

# YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

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

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## For the Youth's Instructor. INCIDENTS IN MY PAST LIFE.--No. 22.

BY ELD. JOSEPH BATES.

*Cutting in a Whale at Sea—Resolved never to drink ardent spirits—Arrival in Alexandria—Preparations for another Voyage—Visit my Family—Escape from a Stage—Sail for South America—Singular Fish—Arrival at Rio Janeiro—Sail for River La Plata—Dispose of my Cargo at Buenos Ayres—Catholic Host.*



AFTER getting these huge monsters of the deep along side of the ship, with sharp spades fitted on long poles, they chop off their heads, and with their long-handled "ladders" dip out the purest and best oil, called "head matter." Some of their heads yield twenty barrels of this rich product, which sells sometimes for fifty dollars per barrel. Then with their great iron "blubber hooks,"

hooked into a strip of their blubber, to which the huge winding tackles are fastened, with the fall at the end of the windlass, the sailors heave it round while the spade men are cutting the strip down to the flesh. As the strip of blubber rises, the whale's carcass rolls over until the blubber is all on board the ship. The carcass is then turned adrift, and soon devoured by sharks.

The blubber is minced up into small pieces, and thrown into large iron "try-pots," and tried out. When the scraps are browned they throw them under the try-pot for fuel. The hot oil is then put into casks, cooled, coopered, and stowed away for a market. While this work is progressing, the cook and steward (if the captain thinks best) are to work at the flour barrels, rolling out bushels of doughnuts, which are soon cooked in the scalding oil as a general treat for all hands. Sailors call this having a good "tuck out." The hot oil is as sweet as new hog's lard.

Capt. Gardner furnished me with recent news from home, and left letters with me for the States. In a few days I arrived at Bahia, and from thence sailed for Alexandria, D. C.

While on our passage home I was seriously convicted of an egregious error, which I had committed in allowing myself, as I had done for more than a year, to drink ardent spirits, after I had practiced

entire abstinence, because I had become disgusted with its debasing and demoralizing effects, and was well satisfied that drinking men were daily ruining themselves, and moving with rapid strides to a drunkard's grave. Although I had taken measures to secure myself from the drunkard's path, by not allowing myself in any case whatever to drink but one glass of ardent spirits per day, which I most strictly adhered to, yet the strong desire for that one glass when coming to the dinner hour (the usual time for it) was stronger than my appetite for food, and I became alarmed for myself. While reflecting about this matter, I solemnly resolved that I would never drink another glass of ardent spirits while I lived. It is now within a few weeks of thirty-nine years since that important era in the history of my life, and I have no knowledge of ever violating that vow, only in using it for medicinal purposes. This circumstance gave a new spring to my whole being, and made me feel like a free man. Still it was considered genteel to drink wine in genteel company.

We had a pleasant passage from Bahia to the capes of Virginia, and arrived in Alexandria about the last of November, 1821. A letter was awaiting me here from my wife, announcing the death of our only son. Mr. Gardner, the owner of the Talbot was so well pleased with her profitable voyage, that he purchased a fast sailing brig, and an assorted cargo in Baltimore for me to proceed on a trading voyage to the Pacific Ocean; while the Talbot remained in Alexandria to undergo some necessary repairs. While preparations were being made for our contemplated voyage, I took passage in the mail stage from Baltimore to Massachusetts to visit my family. We left Baltimore on Wednesday, and arrived in Fairhaven, Mass., on first-day evening, after a tedious route of over four days, stopping nowhere only for a change of horses and a hasty meal until we reached Rhode Island. While passing through Connecticut, in the night, the horses took fright and sheered on the side of a bank and upset the stage. A very heavy man on the seat with me, held to the strap until it gave way, and fell upon me and crushed me through the side of the stage upon the frozen ground. If the driver had not leaped upon the bank as the stage was falling, and stopped his horses, we must have been killed. It was some weeks before I fully recovered. Still I rode on until I reached home.

