

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. VIII. BATTLE CREEK, MARCH, 1860. NO. 3.

For the Instructor.

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

TUNE—America.

BRIGHT Canaan, 'tis of thee,
Land of the pure and free,
Of thee we sing.
Land of the loved and blest,
Land where the weary rest,
Thy glories to express,
Our voices ring.

That land is lovelier far
Than Summer's beauties are,
Brighter than Spring.
There time shall ne'er destroy,
Nothing shall mar the joy,
Nor e'er their bliss alloy,
Who there shall reign.

There tears ne'er dim the eye—
Sorrows for ever fly,
That happy place.
Sin never enters there
To spoil those mansions fair,
None but the righteous there,
Who're saved by grace.

Eye ne'er such beauty traced,
Nor heart conceived the bliss
Of that fair land.
That happy land's my home—
Around the radiant throne
I hope e'er long to join
That happy band.

Orwell, Ohio.

S. M. SWAN.

For the Instructor.

AN IMPRESSIVE INCIDENT.

At a Sunday-school convention held in the Presbyterian church in this city I heard an instructive anecdote related, the substance of which I will endeavor to give to the readers of that interesting little sheet entitled the *Youth's Instructor*.

There was a time of great religious interest in one of our Atlantic cities, and a large church was filled to overflowing with a congregation convened for social worship. Men of age and experience—of wealth and station and renown were there, giving in their testimonies in favor of the religion of the meek and lowly Jesus, when lo! a little girl about eight years of age arose and told that great congregation what a great sinner she had felt herself to be, and how happy she then was in the knowledge of sins forgiven. She told her story with so much child-

ish simplicity that strong men hardened in sin and crime, bowed themselves and wept before the Lord, who were apparently unmoved during the exhortations of the talented and gifted of their own sex and age.

About twenty years afterwards this same little girl, now grown to woman's estate, was riding in a public coach, and was very much annoyed at the profanity of some of her traveling companions, and was just about to reprove them in the name of Him who hath declared, He will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain, when much to her relief a very elderly gentleman reproved them with so much startling earnestness and affectionate admonition that their attention was immediately gained to the narration of his religious experience, which was briefly as follows:

"Young men, I was once wild, reckless, and profane as you are, a disbeliever in the holy Bible and the religion it teaches, and continued this way, only growing harder and more obdurate in heart every day, until my head was whitened with the frosts of many winters, and might have continued so till this time had not my attention been arrested to give heed to the things which make for our peace in the following manner:

"Business called me to an Eastern city, and while passing a church, observing a great crowd wending thitherward, I had the curiosity to mingle with them. I found myself seated in a dense congregation, where one after another, men that I knew personally and by repute, were giving their religious experience and exhorting sinners to comply with the terms of the gospel; but I thought them all misled, fanatical or hypocritical; but when a little girl arose, and with the artless simplicity of childhood, told her simple story of faith and love, I could not find it in my heart to think here was any hypocrisy or any evil intent whatever. My whole soul was moved with the effect of her childlike story. I left the meeting with the great deep of my heart all broken up, my infidelity entirely submerged; but for weeks I was like Noah's ark drifting upon the mighty waters; but blessed be God, the heavenly Dove came to the window of my heart with the olive-branch of peace in its mouth, the waters were assuaged, and I planted my feet firmly on the Rock Christ Jesus, and no storm has yet been

able to unloose me from my moorings. Under God, that little girl was the instrument of my conversion."

What an interesting listener this person must have been who was thus led by the hand of providence to see the practical result of this most beautiful passage of holy writ: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days shall ye find it again."

Let us, dear young friends, go and do likewise. And though we may never be permitted to have such an ocular demonstration of the glorious harvest of our endeavors, yet if we in the name of our great Master withhold not our hand from sowing the good seed, He who watcheth even the sparrow when it falls to the ground will not pass by our humble efforts unnoticed. "Withhold not thy hand from sowing in the morning or in the evening, for thou knowest not which shall bring forth this or that, or whether both shall alike prosper."

