

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. VIII.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST, 1860.

NO. 8.

BAPTISM OF A LITTLE GIRL.

WHISPER it softly—we give her to Thee!
To Thee, holy Father! Thine wholly to be;
Thine only, blest Giver!
Thine now and for ever!
Accept her, oh Father, we bring her to Thee.

As the water o'erlieth her beautiful brow,
Send down thy pure Spirit and sanction the vow;
Thy covenant sealing,
Give mercy and healing,
And keep her, oh Father, as spotless as now.

If through the dark valley called early to tread,
Or by the clear fountains of Hope-waters led,
In joy and in weeping,
Thy watch-care and keeping,
We crave, Gentle Shepherd, her path to o'erspread.

Oh, help us to scatter, on Life's rugged road,
Truth-seeds that shall bloom in the garden of God;
And when Thou shalt gather
Thy lambs, Holy Father,
In Heaven's green pasture grant her an abode.

For the Youth's Instructor.

A BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY.

MY DEAR CHILDREN: Do you love things that are beautiful? Did you ever admire a pretty flower, and as you held it in your hand wish it might never fade? Did you ever see a beautiful house with green grass, trees and shrubbery all around it, and think you would like to live there? Well, this morning I want to tell you a little about a country where the buildings, trees, flowers and waters are more beautiful than anything you ever saw or thought of—a true story about a true country.

In that land the fields are always green. Here a few months pass away, and almost everything green turns into gloomy brown, and the earth is cold and dreary. There Winter never comes, but everything is smiling all the time as it is here on a sweet Spring day. The leaves of the trees prevent diseases, so that no one there ever says he is sick.

Do you ever feel pain? Do your little heads ever ache, while your kind mothers bathe your fevered brows? No such thing is ever felt there. No one who lives in that country ever feels the least pain, but all are strong and healthy and lovely. Did you ever see persons you loved to look at because they were so beautiful? They are far more so there. But the trees—they bear a different kind of fruit every month; probably each kind much

more delicious than anything you ever tasted. Would you not love to have such a tree as that in your father's garden? Well, all who live in the land of which I tell you, have right to partake freely of this tree. Under the tree is a river so beautiful that it makes the place "glad" through which it runs. The inhabitants drink of its bright waters and go away rejoicing. Those who drink of it can never die any more.

Did you ever see any one die? Have you seen the breath stop and the face grow pale, and have you put your finger on it and felt it cold and still? No such thing is ever seen there. Not one ever dies there, but the people live on, and on, and on, and when hundreds and thousands of years pass away, they look just as young as they did when they had been there but a few years. The flowers there, how charming they must be. Flowers are the jewelry of earth. Do you know what I mean by that? Why a lady, a worldly woman wears gold and pearls, to adorn herself; just so God made the flowers to adorn the earth. Well then, must not the flowers be far more beautiful that adorn so glorious a country as that we are talking about? Doubtless they have colors surpassing anything we have ever seen, and fadeless too. You may admire a flower here, but in a few days how faded and worthless it is. How would you rejoice to pick a prettier flower than you ever saw, and as you do so think, "it will never fade." But what kind of houses do they have in such a country, you may ask. Well, instead of wood or brick or dark stones, their city is built of precious stones which would cost a vast amount of money here. No one is rich enough to build such houses here, but the richest get small pieces of such stones to set in rings and pins. They are clear and reflect all colors, while the gates or doors are pearls which are clear white like crystals. Only think how such a house would look with the sun shining upon it! It would dazzle our eyes, but their eyes are made so that they can look on brighter things than our's can. But I have got the best part to tell you yet, and that is of the heavenly Being who lives there, the King of that country and his lovely children. The inhabitants are all lovely, but they are far more so than the rest. They are beings of love and send out this love to all who live there, so that

tenderness and sweet sympathy bind them all together. They never find fault or quarrel or look cross, but all speak pleasantly, smilingly and are happy in thinking the rest are all so.

Little one, is this like you? Then you may be pleased to think you have a disposition like those I am telling you of. If not, begin from this time to try to be like them. Their King is delighted to see his people so good and happy, and has made this place on purpose for them to live in forever. Before they went there (for none were born there) they had passed through a great many trials and sorrows, and when the King took them to that land he wiped away their tears with his own hand and made them happy. Perhaps some other time I may tell you how his Son died that he might give them such a glorious home.