After remaining with my family a few weeks, on

my return to Baltimore, as we were entering Philadelphia about midnight in a close winter coach, with one door, and seven men passengers, as we were passing over a deep gully, the straps of the driver's seat gave way, and two drivers fell under the wheels unknown to us who were snugly wrapped up inside. I asked why the horses were going with such speed. Let them go, said another, I like to go fast. I was not so well satisfied, but threw off my cloak, got the door opened and halloed to the driver; but receiving no answer, and perceiving that the horses were going at full speed down Third street, I reached around forward and saw the drivers were gone, and the lines trailing after the horses. I threw the step down, stepped out on it, perhaps a foot from the ground, and watched for an opportunity to jump on a snow bank, but the horses yet kept on the pavement where the snow was worn off. The passengers from behind were urging me to jump, as they wished to follow before the stage was dashed in pieces.

I finally sprang forward with the going of the stage, with all my strength, and just saw the hind wheels clearing my body, when I pitched upon my head, and how many times I tumbled after that before I stopped I cannot tell. I found I had gashed the top of my head, from which the blood was fast flowing. I heard the stage rattling most furiously away down the street. By the aid of the moonlight I found my hat, and put on after the stage. I soon came to Mr. G., my owner's son, who was in company with me from Boston. In his fright he jumped square out of the stage, and was seriously injured. After getting him under a doctor's care, I started to learn the fate of the other five, and our baggage. I met the horses with a driver returning with the stage broke down on the wheels. Four other passengers followed our example, and were not much injured. The last man out was a very heavy one, and he jumped out, after the carriage left the pavement, on the sand uninjured. The horses ran to the river and turned suddenly under a low shed and crushed the stage upon the wheels, which would in all probability have killed every passenger that had dared to remain. We learned in the morning that the drivers but just escaped with their lives, the stage wheels crushing the fingers of one and taking a hat from the other's head. After a few days we were enabled to proceed, and arrived in Baltimore.

Soon after my return to Baltimore I was placed in command of the brig *Chatsworth*, with an assorted cargo suitable for our contemplated voyage, with unlimited power to continue trading as long as I could find business profitable. Firearms and ammunition were also furnished for the captain to defend ourselves in cases of piracy and mutiny. My brother F. was still my chief mate. We cleared for South America and Pacific Ocean, and sailed from Baltimore Jan. 22, 1822. In a few weeks we were

passing Cape de Verde Islands, bending our course for the Southern Ocean.

In the vicinity of the equator, in moderate weather and calms, we meet with a singular species of fish (more numerous than in higher latitudes) furnished with something analagous to our oars and sails. Naturalists sometimes call them "Nautilus." They are a kind of shell-fish. With their great long legs for oars to steady them, they rise and swell out above the water from four to six inches in length, and about the same in height, very much resembling a little ship under full white sails. They sail and sheer round about the ship, fall flat on the sea as though they were upset by a squall of wind, rise erect again, and glide ahead with their accustomed speed, seemingly to show the mariner that they too are ships, and how they can outsail him. But as soon as the wind rises their courage fails them; they take in all sail and hide under water until another calm. Sailors call them "Portugese men-of-war."

About the 20th of March we arrived and anchored in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. Finding no demand for our whole cargo we sailed again for the River La Plata. As we approached the northern entrance of the river, in the stillness of the night, although some three miles from the shore, we could distinctly hear the sea-dogs (seals) growling and barking from the sand-beach where they had come up out of the sea to regale themselves. The next day we anchored off Monte Video, to inquire into the state of the markets, and soon learned that our cargo was much wanted up the river at Buenos Ayres. In navigating this, to us, new, and narrow channel in the night, without a pilot, we got on to the bottom, and were obliged to lighten our vessel by throwing some of her cargo into the sea before she would float into the channel again. On our arrival at the city of Buenos Ayres our cargo sold immediately at a great profit.

While lying at Buenos Ayres at the head of ship navigation, a heavy "norther" blew all the water out of the river for many leagues. It was singular to see officers and crews of ships passing from one to the other, and to the city, on hard, dry bottom, where but the day before their ships were floating and swinging to their anchors in fifteen feet of water. But it was dangerous to travel many miles off, for the dying away of the wind, or a change of wind at the mouth of the river rushed the water back like the roaring of a cataract, and floated the ships in quick time again to swing to their anchors.

