

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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For the Instructor. PRESS ONWARD.

TUNE—"Homeward Bound."

Children, press onward, the prize is in view,
Jesus is bidding you come!
Crowns of bright glory are waiting for you,
Jesus is bidding you come!
Onward! O stay not for pleasures below,
Onward! though trials you meet as you go,
Jesus has promised his grace to bestow,
Jesus is bidding you come!

Onward! press onward the heavenly way,
Jesus is bidding you come!
Onward! let nothing your courage dismay,
Jesus is bidding you come!
For you he left the bright mansions above,
Meekly he suffered you sins to remove,
O what unbounded, what infinite love,
Jesus is bidding you come!

Mansions in heaven he's gone to prepare,
Jesus is bidding you come!
You with his people these mansions may share,
Jesus is bidding you come!
Blessed are they who obey his commands,
They in the day of his vengeance shall stand,
Held by their Father's omnipotent hand,
Jesus is bidding you come.

S. M. SWAN.

PRIDE.

For the Instructor.

DID my dear young friends ever try to realize how very disagreeable a proud person must look in the eyes of the Lord? We have but to contrast our stations with his to know that pride is a very hateful thing to God. What would we think to see a worm puffing up with pride as it perceived that it had crawled up a little higher than its fellows? Would you admire the haughty self-sufficiency with which he would look upon those just like himself which happened to lie but just below him? Or suppose he wore a little brighter colors upon his back; do you think he would act wisely or feel as humble as a little worm should, to be vain of those colors, and to think so continually about them as never to notice the bright warm sunbeams or the beautiful flowers all around him, or that there were any beings higher than himself in creation? But tell me my little ones, would he act any more inconsistently and foolishly than you do when proud of some article of dress? And were you with this vain principle in your heart to be made a little worm and clothed in bright colored apparel like the rainbow, would you not be very proud

of it? and especially among the dark brown worms, try to be as large and raise your little head as high as you could? Dear child, would such things in the worm species look ridiculous and disgusting to you? Well let me tell you your pride and silly vanity appear just as much and perhaps more so to your heavenly Father. There is perhaps more difference between the Lord and ourselves, than between us and the lowest insect. It is true we are possessed of intelligence and reason which the worm has not, but God is the Almighty Creator which made all things. He is able to speak the word and a world springs into existence from nothing; and then he can call into being all those beautiful things we find on earth, by simply telling them to exist. His word alone has stretched out the broad river like a wide, shining ribbon, and curled wave after wave of the great deep ocean while he set bounds to those mighty waters (which his word also created), saying "Hitherto shalt thou come but no farther." His word made the little brook you saw sparkling along among the grass and bushes, robed the fields and forests with green, and filled them with little birds to sing praises to himself. Did you never think that the birds when they sing were perhaps in their little unknown language worshipping God? and that he understood them? And perhaps if we are so happy as to be saved in his kingdom, we shall then understand them too. Well if the birds do so, should not a little child for whom God has done more than for a little bird, love and praise him too?

But I was going to tell you that not one of us could make one tiny fly, or ever make anything by just telling it to exist. Then how very far above us is God, and how dare we lift up ourselves in the sight of such a being as though we were quite great and good, or even a little better than some one else, when he made us all, and away up in heaven is looking down upon us? All men however great and good, must look very inferior to him; how much more so a little child who is proud of his clothing, or face, or wealth? God loves meek quiet, loving little ones, but he hates pride wherever he finds it. Once he sent his only Son into our world. God created him before he made anything else, and by him were all other things made that were made. Do you not think such a person must have been very

great and exalted? but was he proud? He surely must have had much more reason to be than we have; but no he was very meek and humble. He suffered those whom he had created to smite him and spit upon him without in the least resisting them. He set an example for us. Are you meek as our blessed Saviour was? He does not love the proud or vain. Jesus is coming again soon, and he will take all humble, loving children to a most beautiful home to live with himself, but there will not be one proud one there. Subdue then its first risings in your hearts by thinking of your littleness compared with God. And oh may the dear children get ready to live in his kingdom.

M. E. STEWARD.

For the Instructor.

THE WORKS OF GOD.

THE whole earth is full of the glory of God. Isa. vi, 3.

