

# 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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## THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

SUFFER me to come to Jesus;  
Mother dear, forbid me not:  
By his blood from sin he frees us,  
Makes us fair without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,  
At his pierced feet to fall:  
Why forbid me? help me, rather;  
Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto him;  
Gentle sisters, come with me:  
O that all I love but knew him,  
Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,  
Bid me not forsake the cross;  
Hard to hear is your reviling,  
Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world has chid me,  
Father, mother, sister, friend;  
Jesus never will forbid me,  
Jesus loves me to the end.

Gentle Shepherd, on thy shoulder  
Carry me, a sinful lamb;  
Give me faith, and make me bolder,  
Till with thee in heaven I am.

[*M. Cheyne.*]

For the Instructor.

## DO YOU LOVE JESUS?

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: Our Saviour says "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Mark viii, 34. We must give up our wishes, and have our wills entirely swallowed up in his will, ready to do anything for his sake. "And whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." Luke xiv, 27. It seems there is nothing too hard for us to bear in order to please such a being, who has done so much for us. God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. Just think a moment dear friends, of him who prayed in such agony that he sweat as it were great drops of blood, falling down to the ground, and how much he suffered by wicked men, how he was mocked, derided and spit upon by his cruel accusers. But why did he suffer all this? Was not God able to deliver him out of their hands? He said to one of his disciples, "Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and he shall presently give me more than

twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled, that thus it must be? Matt. xxvi, 53, 54. And then he was nailed to the cross. How cruel, to nail his sacred hands and feet to the tree. And there he bowed his holy head, and died. Oh, what was this for? If God was able to deliver him, why did he not? If Christ had not died, then poor fallen man would have been lost forever. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. He says in Luke v, 32, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

To those who are careless and unconcerned about their eternal welfare, I would offer a few words of exhortation. O turn to the Lord with full purpose of heart. Seek him while he may be found. Why will you grieve his Holy Spirit longer? It will not always strive with you. How often has it whispered in your ear, "Give your heart to God, begin now to serve him;" but then you would strive to get rid of such feelings as soon as possible. I would say to you, Call upon the Lord *now*, for now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Soon mercy will be gone for ever.

Oh, I cannot bear to see you rushing on in the broad road to destruction. If you do not turn to him, soon you will have to take up with the sad lamentation, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved." You may think you have been so wicked God will not hear your cries, but he certainly will. He has said that he will in no wise cast off those that come unto him. Now young friends, *do* take your Bibles and study them for yourselves, and you will find great and precious promises to those who overcome. And His grace will be sufficient for you, if you only put your whole trust in him.

And now my little readers, do you love Jesus? Do you try to serve and please him? He died to save little children as well as those who are older. You are not too young to love God. No; Jesus loves little children. Did you ever read where he took them in his arms and blessed them? Would you not like to have him bless you? If you give your young hearts to him, and love him, and try to please him in all you do, and prepare for his coming, he will bless you. You must read his holy word, and if you do not understand it, ask your kind parents or some friend to explain it to you, and try to obey its precepts. We must all



of us become as little children if we ever have an entrance into the kingdom. That is, we must be humble, meek, and pure in heart, like a child. Jesus says, Except ye become converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Matt. xviii, 3. Dear young friends, let us arouse ourselves and gird on the whole armor of God. Let us work while the day lasts. We see by watching the fulfillment of prophecy, that we are in the last days, and soon, we know not how soon, our dear Saviour will make his appearance. Let us try and be prepared to meet him with joy and not with grief. Precious promises are held out to those who get the victory. Happy thought, that we shall by and by outstride all the storms and afflictions of this life, and land on Canaan's happy shore. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away. Rev. xxi, 4. Glorious the thought of the resurrection! when those dear friends who have been taken from our family circles, will come forth, clothed in glorious immortality.

But there are to be two resurrections. The righteous first; then the wicked will be raised, and afterward be cast into the lake of fire, which is the second death. But "blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power. But they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." Oh that our names may all be written in the book of life.