Until the suppression of the Inquisition in 1820, no other religion but Roman Catholic was tolerated in Buenos Ayres. It was singular to notice, as we had frequent opportunities so to do, with what superstitious awe the mass of the inhabitants regarded the ceremonies of their priests, especially the administering of the sacrament to the dying. The ringing of a small table-bell in the street announces

the coming of the *Host*, generally in the following order: A little in advance of the priest may be seen a black boy making a "ding-dong" sound with his little bell, and sometimes two soldiers, one on each side of the priest, with their muskets shouldered, with fixed bayonets to enforce the church order for every knee to bow at the passing of the *Host*, or subject themselves to the point of the soldiers' bayonet. (I was told that an Englishman refusing to bend his knee when the *Host* was passing him, was stabbed with the soldier's bayonet.) Persons on horseback dismount and kneel with men, women and children in the streets, and at the threshold of their dwelling-houses, groceries and grog-shops, while the *Host*, or the priest is passing with the wafer and the wine. We foreigners could stand at the four corners and witness the coming of the *Host* and pass another way before they reached us.

Some thirty miles below the city of Buenos Ayres is a good harbor for shipping, called Ensenado. To this place I repaired with the Chatsworth and prepared her for a winter's voyage round Cape Horn.

*Monterey, Mich.*

Selected for the Youth's Instructor.

**CAST THY BURDEN UPON THE LORD.**

"Is this the way, my Father?"  
"Tis, my child,

Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary wild,  
If thou would'st reach the city undefiled,  
Thy peaceful home above."

"But enemies are around!"  
"Yes, child, I know  
That when thou least expect'st thou wilt find a foe;  
But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below;  
Only seek strength above!"

"My Father, it is dark!"  
"Child, take my hand,  
Cling close to me! I'll lead thee through the land;  
Trust my all-seeing eye; so shalt thou stand  
'Midst glory bright above."

"My footsteps seem to slide!"  
"Child, only raise  
Thine eye to me. Then in thy slippery ways  
I will hold up thy goings, thou shalt praise  
Me for each step above."

"O, Father! I am weary."  
"Lean thy head  
Upon my breast. It was my love that spread  
Thy rugged path. Hope on, till I have said,  
Rest, rest, for aye, above!"

LET not sleep fall upon thine eyes till thou hast thrice reviewed the transactions of the past day:—

"Where have I turned aside from rectitude?"

"What have I been doing?"

"What have I left undone which I ought to have done?"

Begin thus from the first act, and proceed; and in conclusion, at the ill which thou hast done, be troubled, and rejoice for the good.

Selected for the Youth's Instructor.

**THE LITTLE GIRL'S GOOD MORNING.**

"O! I AM so happy!" the little girl said,  
As she sprang like a lark from her low trundle-bed.  
"Tis morning, bright morning—Good morning,  
Papa!

O give me one kiss for good morning, Mamma,  
Only just look at my pretty canary,  
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary.

"The sunshine is peeping straight into my eyes;  
Good morning to you, Mr. Sun; for you rise  
Early to wake up my birdie and me,  
And make us as happy as happy can be!"

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,  
(And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl);  
Happy as can be, yet think of the One  
Who wakened this morning both you and the sun."  
The little girl turned her bright eyes with a nod;  
"Mamma, may I say good morning to God?"

"Yes, little darling one, surely you may  
Kneel as you do every morning to pray."  
Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes  
Looking up earnestly into the skies;  
Her two little hands which were folded together,  
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother.

"Good morning, dear Father in heaven," she said,  
"I thank thee for watching my snug little bed,  
For taking good care of me all the long night,  
And waking me up with the beautiful light.  
O, keep me from naughtiness all the long day,  
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."  
An angel looked down through the sunshine and  
smiled,  
But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

**THE LITTLE LAMB.**

I SAW a pretty little lamb,  
Glide lightly o'er the plain,  
It did not see the slayer near,  
It had no thought of pain.

The slayer caught and bound it fast,  
Then took its life away:  
It did not moan, it did not cry,  
But quietly it lay.

It made me think of that dear Lamb,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
That Jesus, who has died for us,  
Who died, but rose again.

Dear children, let us follow him,  
Be humble, faithful, kind,  
Be anxious for each other's good,  
Parents and teachers mind.

[S. S. Times.]