True, cries out every good child and youth, I can see his glory in the lofty trees, in the soft blue skies, in the fields of waving grass and grain, in the fruit laden tree, in the running brook, the boiling spring, the rolling river, in the summer breeze, and the autumnal fruits.

Says another, I can see his glory in the forked lightning, the mighty thunders, the snow capped mountains, and the driving storm, in the whirlwind and the tornado.

Says another, I can see his glory in the various flowers that deck the prairie, the opening and the forest, in the charming days of summer, when soft showers and warm sunshine fertilize the earth, and temper the air with mildness.

Says another, I see his glory in the various habitants of the sea, from the ponderous whale down to the smallest animalcule, such a wondrous variety, and such infinite profusion.

Says another, I see his glory in the beauty and variety and usefulness of all his works, the beasts, the insects, the various kinds of food and clothing, but especially in the various birds, from the condor of South America, down to the pretty humming-bird. Here is an account of some that have been tamed. J. CLARKE.

HUMMING-BIRDS IN BROADWAY—Living specimens of these tiny members of the feathered tribe may be seen in the window of Taylor's Saloon, Broadway. It is popularly supposed that these beautiful little creatures are too delicate to endure captivity; but this is a mistake. Instances are numerous in which they have been kept for months, and even for a year, encaged, in England as well as in this country, and we believe that a large collection has for some time existed in the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, London.

The humming-birds in Broadway were caught

by a German, who succeeds in taming them very easily. They subsist, when caged, upon honey, or sugar and water. He has placed them in little crystal cages, with pretty spray perches and bunches of glass flowers, in whose cups their food is placed. They have been caged two months, and are now so tame that they will readily learn to thrust their long, slender, thread-like tongues between the lips of their keeper for the sweets on which they subsist. In their natural state they also feed upon the minute insects which infest flowers, and no doubt if this sort of food was supplied to them, together with honey, they might be kept alive for as long a time as some of the more hardy pets of the aviary. The birds at Taylor's attract a crowd of people, from morning till night, who never seem to grow weary of watching them. They are evidently a "new sensation" to the habitues of Broadway. Nor is this to be wondered at—for what with the flashing iridescence of their plumage, changing, with every motion, from emerald to ruby and gold; their marvelous delicacy of form; their extreme rapidity of flight, now hovering over the honey-laden calyx, now darting from spray to spray, or perching upon a twig, coquettishly pluming themselves with their long, slender beaks, they are really objects of grace and beauty worthy the admiration of every beholder.—*Tribune.*

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN.

CHAPTER III.—JOSEPH SOLD INTO EGYPT.

JOSEPH was left in the pit for a time; and while there, perhaps he had some idea that God would interpose, and send some one to his rescue. But the last hope seemed gone, when a company of Ishmaelites came along. The brothers, still restless with jealousy and envy, began to talk of selling him; and at last they lifted him out of the pit, and though he was worth more than mines of gold to his father, sold him for twenty pieces of silver. Now Reuben's plan to rescue him was of no use. Oh what a pity, you may say, what a pity that Reuben had gone away; what a pity that he allowed anything to call him off, when, if he had stayed close by the pit, he might have saved him. Pretty soon Reuben comes back, finds Joseph gone, and in the extremity of his agony rends his clothes, and exclaims, 'the child is not: and I whither shall I go?' The brothers were as indifferent to his anguish as to Joseph's, but went on in their wicked work. They were first jealous, then envious, and afterwards deceitful and hypocritical. To shield themselves from blame, they killed a kid, dipped Joseph's coat in the blood, and took it home with them, and told their father they had found that coat all soaked in blood. Ah, thought Jacob, this coat tells the mournful story; Joseph has been torn in pieces by wild beasts. And he rent his

clothes, and put on sackcloth. Though his sons saw him bowed down with grief, they continued to wear a mask when they might have consoled him by letting him know that Joseph was alive. This would have been a great comfort to poor Jacob, but it was withheld. All love to their father seemed lost in their evil passions. And to all this they added the sin of hypocrisy; they pretended to mourn with their father, and tried to comfort him, when they knew Joseph was not slain, but was on his way to Egypt.