Your unworthy sister, striving to overcome.  
ELIZABETH PHELPS.

*Libson, Wis.*

For the Instructor.

#### EARTH.

In the formation of the earth every thing was fair and beautiful. Its supreme Creator pronounced it good. Blight was seen upon nothing; not a faded leaf, nor any emblem of decay. Everything rejoiced in fragrant freshness and perpetual bloom.

But this state of happiness did not long continue. Sin entered, and the curse fell. Our first parents were banished from Paradise, and a life of hardship was set before them. What anguish, and sorrow must they have experienced, as they realized their irretrievable loss! But it was too late! They had brought the evil upon themselves, and now they must submit to their fate.

Since then the human family have had ample evidence of their fallen and lost estate. Deeply have they drank the cup of misery, filled by their own misdoing. Thousands of years has the whole creation groaned and trembled

beneath its heavy curse, and miserable indeed would be our case if we had no promise of a better day. But there is hope for us, brought to light through the suffering and death of the Son of God.

"There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,  
Lose all their guilty stains."

And the stains of sin are also to be purged away from the face of this once fair earth. A baptism of fire will do this when the Lord shall create all things new. All its original beauty will be restored. Instead of the thorn, will come up the fir tree, and instead of the briar the myrtle tree. The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. No lion shall be there nor any ravenous beast, but the redeemed shall be there. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

Glorious thought! There the weary shall rest. This hope is enough to stimulate us to endure trials, deprivations and suffering for Christ's sake. The righteous alone can share it. Those that have overcome through the blood of the Lamb shall eat of the tree of life, and enjoy the endless felicity of the earth made new.  
E. A. HASTINGS.

#### JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

[BRO. SMITH: "I have before me a story book for children, from which I will copy a few chapters, thinking they may be interesting to the readers of the *Instructor*. H. S. WELLS.]

#### CHAPTER I.—JACOB AND HIS SONS.

Thirty-six centuries ago there lived in the land of Canaan—that delightful land, where the grapes hung in magnificent clusters from the vines, and where milk and honey were flowing all the year—a man, and the first description of him would lead us to suppose he was a very happy man. It is said of him that he "was a plain man dwelling in tents," [Gen. xxy, 27,] living a happy, shepherd's life, with a large family of twelve sons around him. There he lived in Canaan, making no display of his riches, assuming nothing, and troubling himself little about the fashions of this world. He knew that fashion and splendor and pomp rob life of its usefulness and truest ease, and that they who would live well and wisely must live plainly, using the good and pleasant things of the world, but caring little for what is unnecessary and burdensome.

So Jacob lived; but as no man can be happy when his children do not help to make him happy, so this good plain man Jacob soon found his pleasant home beginning to change. His sons began to show their evil dispositions when they were out of his sight. He might not have



known anything about it, had not Joseph been grieved at their conduct and reported it to his father. It was far from Joseph's intention to make trouble for his brothers, or to alienate from them any of his father's love; but their conduct was such, that he thought it his duty to tell it to his father. Whether they knew that he did so or not, we are not told; but they soon began to feel unkindly towards Joseph, and in their hearts to blame him when he had done them no wrong. They also saw that Jacob felt a great tenderness for him, because he was the son of his old age; and more than that, they perceived that his lovely character had made him a favorite child. This was more than their hearts could bear; and when they saw Joseph walking about in a beautiful gay coat his father had given him, their hearts burned with jealousy, and they felt as if they could do almost anything to get him out of the way. Filled with this jealous spirit, they commenced ill-treating him, and thus their downward course began.