* * *

Battle Creek, Mich., Feb. 28, 1860.

For the Instructor.

COME TO JESUS.

Come to Jesus, come away,—
Come to Jesus, why delay?
Come to Jesus, watch and pray;
Come to him this very day.

Come to Jesus, come with me,
Come to him though poor you be,
Come to him, he'll pardon thee,
Come to Jesus, come with me.

Come with me where roses grow,
Come with me, there is no woe,
Come, there is no sin, Ah no,
Come and leave the world below.

Come with me where Jesus reigns,
Come with me and heal your pains.
Come and range those wide domains,
Come with me where Jesus reigns.

Come and let us soar above,
There to see the God we love;
Come, and never more we'll rove,
Come where all is joy and love.

Come to Jesus, hear him cry,
"Come to me why will you die,
Come and reign with me on high,
Come and thou shalt never die."

Come to Jesus, look not back,
Satan's coming on your track;
Come to Jesus, come away,
Come to him this very day.

H. F. PHELPS.

Mauston Wis.

MOTHER.

A RECENT writer has sweetly and beautifully said: "Mother—the sweetest name this side of heaven. The melody of an undying song, that finds an echo in every heart."

HOW I ENLISTED FOR A SOLDIER.

LET those little boys who are fond of seeing soldiers parade, of gazing at their military dress and glittering arms, and listening to their warlike music, let them read attentively the following beautiful story which was written especially for them. It is taken from the columns of the *S. S. Times*. Little boys, read this story with a great deal of care, and when you get through make up your minds to enlist,—to become Christ's little soldiers at once.

G. W. A.

"Soldiers are coming to the town." So said one of the boys of our school, and in five minutes, the news had been whispered to every child in each class. We were all delighted. Very few of us, in our quiet country town, had ever seen a real soldier. There was a restaurant on the main street, the walls of which were covered with paper, on which were represented some battle scenes. These scenes were not very true to life; but we children often gathered around the door to wonder at them. There were some blue cannons and very pink looking men; horses that were larger than the trees; one of the former I remember was painted green, and several of the latter were painted brown. The painter had evidently put the horse paint on the trees, and the tree paint on the horse. Then there were two more blue cannons which were belching out the queerest looking smoke of all colors; and people running about in a very unusual manner, with their heads and arms cut off. Yes, it was my delight to stand around that door to admire those rough paintings; and when I heard that real, live soldiers were coming to town, you may be sure it was good news. I slept but little that night, and rose by daybreak. The other children were already in the streets. We waited a long time, and at last the beating of the drums was heard. Then the music—and soon we saw flags waving, colors flying, bayonets glittering. Then the troop was upon us; we heard the rattling of the horses' feet and commands of the officers; we saw the bright swords, the brass hats; the red coats. Yes it was a brilliant scene, but it soon left us. The next day the soldiers went on their journey, and I returned again to admire still more the blue cannons, pink men, and green horses at the eating house. I wanted very much to be a soldier, and soon after this I enlisted.

Another captain came to our town, and he stayed there some time to collect soldiers for his company; but he brought no guns or swords or spears. His name was Jesus of Nazareth; well do I remember how his soldiers tried to persuade us to enlist. They held up a great cross; they said that was carried always before their army. They had too, a crown of thorns, at sight of which many ran to the cap-

tain and begged him to take them into his company. I remember how I myself could not look at that thorny crown without weeping. The soldiers told us of the battles we should have to fight, and how the Captain would always lead us, and what glorious victories we should obtain; how much he cared for all his soldiers. Well, I made up my mind to enlist, and as I was going to him, a friend of mine that had already enlisted, said to me "Come back, you are too young, you cannot enter this army." But the Captain heard him, and he said with a very loud voice, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." This encouraged me, and I pressed through the crowd, and kneeling at his feet, said, "O great Captain, I have heard thy soldiers speak of thee; I have seen the cross which they have lifted up, and heard the marvellous stories which they tell about it. I have seen, too, the crown of thorns which they tell me thou didst once wear; and they have told me also why thou didst wear it, and now I have learned to love thee. I want to show my love; I want to enlist in thy army. My clothes are all in rags, and I shall want thee to dress me in some of thy garments. I haven't any sword nor coat of mail, but they say that in thy armory there is sufficient for all the world."