So it is one sin that leads to another. No heart ever felt the full blight of sin in a moment, in an hour, or in a day. One sin stains the soul, another makes the stain deeper and the guilt greater, and so an evil passion is formed. Children let it be your prayer and mine that we tremble at the first approach of sin; that we may resist temptation, and fly to the only safe place, the warm, quiet, sure hiding place under our heavenly Father's broad wing of love.

There we may take our rest,
There undisturbed may hide;
Sheltered and sweetly pressed,
Close to our Father's side.
He loves to hide us there;
He loves to feel us cling;
While round as all he folds
His broad protecting wing.

THE MAN IN THE DARK.

DAVID EVANS, the celebrated Welsh preacher, was the child of very poor but very religious parents. Like most pious Welsh families, they were very fond of social prayer. Thus, however late the father came home, or however wearied by the toils of the long, long day, the family altar was never deserted; for, like the Hebrew altar of old, "the fire never went out." With God in this lowly cottage, we cannot wonder that the spot became holy and happy ground.

Whether from habits of economy, or to prevent the mind from being disturbed, it is not easy to say, but most poor Welsh cottagers are accustomed to put out the candle during family devotion. The mind of little David was much impressed by this fact, and it often became the subject of his childish meditations. Employed by the good Spirit of God, it became the means of his giving his heart to the Saviour in his tenderest years.

When David Evans was a man, he became a wonderful preacher; and thousands flocked to his preaching, as to another Whitefield. He was once asked by a friend,

"What made you first feel the value of the soul?"

He thus replied—"After my father read the Bible to my dear mother at night, he always put the candle out and talked to some one in the

dark. For some time I could not make out who my father was speaking to; for I never heard any one speak to him in return, and when the candle was relighted, there was no one in the room. This puzzled me very much. Often I lay in my bed wondering with whom my father had been conversing, especially as he always seemed to be much happier afterwards. Now, as my father was a very good man, I thought what he did every night could not be wrong; so I also determined to speak to the man in the dark before I went to bed. Very often I said to myself, 'As I see no one, and hear no voice, I wonder whom I talk with in the dark?' But I could not give any answer but this: 'I speak to the same man my dear father talks to when the candle is put out!'"

Very soon, however, did David find that it was no mere man his father talked to; for the unseen one present was no less than the Lord Jesus, who can hear one in the dark as well as in the sunshine. Nor did he cease to talk to the one in the dark, until his work in this world was finished, and he was prepared for that happy place where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."

But, dear child, do you ever talk to the man in the dark? Or do you not think he is worth speaking to, who died on the cross that you might be with him forever? Perhaps you say, "I do not know how to talk with him. I, a little child, and he so great and holy!" Then that is the very reason why you should go to Christ at once, and let your heart say, "Lord, teach me how to pray." Jesus is the best of teachers; doubt not that he is willing to teach you.—*S. S. Banner.*

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?

The clock upon the tower of a neighboring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked,

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said the mother sadly, "it seemed to say, 'Gone—gone—gone—gone!'"

"What, mother, what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by him to inquire of you—of me—what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where is it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words and deeds, while it was with us."

Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?

Reader, what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high for you?

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., DECEMBER, 1859.

WE have received an article for the *Instructor* entitled "Araminta's Love to her School-mates," with which we are much pleased as far as we have seen. But as it is to be continued, we would like to see the remainder of it, and also to ascertain the writer's name, and whether the article is original or selected, before commencing its publication.

For the *Instructor*.

TRY TO DO RIGHT.

I HAVE read of a little boy who did more than he thought he could. He had been regretting, one morning, that he could do no one any good. He said to himself, "If I were a man I might help others, but what can a little boy do?" However, he resolved in his heart that he would try to please his heavenly Father; for, thought he, he knows I want to serve him.

This was truly a happy resolution, and just the one for him to make in order to do good, and ere the day had passed, he had, all unconsciously, done a number of noble acts. Very happy feelings follow right actions, and doubtless this little boy shared some of them.

It may be this has been the experience of some of the young readers of the *Instructor*, and if so, have you not wished that you might ever retain this quiet, peaceful state of mind, that you might ever be approved of God, parents and friends? But trials come, even to little hearts, and temptations beset very young minds, and they must form resolutions, and conquer unholly passions, in order to do right. Sometimes the conflict is too great, they yield to evil, and are overcome. But if they are sincerely trying to do right, and to please their heavenly Father, how instantly sorrow fills their hearts! With what regret they look upon the wrong action! How gladly would they recall it! and many strong resolutions are passed that they will overcome the next time.