When we feel the first stirrings of jealousy in our hearts, we should hasten to get the evil corrected before it overspreads and blights everything within us. Perhaps you have some friend—it may be even a brother Joseph—who is loved more than you; and your heart is often stirred like the ocean in a storm. There is a fever there worse than the fever of the body, it is the fever of jealousy. Would you have this fever allayed, so that you can quietly and even happily see others loved more than yourself? The only way is to get your heart filled with love, and then act out this love to all around you by kindness and doing them good; not merely that you may be happy yourself, but that you may make others happy, and be a blessing wherever you go. This will make you lovely, and bring you all the friends you need. It is said of a great but wicked man, that his first feelings of hate sprung from jealousy. He was jealous of a friend, and soon began to hate him; and driven onward by jealousy he at length murdered him. Let us watch our hearts, and especially let us bar the door against jealousy.

#### "I WILL HAVE MY OWN WAY."

VERY well,—try it. We will give you an example or two; see if you can succeed better. There was once a king seated upon his throne, in the enjoyment of all that royalty could bestow. Every thing ministered to his comfort, and all were ready to do his bidding: still he was not happy, and he was determined to have his own way in order to be so, and caused a worthy man to be put to death that he might take possession of his vineyard, which he wickedly coveted. But no sooner did he and his guilty queen get it, than God came down and

fixed the price, and said, "It shall be the blood both of the king and queen, and the blood of all the seed-royal." The price was obliged to be punctually paid: on the very day which the Lord appointed full payment was demanded, and not one drop of that blood would he excuse. So much for a king having his own way!

Let us now turn and look at a willful prophet, who was also bent upon having his own way, and try he would. The Lord commanded him to go to Nineveh, but he was determined to go to Tarshish, and for that purpose he set sail; but a storm soon overtook him, and in the midst of it he was thrown into the sea, and would have miserably perished had not his offended but merciful God provided for his safety. One would have thought he would now have had enough of his own way; but not so. We find him soon after, leaving Nineveh, and going to the top of a hill to see what would become of the city. Here the sun scorched him terribly, and the east wind dried him up. Why did he not remain in the city, where he might have had every convenience and comfort? Had Jonah moved on quietly in the way of the Lord, he would have enjoyed more and suffered less; but for wandering and rebelling the Lord commands both the roaring sea and the burning sun to afflict him.

Thus, many are determined to have their own way, in order to better their condition; but they no sooner begin to possess than they quarrel with the price they have to pay for it. Not a few, by having their own way, have been great losers. He is truly great who will deny himself to do the will of God, and who will do what the Lord commands in the face of all discouragements, and quietly abide the consequences. He who will act thus is always safe. Nothing but the grace of God can teach such an important lesson, or form such a self-denying character. Mothers,—rich mothers! poor mothers!—are you such self-denying characters? or are you among those who will have their own way, cost what it may? Children,—poor children,—discontented children, who want to have your own way,—think of the king and queen; think of the prophet; and may the Lord humble you, and enable you to say, "Not my will, but the will of God, be done;" and remember him who said, "I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me."

"WOULD'ST thou know whether thy name be written in the book of life? Then read what thou hast written in the book of conscience. If I write nothing in this book but the black lines of sin, I shall find nothing in God's book but the black lines of wrath; but if I write God's word in the book of conscience, I may be sure God hath written my name in the book of life."



## YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER, 1859.

It is a pleasure to express our gratitude to those who have kindly remembered the INSTRUCTOR during the past season. We trust their contributions have been a source of profit and encouragement to many, as they have been to us. How cheering is the thought that in these days of impiety and darkness, there are a few, even of the youth, whose hearts are really bent on following the Lord. The pleasures of the world have not power to allure them from the mark for the glorious prize which they have set out to gain. Let such speak often to each other through the medium of this little sheet. We believe the Lord will thereby be glorified, and their own souls experience the fulfilling of the promise that "he that watereth shall be watered also himself." And let the children not forget that it is also their privilege to tell through its columns of what the Lord has done for them. We should be glad of a half a dozen or more sweet little testimonies from such for every No. It is always sweet to hear of the love of Jesus in the hearts of his young disciples. And let all who love the INSTRUCTOR, who regard it as a means of benefit to the youth, remember it in their prayers, that God would make it not merely the source of a few hours' gratification, but an "Instructor" indeed in the way to eternal life.