I thought he looked at me kindly, and said, "But how can you fight? Do you know that my soldiers have to subdue serpents and dragons, and a thousand other deadly enemies?"

"Yes," I replied, "I know it all, and I know that if you do receive me, and put on me new garments and clothe me with armor, that I shall be very weak, and make a very poor soldier. But thy servants have told me that when any one is very weak, and will come and tell you so, that you will make him strong. Once you made a youth so strong, that he killed a great giant who carried a sword, "like a weaver's beam. May I not enlist?"

Then I thought the Captain stooped down, lifted me up, pressed me to his bosom, and said—"mine, mine, mine forever!"—and while he did so, his tears of love and pity fell on my face. Yes, I became his soldier. I have fought since then many a deadly battle, traveled many weary marches, but he has always been with me, and joyful has been all the work, all the weariness, for when I am tired, I lean on his bosom, and I feel his loving arms around me.

Yes, I enlisted. With what pleasure do I look back upon the time when I did so. My Captain's service is more delightful every day. Never, never may I grow weary of it. Never, never may I lay down the sword. Never may I give up the battle. No, no, I will follow the cross and the crown of thorns, even unto heav-

en. My chief desire is "manfully to fight under his banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end."

And now my dear young friend, I want to tell you that the great Captain is in your town, in your village; he has come there for soldiers, he has come there for you. "Jesus of Nazareth is passing by." Let him not pass away from you, but run to him, enlist in his service, and go with him.

You can enlist if you will, even while you are reading this article. You cannot, of course, become an old and experienced soldier all at once. But you can begin. You can *become* a soldier, if you will stop reading here, and say to the dear Saviour, what I said to him: if you say to him from your heart, and mean it, that from this moment religion shall be the great business of your life: that you will seek to do his will and pleasure instead of your own, and ask him to receive you for the sake of Calvary, and to help you to carry out your resolution. If you will do this, then you will have enlisted, then you will have to commence to fight,—to live the life of a Christian, and hard work you'll find it.

When earthly captains enlist men, they take them of all kinds and shapes; some with their arms, and some with their legs too long; some high shouldered, others knock-kneed, others again with their heads on one side; bad walkers, awkward fellows, that look like anything but soldiers; their clothes, too, all ragged and torn; hats knocked in, shoes all to pieces and so on. Now, when the Captain has persuaded one of these rough looking men to enlist, he fastens a little bit of red ribbon to the old hat of the man, and that makes him a soldier; it floats in the wind, and it is all there is to tell of the change which has taken place—to tell that he is a soldier. He has not his clothes yet, nor his weapons, neither has he been drilled, but he has enlisted.

So, my young friend, if you will go to the great Captain, and do what I have advised you, if, while you are reading this, you will say these words to him, he will put the little ribbon on you. Your parents won't see it, your friends won't know it, but when you go out into the crowded city—the busy world to-morrow—he alone will look down from heaven, will pick you out of the multitude, and say, "that's my little soldier, there is the ribbon, the mark which I placed upon him yesterday when he enlisted."

Soon he will bring you new garments; he will give you the "sword of the Spirit," the "breastplate of righteousness," and "the helmet of salvation." He will exercise and drill you in his service, until you will be a thorough soldier of the cross, until men, the moment they see you, shall know that you are one of the

Christian warriors of the Most High God.

My dear young friend, let me beg of you to enlist before you retire to-night. Let the Saviour's ribbon, his mark, his stamp, be upon you ere you retire to rest.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH, 1860.

HEAVEN.

Of all the sweet words and pleasant sounds which break upon the ear, none have charms like this. It is one of the sweetest and most delightful words in our language. It is music to the ear, and wakes up the tenderest emotions of the heart. It is lisped in the little child's evening prayer and is the inspiring theme of the greatest minds. We all love to hear about Heaven, for our hope centers there. And the more we read and talk and think about Heaven, the better we become.