This has been the simple experience of every child of God; and all those noble-minded Christians whom God had chosen for his work, have begun by simply trying to do right. Sometimes such have been overcome with evil for a time, but those who have conquered most difficulties, and won greatest victories over self and the world, have been most useful in the world. Remember this, children, and also that it is always possible to do right, though not in your own strength. When tempted with evil, flee to your heavenly Father and ask of him grace

and strength to resist wrong and to do right. He has said, "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." The Bible tells us of holy men and women, also of good and holy children, and in all past ages there have been those for whom the Lord has had a special care, because they loved him and walked in his truth.

A people are being gathered now, who will love him and keep his commandments. Light from the word of God is shining upon their hearts, and its hallowed influence tells them of better and brighter joys which await them. A company are being fitted for the coming of their Saviour, and there will be many children among them. They will be those who have done right here, those who have been obedient and lovely. However poor or despised for Christ's sake they may have been, Jesus will own them and they will reign with him in his kingdom. Sorrow will never again fill their young hearts. The tempter will never beguile them more.

Then there is enough to induce you always to do right, to conquer each unholly and wrong action, word and desire; for nothing unclean will enter the rest God is preparing for them that love him.

M. D. BYINGTON.

For the *Instructor*.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 12.

Subterranean passage to the outside of the prison walls—A traitor betrays us—Ratification of peace—American consul hung and burnt in effigy—Bread withheld for two days—Prisoners break through the iron gates, demand and obtain their bread—Inhuman massacre of prisoners—English soldier liberated.



ABOUT this time the prisoners in one of the prisons had commenced the herculean task of opening a subterranean passage to the outside of the prison walls, to obtain their liberty. To accomplish this, one of the large, heavy flagging stones on the ground floor was raised and the work begun of scratching the dirt into small bags and packing it snugly away under the flight of stone steps which reached up to the third loft, planked up on the back side. To effect this one of the planks had to be removed, but carefully replaced, and also the flagging stone, before morning, subject to the critical inspection of the turnkeys after all the prisoners were counted out.

The length of the passage from under the foundation of the prison to the first wall across the prison-yard (as near as I can remember) was about one hundred feet; from thence to the outer wall about twenty feet more. These walls, we were told,

were fourteen feet high, and two feet below the surface of the earth; broad enough for the soldiers on guard to pass and re-pass on the top.

A friend of mine who lived in this prison, with whom I had frequent intercourse, informed me about the work, and how difficult it was to enter that stifled hole after they had progressed some distance, and return with a small bag of dirt. Said he, Their faces are almost black, and they are nearly exhausted for want of breath; but still another would rush onward and presently return with a full bag. In this manner they continued their night work, undiscovered, until they reached and dug under the foundation of the first, and the second, or outer wall. Many now prepared themselves with knives and such deadly weapons as they could defend themselves with, determined to fight their way at the risk of their lives, to the sea coast, and seize on the first vessel or boats, and steer for the coast of France.

Before they broke the ground outside of the outer wall for as many as desired to pass out one following the other in the darkness of the night, one of the prisoners being acquainted with their proceedings, informed on them. Suddenly armed soldiers and officers came into the prison-yard with their informer in their midst, who pointed to the place over the dark passage, which they soon broke in, and thus in a few moments it was filled with stones and dirt from the stone-paved yard, and the traitor carefully conveyed out under guard for fear the prisoners would seize him and tear him in pieces. What is his name? who is he? what State does he belong to? was the inquiry. Those who knew him replied that he belonged to New Hampshire. The governor gave him his liberty, and we heard no more about him.

On the arrival of the frigate from the United States bringing the ratified treaty of peace between us and Great Britain, we learned that Mr. Beasley had resumed his functions as United States consul in London, and was instructed by our government to procure suitable ships to convey the American prisoners from England to the United States. After waiting a suitable time, Mr. B. was addressed in behalf of the Dartmoor prisoners, to know why the ships did not come. His reply was very unsatisfactory. Again we expressed our surprise at his seeming neglect of us when nearly two months had expired since the treaty of peace was ratified, and no relaxation of our sufferings. His reply was far from relieving us. At length the prisoners became so exasperated at his willful neglect of them, that they erected a gallows in the prison-yard, and hung and then burned Mr. B. in effigy. As the English periodicals began to herald this matter, Mr. B. began to wake up and expostulate with us for daring to take such liberties with his character. We gave him to understand that he was instructed to relieve and release us from imprisonment, and we were still waiting for the event.