TRIUMPH OF FAITH.—During an earthquake that occurred a few years since, the inhabitants of a small village were generally very much alarmed, and at the same time surprised at the calmness and apparent joy of an old lady whom they all knew. At length one of them addressing the old lady, said:  
"Mother—, are you not afraid?"  
"No," said the mother in Israel; "I rejoice to know that I have a God that can shake the world."

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., OCTOBER, 1860.

## THE LOVE OF GOD.

The Bible says, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii, 16. This is perhaps one of the most beautiful verses in the whole Bible. Yet its beauty is only seen by those who love God. This is a precious text to all that travel heavenward. Thousands of persons have been melted down by this verse, and been made to weep aloud for joy. And why? Because God loved the fallen world so much that he opened a way of salvation so we might be saved. What love God must have had for us poor creatures to give the life of his only Son for our ransom! No one can express it. If we had the wisdom and language of angels it would be impossible to describe God's love to poor fallen sinners.

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,  
And were the skies of parchment made;  
Were every reed on earth a quill,  
And every man a scribe by trade;  
To write the love of God above,  
Would drain the ocean dry—  
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,  
Though stretched from sky to sky."

O, the immeasurable, unutterable love of God!

G. W. A.

## FALLINGS OUT.

I AM about to repeat a bit of good advice given by a very worthy man nearly four thousand years ago. And although so long a time has passed, and though it was spoken far away from our happy homes, even across the distant ocean, and in a language which no one now speaks, yet it is just as good as it was then, and I think, very appropriate for some of the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

This wise man's name was called by the Egyptians among whom he lived, ZAPHNATH-PAANEAH, which means, *The man to whom secrets are revealed*, but in English his name would be Joseph, and he was none other than the doted son of the old patriarch Jacob.

Joseph had been making several experiments upon the guilty consciences of his ten brothers, he had revealed himself to their terrified minds, and now as he was about to send them to their bereaved father in Canaan with a bountiful supply of food and necessary comforts, he gave them one very important charge. It was this: "SEE THAT YE FALL NOT OUT BY THE WAY." Joseph knew his brothers would have a great cross to take up when they got home, in owning to their father that they had told him a falsehood about his being killed by a beast, when they had cruelly sold him into slavery. Joseph was alive, and their sin must be brought out. He

knew, too, they would be studying up the easiest way to tell Jacob what they had done, and he was afraid they might get into a serious dispute over it on their way home. Perhaps one would say, "It was *you* that first upbraided him with his dreams"—another, "It was *you* that said, Let us kill him"—or, "It was *you* that stripped him of his fine coat"—"It was *you* that threw him into the pit," &c.; Joseph knew this, so he charged them not "to fall out by the way."

I have many times wished that children might remember what Joseph said. It would often save some of them a great deal of trouble. The happiness of children is to be together. But in the midst of their glee and sport they must not forget what Joseph said. On the road to school they must see that they do not fall out by the way. When little boys go a-fishing or berrying they must keep a good temper. When you go out into the field to work don't have a falling out to see who shall have this hoe, or that rake, but be accommodating, considerate, kind. Who has not often thought of the simple words of the poet,

"Little birds in one nest agree,  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out, and chide and fight."

When I see a boy speak hard words, shake his fist, or strike his fellow, I say to myself, He don't think of what Joseph said. When I see another tear clothes, break his play-mate's kite-string, and domineer over the younger ones, I sometimes think—that boy don't care for what Joseph said.

But enough: all who are old enough to read this are old enough to know how to do right. And every boy of noble mind will avoid those contemptible little fusses that take place too often among knots of children. Suppose the bees, those busy little fellows that eat, sleep, drink and live in one little hive, should be so very particular about this or that, and when they buzzed off to some sweet flower, one should get a little stingy or jealous, and try to keep the rest away. What a time they would have! But bees don't do so—they never fall out by the way—and if they can't understand what Joseph said, they never violate the instinct which the great God of Nature has put in their little hearts. Surely boys should be as wise as honey bees.

I hope those children who have inherited or imbibed quarrelsome dispositions will take lessons from these quiet-minded, industrious little creatures. Go look upon some big thistle and there you will see bees, wasps, hornets and "yellow-jackets," all putting in for their share of the favorite nectar, but the war spirit they hav'nt got; and in this they manifest a hundred times more good sense than some children I know, who will sometimes get into a terrible dispute over the tiniest thing imaginable.