H. N. S.

For the Instructor.

### "WE WOULD SEE JESUS."

How great a privilege would it be if now, as in the days when Jesus was upon the earth, we could go personally to him, and pour into his bosom the story of all those fears and sorrows which sometimes seem so great to us. We expect from the record we have of his lovely character, that he would listen patiently and with tenderest sympathy, that he would teach us to lay our burdens at his feet; and if he should lay his hands on us and bless us, then indeed could we go on our way rejoicing. If he were only on the earth, though hundreds of miles from us, we think that we should somehow make our way unto him, for no dangers or difficulties could be sufficient to keep us away from Jesus.

But he is not here. More than eighteen hundred years ago a cloud received him from the sight of his sorrowing disciples, and since then his people have had to walk by faith. We know indeed that by his Spirit he has been with them, and will be even to the end of the world, but still it is our privilege to anticipate the time when according to his promise he will come again. He is not gone from our sight for ever; if we are his children and prove faithful to him, our eyes shall yet see the King in his beauty. His coming again has all along been the church's hope, but now when moral darkness is becoming so thick, the perils so great, the snares so frequent,

what joy it is to know that the night is far spent, and the day of his appearing is at hand. Blessed day! We have looked forward to it with tears of joy, hoping that we should be of the number whom it would come to bless. The day when we shall see his face, and his name shall be in our foreheads; when we shall have never a burden of grief or fear to cast at his feet, but sorrow and mourning shall give place to everlasting joy!

O what a prospect is just opening before us! And shall any faint or falter now? Shall any turn away from the immortal inheritance to the hollow pleasures of earth? Shall tribulation or distress, life or death, or any thing else separate us from the love of Christ? Oh no! Let crosses grow heavier and more frequent, trials and sacrifices increase, let us pass under the rod, through great tribulation, or the valley and shadow of death, but let us keep looking by faith to Jesus till we see him and are made like him.

H. N. S.

For the Instructor.

### BE MERCIFUL.

THE Saviour says in Luke vi, 35, "But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again: and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

What a lesson of self-denial there is to be learned in these few words! How unlike the natural heart! How different are the ways of the children of this world! And is this work left to those only who have arrived at the years of manhood? How often it is the case that children and youth, by some little act of benevolence, by denying themselves of some of the comforts of this life, yes, perhaps we might say indulgences, can add to the enjoyment of those about them. And the great God takes notice of just such little acts of kindness.

Who is there that would despise the blessing here pronounced upon those who act the self-denying part? "Ye shall be the children of the Highest." "Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over."

I presume you are all familiar with the circumstance of the poor widow and her son at the time that good old man, Elijah, came along, while she was in the act of gathering a few sticks to bake the last morsel of meal she had, and after eating it, she and her son were going to starve, as she supposed. And when called upon by the prophet to bake the cake and give it to him to satisfy his hunger, she told him the situation they were in; and upon being told the result of doing as he had requested her, she readily gave him the last morsel of bread she possessed. What was the result? "And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord, which he



spake by Elijah." During that long, tedious drouth, while the earth was parched beneath the burning sun, and its inhabitants famishing for food and water, the widow and her son were preserved from death, because she denied herself to feed the hungry servant of the Lord.

Although we may not be called upon to part with the last "meal in the barrel," or "oil in the cruse," yet we can find opportunities every day for doing good, of denying ourselves, and thereby lay up a treasure in heaven.

Be merciful, be kind, seek the good of others, relieve the distressed, raise up the bowed down, and the blessing of the Lord will be abundantly bestowed upon you, and you will at last have a home in the kingdom he has promised to those who love him.

W. H.

For the Instructor.

#### INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.--No. 10.

*Reconciliation—Full allowance of bread granted—Cutting a hole through the ship—Perilous adventure of a Narragansett Indian—Hole finished—Eighteen prisoners escape—Singular device to keep the number good.*



THE welcome fresh air, and morning light came suddenly upon us, by an order from the commander to open our port-holes, unbar the hatchways, and call the prisoners up to get their bread. In a few moments it was clearly understood that our enemies had capitulated by yielding to our terms, and were now ready to make peace by serving us with our full allowance of bread.

While one from each mess of ten was up getting their three days' allowance of brown loaves, others were up to the tank filling their tin cans with water, so that in a short space of time a great and wonderful change had taken place in our midst. On most amicable terms of peace with all our keepers, grouped in messes of ten, with three days' allowance of bread, and cans filled with water, we ate and drank, laughed and shouted immoderately over our great feast, and vanquished foe. The wonder was that we did not kill ourselves with over-eating and drinking.

The commissary, on hearing the state of things in our midst, sent orders from the shore, to the commander to serve out our bread forthwith.

Our keepers were in the habit of examining the inside of our prison every evening before we were ordered up to be counted down, to ascertain whether we were cutting through the ship to gain our liberty. We observed that they seldom stopped at a certain place on the lower deck, but passed it with

a slight examination. On examining this place, a number of us decided to cut a hole here if we could effect it without detection by the soldier who was stationed but a few inches above where we must come out and yet have room above water.

Having nothing better than a common table knife fitted with teeth, after some time we sawed out a heavy three-inch oak plank, which afterwards served us successfully for a cover when our keepers were approaching. We now began to demolish a very heavy oak timber, splinter by splinter. Even this had to be done with great caution, that the soldier might not hear us on the outside. While one was at work in his turn, some others were watching that our keepers should not approach and find the hole uncovered. About forty were engaged in this work. Before the heavy timber was splintered out, one of our number obtained the cook's iron poker. This was a great help to pry off small splinters around the heavy iron bolts. In this way, after laboring between thirty and forty days, we reached the copper on the ship's bottom some two to three feet from the top of our cover, on an angle of about 25° downward. By working the poker through the copper, on the upper side of the hole, we learned to our joy that it came out beneath the stage where the soldier stood. Then on opening the lower side of the hole the water flowed in some, but not in sufficient quantities to sink the ship for some time, unless by change of wind and weather, she became more unsteady in her motion, and rolled the hole under water, in which case we should doubtless have been left to share her fate. The commander had before this, stated that if by any means the ship caught fire from our lights in the night, he would throw the keys of our hatchways overboard, and leave the ship and us to burn and perish together. Hence we had chosen officers to extinguish every light at 10 p. m.

Sunday p. m., while I was at work in my turn enlarging the hole in the copper, a shout of hundreds of voices from the outside so alarmed me for fear that we were discovered, that in my hurry to cover up the hole the poker slipped from my hands through the hole into the sea. The hole covered, we made our way with the rushing crowd, up the long stairway to the upper deck, to learn the cause of the shouting. The circumstances were these: Another ship like our own, containing American prisoners, was moored about one eighth of a mile from us. People from the country in their boats were visiting the prison ships, as was their custom on Sundays, to see what looking creatures American prisoners were. Soldiers with loaded muskets, about twenty feet apart, on the lower and upper stages outside of the ship, were guarding the prisoners' escape. One of the countrymen's boats rowed by one man, lay fastened to the lower stage, at the foot of the main gangway ladder, where also one of these soldiers was on guard. A tall, athletic Narragansett Indian, who like the rest of his country-



men, was ready to risk his life for liberty, caught sight of the boat, and watching the English officers who were walking the quarter deck, as they turned their backs to walk aft he bolted down the gangway ladder, clinched the soldier, musket and all, and crowded him under the thaws, cleared the boat, grasped the two oars, and with the man (who most likely would have shot him before he could clear himself) under his feet, he shaped his course for the opposite unguarded shore, about two miles distant!

