

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

VOL. VIII. BATTLE CREEK, JANUARY, 1860. NO. 1.

For the Instructor.

ZION'S SHIP.

WHAT vessel is that sailing there,
That braves the surges so?
And will it stop and take me in,
For I would like to go?

'T is called the good old "gospel ship,"
Hers is a loving crew;
So now make haste and step on board,
There's room enough for you.

But I have nothing here to pay,
For I am very poor:
O never mind, your captain's kind,
He'll care for you the more.

But do you think she'll e'er get through,
And anchor in the vale?
O yes, for hope her anchor is,
And that can never fail.

What if some fearful storm should rise,
Amidst the gloom of night?
We'll trust our Pilot's skill, while faith
Strikes up a brilliant light.

King Jesus is our captain's name—
The conquering Son of God:
And all on board his soldiers are,
The purchase of his blood.

And should the thunders loudly roar,
And lightnings blaze around:
Yet still a soul can ne'er be lost,
Which in that ship is found.

And let the earthquakes rend the earth,
The hurricanes arise—
Unmoved amidst the wreck we'll stand
And upward lift our eyes.

But do you think she'll tarry long,
Where waves are dashing round?
O no, she'll anchor very soon—
That ship is homeward bound.

SUSAN ELMER.

Ashfield, Mass.

For the Instructor.

AN ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

DEAR CHILDREN: I will relate to you an incident which happened while we were living in the State of Illinois, by the river Wabash, which at that place separates Indiana from Illinois. At the time of which I speak Mr. E. was at work on the opposite side of the river. In the morning he would cross in a canoe, then fasten it and return at night in the same manner. But on one occasion on account of some one's taking his boat and leaving it on the other side, he requested that our oldest daughter, about thirteen years old, should come and bring it. She was pleased with the thought of rowing a boat across the river, but she soon found out that she was not so skillful in the management of a canoe as she supposed. It soon commenced sailing round and round, and when about the middle of the river it was rapidly carried down by the strong force of the current. My feelings at this moment could hardly be described. As I followed by the river side how did I reproach myself for thus venturing her forth? The boat had also sprang aleak, and the weather was quite cold, for it was nearly Winter, and I heard her crying out that she should freeze. After drifting down the river in this way for several rods there happened to be a bend in the stream which brought her nearer the shore. The thought then struck me that by wading I could reach the boat, so accordingly I ventured in, but as the river was deeper than I was aware of, I soon found myself nearly to my shoulders in water which was so cold that I should soon have sank to rise no more, had not the boat been in reach at that critical moment, when I providentially succeeded in drawing it to the shore and so saved both her and myself.

As I have since thought upon this striking providence I have been led to the following reflections: Comparing time to a broad ocean or river we descry many a thoughtless youth upon its surface gliding smoothly along in a frail bark of their own structure. Others are struggling and perishing in the dark waves below, while their parents are watching their downward course with feelings that none but a parent can understand. With what anxious solicitude do they entreat them to return ere they are for ever lost? Hard indeed must be the heart that can remain untouched as they

"FOR many years," said Luther, "I have read the Bible twice a year. It is a tree, large, tall, and bushy, and all its words are so many branches and boughs. There is not one of these boughs, not one of these twigs, which I have not shaken to see if anything was to be found there; and I have always discovered, even on the most tender branch, three or four apples, three or four pears fall into my hands."

behold the anguish of their parents who have watched over them from the period of their infancy, and would fain lay down their lives for them. Again we behold thousands launching forth in the frail bark of carnal security, with no pilot nor even a light to guide them amidst the perils of the way; and what makes their case the more dreadful is, a fearful storm is gathering while they perceive no danger. But alas! who can depict the horror and dread solemnity of the scene before them? The heavens grow blacker and blacker, the waves dash over their frail bark, the earth trembles beneath them, whilst the bursting thunders and red glare of lightnings discover to them their dangers when too late.

And now young friends, if you would shun the impending storm of the impenitent, heed the last message of mercy that is now going forth; enter the ark that you may outride the storm and safely anchor in the haven of eternal rest.

S. ELMER.

Ashfield, Mass.

TWO COMMANDMENTS.