Do you not think they love the King and his Son? Oh yes, they do a great deal more than the beautiful things around them. Now tell me, would you love to see this charming country? Perhaps you would like to stroll away from this world, where storms and chilling winds and tempests come so often in every part, and visit those loving, beautiful beings. Jesus, the King's Son is coming here soon, and he will take all good men, women and children to that same pleasant land to be there always. Would you like to go with him and take your dear parents, brothers and sisters there too? Then be good children. May be I can tell you more particularly how to be good hereafter; meantime remember the King's eye is upon you. May he bless all the little ones.

M. E. STEWARD.

Mauston, Wis.

For The Youth's Instructor.

SCHOOL OF CHRIST.

DEAR CHILDREN: Were you all engaged in a school where your teacher would reward each faithful pupil with a prize, and finally promote you to some high honor, how anxiously would you all toil to get the prize. How well each task would be performed and all your time improved.

But if your teacher spared no pains to aid you, and you had only to ask him and he would kindly and affectionately assist you; though when you did wrong he would correct you, yet in love and kindness, would you not love such a teacher, and not only try to win the prize, but obey him because you loved him? I think you could not help it.

Well now it is hoped that all the little readers of the *Instructor* are interested in a similar school to this. One for life. You have a great and good Teacher who is always ready to assist you in all your difficult tasks, and promises instruction in all the ways of wisdom. You, no doubt have all read how Solomon

wished of the Lord wisdom, and preferred it above riches or fame. You have read of Daniel who was wise above all the magicians and astrologers, and wherever you read of such good and righteous men whom the Lord approved, you can but admire their characters.

All these holy men learned of God, and this is why they were lovely and good.

There is a great prize offered to those who learn faithfully in the school of Christ. As you advance; your lessons are more and more difficult, like those in your school books; but each task, if faithfully performed, prepares for you a brighter and more starry crown. Great and exceeding glorious will be the appearance of that company who surround the supper-table of the Lamb in the kingdom prepared for them by their Father.

Who of parents and children who read the *Instructor*, will be gathered there? A way is now open and whosoever will may come and partake of the water of life freely. May we all be there.

M. D. BYINGTON.

Battle Creek, Mich.

For the Youth's Instructor.

I DESIRE.

DEAR CHILDREN: All of you who are readers of the *Instructor* doubtless *desire* eternal life; *desire* to pluck the twelve different kinds of fruit that ripen monthly on the Tree of Life; *desire* to see Adam and Eve and all those ancient men and women that we read of in the Bible; *desire* to be inhabitants of this earth when it is restored to its Eden beauty. The Bible says it has not even entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glories that are laid up for those that love God.

Now Children, have you not often heard grown-up-people express themselves in meeting that they *desire* what has just been mentioned, and seem to think that they are doing quite well if they "still desire?" Now when you desire anything that is possible for you to obtain, and is right that you should have, do you not set about planning some way to get your desires granted? If little boys desire very much to go out skating on a bright Winter's morning on the clear smooth ice, and there is nothing to hinder but the skates, they would not be very apt to keep telling each other day after day and week after week that they still had "strong desires" to skate, without putting forth efforts corresponding to those desires. If their fathers were too poor to get them skates, I should expect to see them contriving some way to earn the price—some one way and some another, and before long I should expect to hear the merry shout of the skaters as they chased each other to and fro.

And little girls, if they *desire* a flower gar-

den in the merry Spring-time when it is almost prison-like to stay within doors, I would expect to see them on their busy round gathering plants and seeds and putting them in the ground,—knowing that if they did not sow neither would they reap; they might spend all the Spring-time in *desiring* and where would their flowers be?

And so it is dear children with us all, great and small, we must not stop with *desiring*, but set about the accomplishing of that *desire*.

We are commanded to work out our own salvation, that is we are to do everything as though nothing was done for us. "We should use the means of grace as though we could do everything, and trust in God as though we could do nothing."

I ardently *desire* that all the little boys and girls of the *Instructor* will not only *desire* eternal life, a glorious immortality, but strive to put those *desires* into successful practice by being little Christians, by imitating little Samuel of the Old Testament, who when he heard the voice of God speaking unto him one night after he had gone to bed, answered as instructed by Eli his master, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth." So may each of you say, dear children, when God speaks to you from his holy commandments and the mouth of his chosen servants.