The soldiers seeing their comrade with all his ammunition, snatched from his post, and stowed away in such a summary manner, and moving out of their sight like a streak over the water by the giant power of this North American Indian, were either so stunned with amazement at the scene before them, or it may be with fear of another Indian after them, that they failed to hit him with their shot. Well-manned boats with sailors and soldiers were soon dashing after him, firing and hallooing to bring him too; all of which seemed only to animate and nerve him to ply his oars with herculean strength.

When his fellow-prisoners saw him moving away from his pursuers in such a giant-like manner, they shouted, and gave him three cheers. The prisoners on board our ship followed with three more. This was the noise which I had heard while working at the hole. The officers were so exasperated at this, that they declared if we did not cease this cheering and noise they would lock us down below. We therefore stifled our voices, that we might be permitted to see the poor Indian make his escape.

Before reaching the shore his pursuers gained on him so that they shot him in his arm (as we were told), which made it difficult to ply the oar; nevertheless he reached the shore, sprang from the boat, and cleared himself from all his pursuers, and was soon out of the reach of all their musket balls. Rising to our sight upon an inclined plain, he rushed on, bounding over hedges and ditches like a chased deer, and without doubt would have been out of sight of his pursuers in a few hours, and gained his liberty, had not the people in the country rushed upon him from various quarters, and delivered him up to his pursuers, who brought him back and for some days locked him up in the dungeon. Poor Indian! he deserved a better fate.

The prisoners now understood that the hole was completed, and a great many were preparing to make their escape. The committee men decided that those who had labored to cut the hole should have the privilege of going first. They also selected four judicious and careful men, who could not swim, to take charge of the hole and help all out that wished to go.

With some difficulty we at length obtained some tarred canvass, with which we made ourselves small bags, just large enough to pack our jacket, shirt and shoes in, then a stout string about ten feet long fastened to the end, and the other end made with a loop

to pass around the neck. With hat and pants on, and bag in one hand and the other fast hold of our fellow, we took our rank and file for a desperate effort for liberty. At the given signal, (10 P. M.) every light was extinguished, and the men for liberty were in their stations.

Soldiers, as already described, above and below were on guard all around the ship with loaded muskets. Our landing place, if we reached it, about half a mile distant, with a continued line of soldiers just above high-water mark. The heads of those who passed out, came only a few inches from the soldier's feet, i. e., a grating stage between.

A company of good singers stationed themselves at the after port-hole where the soldier stood that was next to the one over the hole. Their interesting sailor, and war songs took the attention of the two soldiers some, and a glass of strong drink now and then drew them to the port-hole, while those inside made believe drink. While this was working, the committee were putting the prisoners through feet foremost, and as their bag string began to draw, they slipped that out also, being thus assured that they were shaping their course for the shore. In the mean time when the ship's bell was struck, denoting the lapse of another half hour, the soldiers' loud cry would resound, All's well! The soldier that troubled us the most, would take his station over the hole and shout, All's well! Then when he stepped forward to hear the sailors' song, the committee would put a few more through, and he would step back and cry again, All's well!! It surely was most cheering to our friends while struggling for liberty in the watery element, to hear behind and before them the peace and safety cry, All's well!

Midnight came; the watch was changed, the cheering music had ceased. The stillness that reigned without and within, retarded our work. At length it was whispered along the ranks that the few that had passed out during the stillness had caused great uneasiness with the soldiers, and they judged it best for no more to attempt to leave for fear of detection. It was also near daylight, and we had better retire quietly to our hammocks.

Edmond Allen and myself, of New Bedford, covenanted to go, and keep together. We had been hold of each other during the night, and had advanced near the hole when it was thought best for no more to go. In the morning the cover was off, and E. A. was among the missing.

The committee reported seventeen, and E. A. made eighteen that had passed out during the night.

The prisoners were greatly elated at the last night's successful movement, and took measures to keep the hole undiscovered for another attempt at 10 P. M.