Our governor, who bore a commission as post captain in the British navy, also undertook to take the advantage of us, by ordering that the prisoners consume the hard ship-bread, that had been stored for them in the winter, in case soft bread could not be procured. This was not objected to, provided they gave us as many ounces of hard as we had been receiving of the soft bread. This governor Shortland objected to, and said we should not have so much by one third. This was what the commander of the prison-ship attempted to do with us the year before, and failed as we have before shown. We unhesitatingly objected to Gov. S.'s proposals. He said we should have that or none. We claimed our full allowance or none. We continued thus two days without bread, with a threat if we did not yield, our water would be withheld also.

It was now the fourth of April, 1815. Governor S. left the depot that day on a visit for a few days, thinking probably by the time he returned we should be hungry enough to accede to his terms. But before sunset, or the time came for turning us in to be locked up for another dismal night, a great portion of the prisoners were becoming so exasperated with their down-trodden and starving condition, that when the soldiers and turnkeys came to order us in to be locked up, we refused to obey until they gave us our bread. Go into your prisons! they cried. No, we will not until we get our bread! Soldiers were called to arms, and with their colonel and second in command, arranged above the great iron gateway, above the great public square containing the hospital and store-houses where our bread was stored. On the lower side of this square was another iron fence and locked-up iron gateway which was the line of demarkation between us and our keepers. Here was a narrow passway of about ten feet wide and thirty long, where all the prisoners, when out of their prisons, were continually passing and re-passing into yards No. 1, 4 and 7, containing the seven prison-houses prepared to accommodate about ten thousand prisoners.

About dark the excitement had become general on both sides, and the narrow passway became so crowded that it was difficult to pass. The pressure at length became so heavy that the lock of the great folding gateway broke, and the gates flew open. In a few moments, the prisoners unarmed and without any preconcerted plan, were treading on forbidden ground, filling up the public square, and crowding up to the great iron gateway on the opposite side of the square, on the other side of which stood the colonel in command with his regiment of armed soldiers, commanding the prisoners to retire or he should fire upon them. Fire away! cried the prisoners as they crowded in front of the soldiers, we had as lief die by the sword as by famine. The colonel still more unwilling to fire, wished to know what we wanted. We want our bread, sir. Well, retire quietly to your respective prisons and something shall be done about it. No sir, we shall not

leave until we get our full allowance of bread. The colonel ordered the contractor to serve the prisoners with their full allowance of soft bread. About nine in the evening the various messes had all received their bread. The prisoners then quietly entered their respective prisons and commenced satiating their appetites on the coarse brown loaves and cold water, commending in the highest terms the cool, courageous and gentlemanly manner in which the colonel received us, and granted our request.

Two days after this, viz., April 6th, 1815, governor S. returned to his station. On learning what had transpired on the evening of the 4th, he declared (as we were told) that he would be revenged on us. On this 6th day P. M., some of the prisoners were playing ball in No. 7 yard. Several times the ball was knocked over the wall, and was as often thrown back by the soldiers when kindly asked so to do. Presently one of the prisoners cried out in quite an authoritative manner, Soldier, throw back that ball. And because it failed to come, some of the ball players said, We will make a hole in the wall and get it. Two or three of them began by pecking out the mortar with small stones. A sentinel on the wall ordered them to desist. This they did not do until spoken to again. I was walking back and forth by the place during the time, with others, but did not suppose they could make a hole with the stones they were using, or that anything touching that matter was of much or any importance. Aside from this trifling affair, the prisoners were as orderly and as obedient as at any time in the past.