I WONDER if the children who read this interesting paper have ever thought what our Lord Jesus Christ meant when he said, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

You know there are *ten* commandments. These commandments were given by God to Moses on Mount Sinai, in Arabia. The Israelites, of whom Moses was the leader or captain, were on their way from the bondage of Egypt to the land of Canaan, which God had promised them as their home. It was on the sixtieth day after their coming out of Egypt, and fourteen hundred and ninety-one years before Christ was born, that the Israelites reached Mount Sinai; and it was then and there that God spoke all the words of the ten commandments to Moses: and God also wrote these commandments on two tables of stone, or two tablets. These ten commandments comprise what is called the moral law. This moral law makes known to us our duty to God and our duty to man, or to each other.

In reading these ten commandments, you find that the first four of them relate to the duty which we owe to God, and the last six of them to what we owe to our neighbor. It is the custom therefore among Christians, as it is among the Jews, to divide the ten commandments into two parts, placing the *four* which teach us our duty to God, on the first table, and the *six* which teach us our duty to man, on the second table.

But when our Saviour was on earth, the different parties among the Jews had many disputes about the observances of religion. They thought too much about what was external and

visible, and too little about the purity of the thoughts and intentions. They did not seem to understand that the substance of religion was love. This our Saviour would teach them. And so, when one of their learned men asked him, "Master, which is the first commandment of all—which is the great commandment in the law?" Jesus answered, "The first of all the commandments is, Hear, O Israel, The Lord our God is one Lord;" and, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the *first* and *great* commandment. And the *second* is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these *two* commandments hang all the law and the prophets." See Matt. xxii, 35-40; Mark xii, 28-31.

Thus, children, our blessed Master teaches us that love to God and love to man is the fulfilling of the law. As God is the greatest and best of all beings, so we ought to love him best, and never do anything which is not pleasing to him. And then, as we are all the children of one Father, we ought to love all men as our brethren. Boys and girls ought to be kind to each other, and ever to remember that it is pleasing in the sight of God when they do to others as they would that others should do to them.

In order to this, let it be your prayer, my dear children, that you may love the Lord your God with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself; for this is the *sum of the law*, and the *substance of the gospel*.

The above piece we copy without alteration from the *Child's Paper*, a clever little sheet printed at New York which has the sanction of nearly a dozen of the leading denominations in the land. While "setting it up" we couldn't help marveling at the course of those who teach the foregoing sentiments, and yet keep Sunday—they tell us "that love to God and love to man is the fulfilling of the law;" and still they break the Sabbath. Such remind us of the Saviour's words to the inconsistent Pharisees: "All therefore whatsoever they bid you observe, that observe and do; but do ye not after their works; for they say and do not." That is, it is better to follow their precept than example, and so it happens in this case.

G. W. A.

A PRECIOUS GIFT.

"ALL the girls were talking about gifts and presents; there is only one thing I want, mother," said a little girl, laying her head on her mother's shoulder—the firelight showing two tears stealing down her cheeks—"but you can't give it to me, mother, nor can papa."

"What is it?" asked the mother. The child hesitated, and the mother again asked, for she saw her little one was troubled. "What is it, Bessie?" she said. "I hope your little heart is not set on very fine things."

"No, mother; no mother; 'tis not what any of the other girls are talking about that I want; 'tis n't earthly things, mother; it is a new heart I want."

"Is not your heart good enough?" asked the mother, wishing to get at the root of her wants.

"Oh no," cried Bessie, "it is an angry heart, a hating heart, a heart that makes me do what I do n't want to do. O, mother, I want a heart of love; I want a heart that loves God and everybody and everything good, and that must be a new heart, I am sure."

"Oh, my child, God will not deny you that precious gift, if you ask him for it," said the mother. "Do you remember how the Son of God told the Jews of his Father's willingness to give? 'Is there a man of you,' he asked, 'if his son ask bread, will give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will give him a serpent? If you then know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them that ask him?' But how shall we ask? The Son of God, to leave no room for doubts, tells us, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it.' Therefore if you pray God, in the name and for the sake of his dear Son, to give you a new heart, he will, my child." Bessie whispered, "Will you pray, mother?" The mother and child then went away into a little room often hallowed by the voice of prayer, and knelt down before God. Mother and child both prayed.

Oh, doubt not the word of the Son of God. A petition like this will not be denied. A gift like this will not be withholden.—*Am. Mes.*

THE HEROIC SERVANT.

SOME years ago, a nobleman and his lady were traveling in Russia, attended by a very trusty servant, who had been in that country before. At a certain stage where they stopped to change their four horses, the keeper of the inn and the man-servant entreated the nobleman to remain there for the night, informing him that the district of country on which they were about to enter was very dangerous, on account of the numerous wolves with which it was infested; but he was so anxious to reach his destination that he determined to proceed.