Yours in the bonds of peace.

G. W. A.

**TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES!**

**CHILDREN AND YOUTH:** How do you spend your spare moments? When you have a little leisure on your hands how do you use it? This is a great point. How will you answer it? Is your spare time carefully husbanded, and do you make every moment count in attaining a store of mental knowledge, or is it recklessly squandered? Answer to yourself. Above all I hope your time, your spare time, is employed in some advantageous manner. An idler is a drug to himself, to the family, to the church, to the community. Worse yet, as an old writer says,

“And Satan finds some mischief still,  
For idle hands to do.”

And another, that “an idle brain is the Devil’s workshop into which he has perfect ingress, egress, regress and progress.” But I sincerely hope that few of the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* need any admonition under this head. And hoping that you all are anxious to learn, and humble enough to be advised, I will give you a few hints about leisure moments. And,

1. Cultivate an acquaintance with the Bible. Read our works on “Present Truth” which explain the Scriptures, and as you glean new ideas from the Sacred Page you will experience an unthought of interest in the Bible. In the Saviour’s time, little boys and girls among the Jews were required to commit large portions of the Old Testament to memory. Even those difficult genealogies in the Chronicles which many people now dislike to read, those children, as early writers inform us, had all “at their fingers’ ends.” And you know Paul praised Timothy because he had “known the Scriptures from a child.” Among the Germans it used to be a practice to have every child learn by heart the whole book of Proverbs. I would advise you to take the references in the margin, trace them out, and by so-doing you will “compare Scripture with Scripture” and get a great deal of light with no other assistant. If you have not got a reference Bible, get one (Bro. White has got plenty of them, good English Bibles, cheap for cash), and mark, never use different editions. If you always use the same kind of a Bible you can often find texts by *location*—by remembering just where it is on the page. If you come to anything that is difficult, ask some one to tell you what it means. The above will be found to be a profitable exercise for “spare moments.”

2. Read good books, the works of those celebrated for their piety and talent. For instance, such as D’Aubigne’s History of the Reformation, Nelson’s Cause and Cure of Infidelity, Pilgrim’s Progress, Sears’ History of the Bible, Josephus, etc., etc. But be careful of the kind of books you read; yes, as careful as you are of the food you eat, the clothes you wear, or the company you go with. The Devil once tried to ruin the world through ignorance, but failing here, he now poisons them by bad books.

3. Criticise what you read—that is, see if it accords with good sense and the Bible. It will be a good exercise, if in reading you come to some unscriptural sentiment to turn and read from the Bible, where it is corrected. I know a little boy not more than six years old, who has got to be quite a critic in theology. His older brothers spend hours on the Sabbath in reading to him, and when bad sentiments on the state of the dead, the Sabbath, etc., are advanced, it is an unusual thing for him not to notice it. And although he is too young to read the Bible much, he is very frank to tell them certain things “*ain’t true.*” This is an excellent way to spend a part of the Sabbath, and O, that all the young were so inclined.

I have now said more than I intended on improving the spare minutes. Dear youth and children, hoping you will adopt a “more excellent way” than to let precious time run to waste, and daily “apply your hearts unto wisdom,” is the prayer of your well-wisher and friend.

G. W. A.

For the Youth’s Instructor.

**EVIL PRACTICES.**

**DEAR YOUTH:** I am an old man of threescore years, and I thought I would say a few words to you on this subject. How much lying, stealing, cheating, deceiving, and gambling there is in the world. And in addition to these outbreaking sins, how much pride and covetousness, how much speaking evil one of another, how much vain and foolish talking, and a great many other evils that we cannot now name.

Now it is certain that we must be cured of every evil, whatever it is, or we shall never see the kingdom of God. If children in early life would avoid evil practices, how much sorrow they would save themselves, and the exposure to eternal ruin. We become so much habituated to evil we almost forget it is evil, and then God in mercy sometimes uses extraordinary means to let us see our wrongs.