At sunset the turnkeys as usual ordered the prisoners to turn in. To effect this and get to their respective prisons the narrow passway was so densely crowded that the folding gateway, which had not been repaired since the 4th, and was very slightly fastened, burst open and some few were necessarily and without design crowded into the square. It appeared that governor S. with a regiment of armed soldiers, had stationed himself above the square, watching for a pretext to come upon us. The bursting open of the folding gates, though unintentional, seemed sufficient for his purpose; for he advanced with his soldiers and ordered them to fire. His orders were promptly obeyed, the soldiers rushing in among the fleeing prisoners, and firing among them in all directions. One poor fellow fell wounded, and a number of soldiers surrounded him. He got on his knees and begged them to spare his life, but their answer was, no mercy here! They then discharged the contents of their muskets into him and left him a mangled corpse. Others fleeing for the door of their respective prison, that always before had been left open at turning in time, found them shut, and while endeavoring to gain the opposite door, found themselves subject to the cross fire of the soldiers. This was further proof that this work was premeditated.

As I was crowding my way down the flight of

stone steps to ascertain respecting the uproar, and report of muskets, a number of soldiers came rushing to the doorway (while the remnant outside were wedging themselves in) and discharged their musket-shot upon us. One man fell dead, another fell just before me with the loss of his leg, and one English soldier against his will was crowded in, and the door shut against those most cowardly, murderous soldiers who discharged their muskets on those who had not been outside of their prisons.

The greatest confusion and excitement now prevailed throughout the different prisons. The most we could learn was that some while fleeing from these murderers said they passed the dead and dying all along in their way to the prison. We hailed the next prison to our own, and they said about two hundred of their number were missing. We thought this was about the number missing in ours. Judging thus we supposed a great many must have been massacred. Fathers, sons and brothers were missing, and a most intense excitement prevailed in our prison. Suddenly we heard the boatswain's whistle from the daily crier. All was silent on the upper floor. He now began to read like the following: "There is an English soldier found among us on the lower floor, and a number of prisoners have a rope around his neck, and the other end over the beam, urging him to say his prayers, for they are about to hang him. Two of the committee have prevailed on them to hold on until they get the mind of the prisoners. *What shall be done with him?*" Hang him! hang him! hang him! cried some; others, No, no, let him go! Second loft and lower floor, about the same. The crier reported the majority for hanging him. The committee with others begged them to hold on until they tried the vote once more. The prisoners were too much excited, and therefore judged too hastily. The poor soldier was still begging for his life, expecting to be swung up the next moment. When the crier passed around the second time it was difficult to decide, but many more were in favor of sparing the life of their enemy. This opened the way for a third trial, which was decidedly in favor of releasing him. During this interval the dead and dying had been gathered out of the yards and conveyed to the hospital. A guard of soldiers then came to our door for the dead and wounded prisoners. Have you any here? Yes, here are two; and here is also one of *your own soldiers*, take him along with you.

When the court of inquiry that set on this murderous affair adjourned, (which will be referred to in No. 13), the English periodicals were loud in their applause of the honorable and merciful act of the Dartmoor prisoners under such aggravating circumstances in sparing the life of the English soldier.

JOSEPH BATES.

Parma, Mich., Nov. 20th, 1859.

You are never safe till you are within the fold. Christ is the door.

Selected for the "Instructor."

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER AND HER CHILD.

- C. What can I do for Christ, mamma,
Who does so much for me?
- M. Give him your youthful heart, my child,
And from all evil flee.
- C. I think he has my heart, mamma,
And I detest all sin.
- M. Then end each day with prayer, my child;
With prayer each day begin.
- C. I pray both morn and eve, mamma,
And love God's word to read.
- M. Act too, that all may see, my child,
That you are Christ's indeed.
- C. All this I strive to do, mamma;
Can I do nothing more?
- M. Yes, tell that Christ has died for us,
God's favor to restore.
- C. To whom can one so young, mamma,
The Saviour's mercy teach?
- M. To all you love, and all you know,
And all your voice can reach.
- C. But there are dying souls, mamma,
In many a distant land.
- M. Well, send them men to preach the word,
That they may understand.
- C. How can I send them men, mamma,
Who am so weak and poor?
- M. Help those who do, and that with prayer,
A blessing to secure.
- C. If prayer would turn my pence to pounds,
I fain your plan would try.
- M. Elijah and the widow's oil
My answer will supply.
- C. O yes! I see; I have not much,
But what I have I'll give;
And God may make some dying soul
Through my small pittance live.
- M. Do thus, my child, and you will find,
When sun and stars are dim,
That Christ regards what's done for man
As if 'twere done for him.

For the Instructor.