We were confined between two decks, with no communication after we were counted down at night and locked up. During the day some tools were obtained, and a scuttle was cut through the upper



deck and covered up undiscovered. Word was then circulated among the prisoners to go up from the upper deck as soon as the soldiers ordered the prisoners up to be counted down for the night. But those on the lower deck were to move tardily, so that those on the upper deck might be counted down before the lower deck was cleared. This was done, and eighteen that had just been counted, slipped through the scuttle unperceived by the soldiers mingled with the crowd up the lower deck ladder, and were counted over again. At 10 P. M. the lights were again extinguished, and the ranks formed for another attempt to escape.

JOSEPH BATES.

*Burns, Mich., September, 1859.*

For the Instructor.

**"WEEP WITH THOSE THAT WEEP."**

TO E. & A. A. COBB.

Your little Rollie's gone from earth,  
He rests in dreamless sleep;  
His suffering form no longer racked,  
Is laid where willows weep.

His soft, sweet voice no longer moans,  
"Some good cold water give;"—  
That voice will swell angelic choirs,  
Where crystal fountains live.

His tiny hands no more outstretched,  
Are folded o'er his breast;  
Yet they will cull the fadeless flowers,  
That bloom where cherubs rest.

Those azure eyes—whose lids oft drooped,  
While he a sufferer lay,  
In deathless realms again will ope,  
And own a brighter ray.

Across his marble brow were smoothed,  
The locks of shining hair;  
'Twas hard to weep a last adieu,  
O'er that pale sleeper fair.

But sunnier curls than those of erst,  
Will cluster round his brow,  
And higher strains will warble then,  
The voice that's silent now.

Oh! stricken mother! stay the tears,  
That flow from sorrow's dart;  
Confide in Him who never fails,  
To soothe the wounded heart.

Soon you will meet where death's cold hand,  
No more will rend in twain,  
The shining links that serve to form,  
Affection's golden chain.

H.

*Deerfield, Minnesota.*

For the Instructor.

**THY WORD IS A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH.**

THERE is the path of sin and the path of virtue, and into one or the other of these our steps are ever pressing. In shunning the seductive way of sin, we choose the narrow way to heaven; but in neglecting to watch closely for the path of virtue and holiness, we are in danger of turning our feet into the way which ends in death. But while thus surround-

ed with danger, we are not left without a compass and guide, which if followed will lead us safely through life's uneven road, and conduct us to a harbor of eternal rest.

We read from the inspired pen of king Solomon: "If thou incline thine ear unto wisdom, and apply thine heart to understanding; yea if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. Then shalt thou understand righteousness, and judgment, and equity; yea, every good path." Prov. ii, 2-5, 9.

Thus we find it is not by the promptings of the natural heart that individuals are led to walk in ways of wisdom and uprightness. It often requires earnest effort. Their secret struggles and wrestlings for heavenly aid are best known to Him who alone discerns the thoughts of the heart. Their anxious fears and seasons of heart-searching lest some sin lurks within to forfeit the approbation of heaven, are all unknown to those who pass them by with words and looks of unkindness. Yet this does not daunt them, but with patient, steady step they press onward. In lifting up the voice for wisdom they find the promises of God verified, and his word is a lamp to their feet and a light unto their path. Says the psalmist, "Light is sown for the righteous and gladness for the upright in heart." Though all this peace and gladness will not be felt till the saints come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, yet there are beams of heavenly light and blessedness which shine upon the Christian's pathway now. Afflictions may sometimes be the portion of his cup, but he knows whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and bows beneath the rod. He feels still the supporting arm of his Saviour and leans upon him in faith and confidence, that he will not forsake him, but that when tried he will come forth as gold.

In trusting in human aid or wisdom, we may be overtaken by danger. Here then is no safety. But in turning to the word of God for light and understanding, we find a safeguard and easy passport through every evil, a secure resort from storm and tempest, a source of consolation and hope in our pilgrimage journey, and a promise of eternal rest from every toil and anxious care.