I will here relate an incident in my father’s life that I have often heard him tell. He was in the habit from a child of playing cards. He delighted in this as he grew up. His trade was that of a blacksmith. One long winter evening as he and another laborer with him came in from the shop at usual bed-time, with a piece of a candle in their hand some two or three inches long, they said they would play cards while that piece of candle lasted. They continued the play, thoughtless of the passing hours, when to their surprise it was broad daylight, and the little piece of candle was yet burning! They were alarmed, as an ancient king was at the hand-writing on the wall, rose up in haste and resolved to have no more to do with playing cards. This circumstance, among others, no doubt led to my father’s conversion and his becoming a preacher of the gospel of Christ.

Dear youth, let us avoid all evil.

JOHN BYINGTON.

For the Youth's Instructor.

### THE PROMISES

ARE exceeding great and precious. I love to contemplate them as they appear in all their loveliness, to comfort the weary pilgrim through the dreary wilderness of this world.

Dear children, there are promises that you may claim in every time of need, in every trial. Are you a wanderer from the peaceful fold of Christ? The blessed promise stands sure, "Return unto me, and I will return unto you." And if beset with fierce temptation, resist and endure, and you have the promise of a crown of life. Are you tired of this world of sin, destitute of home and friends, persecuted and forsaken by all, how sweet to turn to the promise, "The Lord will not cast off his people, neither will he forsake his inheritance." If cruelly wronged and oppressed by the tyranny of others, look joyfully forward to that good time coming, when "In righteousness thou shalt be established, thou shalt be far from oppression; for thou shalt not fear; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee." Isa. liv, 14. Only have faith, living faith in God, and believe that these joys are for you. Yes, you may be, you ought to be encouraged as you read of them. You love the scenes of this old earth,

"Where sin, and death, and sorrow grow."

You love the friends that are mortal, that must pass away, the green fields, the pretty blushing flowers, and the singing birds, you love them all; and they are lovely, but how soon they pass away. O then, would you seek an enduring substance on which to lavish the affections of your heart, look to the promises. There we read of a new earth, and O, how lovely the landscape! it ever

"Stands dressed in living green."

The frightful caverns, the ragged rocks, and the unsightly crags, that abound here, will not be found there to mar the scenery of that lovely land; and there the birds of Paradise, clothed in plumage brighter than the rainbow, shall fill the groves with sweet, rich music. The heavenly song of angels, too, methinks we shall hear, together with anthems of praise and shouts of joy and gladness from the redeemed of earth, and those dear friends that we have sorrowfully laid in the tomb, that sleep in Jesus, there we shall meet immortal. No touch of death can reach them there. Our dearest Saviour, too, shall crown our bliss with his presence, and our fullness of joy will be complete.

Yes, the inheritance has been purchased for you at a great price, and you can go up and possess this goodly land; do not doubt, nor turn a deaf ear to these things; they are worth your attention. I fear there are many that have the privilege of reading the *Instructor* that do not prize it as they should, and that lightly esteem the promises, considering them afar off, but as sure as we already see ap-

proaching signs of winter, in the ripening fruit and fading, falling leaves, just so sure, by the signs of the times, can we recognize the near approach of Jesus. If you love him, then you love to hear of his coming and kingdom, and if you love the transient beauties of earth, is it not more reasonable that you should love the eternal beauties of the better land?

M. S. AVERY.

*Locke, Mich.*

Selected for the Youth's Instructor.

### THE FOLLY OF PRIDE IN DRESS.

A LITTLE boy and girl were once seated on a flowery bank, and talking proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got! what a blue jacket and trowsers, and what a nice pair of shoes! It is not every one who is dressed so finely as I am!"

"Indeed, sir," said the little girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you; for I have on a silk hat and pelisse, and a fine feather in my hat; I know that my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine, I know," said the boy.

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling near the hedge, "you have neither of you any reason to be so proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think but meanly, before they were put upon you. Why, that silk hat first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, Miss, what do you think of that?" said the boy.

"And the feather," exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by one of my race."

"What do you say to that, Miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep grazing close by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beavers have supplied the fur for that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen, in that field, were killed, not merely to get their flesh to eat, but also to get their skins to make your shoes."

See the folly of being proud of our clothes, since we are indebted to the meanest creatures for them; and even then we could not use them if God did not give us the wisdom to contrive the best way of making them fit to wear, and the means of procuring them for our comfort.

For The Youth's Instructor.

### DID JESUS EVER GET ANGRY?

To those of my readers who would follow Christ, this is an important question. Christ is said to be our example, and in order to follow Christ we must know how Christ lived.