"LO, I AM WITH YOU ALWAYS."

Precious thought! that Jesus is always with us. Well might our hearts faint and sink within us, if alone we must tread life's rugged way; if no strong arm were stretched forth to aid us in difficulty and distress. And when dark waves of affliction threaten to destroy us, with what dismay should we gaze upon them, did we not know that our Saviour was near, and that if we trusted in him he would surely deliver us. True he may sometimes for a moment hide his face, and in our anguish we may feel that he has forsaken us; but it is only to prove us; and when we have been sufficiently tried, he will scatter

the clouds, and again lift upon us the light of his smiling face, just as the sun, in warmth and cheerfulness, appears after the storm. He has promised that he will never leave nor forsake his people. We cannot always know what is for our good. We wonder sometimes, and perhaps murmur, that we are suffered to endure so much, almost forgetting that all things shall work together for good to them that love God. We must be tried in order to bring to light the hidden evils of our hearts, that we may understand and overcome them. We have learned much, when we have learned to bear patiently whatever trial falls to our lot. It is by patient continuance in well-doing that we are to seek for glory, honor, immortality, eternal life. Trials and suffering are the common lot of all. The Christian must expect to suffer, if he would be made perfect. But in heaven we shall forget our toil and sorrow. The lonely nights and weary days we passed here, when affliction pressed heavily upon us, and the bitter tears we shed will all be forgotten there. No sin can come there, to mar the peace that reigns within each breast. When this mortal shall put on immortality, it will cast off every thought that makes life sad. Patiently, uncomplainingly, then, let us press on, till the warfare is accomplished, seeking in heaven a treasure that can never pass away.

"Let the fainting soul be cheerful,
Let the timid now be brave;
Why should they be faint or fearful
Whom the Lord delights to save?
Whom he rescues,
Satan can no more enslave."

S. A. HASTINGS.

Claremont, N. H.

PAST Volumes of the INSTRUCTOR can be had at the REVIEW Office for 25 cts. per Volume, postage paid. These are put up in paper covers in good style, and will be a good New Year's present for your young friends who love good, instructive, religious reading. Send your orders immediately.

J. W.

VOLUME CLOSED.

THE seventh Volume of the INSTRUCTOR is now closed. This number has been delayed in consequence of a disappointment of help in the Office. We hope to issue No. 1, Vol. viii, in good time.

There is much due on the INSTRUCTOR, which should be paid. Some may not know how much they do owe. That all who owe may know how much they owe, we shall send bills of indebtedness in No. 1, Vol. viii, which we hope, when received, will be a sufficient hint to all to pay past indebtedness, and for Vol. viii.

JAMES WHITE.

NOTE.—All money received for INSTRUCTOR since Nov. 17th, 1859, will be receipted in No. 1, Vol. viii.

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We have a few copies of Pilgrim's Progress which we can send by mail and pay postage for 60c. Also Nelson on Infidelity for 75 cents.

JAMES WHITE.

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SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

THERE is a God. He preserves, and he can destroy you. Do you daily think of him?

You are a sinner. Do you know how a sinner can be saved?

There is a Saviour. Are you anxious that he may save you?

There is an awful hell. Are you seeking to escape it?

There is a glorious heaven. Are you in the way to it?

You may soon die. Are you prepared for the solemn change?

You must appear at the judgment seat of Christ. What will then be your lot?

You must be pardoned through the blood of Christ, and sanctified by the Spirit of God, or you cannot be saved. Are you daily seeking these blessings?

"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Are you living a holy life?

There is a book able to inform you on these subjects, and to make you wise unto salvation. Do you search the Scriptures?

Think of these questions, dear children, every day, and especially when you lie down at night; and may God give you grace to answer them truly.

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A LITTLE COAT.

I MEET a man in the streets literally clothed in rags, clothed also with tokens of a depraved life. I ask, "Did his mother, when young, make him a little coat?"

When I see a person clothed in humility, entertaining a modest sense of himself, reverent of truth, I say, "His mother made for him a little coat."

These coats last a long time. Children will wear them when parents are dead; they will wear them in distant lands; that old family-style will show itself in many places and times. What sort of clothes are you making for your children? Is their vesture wisdom, or folly? Is it the true goodness of beauty, or a poor imitation from the draper?