For a while all was well; but, as the gloom of evening deepened, a fierce howl was heard. "Master!" exclaimed the servant, "yonder are a number of wolves coming towards us—fire the pistol."

This was done, and for a moment the animals were arrested; but on they came again.

"Give them one of the horses."

It was soon loosed and left; for a short time the wolves were occupied in tearing it to pieces and devouring it, while the travelers hurried on.

But the fearful howl was again heard, and another horse was left, which again delayed them.

"Master," said the servant, "there is only one more chance for you: when they appear again, I will throw myself into their midst and engage them, while you and your lady escape for your lives."

The nobleman earnestly objected; but the wolves again were near, and the man leaped, pistol in hand, among them.

The travelers reached the next town in safety. At daybreak the nobleman returned to the spot; a few rags and bones told the sad tale.

He erected a pillar with this verse inscribed on it:—"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Earthly love can go no higher; but turn your eyes to Jesus, pouring out his blood, not for his friends, but for his enemies, and in the agonies of death praying for his murderers.

[*S. S. Times.*]

CHUCK FULL OF THE BIBLE.

NOT long ago we heard a letter to the youth of a Sabbath School read, in which the writer told of a good boy who went to sea—perhaps he was the cabin-boy. One of the counsels which his pious mother gave him when he left home was, "Never take a drop of rum."

The sailors used strong drink every day, and several times each day. When it stormed, they thought they must use it more freely to keep from taking cold. So they offered it to the boy, for the same reason they drank it themselves; but he refused to drink. During a severe storm, when they were all very wet, they urged the lad very hard to drink. They were afraid that he would take cold and die. But he declared that he would not. Finally, one of the sailors, who had never tried his hand at making the little temperance hero drink, said that he knew he could make him take a dram. So he went to the brave lad, and did his best to induce him to take a little, but he would not touch a drop. He told the old sailor of his mother's counsel, "Never drink a drop of rum," and he quoted scripture to show that he was doing right, for he had been a good Sabbath School scholar. The sailor never heard so much Bible in his life scarcely, as the little fellow poured in his ear. All he could reply was, "Your mother never stood watch on deck." He gave it up, however, as a bad job, and went back to his post. On being asked how he succeeded, "O!" said he, "you can't do anything with him, for he is chuck full of Bible!"

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY, 1860.

ADDRESS TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

DEAR YOUTH: Another year of intercourse, of labor and toil, of trial and joy, is now in the past. During this time while some of your number have been removed by the hand of death, others are still spared to spend their energies in the battle of life. For this there is cause of universal thanksgiving for the providence of God. But while your thoughts refer back to the year that is no more, you will think of things both pleasant and sad, especially the last. You will think of time misspent and privileges abused, of crosses shunned and losses sustained, and it may cause feelings keen and your grief may be great. Well, it is good for those in the midst of the slippery paths of youth to feel bad; situated as such are amidst hilarity and glee, an occasion of sadness now and then will serve as a break upon the youthful ardor which might otherwise lead them astray. But we would also say, don't dwell too much on your failures, forget the deviations in the past, let the old year go, and try harder to improve the new.

And now I will make a proposition which I hope meets your minds, and one that all will unite in trying to sustain. It is this; *Let us try harder to serve God in 1860 than we ever did before in our lives.*—This is a wicked world. We are in the midst of selfishness and hate, and sins of every dye and hue which tend to lead astray; but we must take Jesus for Captain and the Bible for our chart, and then we are safe. Will you, dear youth, try this year to enlist every faculty of your beings in the cause of God and religion? I am not speaking particularly to children, though I mean them also, but to the youth. This is the YOUTHS' INSTRUCTOR, and to such we now speak. It is the young men and women, who are able to lend a helping hand and forward the car of salvation that we address. It is the gratifying hope of kindling up a flame of unquenchable love to the God of truth that makes us dwell upon this point. And have we not incentives to activity and devotion that others know nothing about? We are expecting the return of the Prince of peace; we are looking for the resurrection of the dead and the change to immortality; the time when fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, parents and children, shall be gathered into the fold of the Redeemer, and become the great family of God. These are the most exciting topics on which our minds can dwell, and will they not serve as so many stimulants while we are journeying to our celestial home? We believe they will.