M. H. L.

For the Youth's Instructor.

BAD HABITS.

DEAR LITTLE CHILDREN: Many of you who think the coming of the Lord is near, have habits which if you do not overcome will hinder you from being ready to meet him when he shall be seen in the clouds of heaven. Now, children, will you let your bad habits continue, or will you overcome them and be ready to meet Jesus at his appearing?

Not long since I happened to be where two little brothers, Samuel and Daniel, were picking cherries. The youngest, Daniel, by some means shook the tree they were in, a little more than Samuel liked, and he spoke out in a sharp tone of voice, "Stop shaking this tree so!" Little Daniel obeyed, but it was not long before he shook the tree again; then Samuel's habit showed itself quite plain. "Stop shaking this tree; if you don't I'll come there and pound you!"

Do you think Samuel loves the Lord and his little brother? Do you think he was meditating upon the works of creation, and what a being God must be to make such beautiful fruit as the cherry? and was he feeling thankful to God for kind neighbors who had given him the privilege of picking them? O no, I fear he loves his habit the best of all.

May the Lord help Samuel and all little children who want admittance into the city of

gold, and to have a right to the tree of life, to overcome this bad habit of impatience and fretfulness. You can overcome if you will watch and pray.

I am afraid that many of the little readers of the *Instructor* neglect this duty altogether too much; but the Lord will help you all to overcome every bad habit, if you will ask him in faith believing. I love little children, but not their bad habits.

C. VAN GORDER.

Portage, Ohio.

For the Youth's Instructor.

L I F E.

WHAT is life? A dream, a vapor that appeareth for a little season, and then vanisheth away. How true, life is a dream. Often when our hopes are brightest that our anticipations will soon be realized, a change will take place which may entirely frustrate our cherished desires, and leave us to mourn over blighted hopes, and bitter disappointments. We wake to realize that our contemplations are but a dream that soon vanishes away. Disappointment is common to all; and often in bitterness we are led to exclaim, Is there anything true and enduring in life? The response involuntarily comes to the mind, "There is nothing true but heaven." Naught that will satisfy the longing desires, and breathe of hope and love, like the sweet consolation—religion. In this we can safely confide, and it will ever be an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast. "Neither death nor life, things present nor things to come, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

Here we find comfort and support, when wildly tossed on time's tempestuous ocean. When the winds of fortune have blown adversely until we are nearly overwhelmed, then can we trust in a Saviour's love, and feel that there can be no separation. This hope will serve to lighten our burdens, and as we pass onward in a path bedewed with tears, such will be the power of religion, that true and lasting happiness will be derived from it. All through this life will it be a bright and guiding star, directing to our Father's home—heavenly mansions of the blest. And when the last great change shall take place, our happiness will be consummated in the realization of the blessings of heaven, which will never cease throughout an endless eternity. Dear friends, is not this hope sufficient to induce us to strive to secure eternal life?

E. A. HASTINGS.

New Ipswich, N. H.

BIBLE truth is like a well-painted portrait, which seems to be looking directly at every one of those that stand round examining it.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., AUGUST, 1860.

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

On another page will be found some Sabbath School reports, which will certainly be interesting to the friends of this enterprise. We are glad the leaders of these Schools have reported themselves. Hundreds will rejoice to know of their prosperity. Hope others will follow their example. We all want to know what is being done for the youth and children. Who speaks next? G. W. A.

CIRCULATE THE INSTRUCTOR.

Yes, we repeat it, circulate the INSTRUCTOR. But why should we make extra efforts to circulate this paper? For a great many reasons, but the following are some of the most important:

1. In circulating the INSTRUCTOR, you circulate good reading. In preparing matter for this little sheet we take a great deal of pains—we think, we study, we pray, and try to have every line freighted down with heavenly wisdom. We don't toss these columns together in careless haste, filling them up with cheap selections, in order to get a paper; no, no, here you find the instructive words of those who have been born from above, and the good intentions of little children who have begun to lisp the Saviour's praise.

2. In sending this little messenger forth, you are circulating *truth*. You are not scattering the seeds of error, but the precious instructions of God's holy word. And you will be sending abroad truths that are especially adapted to this time—in other words, "present truth." We hope that the INSTRUCTOR will ever be one of those "wise servants," that give "meat in due season."