In reading the life of Christ we find that he was

very zealous in rebuking sin and sinners; but we do not find that he ever got angry. He did no sin. 1 Pet. ii, 22. He never had an angry or unpleasant look, and never spoke cross words. His heart was full of love, and he could breathe out nothing but love. His words were gentle and kind, and his countenance and actions were lovely. What a lovely being he must have been! and what a holy influence he must have shed! How privileged was the mother whom God chose to supply his temporal wants in his early days! Blessed were his young friends with whom he associated. Blessed were all those who enjoyed his society.

Some will say that it was an easy thing for Christ to guard against anger. But such are mistaken. Though Christ was the Son of God, yet he became a man, and was subject to all the vexing trials and difficulties to which we are exposed. His parents were poor, and he had not where to lay his head. He traveled on foot from place to place, fulfilling his heavenly mission. He knew what it was to be hungry, weary and thirsty. Once he was led of the Spirit into a wilderness, and was there forty days and forty nights tempted of the Devil. During this time he fasted, and was with wild beasts. Mark i, 13; Matt. iv. The Devil knew that he was faint and hungry, and that almost everything seemed to be against him; and he tried to make him doubt that he was the Son of God. He said, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." Finally the Devil went so far as to tempt him to fall down and worship him. How vexing and hateful the Devil was! and how easy it would have been for Jesus to murmur against his Father, who had led him to be thus tempted! But he did not murmur nor complain; neither did he speak angry words to Satan. He knew that it was necessary for him to be tempted, that he might know how to help those that are tempted.

My little friends, let us when we are tempted, and when things don't go to suit us, remember these circumstances of the life of Jesus. Let us also call to mind the patience and love that Christ manifested when he was crucified, and pray the Lord to so fill our hearts with patience and love, that it will be impossible for us to get angry. Then we shall feel like praying for those who hate and abuse us. Then we shall be loved of all the lovely, and have the confidence of living with the holy Jesus.

D. T. BOURDEAU.

West Enosburg, Vt.

For the Youth's Instructor.

#### WHAT THE GRASSHOPPERS DID.

DEAR CHILDREN: Would you believe that the grasshoppers could ever stop the cars—those swiftly running chariots that the Prophet Nahum so graphically describes, that will be "in the day of His preparation"—the sixth day of the world, the Friday of our earth's history? Does it not seem impossible that such small creatures could produce

such a great result? yet nevertheless it was done.

Some years since the grasshoppers were very thick in New York State, and did immense damage to vegetation; we could scarcely keep our garden alive by almost constantly driving them off. One day the report came that the grasshoppers had stopped the cars. I laughed at the idea and thought it only a take-off on the mischief they were doing to the country; but the report was confirmed beyond doubt, that the grasshoppers evidently had not been satisfied with devouring whole fields of grain, even going into houses and eating clothes, but had sharpened their appetites on the great iron rails, compelling the mighty engine to stop in his race.

And how do you suppose this daring feat was accomplished? not by a delegation of a few of the largest and bravest old grasshoppers boldly marching up and disputing the right of way with the fierce, snorting, puffing, blowing engine; but in acting on the wise plan that in union there is strength, immense numbers of them filled the track, and as the engine rushed over, crushing the foremost ranks, a slime was produced which caused the wheels to slip, and thus the cars were stopped by the grasshoppers!

I have often heard in prayer and conference meetings the brethren express themselves desirous that all obstructions might be removed, that the car of salvation might move forward. Now, to my mind, this is a very expressive figure. The Lord will not work for his people if they harbor sin in their hearts, whether in the form of an Achan, a golden wedge, or a Babylonian garment, but the track must be cleared.

There are two classes of sins—commission and omission, and either will be effectual in hindering the car of salvation. There is a collective and individual view to take of this matter—the latter is what more particularly concerns us. We must see to it that we do not allow little things to divert us from doing right; little omissions of duty, so small at first as to be hardly noticed, persisted in, will finally prevent the salvation of our souls—like the cars stopped by the grasshoppers, we shall come to a dead stand.