Well, there are the best of reasons why every lip should speak the praises of Heaven. Here is the place where God our great Creator, and Jesus our Redeemer live. Here the seraphs and angels have their home. Here too is where good old Enoch and Elijah went after they were translated. And this is where those who overcome will get the white robes, the golden harps and starry crowns. Heaven must be a happy place, and oh? how we all long to be there. But we must all patiently wait till they send for us, then on wings of light and glory how we'll dart through the azure skies to our beautiful home in Heaven.

No one is ever sick in Heaven. Jesus the great Physician of mind and body is here; and the Life-tree whose leaves are for the healing of the nations grows there.

No one ever gets tired in Heaven. Here is "the rest that remains for the people of God." There is no toiling labor there, nothing to fatigue or perplex its inhabitants.

No one ever dies in Heaven. There are no burying grounds, no sepulchers and tombstones there. Here we need have no fears of funerals and death bed scenes, for

"When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first began."

Children, let us all try to get to Heaven. There is plenty of room there for all who love to do right. Pretty soon Jesus and the angels will come, when all who are found keeping the Commandments will start for the City in the skies—their golden home in heaven.

"O tell me of Heaven, sweet Heaven,
The home home of the pure and the blest."

G. W. A.

A DARK PICTURE.

A FRIEND not long since handed us a Southern paper, the *Galveston News*, and as we were a little astonished at some of the vendibles in the advertising columns, we present a few extracts that our readers may participate in the astonishment and indignation also. We felt a little of both.

In one column in which were advertised cigars, soap, candles, lard, horses, &c., we find the following:

"NEGROES FOR SALE.—We have just arrived and permanently located in Galveston with a large lot of young and likely Virginia and North Carolina Negroes, which we will sell on reasonable terms. We have made arrangements for fresh supplies during the season, and will always have on hand a good assortment of field hands, house servants, and mechanics. Persons wishing to buy Negroes would do well to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere." Another:

"FAMILY SERVANTS FOR SALE.—A desirable family of Negroes, man 25, woman 23, and a very bright girl 7 years old. They are healthy and acclimated, and will be fully guaranteed." In another column, among advertisements of clothing, groceries, goats, mules &c., we find:

"NEGROES FOR SALE.—We have received another supply of Carolina and Virginia Negroes, which we offer for sale low for cash or good city acceptance. Call at our Slave Depot." At the foot of another column we have a notice of one who absconded:

"RUNAWAY from my place four miles above the town of Wharton, Wharton county, a Negro man named Charles, aged about 36 years, copper or dark griff color, about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, with a blemish in one eye, quick spoken, rather grum, little humped shouldered, &c. I will give a liberal reward for the recovery of the boy Charles."

Now young friends and aged friends, what do you think of all this? Parents, how would you feel to have your children toiling under the cruel lash of these inhuman task-masters? Children, how would you feel to have your dear parents, your father and mother sold and tortured by these brutish overseers? You have cause to thank your heavenly Father that the lines are fallen to you in a pleasant place; that you were not born little slaves, to labor in the sun, and to know scarcely anything about heaven and the plan of salvation. Children, think of the ocean of woe which is caused by this God-provoking system of man-oppression. Think of those who are torn from their parents, their brothers and sisters, and forced to remain in "slavery the vilest that ever saw the sun." Think again (this is a pleasant thought) that the Life-giver is soon coming, the year of the redeemed is at hand, when every man shall have a reward for the deeds done in the body, whether they are good or evil.

"Roll round, sweet moments, roll round, roll round."

G. W. A.

For the Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 15.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

Arrival home—Voyage to Europe—Singular rock in the ocean—Sudden commencement of winter—Voyage ended—Another voyage—Perilous situation in the Chesapeake bay.