And now I close hoping that these few admonitory words are not in vain; but that he who has begun so good a work in your hearts will carry it forward, and perfect it in the day of Christ Jesus.

G. W. A.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

EVERY one seems to be loud in proclaiming the praises of this little sheet. Old and young and middle-aged write, telling how much they like the INSTRUCTOR. Well, we are very glad of it. We always like to see folks pleased, and it is surely very gratifying to the managers of the INSTRUCTOR to learn that their efforts in this direction are appreciated.

But we think there are some very good reasons why our readers should have a fondness for this monthly visitor. 1. It is the only Youth's paper in the world that maintains the law and the gospel as they stand in the Bible. There are a legion of little papers abroad, but they abound with Sunday-keeping, deathless spirits, sprinkling, or something of the like, so that they are objectionable in some points. Not so with the INSTRUCTOR: what it says is always orthodox in the Bible sense. 2. It is free from the nonsense and silly trash which are prominent characteristics in many papers designed for the well-being of the young. 3. It also contains pretty stories and timely instruction for the young, and prints letters from its circle of readers, good advice, warm exhortations from those who love God, so that in fact its columns are as interesting as a visit in the parlor or a meeting in the church.—Well, these are only a few of the recommendations of the INSTRUCTOR, and we won't name any more now lest it might seem too much like boasting.

The INSTRUCTOR now enters upon the eighth year of its existence. Like the academy or seminary for instruction, it begins a new term. Will it have the joint co-operation of those who have read it loved it and prayed for it the last year? O yes, of course it will. Come on then, young brethren, with your stock of sympathy and influence, and help us in a work which is so evidently of God. We want every boy and girl in these Northern States to consider themselves authorized agents for the INSTRUCTOR. That is, let them recommend it to their associates and friends, and so extend its influence as far as they can.

And again, those who write for its columns. Our thanks to all such for their favors in 1859; but do n't consider yourselves excused now, rather lend us your help in 1860. The INSTRUCTOR ought to be just as interesting this year as last, and a great deal more so. But it cannot be unless you help furnish an interesting variety for its pages. We do n't want to see our little literary friend stunted in its growth or crippled in its operations. There are hundreds and hundreds of young people who ought to occupy a place in this paper. They have been brought with "a mighty hand and a stretched-out arm" from the darkness of unbelief into the marvelous light of the gospel, and we all want to hear from them. And these short letters on experience or exhortation would be the very thing to move others. O then arouse at once and help in the effort to scatter light, life and truth among the youth of these last days.

G. W. A.

For the Instructor.

TIME IS SPEEDING.

SWIFTLY speeding, swiftly speeding,
O how fast the moments fly;
Days and months and years receding,
All alike go hastening by.

On the pages of life's journal,
For another year that's flown,
Wisdom, grace, and truth eternal,
Are they numbered all our own?

Time is flying, moments precious
Should all tell of victories won;
And, if faithful, soon will greet us,
Welcome plaudit of "Well done."

A. M. L.

Oswego, N. Y.

For the Instructor.

INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.—No. 13.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

Court of enquiry—Arrival of a Cartel—Liberated from Prison—Display of Flags respecting the Massacre—Feelings when Liberated—Embarkation for the United States—Ocean Larks—Excitement respecting our port of Destination.



It was late in the morning before the doors of our prison were opened; for it required some time to wash away the blood of our murdered companions which our enemies were very unwilling for us to see. When we got out into the yard many found their lost friends; for during the massacre, to escape the fire of the soldiers, several fled to the nearest prisons, and remained in them until

the morning, while others sought and found theirs in the hospital among the murdered and wounded. After much enquiry we learned that seven were killed and sixty wounded. What made this the more aggravating was, that the two governments were on the most amicable terms, and many of our ships and countrymen were already negotiating their business in England, while, as already shown, instead of relaxing their rigor over us, they were drawing our cords tighter and stronger; and this they even did for seven weeks after the ratification of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States. If Mr. B., our Consul in London had promptly obeyed the instructions of our government he might have saved us the trouble of hanging and burning him in effigy, and Gov. Shortland also the gratification of murdering us in such an unwarrantable manner by furnishing ships, or satisfying us that he was doing what he could to release us from our dismal confinement.

A court of enquiry was now instituted to investi-

gate this matter. John Quincy Adams, late Secretary of the American Legation at Ghent, on the part of the United States, and one of the experienced Admirals from Plymouth, on the part of Great Britain, with their retinue.