3. Another reason why special efforts should be made to circulate the INSTRUCTOR is, God is now moving upon the hearts of the people in a wonderful manner. Scores are continually embracing the truth; and consequently a vast number of youth and children are being brought within the scope of a religious influence, and should be supplied with the right kind of reading. We think the INSTRUCTOR, in a peculiar manner, answers this end. Then who will be foremost in the good work of enlarging its circulation?

4. Especial pains are taken to exclude everything of a noxious, hurtful character. We do not intend to publish anything not suitable to read on the Sabbath; neither shall we try to display wit in manufacturing nonsense—religion and fun don't go well together. And as for reading that is not strictly religious, though not of an objectionable character, there are plenty of other mediums where it can be found. The INSTRUCTOR is the pathetic voice of the good Shepherd saying to youth and children, Come

unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

5. The little paper should have a place in every family that keeps the Sabbath. Its influence there will be invaluable. Are there children that are turbulent, rude, or are inclined to follow in the wake of the pernicious examples set by their young associates? Call the INSTRUCTOR to the rescue. Let it appeal to the sympathies of the little wanderer, and show him that "the end of these things is death," while it takes him by the hand and points him to the better way of "Faith, Hope and Charity."

But I close, hoping these remarks may not be as water spilt on the ground, but that they may prove instrumental in the enlargement and prosperity of our beloved Youth's INSTRUCTOR. G. W. A.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

MANY thanks to those friends who take such an active part in circulating the INSTRUCTOR. God will surely reward the "good works" of all such persons, and we trust that the result of these efforts, if not seen immediately, will prove as "bread cast upon the waters." Quite a number send the paper to many of their friends. We now think of one person who sends between forty and fifty copies to different parts of the land. Such efforts show the right kind of an interest, and we trust we shall have plenty more of the same kind. G. W. A.

THANKS TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It is a pleasant duty to express our gratitude to the many individuals who furnish reading for the INSTRUCTOR. We are very glad that many are beginning to feel a duty in this direction. This is just as it should be. We said "duty"—and why is it not? Why is not that person who has a native talent for the pen, just as amenable to God for that gift as the one that can use the tongue? We don't see much difference, and who believes that the command to "exhort one another," is all fulfilled by "talking in meeting?" I don't. This great obligation is discharged in various ways,—in the meeting, at the fireside; with the tongue, with the pen; in the field, in the town; and in many other forms. But we hope our corps of correspondents will still abound in their liberalities, and that others will come forward to participate in this work. Let none get weary in well-doing, nor lay the armor by. Be faithful in this and other duties, "Crowns are your reward." G. W. A.

AS IT SHOULD BE.

THE living testimony borne in the INSTRUCTOR since 1860 shows "what God hath wrought." Almost every Number since last January has been entirely original, and this must be very gratifying to those who like spiritual, entertaining reading. We hope all who write for the INSTRUCTOR will

breathe the breath of heavenly life, and that in each successive Number, like the divisions of Reuben, will appear "the great thoughts of the heart."

G. W. A.

For the Youth's Instructor.

DECEITFUL FLOWERS.

CHOOSE this day whom ye will serve. If the Lord is worthy thy heart's best affections, upon him bestow them. If the pleasures and vanities of this world are more worthy, bestow thy wealth of affection there.

EMMA. Why art thou looking towards the enchanted garden? I thought thou wert just now desiring those beautiful flowers that gem yon upland path. There are fadeless flowers there, sister, and flowers that bloom when the wintry winds moan sadly above the snowy sheet. Heart's-ease or Violet nestles lovingly beside her stainless sister Snow-drop, each content if heaven but drop one tear of joy upon their lowly forms. There, too, the Amaranth blooms, fit type of immortality. What language more desirable, more enticing, than the whisperings of Purity, Contentment, and Immortality?

LILLIE. O Emma, I have thought they were desirable, yea, more to be desired than fine gold. But see how fickle and how weak I am. I'm more than half inclined to leave them now, and seek those gorgeous ones in yonder glen. It seems so difficult to climb this steep ascent—so easy to reach those.

EMMA. Knowest thou not an enemy helped beautify that fascinating spot? The brightest flowers and greenest ivy grow and twine around the deepest pits. O Lillie, do not venture there!

LILLIE. I'll shun the pitfalls by venturing only in the open paths. Surely they are safe.