THE purser of the cartel allowed each of us about a week's amount of provision for our voyage. We were highly favored with good weather, and arrived in Boston the third day from New London, when we sold our remaining stock of provisions for enough to pay our passage money and redeem our clothing. A friend and neighbor of my father (Capt. T. Nye,) being in Boston on business, lent me thirty dollars

on my father's account, which enabled me to purchase some decent clothing to appear among my friends. The next evening, June 14th, or 15th, 1815, I had the indescribable pleasure of being at my parental home (Fairhaven, Mass.), surrounded by mother, brothers, sisters and friends, all overjoyed to see me once more in the family circle; and all of them exceedingly anxious to hear a relation of my suffering and trials during the six years and three months that I had been absent from them; for my position on board the British war-ships, and in prison for the last five years, rendered it extremely difficult, as I have before shown, for any of my letters to reach them. It was well known that for my six and a quarter years' suffering and labor I had nothing to show but a few old worn garments, and a little canvas bag which I have had no use for since I was prevented from swimming away from the prison-ship in 1814, except my experience,—the relation of which caused the tears to flow so freely around me that we changed the subject for that time.

My father had been told, by those who thought they knew, that if ever I did return home, I would be like other drunken man-a-war sailors. He was away from home on business when I arrived, but returned in a few days. Our meeting quite overcame him. At length he recovered and asked me if I had injured my constitution. "No, father," I replied, "I became disgusted with the intemperate habits of the people I was associated with. I have no particular desire for strong drink," or words to this effect, which very much relieved his mind at the time. I now renewed my acquaintance with my present companion in life, which had commenced at an early age.

In a few weeks after my return an old school-

mate of mine arrived at New Bedford in a new ship, and engaged me for his second mate to perform with him a voyage to Europe. Our voyage was to Alexandria, D. C., and load for Bremen, in Europe, and back to Alexandria. On our passage out we sailed round the north side of England and Ireland. Sailors call it "going north about." This passage is often preferred to going on the south side of these islands through the English channel. In this passage, north-west of Ireland, some over two hundred miles from land stands a lone rock rising some fifty feet above the level of the sea, called by navigators, "Rockal." Its form is conic, having the appearance of a sugar-loaf, or light-house in the distance. We had been running for it, and when we got our observation at meridian, we were drawing close up with this singular rock in the ocean. Our ship being under good headway with a steady, flowing breeze, our captain ventured to run the ship close by it. The sea was rushing up its glassy sides, as it probably had been doing ever since the deluge, which had given it the appearance of a glassy polish on all its sides. This rock has always been a terror to the mariner when in its vicinity during a storm. What a tragic story could it tell, if it were intelligible, of the ten thousand terrific storms, and ten thousand times ten thousand raging seas rushing on all its sides; and how hundreds of heavy laden ships, with one bound in a driving storm, dashed in pieces, and the poor heart-stricken mariners, unwarned and unprepared, engulfed at its base—their sad and tragic story never to be known until the resurrection of the dead! And yet it stands as unmoved and undisturbed as when it was first fashioned by its Creator.

After a prosperous passage we anchored in the river Weser, about thirty miles below Bremen. Winter commenced before we had discharged all our cargo, so that we were embargoed there until the spring. The closing up of these rivers often occurs in one night, and a long winter commences. It is astonishing also to see how rapidly ice will increase in the short space of a six hour flood tide, even from fifteen to twenty feet thick along its banks. Up to this time we had seen no ice. We were enjoying a very pleasant day; the wind had changed to the east with a clear setting sun. Our captain and a pilot came on board to have the ship moored and placed between, "the slangs"—a kind of wharf running out from "the dyke" to the deep water for the purpose of breaking and turning the ice into the channel from vessels that take shelter there. The inhabitants had predicted ice in the river before morning. A few hours after dark ice began to make and increased so fast that with all our square sails filled with a strong wind, and all hands at the windlass, the ship could not be moved toward her anchor, during the flood tide against the running ice. In the morning at sunrise it was deemed advisable to cut the cable at the windlass

and press her in between "the slangs" to save her from being cut to pieces by the ice, and ourselves from inevitable destruction. Fortunately she took the right sheer, and in a few moments the tide and ice bore her between "the slangs" to the shore along side of "the dyke." Dykes are embankments thrown up to prevent the sea from overflowing the low lands. One end of our cables were immediately carried into the meadows and secured to sunken timber to hold us clear of the ice at the flowing and ebbing of the tide. At this time we judged the ice was twenty feet high inside of us on the shore, all of which had accumulated during the night. During the winter our ship was very much damaged by the ice. After repairing her thoroughly we returned to Alexandria in the summer of 1816.