A place was fitted for the court on the top of the walls over the narrow passage and place of demarkation between the prisoners and their keepers, so that the court could be addressed by the prisoners on the left, and by their keepers on the right, the walls being between us. The statement of Gov. Shortland and his party with respect to the attempt of making a hole in the wall, and the bursting open the broken locked gates to justify his attack upon us in the manner already described, seemed to have but little weight. It was settled with us at the time of the massacre that his plan was preconcerted. The British Admiral seemed intent on questioning the prisoners with regard to their allowance of food, and whether they had not had all that was allowed them, &c. The reply was, that our grievance was not then about our allowance of food, but the inhuman manner in which our countrymen had been massacred. Finally in the settlement of this greivous question, the massacre at Dartmoor was *disavowed* by the British Government, and compensation made to the widows of the sufferers. (See *D. Haskel's Leading Events of Universal History*.) Three weeks after the massacre the long looked for news came, viz: that a cartel had arrived in Plymouth for a draft of prisoners. As I was among the first on the prisoner's list at this time, I was called out and mustered with a draft of about two hundred and fifty. Many of this number as we were mustered before Gov. S. and his armed soldiery, bore white flags on long poles with mottoes in large black letters like the following, viz: "*Massacre of American prisoners in Dartmoor prison, April 6th, 1815!*" "*The bloody 6th of April!*" And others had flags with Shortland's name as the murderer of American prisoners. Some of the prisoners openly declared that they would kill him if they could get near him. He seemed to be aware of these threats and kept himself at a safe distance while we were being mustered in the upper yard near his and his officer's dwellings, preparatory to our final departure. We also expected that he would command us to strike our flags while we remained under his immediate inspection, or his armed regiment of soldiers that guarded us from thence to Plymouth harbor, (a distance of fifteen miles,) but he did not for they continued to wave them until we passed through Plymouth to our place of embarkation.

We were liberated from Dartmoor prison on the morning of the 27th of April, 1815, just five years to a day from the time I was impressed in Liverpool in England. About two years and a half in actual service in the British navy, and two years and a half their prisoner of war. The western gate of our dreary and bloody place of confinement was at length thrown open and the soldiers ordered to

march out with the prisoners. As we ascended the heights of Dartmoor, we turned to look back on that dark and massy pile of stone buildings where we had suffered so many privations, and then forward to the western horizon which could now for the first time since our confinement be seen stretching away in the distance toward our native country, where were our paternal homes and dear friends. Our mingled emotions of oppressive bondage on the one hand, and unbounded liberty on the other were more easily felt than described. With an old pair of worn out shoes, I stopt to re-lash them on my feet, and felt myself competent to perform what to us, in our weak state, was a tedious journey. But the joyful feelings of liberty and the pleasing anticipation of soon greeting our dear friends, though an ocean of three thousand miles in width divided us, cheered us onward to the city of old Plymouth. The people stared at us, and no marvel, for I presume they had never seen so motley a company of men with such singular flags flying, pass through their city before.

Boats were waiting and before night we were embarked on board of the cartel. This was an English merchant-ship of 400 tons burden, called the *Mary Ann* of London, commanded by Capt. Carr, with temporary berths between decks to accommodate about two hundred and eighty persons. Some officers that had been on parole joined us at P. which swelled our number to two hundred and eighty.

Here *past* scenes were brought to remembrance. Away some three miles in the upper harbor were moored a fleet of old sheer hulks, [ships of war unsea-worthy and dismantled,] where some five years before I had been sent, after I was impressed, to be held in readiness for actual service in the British navy. Rather than to submit to such unwarrantable oppression, at the midnight hour I lowered myself from the gun-port-hole of the middle deck of the *St. Salvador del Mondo* (an old Spanish three decker) into the sea, thinking to swim these three miles, and possibly land somewhere near the place where I was now, through the providence and mercy of God, embarking for my own native country. From this desperate effort for liberty I was prevented (as already shown in No. 5,) and sent away among strangers with my character branded as a runaway from his Majesty's service. This side of that dark spot of dismantled ships, lay moored the *Swiftshore 74*, recently returned from her three years station in the Mediterranean. (The same ship to which I was drafted on her arrival in the Mediterranean from the *Rodney 74* when she was about returning from thence to England: see No. 7, last column.) The same ship in which I spent my first six months' imprisonment, where I was threatened if I would not comply with the urgent request of the first lieutenant, that I should be lashed in the main rigging, a target for the French fleet to fire at. As I was transferred to this ship because I had attempted to gain my liberty (as stated above, so I was informed), I should be transferred when she was relieved at the expiration

of some three years more, and thus I was doomed to remain in a foreign country, deprived of the privileges allowed in their service, such as paying their seamen their wages, and granting them twenty-four hours' liberty on shore, &c. But my sufferings in their prisons had now gained for me what they were not disposed to grant; viz., entire freedom and liberty from the service of king George III.