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RECEIPTS.

J. P. Kellogg (for A. Owen) 25 cents. L. L. Glover, J. S. Preston, A. C. Hudson, each 36c. L. A. Moore, \$1.00. N. Rublee, 70 cents.

INDEX TO VOL. VII.

Almenia the Deaf and Dumb, 9	Press Onward, 89
An Incident, 17	Pride, 89
An Experience, 18	Ruth, 1
An Indian's Gift, 34	Reading the Sky, 50
A Child's Faith, 35	Religion, 57
An Address to the Young, ... 42	Study the Bible, 3
A Cheerful Religion, 43	Scripture Lessons, 16, 22, 38, 47
A Few Interrogations, 44	Strive to be Good, 18
A Brief Narrative, 57	Systematic Benevolence, 20
Ask and it Shall be Given, ... 62	Sabbath-school Hymn (music) 32
A Childlike Spirit, (poetry) ... 64	Self-Justification, 43
A Mother's Influence, 68	Seeking Early, 55
A More Excellent Way, 81	Sabbath Reading, 56
Be Lovely, 86	The New Foundland Fishermen 2
Baptism, (poetry) 48	The Beloved Disciple, 4
Benevolence, 72	The Anchor, 5
Be Merciful, 76	The Fifth Commandment, ... 6
Come to the Fount, (poetry) ... 1	The Instructor, 8
Christ and little Ones, (p'y) 23	The Wonderful Water, 9
Childhood of Jesus, 44	The Goodness of God, 10
Chastening, 62	The little Swearer, 11
Copying a Blot, 67	The Least of all Seeds, 11
Christian Mother & Child, ... 95	To our Readers, 12
Death of Jesus, (poetry) 6	Things that I Hate and Love, 12
Duty 50	The Race, 13
Deeds of Kindness, (poetry) 54	The Struggle and the Victory, 19
Desires for Home, (poetry) ... 70	The Great Hinge-maker, 19
Do you Love Jesus, 73	The Last Dollar, 23
Extract from Pilgrim's Prog., 51	The Record of our Life, 24
Evil Speaking, 63	The Flower Fadeth, 25
Earth, 74	The Little Lamb, 25
God's Care for young, (p'y) 7	The Little Captives, 26
God of our Childhood, (p'y) 41	To the Little Children, 27
God is Good, (poetry) 63	The Christian Warrior, 29
Good for Nothing, 64	The Black Lamb, 34
How Needles are Made, 41	The Circus, 35
Hold On, 72	The City of Gold, 36
Incidents in my Past Life, 4, 20	The Brother's Love, (poetry) 43
28, 37, 45, 52, 60, 69, 77, 85, 92	The Lighted Lantern, 48
Invitation, (poetry) 17	The Christian's Home, (p'y) 49
In Thee do I put my Trust, ... 50	The Great Reward, 49
I can wait till Morning, 66	To the Boys, 51
I will have my own Way, 75	The Little Blind Girl, 51
Jesus Pities, 10	The Child's Answer, 55
Joseph and his Brethren, 74, 82, 90	The Visit to Sepulcher, (p'y) 57
Look not on Earth, (poetry) 11	To the Little Readers, 58
Little Ellen, 32	The Two Gifts, 59
Little Offerings, (poetry) ... 33	Three Helps, 59
Love one another, 33	The Children's Song, (poetry) 65
Lo I am with you Always, ... 95	The Dying Boy, 67
My Mother, 26	Tender-hearted, 68
Mother made it, 65	The Child &c., (poetry) 73
Nearer my Home, (poetry) ... 81	Thy Word is a Light, 79
Our Position, 13	Time is Flying, 79
Our Sabbath-school, 27	Thou God Seest Me, 80
Old Molly, 80	There Remaineth a Rest, 84
Peace, 6	The Little One, (poetry) 87
Peter's Deliverance, (poetry) 40	Time is Rolling On, 87
Place of Refuge, 54	The Lost Child, 88
	The Two Robes, (poetry) 88
	Try to do Right, 92
	The Works of God, 90
	The Man in the Dark, 91
	Visit of Angels, (poetry) 9
	We're Going Home, 24
	Writing Composition, 61
	We would See Jesus, 76
	Weep with those &c., (poetry) 79
	Well Doing, 84