I sailed again from Alexandria chief mate of the brig *Criterion* of, and for, Boston, Mass. From thence we loaded and sailed for Baltimore, where we discharged our cargo and loaded again and sailed for New Orleans in Jan., 1817. In this month commenced one of the severest cold winters known for many years. I will here relate one circumstance as proof of this; viz., a ship from Europe with a load of passengers anchored in the Chesapeake bay about forty miles below Baltimore. Her passengers traveled on the ice to the harbor and city of Annapolis, distant about two miles. I was in the city of Annapolis at the time, endeavoring to procure cables and anchors to relieve the *Criterion* from her perilous situation, as I shall further show.

As we sailed out of the harbor and down the river in the P. M., we saw the ice was making around us so fast that we were in danger of being seriously injured by it. As we came to the mouth or entrance of the river the pilot gave orders to prepare to anchor until daylight. The captain and myself objected and endeavored to persuade him to keep under way and get out of the way of the ice. But he judged otherwise and anchored in the Chesapeake, at the mouth of the Patapsco river, some sixteen miles below Baltimore. The tide was so low that we grounded on the bank. In this situation the ice cut through our plank before the rise of the tide. All hands were hard at work from early in the morning carrying out anchors and heaving the *Criterion* over the bank. At the top of the flood tide we concluded we could sail over the bank, if we could save our anchor. While we were getting the anchor up with the long boat, the tide turned and the ice began to press so heavily upon us that we dropped it again and made our way for the vessel. As we came on the lee side, and were in the act of reaching to get hold of the vessel, the ice suddenly broke away from where it had been held for a few moments on the windward side and crowded us away from her into a narrow space of clear water which was made by the breaking of the ice against her broadside and passing by her bow and stern. By the time we got our oars out to pull up to the

vessel, we had drifted several rods to leeward, and the clear place of water so narrowed up that the oars lapped over on the ice and rendered them useless. We then laid hold of the broken edge of the ice to haul her up, but the ice broke in our hands so fast that we could not hold her. The captain and pilot were doing what they could by thrusting oars, and various floating things, and ropes, toward us, but we drifted as fast as the things did, so that in a few moments we were thoroughly enclosed in a vast field of ice that was hurrying us away from our vessel down the Chesapeake bay as fast as the ebb tide, and a strong north-west gale could move us.

We were all thinly clad in our working dress and but little room to move about to keep ourselves from freezing. We had now been in the boat from about two o'clock in the afternoon. At the going down of the sun we looked every way to learn how we should direct our course if the sea should break up the ice that bound us. We judged ourselves from twelve to fifteen miles distant from our vessel as she was waning from our view. The distant shore to leeward appeared inaccessible on account of ice. The prospect of deliverance before another day seemed hopeless, even if any one of us should survive the cheerless, bitter cold night before us. A few scattered lights to windward on the western shore of Maryland, some seven or eight miles distant, still gave us a ray of hope, though they were at the time inaccessible. About nine o'clock in the evening the ice began to break away from us, and soon left us in the open sea. We manned our oars and pulled for one of the above named lights on the windward shore, all of which were extinguished in a few hours.

After about six hours' incessant rowing against the wind and sea, the boat struck the bottom about an eighth of a mile from the shore, so loaded with ice that had made from the wash of the sea, both outside and in, that she filled with water soon after we left her, and froze up, leaving the shape of her gunwale level with the ice.

The second mate waded through the water and ice to the shore to look for a home, while we were preparing to secure the boat. He soon returned with the joyful news that there was one not far off, and the family were making a fire for us. It was now three o'clock in the morning, and we had been about thirteen hours in the boat, with hardly any cessation from laboring and stirring about to keep from freezing, except the last fifteen or twenty minutes.