EMMA. Sister, beware! Those winding, flower-bordered paths, though richly covered with a mossy carpet, have here and there a thorn embedded, which, like swords' points, pierce. Many who think to shun the dangerous pit by following the frequented path, often turn aside to escape the wounding thorns. Out of the path they are surrounded by dangers—soon they fall to rise no more.

LILLIE. But I will not go very far—just feast my eyes awhile and then return and go with you.

EMMA. Very few find their way out, who enter that labyrinth. Here and there a heart-sick one employs a guide, by giving up all he has to him, and thereby escapes those dangers, but they return foot-sore and weary, heartily dissatisfied with all they have seen.

LILLIE. But I must satisfy myself—I'll go.

EMMA. Then farewell. I fear we never more shall meet. Farewell.

O sister, if thou hadst believed my words, and gone with me! The path is entered—thou art feeling now a thorn; thy troubled look, and thy involuntary starts, prove my words to be true. She now believes, but still proceeds. O if she would turn

back! But no, she's turning from the path. She seeks the arbor—enters—sinks—she's gone—she's gone!

O gilded pleasure—scenes of gayety and frivolity and mirth, in you I behold Satan's enchanted ground. There's poison, but not perfume, in your flowers; and those who tread in your alluring paths will find themselves pierced through with many sorrows. The Christian's rugged path be mine—the path where flowers of Meekness, Purity and Hope so sweetly grow. The path that leads where flowers immortal bloom.

A SISTER.

For the Youth's Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—NO. 20.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

Voyage in the Ship New Jersey—Breakers off Bermuda—Dangerous Position in a Violent Storm—Sail for Turk's Island—Stacks of Salt—Cargo of Rock Salt—Return to Alexandria, D. C.—Voyage in the Ship Talbot to Liverpool—Storm in the Gulf Stream—Singular Phenomenon on the Banks of Newfoundland—An old Shipmate.



After a pleasant season of a few months at home with my family, I sailed again for Alexandria, D. C. and shipped as chief mate on board the ship New Jersey, of Alexandria, D. C., D. Howland commander. We proceeded up James River near Richmond, Va., to load for Europe. From there to Norfolk Va., where we finally loaded and sailed for Bermuda.

On our arrival at Bermuda our ship drew so much water that it became necessary for us to anchor in open sea, and wait for a smooth time and fair wind to sail into the harbor. The captain and pilot went on shore expecting to return, but were prevented on account of a violent gale and storm which came on soon after they reached the shore, which placed us in a trying and perilous situation for nearly two days. We were unacquainted with the dangerous reefs of rocks with which the North and East side of the Island were bounded, but with the aid of our spy-glass from the ship's mast head, still many miles off in the offing I could see the furious sea breaking mast-head high over the reefs of rocks, East and North, and on the West of us the Island of Bermuda, receiving the whole rake of the beating sea against its rock-bound coast, as far as the eye could extend to the South. From my place of observation I saw there was a bare possibility for our lives if during the gale our ship should be driven from her anchors, or part her cable to pass out by the South, provided we could show sail enough to weather the breakers on the South end of the Island. Our storm sails were now reefed and every needful preparation made if the cables parted to chop them off at the windlass, and crowd on every storm sail the ship could bear, to clear if possible the breakers under our lee. As the gale increased we had veered out almost all our cable, reserving enough to freshen the chafe at the bow which was very frequent. But contrary to all our fearful forebodings, and those on

shore who were filled with anxiety for our safety, and especially our captain and pilot, our brow beat ship was seen at the dawn of the second morning still contending with her unyielding foe, holding to her well bedded anchors by her long straitened cables which had been fully tested during the violent storm which had now begun to abate. As the sea went down the captain and pilot returned, and the ship was got under way and safely anchored in the harbor and we discharged our cargo.

We sailed from Bermuda to Turk's island for a cargo of salt. In the vicinity of this Island is a group of low, sandy Islands where the inhabitants make large quantities of salt from the sea water. Passing by near these Islands strangers can see something near the amount of stock they have on hand, as it is heaped up in stacks for sale and exportation. A little way off these salt stacks and their dwelling houses very much resemble the small houses on the prairies in the West, with their numerous wheat stacks dotted about them after harvest. Turk's Island salt is what is also called "rock salt." Here we moored our ship about a quarter of a mile from the shore, our anchor in forty fathoms or two hundred and forty feet of water, ready to ship our cables and put to sea at any moment of danger from change of wind or weather; and when the weather settled again return and finish loading. In a few days we received from the natives by their "slaves" twelve thousand bushels of salt which they handed us out of their boats by the half bushel in their salt sacks. The sea around this Island abounds with small shells of all colors, many of which are obtained by expert swimmers diving for them in deep water. We returned to Alexandria, D. C., in the winter of 1820, where our voyage ended.