England and America have done, and still are doing, much by way of compensation for such as have labored and suffered in their service. Millions of dollars were expended to carry on the war of 1812. Americans demanded and fought for "free trade and sailors' rights." England acknowledged the justice of their claim: first, by admitting hundreds who requested to become prisoners of war, rather than remain in their service, so to do. It was often stated that about two hundred of this class of American prisoners were confined in Dartmoor. Second, by treaty of peace in 1815. But no remuneration was ever allowed for depriving us of our liberty, and unjustly retaining us to fight their battles, except the small allowance of wages which they were disposed to grant. I was required to do the duty of an able seaman the last part of my service, and was told that I was so rated. While a prisoner in 1813, I received £14 2s. 6d., or \$62.70. This amount, together with what wearing apparel I received from their "slop-chest," could not, I believe, have amounted to more than a hundred dollars. Thus my wages for two and a half years averaged about three and a half dollars per month. This, with two and a half years' imprisonment, is all the compensation England ever allowed me. But if she feels disposed at this late hour of my sojourn here to do me justice, it would be very acceptable.

Our berths on board the cartel were much crowded together, and were prepared for both sleeping and eating, with a narrow pass-way, just wide enough to admit of our passing up on deck, and down, rank and file. The next morning we weighed our anchor and passed out of the harbor under a cloud of sail, with a fair wind. Very soon we took our departure from old England, and were glad enough to find ourselves on the wide ocean steering westward. Nothing worthy of note occurred on board until we reached the eastern shores of the banks of Newfoundland, except the little sea larks which came fluttering in our wake, seemingly overjoyed to find another ship and her company on the ocean, from which they could obtain their daily allowance of food. How they rest in the night, if they do at all, is the marvel! Sailors call them "Mother Carey's chickens," perhaps in honor of a good old lady by that name, for her kind care and sympathy to poor sailors.

When a few days out we learned from the captain that Mr. Beasley, our Consul in London, had chartered this ship to land us at City Point, (a long distance up James' River, Va.,) and load with tobacco for London. We considered this a cruel and un-

warrantable act of Mr. B.'s, for only about six of our number would be accommodated, while the rest would have to pass hundreds of miles to reach their homes in New York and New England, if they could beg their way. We expostulated with the captain, but he declared he would not deviate from his charter to land us at any other place. The prisoners declared on the other hand that his ship should never carry us to City Point; whereupon arrangements were soon made among us in a private manner, in case of a revolution in our floating castle, who the captain and officers should be.

Monterey, Mich.

For the Instructor.

DEAR CHILDREN:

I AM so glad that you love God and Jesus, for I love them, and I love children dearly, too. I want all that I love, to be good, so that our heavenly Father and the blessed Saviour will love them. O is it not a precious thought, that two, so great and good, should love us? Now how can we show our love to them? Just as you would show your love to your parents—by doing cheerfully all they bid you, and doing it as soon as you understand their wishes. Where shall we find out what God bids us? You know where, so I need not tell you what his commands are. But in the Book we read, "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." O, how I love that blessed Book! for it abounds with the teachings of God and Jesus. I hope you all love it too. Let us study it every day, until Jesus comes to take us to his Father's mansions. Then they will talk with us face to face, and tell us what and how to do. I do not expect to see many of you before the resurrection morning, but I want to see you then and join in your songs of gladness.

M. M. OSGOOD.

Bronte, C. W.

THE FOLLY OF BOASTING.

A GOURD wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" asked the new comer.

"About a hundred years."

"About a hundred years, and no taller! Only look: I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you count years!"

"I know that well," replied the palm: "every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up around me, as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be."—*S. S. Gazette.*

RELIGION NOT GLOOMY.

WHEN Haydn, the great composer of sacred music, was asked why his pieces were always so cheerful, he replied, "I cannot make it otherwise. I write according to the things I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes dance and leap, as it were, from my pen."

I'LL NEVER USE TOBACCO.