I now requested all to get out of the boat. The acute pain on getting into the water, which was about three feet deep, was indescribable while the frost that was in us was coming to the surface of our bodies. I called again to get out of the boat, when I saw that "Tom," my best man, was at the side of the boat so fast asleep (or dying with the frost) that I could not wake him. I hauled him out of the boat into the water, keeping his head up un-

til he cried out, "Where am I!" and got hold of the boat. One I saw was still in the boat. "Stone!" said I, "Why don't you get out of the boat?" I will," said he, "as soon as I get my shoes and stockings off!" He was so bewildered he was not aware that his feet (as well as all the rest of us) had been soaking in water and ice all night. We got him out and all of us started together. By the time we had broken our way through the new made ice to the shore, we were so benumbed that we could not crawl up the cliff. I directed the sailors to follow the shore to the first opening, and I would come along with Stone as soon as I could get his shoes on.

On entering the house I perceived there was a great fire, and the men lying with their feet to it, writhing in agony from their swelled limbs and acute pain. I requested them to remove from the fire. As in the good providence of God we were now all in a place of safety, and I was relieved from my almost overwhelming anxiety and suspense. I moved to the opposite corner of the room and sank down with exhaustion. As soon I as was relieved by our kind host and his companion, feeling still faint, I got out of the house on the deep snow, where it appeared to me I could hardly survive the the excruciating pain which seemed to be racking my whole frame, and especially my head, caused by the frost coming out of my whole body. Thus the Lord delivered and saved me. Thanks to his great name.

Lisbon, Mich., Feb. 20, 1860.

COMMUNICATIONS.

NOTE.—We are very sorry that some of the following list of letters have not been printed before. Sometimes communications get overlooked, displaced or a press of matter prevents their appearing as soon as the writer would wish. Well, all we have to say is, we do the best we can—have patience and send on your little Christian letters in season and they shall be printed. We want a score of them now for the April No. of the INSTRUCTOR.

From A. Butler.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: I have often thought of saying a few words to you through the *Instructor*, but fearing I could not say anything to edify or help any one, I have kept silent. But I can say to-day, The grace of God assisting me, I mean to go through with you to mount Zion. The temptations of the enemy are strong, and I often feel my own weakness, but I know the grace of God is sufficient if I put my trust in him; for he has said that those who trust in him shall never be confounded. I think if we could realize what Jesus has done for us that we might have eternal life, we should never doubt his willingness to save. What a blessed thought it is that if faithful we shall ere long be freed from the trials and temptations that we are subject to here. O the glorious hope of seeing Jesus and being made like him, fills my heart with joy at times.

Dear friends, let us gird on the armor anew, and press forward and victory will be ours. Let none think God is not willing to save them, for he says he is "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." O the goodness of God! if we were as willing to suffer with him as he has been to give his Son for us, I believe we should certainly go through. Let us have faith in his

promises, for I believe he is never better pleased than when we take him at his word.

Yours striving to overcome.

Waukon, Iowa.

From Abby M. Lindsley.

DEAR YOUTH AND CHILDREN: I should be glad to write a few words to you. I am thankful there is a medium through which we can speak and encourage each other. I feel that the path grows narrower and those who have not really counted the cost should do so at once and come to the conclusion that it will take all to buy the field. Then by the grace of God assisting be prepared to throw our energies into the work and say "as for me I will serve the Lord." We must be careful not to deceive ourselves and pass along thinking we are safe because we understand and believe the truth. O no, there is no safety in this. The Lord has been merciful in bringing these things before us. He is now testing us to see whether we will obey. God grant that our names may be removed from among the lukewarm and retained in the book of life.

We expect that Satan will try to throw opposition and discouragement in our way, for this is his work. But we must not let these hinder us from trusting in God, for his special care is over his humble children that are trying to keep his commandments. For one I want to be humble enough to have a place with the remnant here, and finally with them overcome and stand upon Mt. Zion.

Oswego Co. N. Y.