Before the cargo of the New Jersey was discharged, I was offered the command of the ship Talbot of Salem, Mass., then loading in Alexandria for Liverpool. In a few weeks we were again out of the Chesapeake Bay, departing from Cape Henry across the Atlantic Ocean.

Soon after our leaving the land, a violent gale and storm overtook us in the Gulf Stream attended with awful thunder and vivid streaks of lightning. The heavy, dark clouds seeming but just above our mast heads kept us enshrouded in almost impenetrable darkness as the night closed around us. Our minds were only relieved by the repeated sheets of streaming fire that lit up our pathway and showed us for an instant that there was no other ship directly ahead of us, and also the shape of the rushing seas before which we were scudding with what sail the ship could bear, crossing with all speed this dreaded, dismal, dark stream of warm water that stretches itself from the Gulf of Mexico to Nantucket shoals on our Atlantic coast. (Before referred to in No 17). Whether the storm abated in the stream we crossed we could not say, but we found very different weather on the Eastern side of it. I have heard mariners tell of experiencing days of very pleasant weather while sailing in this Gulf, but I have no knowledge of such in my experience.

After this we shaped our course so as to pass across the southern edge of what is called the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. According to our reckoning and signs of soundings we were approaching this no'ed spot in the afternoon. The night set in with a drizzling rain which soon began to freeze, so that by midnight our sails and rigging were so glazed and stiffened with ice that we were much troubled to trim them and steer the ship away from the Bank again into the fathomless deep, where we are

told that water never freezes. This was true in this instance, for the ice melted after a few hours run to the South. We did not stop to sound, but supposed we were in about sixty fathoms of water on the Bank, when we bore up at midnight. Here about one third of the three thousand miles across the Ocean, and hundreds of miles from any land, and about three hundred and sixty feet above the bottom of the sea, we experienced severe frosts from which we were entirely relieved after a run South of about twenty miles. If we had been within twenty miles of land the occurrence would not have been so singular. We at first supposed that we were in the neighborhood of Islands of ice, but concluded that could not be as we were about a month too early for their appearance. This occurrence was in April.

In a few weeks from the above incident we arrived in Liverpool, the commercial city where ten years before I was unjustly and inhumanly seized by a government gang of ruffians, who took me and my ship-mate from our quiet boarding house in the night, and lodged us in a press room or filthy jail until the morning. When brought before a naval officer for trial of my citizenship, it was declared by the officer of the ruffian gang that I was an Irishman belonging to Belfast in Ireland. Stripped of my right of citizenship, from thenceforth I was transferred to the naval service of King George III, without limitation of time. Then myself and Isaac Baily of Nantucket, my fellow boarder, were seized by each arm by four stout men, and marched through the middle of their streets like condemned felons to the water side; from thence in a boat to what they called the old Princess of the Royal navy.

During these ten years a great change had taken place with the potentates and subjects of civilized Europe. The dreadful convulsions of nations had in a great measure subsided. First by the peace between the United States and Great Britain, granting to the U. S. "*Free trade and sailor's rights*;" secured in a few months after the great decisive battle of Waterloo in 1815, followed by what had been unheard of before, — a conclave of the rulers of the great powers of Europe, united to keep the peace of the world. (Predicted in olden times by the great Sovereign ruler of the universe. Rev. vii, 1.)

The two great belligerent powers that had for about fifteen years convulsed the civilized world by their oppressive acts and mortal combats by land and sea, had closed their mortal strife. The first in power usurping the right to seize and impress into his service as many sailors as his war ships required, without distinction of color, if they spoke the English language. The second with all his ambition to conquer and rule the world, was banished on what was once a desolate, barren rock, far away in the South Atlantic Ocean, now desolate and dying.

The people were now mourning the death of the first, namely, my old master, King George III. His crown was taken off, his course just finished, and he laid away in state to sleep with his fathers until the great decisive day. Then there was a female infant prattling in its mother's arms destined to rule his vast kingdom with less despotic sway. During these ten years my circumstances also had materially changed. Press gangs and war prisons with me were things in the past, so that I uninterruptedly enjoyed the freedom of the city of Liverpool in common with my countrymen.

