the children of his love.

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