From Sarah S. Lamson.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: For the first time I attempt to address you through this little paper. I have often thought of writing before, but have excused myself, thinking some one more worthy than I could better fill the place. I am trying to overcome. There are times when I feel as though I was almost alone with my wicked heart and the enemy, but no, it is not so. The Lord never leaves nor forsakes those that put their trust in him. What precious promises the Lord has given us! What glorious things the Lord has prepared for those that overcome! Let us try and go through to mount Zion. Let us bid adieu to the world with all its flattering charms, and run with patience the race that is set before us. I feel the need of your prayers. O pray for me that I may not get weary in well-doing.

Poestenkill, N. Y.

From L. S. Howard.

FOR the first time I take my pen to write a few lines for the *Instructor*. This little sheet is of great interest to me. I am striving to overcome so that I can stand with the remnant on Mount Zion. It has been four years since I commenced keeping the Sabbath of the Lord our God with my parents.

I had a gold dollar presented to me by an uncle and dont know how to make any better use of it than to pay for my *Instructor*. I am going to overcome so that I can enter in through the gates into the city.

Monterey, Mich.

From James R. Doty

DEAR FRIENDS: I know that I have sinned a great deal, but I hope the Lord will forgive me. I wish you to pray for me that I may enter with you all into the kingdom. I am often tempted to get out of patience, but I do not mean to submit to the enemy any more.

Portage, Ohio.

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., MARCH, 1860.

For the Instructor.

THE FALL OF PEMBERTON MILLS.

THE awful calamity at Lawrence, Mass. Jan. 10th 1860, caused by the fall and burning of the Pemberton mills has sent a thrill of sorrow, mourning and bitter lamentation through the country. About six hundred persons were buried in the ruins. Not far from five hundred of them were killed or wounded.

Among these were parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, whose lives were taken from them with scarcely a moment's warning. Others were maimed and awfully crushed by falling timbers and heavy machinery. Some were overtaken by the flames while every possible effort was being made to extricate them from the mass of ruins, but without avail.

Says an eye witness of the scene, "The scene at the catastrophe was heart rending. Mothers shrieking for their children; fathers, brothers, sisters and friends running wildly about, crying, mourning and tearing their hair, each more than anxious for their relatives and friends. The agony and suffering of those taken out was intense. Here were mangled, dead, dying; some with arms broken, heads mutilated, limbs pulled off and bodies horribly crushed."

Thousands of hearts to-day bleed with sympathy for the surviving sufferers and the bereaved friends. Letters of condolence have reached them from every direction, and large sums of money have been raised for their relief. In view of this great calamity a fast has been held in Lawrence, and many prayers have gone up to God for the poor sufferers. Every possible effort has been made to relieve them in their suffering condition and deep anguish.

But dear young friends, we turn our minds from this frightful scene carrying them forward a brief space of time to the "great and terrible day of the Lord," that is *near and hasteth greatly*, contrasted with which, this scene bears but a faint and feeble comparison.

As the flood came upon the unbelievers in the days of Noah so will the seven last plagues of Rev. xvi come upon the sinners and the ungodly of this generation, and they "shall not escape." When this awful day shall come the Christian's work for the world will be done; he will have offered the last prayer and shed the last tear for the sinner. Christ's intercession for him is closed! No mercy, no sympathy then. No fasts proclaimed, no letters of condolence written, no kind friends to bend over the couch of the sufferer, to wipe away the falling tear or cold clammy sweat of death! Sorrow fills the cup of every one who has rejected the counsel of God; his thoughts are all absorbed in his own agony and woe. "The slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth even unto the other end of the earth." Jer. xxv, 33.

But dear friends there is a way for you to escape. There is a door of hope open for you. There is a refuge from the gathering storm. It is in obedience to God, it is in the blessed Saviour. Heaven invites you, Jesus spreads his arms to receive you. We beseech you who have not given your hearts to him to come to his embrace. The Spirit and the bride say "COME." O COME while mercy lingers!

Barton Landing, Vt.

A. S. HUTCHINS.

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