As we were about loading with return cargo of Liverpool salt for Alexandria, a man dressed in blue jacket and

trowsers, with a rattan whip in his hand, approached me with, "Please your honor, do you wish to hire a 'lumper' to shovel in your salt?" "No," I replied, "I do not want you." "Why, your honor, I am acquainted with the business, and take such jobs" I again refused to employ him, and said, "I know you." He asked where I had known him? Said I, "Did you belong to his Majesty's ship Rodney of 74 guns stationed in the Mediterranean in the years 1810--12?" He replied in the affirmative. "I knew you there," said I, "Do you remember me?" "No, your honor. Was you one of the lieutenants, or what office did you fill? or was you one of the officers of the American merchant ship we detained?" "Neither of these," I replied. But from the many questions I asked him he was satisfied I knew him. We had lived and eaten at the same table for about eighteen months.

Monterey, Mich., July 6, 1860.

For the Youth's Instructor.

LITTLE SAMUEL AGAIN.

SAMUEL was not like most boys, who behave just as the other boys do, but he had rules to live by, and he stood to them. He was better than many men who try to serve the Lord, but soon as they get in trifling company, they become just like their companions. Oh how foolish it seems to see boys just like the company they are with, no principle, no firmness. Where is Captain Resistance? Don't you know that when Captain Resistance is killed, that Captain Innocence is soon overcome and destroyed?

Young Samuel was where he every day saw the wicked acts of Hophni and Phineas, and no doubt they tried to make him just like themselves, but Samuel took good care of Captain Resistance, and Captain Resistance would not allow Innocence to be injured. And so when he looked upon all the wickedness around him, he saw that it was all wrong and sinful and base and disgusting.

Where are the young Samuels now? Where are the boys who are pure? Where are the moral heroes who can resist evil example day after day, and year after year! Are there any Samuels who are living holy lives, and setting holy examples amid wicked companions?

I would like to hear of such a boy who stands erect amid his wicked mates and says, "No! I cannot do thus; it is wrong. I cannot do that, it will offend God;" and when his wicked mates laugh and hiss at him, who has boldness to look them square in the face and say, "We unto them that laugh now!" I would like to see the boy that prays in secret and goes to school or to his business or to his play strong in the Lord, the boy that lives out the truth, that is always ready to speak modestly, but bravely, and in fit time and manner in favor of good and good things.

I should like to see the boy who is ashamed of wrong, that would blush to be told the second time to do a thing by his parents or teacher or guardian, that would blush, yes, rather die, than do wrong.

Such boys are few, but there are a few and I hope there will be more.

A boy that is noble and magnanimous; that is without deceit or guile, whose word is like pure gold; that fears not to do right let who will frown; that loves right for right's sake; that loves God for his holiness' sake; that stands for the right, that battles for it in his own heart, and among his mates; that does this humbly, but fearlessly, perseveringly, grandly. That is the boy that will wear a crown of gold, that will shine as the sun when all the filthy, deceitful Hophnis and Phineases are being consumed in the dreadful flames of an expiring world.

I hope to meet that boy on the plains of paradise that detests the wicked ways of his filthy companions; that does not smile at their obscene jests and impure conversation; that stands aloof from their wrong doings, and flees swiftly from temptation.

Such boys seek the company of the good, and avoid as much as possible the wicked; such boys are the Samuels of this corrupt age, and such boys are few. Is there one? will there be more from this time? More who look upward continually, expecting soon to see the Lord? Youths rendered lovely by virtue and purity, that can stand in the gaze of Jehovah, pure, spotless and holy. Where are the moral heroes that will set their faces as a flint as Samuel did? But look out, oh youth for the Hophnis and Phineases who seduce! Look out!

JOS. CLARKE.

For the Youth's Instructor.

LIVING FOR EVER.

"I SHOULD like to live forever," says one. "Well, you can; Jesus says, 'Those that believe on me shall never die.' He also says, 'I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also.' What more can you ask? What a liberal offer! Now is the time to accept—now. We want your company, and can hardly endure the thought of leaving you behind."

"I have almost a mind to go with you; I see you have the truth, but it would be such a sacrifice to leave my companions."