M. D. BYINGTON.

For the Instructor.

**TIME IS FLYING.**

TIME is flying rapidly and hurrying us onward to the final end. "Yet a little while and he that shall come, will come and will not tarry." What preparation are we making for this great and solemn event! Are we becoming more and more like Jesus, our heavenly example? or are we conformed to this world, and the fashion thereof? We cannot serve God and mammon. If we want to be Chris-



tians, we have something to do to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. Jesus says, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

Dear friends, are we striving in this way to follow Christ? If we are, we may be of good courage; for there are many soul-cheering promises in the Bible for those who are trying to overcome. But if we are growing careless and unconcerned about ourselves, we have reason to fear. The Lord has said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," and without the aid of this, we can do nothing acceptable to him. O I hope that none of the readers of the *Instructor* will be left of God to be filled with their own ways.

Now we have an opportunity to make our calling and election sure. Jesus still pleads for us before his Father's throne. His Spirit is operating upon our hearts. Let us be careful to cherish it and heed its promptings. We may expect trials and afflictions by the way, but the Lord has promised a sufficiency of grace to carry us through, and when the chief Shepherd shall appear a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

"O watch, and fight, and pray,  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore.

"Ne'er think the victory won,  
Nor lay thine armor down;  
Thy arduous work will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown."

F. J. STEVENS.

Waukon, Iowa.

For the Instructor.

#### "THOU GOD SEEST ME."

DID you ever realize this, children? The eyes of the Lord are upon you constantly. He sees all your actions, hears all your words; and not only this, but knows your most secret thoughts. If you should do any thing that you know your parents disapprove, and which would grieve them, and perhaps cause them to be displeased with you, were they to know it, your natural fear of reproof and correction might lead you to try to conceal it from them. What think you about the Lord's knowing it? You cannot hide it, or yourself, from him. Although your sin may be committed in the dark night, yet he sees it. The darkness and the light are both alike to him. His eyes run to and fro through the whole earth. Even the smallest lamb in the fold does not escape his searching eye. Their words and acts too are all written in the book of his remembrance.

Then, little friends, fear to sin; for though your parents may never find you out, yet God certainly will. We are told in the Bible that he is angry with the wicked every day. If you fear the displeasure of your parents, how much more should you fear to do anything to make the great God angry with you.

But you not only ought to fear God, but love him too. He loves you, and wants to save you, and if you love him and keep his commandments he will. If you are sorry for your sins, and ask him for Jesus' sake to forgive you, he will forgive. And now, when tempted to do anything which you think may be wrong, remember that God sees you, and ask yourself the question, Will this offend God! Shall I be kindling his anger in thus doing?

From one who wants to meet the little ones on Mt. Zion.

M. E. WILLIAMS.

Alden, N. Y.

#### OLD MOLLY.

"Well, Molly," said the judge, going up to the old apple-woman's stand, "don't you get tired sitting here these cold, dismal days?" "It's only a little while," said she. "And the hot, dusty days?" said he. "It's only a little while, sir," answered Molly. "And the rainy, drizzly days?" said the judge. "It's only a little while," answered Molly. "And your sick, rheumatic days, Molly?" said the judge. "It's only a little while, sir," said she.

"And what then, Molly?" asked the judge.

"I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God," answered the old apple-woman devoutly; "and the troublesomeness of the way there don't pester or fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

"All is well that ends well, I dare say," said the judge; "but what makes you so sure, Molly?" "How can I help being sure, sir," said she, "since Christ is the way, and I am in him? He is mine, and I am his. Now I only feel along the way. I shall see him as he is in a little while, sir."

"Ah, Molly, you've got more than the law ever taught me," said the judge. "Yes, sir, because I went to the gospel." "Well, Molly, I must look into these things," said the judge, taking an apple and walking off. "There's only a little while, sir," said she.—*Child's Paper*.

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