"I'LL never use tobacco, no,
It is a filthy weed;
I'll never put it in my mouth,"
Said little Robert Reid.

"Why, there was idle Jerry Jones,
As dirty as a pig,
Who smoked when only ten years old,
And thought it made him big.

"He'd puff along the open street
As if he had no shame;
He'd sit beside the tavern-door,
And there he'd do the same.

"He spent his time and money too,
And made his mother sad;
She feared a worthless man would come
From such a worthless lad.

"O no, I'll never smoke or chew,
'Tis very wrong, indeed;
It hurts the health, and I wish
Said little Robert Reid.

THE FOOLISH FISH.

"DEAR mother," said a little fish,
"Pray is not that a fly?
I'm very hungry, and I wish
You'd let me go and try."

"Sweet innocent," the mother cried,
And started from her nook,
"That horrid fly is meant to hide
The sharpness of a hook."

Now as I've heard, this little trout
Was young and silly too.
And so he thought he'd venture out
To see what he could do.

And round about the fly he played,
With many a longing look;
And often to himself he said,
"I'm sure that's not a hook."

"I can but give one little pluck,
To try, and so I will."
So on he went, and lo, it stuck
Quite through its little gill.

And as he faint and fainter grew,
With hollow voice he cried,
"Dear mother, if I'd minded you
I should not thus have died."

DON'T BE SNAPPISH.

SOME are like dogs, always showing their teeth; or like wasps, their stings. Be neither. Keep your temper down. Don't object to everything a friend says. Don't contradict everybody and everything. A continual objector is a regular thorn in the sides of society. He is deficient in good breeding, and in humility, and in Christian love.

A GREAT and good man being told that he had enemies who spoke ill of him, said, "I will try to live so that nobody shall believe them."

YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., JANUARY, 1860.

LORD, SAVE THE CHILDREN!

MANY parents pray for their children, and then do not act out their own prayers. Do they expect God to hear them pray and save their children, while they neglect their duty so plainly stated in the Scriptures? They will be disappointed. Parents should first do their duty, then in faith call on God to complete the work.

Subscribe for the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, as one duty, as one means of grace. It is of priceless value to any family of children. Learn your children to love to read. Then they can spend the sacred hours of the Sabbath reading the Bible, and other good books which speak of God and heaven, and the lives and acts of good and holy men. Some show just how little interest they feel for their children by the little interest they take in the paper. It is heart-sickening. Only about one-half of the subscribers for the *INSTRUCTOR* pay anything for it. They are getting in debt volume after volume. This is discouraging (1) because the Office needs the pay; (2) those who toil for little pay to send it to such cannot feel that the paper can be doing families good when the parents neglect to pay for it.

For the future we shall state how far each remittance pays, that all may see how their account stands. And we do hope there will be promptness in paying for this little paper. We have not time to send bills this month. We will give the readers a month to show their promptness. Delinquents will receive bills soon. J. W.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

TO-DAY we saw a beautiful sight. It was the Sabbath School while the scholars were reciting their lessons from the Holy Scriptures. Holy Book! Blessed employment for the Sabbath!

The Bible is the voice of God to us, spoken through holy men who have lived at different ages. Had the Bible been all written at one time, by one man, sceptics might object to the Sacred Volume more than they now do. But the Bible was written by quite a number of very holy men, who lived at different ages of the world. God, who changes not, spoke through them all, and this is why all the different writers of the Bible agree.

Wonderful Book! It is adapted to the wants of all ages and conditions in life. There can be no better employment for the child of four or six years than to learn, or be taught a verse of scripture, to repeat in Sabbath School. And even the aged may be well employed in learning lessons from the same Book. But, certainly, young men and young women, and those in the strength of manhood, cannot be better employed than in learning and reciting portions of the word of God in the Sabbath School. To-day we were happy to see father and son, both scholars in the Battle Creek Sabbath School.

J. W.

THE TRUTHFUL BOY.

ONCE there was a little boy,
With curly hair and pleasant eye—
A boy who always loved the truth,
And never, never told a lie.

And when he skipped away to school,
The children all about would cry,
There goes the curly-headed boy—
The boy that never told a lie.

And everybody loved him much,
Because he always told the truth,
And often, as he older grew,
'Twas said, There goes the honest youth.

And when the people standing near
Would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this—
Because he never told a lie.

Learn, little boys, from this brave lad,
Like him to speak the candid truth,
That all may say of you the same,
There goes an honest-hearted youth.

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