If I see a little child inattentive from time to time to what his parents and teachers say about his duty to God and man, I fear that in his case the grasshoppers will stop the cars, or that they will never commence to move. If I see a young brother or a young sister neglectful of "overcoming by the word of their testimony," I fear the grasshoppers have gathered on their track. If I see the largest part of a congregation who meet for the social means of grace, present the appearance of uninterested spectators, having neither part nor lot in the matter, I think of the grasshoppers that stopped the cars.

Finally, children and youth, let us be diligent in our different spheres of life, fall not out of the way, but walk in the way of His commandments.

M. H. I.

Battle Creek, Mich.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR.

Suffer Little Children to Come unto Me.

WHY don't more of our correspondents write for the *children*? What a pity that some of us at least can't get right down to the capacities of the very smallest readers. This seems to be a rare gift, but it does exist somewhere, and oh, how I long to see it developed in the *INSTRUCTOR*!

For the Youth's Instructor.

## THE DYING MOTHER.

DEAR CHILDREN: Have you ever stood by the death-bed of a dear friend, and realized that you must soon part with them and pass on through this world without them? And have you seen them lie cold in death, and then followed them to the dark, cold grave-yard, and buried them out of your sight? Have you, while only a few years of your life are told, thus looked upon a father, mother, brother, or sister, and felt the sting death leaves in its track?

Not long ago I watched over the death-bed of a mother of three youthful children. I heard parting words of instruction and counsel. I heard her consign her already fatherless ones to others' care. I saw a shade of anxiety pass upon her brow, and then she had the assurance that they should be tenderly cared for. I heard words of blessing and praise to God fall sweetly from her lips. That hour was solemn, but a heavenly stillness was in the room of the dying saint. Death is fearful, yet the Spirit and influence of heaven was present to cheer the last hours of that Christian mother. Then she embraced her eldest child who had tried to be faithful to her poor sick mother, and her dying testimony and blessing was, "My precious child, the Lord will reward you for your faithfulness to your mother. How we have loved each other. God bless you." Both wept together, and tokens of warm affection were exchanged. Feeling hearts wept with them, and as we bowed in prayer by that dying bed, we thought of the resurrection morning, and we prayed and hoped when the voice of Jehovah calls forth the dear father and mother, that all, parents and children, may be re-united in the kingdom of God never to separate again.

Still will we hope and pray that this may be, that Jesus will enfold in the arms of his love these dear lambs of his fold. Precious Saviour! He will gather the lambs in his arms and carry them in his bosom. Not one of his little followers who love him will be left out, but all will have a mansion in heaven. Here is blight, and sin, and death, there is beauty, perfection, and eternal life. We are only now and then happy here, there it is all happiness. Not one shade of sorrow, because no sin is there. Heaven is a happy place. Dear children, may we all be there.

M. D. B.

Battle Creek, Mich.

For the Youth's Instructor.

## I WANT TO BE SAVED.

No doubt this is the language or desire of every rational person, old or young, that has any knowledge of God or the plan of salvation. How zealous we should be that live to hear the last message of mercy.

Dear readers of this little sheet, here we are; the call is going through the land, and shall we neglect this call till mercy shall be no more? until Jesus shall arise and say, Let him that is filthy be filthy still? O no; salvation is free; Jesus is pleading his blood in the sanctuary; he wants to save the children. Then let us awake to our eternal interest; seek God with all our hearts; search his word to learn what we must do to be saved; earnestly desire to know what his requirements of us are; and we shall find by searching the word of God that if we would be saved we must keep all his commandments: keep the fourth, for in that we find the true Sabbath brought to view, and the reason why we should keep it.

Then let us honor God by keeping his holy day, not doing our own pleasure, but call the Sabbath a delight, and God will bless us, and we shall truly be led in a way we knew not.

The fifth commandment is of great importance to the young, and will require a great effort on their part. I have been grieved to see the fifth commandment so little regarded even by children professing to keep all of them. I love good children. I love to see them try to honor their parents and prove a blessing and a source of joy instead of causing them grief and trial. Children can do this and bring the wrath of God upon their own heads. I hope it may not be the case with any of the readers of the *Instructor*. Then let me exhort you to shun every appearance of evil; seek earnestly to be led by the Spirit of God that you may escape the seven last plagues, and be saved in that day when Jesus shall come in all his glory to take all the faithful to himself.

J. S. DAY.

Monterey, Mich.

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