"But how long can you stay with them? Jesus says, 'He that saveth his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' Soon, very soon the earth will be left desolate, without an inhabitant, and now is the time to obey God and lay up your treasure in heaven."

"But when I first spoke, I meant I should like to live on this earth as it is now."

"O, can you have such a desire when there is so much sin and suffering, and you have frequently told me you were not happy, and now you want to live here always. I see how it is, you are afraid to die."

"Yes, that is it, death has its terrors to me."
"But perhaps you will not have to die if you obey God and keep his commandments, for Jesus' coming is near, very near, even at the doors."

SARAH CLARKE.

For the Youth's Instructor.

THE ALPHABET.

"But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things." John xiv.

At the door, behold a Teacher, asking you to come;
Be instructed, in the language, of his heavenly home:

Come, while the list is writing, have your names enrolled;

During a brief space he lingers, soon he'll shut the fold.

Every child may learn his lessons, if he perseveres,
Faith, repentance, the first letters, dotted with a tear;

Goodness, kindness, meekness, patience, gentleness and love,

Help to complete the alphabet, taught by the Heavenly Dove;

Innocence, obedience, humility and truth,
Justice, honesty, submission, must be learned by youth;

Know ye not examination day is hast'ning on?
Learn, if you would hear the Judge pronounce your task "well done."

Mercy lingers in the holiest, o'er the broken law,
Night and day she pleads for learners, soon she will withdraw.

O! before she leaves her station, learn to walk with God,

Pure and holy all who enter that bright, blest abode.

Query not about your duty—duty's path is plain,
Repent of sin, believe in Jesus, live no more in vain.

Satan would be glad to make you think you was too young,

To obtain such wondrous knowledge, and a fadeless crown.

Unto every one that asketh, wisdom shall be given,
Vilest sinners, weakest children, may receive from heaven.

Would you seek that realm to enter where is cloudless light?

Xercise the Christian graces, keep your armor bright.

Yet a little He that cometh, will not tarry more;
Zealous for his Father's glory, He'll all things restore,

& receive us to those mansions, to go out no more.

M. M. Osgood.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Deerfield Sabbath School.

THE following is a brief account of our Sabbath-school. It numbers about twenty scholars, between the ages of four and eighteen. The school commences after the morning service, first with singing a hymn, then prayer. The school is divided into classes. Each scholar commits to memory what Scripture he can, and recites it separate to his teacher; then questions are asked, and if any are unable to answer, they are explained by their teachers. The brethren and sisters remain after an intermission, and have a Bible class which frequently lasts till three o'clock. I must say that the interest of the school is increasing, and we think this is the best way to spend some of the Sabbath hours; and I am certain that God is blessing our efforts, and I can say with sister Bates, to those who have not had a Sabbath-school, Try it.

WASHINGTON MORSE, Sup't.

Deerfield, Minn.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Round Grove Sabbath School.

ABOUT fifteen attend this school. After the Sabbath meeting the school commences by singing a hymn from the Youth's Hymn Book, and prayer. Then the children recite their lessons. They get six verses for a lesson, and are now going through with the Sermon on the Mount. There are two teachers, one to hear the boys recite, and another the girls. After the lesson is recited, questions are asked upon it, and instruction given. The school closes by singing a hymn. A Bible question is given out every Sabbath—generally historical—which greatly adds to the interest of the school. The children appear to take great delight in finding the answer to the question, and anything found in this way is apt to be retained.

D. HILDRETH, Sup't.

Round Grove, Ills.

For the Youth's Instructor.

Decatur City Sabbath School.

WE have a Sabbath-school connected with our social meetings on every Sabbath. We commenced at the first of Genesis, taking from three to four chapters for a lesson. We have now got to the last of the book. School commences at ten o'clock by singing and prayer. The lesson is read, then the scholars recite their verses committed to memory; and if there are any questions to ask pertaining to the lesson, either by scholars or teachers, they have the privilege. Our school consists of about twelve scholars, and one teacher presides over them. After school is out our social meeting commences. As I am a learner, I would ask if there is any better way to carry on a Sabbath-school.

W. H. FORTUNE, Sup't.

Decatur City, Iowa.

Temporal Blessings.

WISH for them cautiously, ask for them submissively, want them contentedly, obtain them honestly, accept them humbly, manage them prudently, employ them lawfully, impart them liberally, esteem them moderately, increase them virtuously, use them subserviently, forego them easily, resign them willingly.

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