

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, July 28th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XVI. 1-17: Reproof of the Pharisees and their doctrines. GENESIS VI.: The depravity of the world.

Recite—MATTHEW XV. 21, 22.

Sunday, August 4th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XVI. 18-28: Christ's conversation with Peter. GENESIS VII.: The Deluge.

Recite—MATTHEW XVI. 13-17.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

59. Can you give a good example of a mistress praying with her servants, well worthy of imitation?
60. What distinguished character, who had kept sober in drunken company, became drunken in sober company?

Answers to questions given last week.—

57. When Herod caused the infants of Bethlehem to be massacred.

58. "The beds were of gold and silver, upon a pavement of red and blue, and black and white marble."

What a Child can do.

A brother who labors efficiently for the Sunday school cause, gave an account of a poor little girl, the child of a poor woman who gained her bread by selling apples in the market. The little child was taken to Sabbath school, and there she was converted to Christ. She then, like a little missionary, persuaded two other poor little girls to attend the Sabbath school, who were also brought to the Saviour, and became devoted Christians. As these children grew up to the ages of fifteen or sixteen, they were removed to a part of the country where nothing was done for the religious instruction of children, and where, by their influence and efforts, eleven Sunday schools have been formed. These eleven schools, and the influence they are exerting, may be traced to the efforts of the poor little daughter of the apple-woman.

The cunning Will.

Many of our readers are familiar with the device adopted in the case of one of Shakespeare's heroines for testing the worth of a lover, by compelling him to choose between a gold, silver and lead casket, where the least promising metal contained the prize. The following incident is of a similar sort, and led to similar results:

A wealthy old lady had a nephew and niece, and a more distant relative, a young lady; these were the only persons to whom her property would descend by law, when she should die. The first two always made a great show of affection when they visited her, which was but seldom, although she wished that one of them might live with and care for her in her old age. But neither would consent to this, and she therefore employed the young lady as a servant. The old lady was very pious, and spent much time with her Bible; and her young companion, who was also a sincere Christian, loved nothing better than to read to her from its consoling pages. She was faithful in her duties, not merely because paid for it, but she was sincerely attached to her mistress, and delighted to promote her comfort.

In time, the old lady died, and after the funeral, according to custom, a lawyer came to open and read the will in presence of the surviving relatives. It ordered all her possessions to be divided into three parts. The first portion was to consist of the house and lands surrounding it; the second, of the furniture, plate and jewelry, of which there was a large quantity, and the third was only the old Bible which had afforded her so much happiness in life. It was further directed that the nephew should have the first choice. The nephew instantly chose the house and farm, which were valuable, saying in a sneering tone, "The old lady was not to be fooled by pretended devotion, she well knew who were her friends," meaning by this to cast reflections upon the faithful servant. The niece was equally unkind, for she said: "Since Janet loved the old Bible so well, of course she would prefer I should leave it for her, and I will therefore take the furniture and plate." Janet's only reply on receiving the Bible was: "I am content: this book is to me a treasure, and I find in it more than wealth can give."

When all was over, and Janet retired to her room, she turned at once to her Bible, to find some passage that might soothe her wounded feelings. What was her astonishment to find, laid between its leaves, bank notes amounting to more than a hundred thousand dollars, which had been placed there on the day of the old lady's death, and which made up the bulk of her fortune! So you see how in this instance, greediness outwitted itself, and true devotion was abundantly rewarded. Don't forget, though that Janet would have been happier with her book alone, and a contented heart, than the others could possibly be while they cherished the evil feelings of avarice and jealousy.—*W. & R.*

The Mother Dove.

The old meeting-house was to come down, so that the new one might stand on the same spot. It had a high, very high steeple, which could be

seen a great way off, and to which many eyes had often been turned to see which way the golden rooster on the top was looking—for he always kept his eyes directly on the wind, however hard it might blow.

The first thing was to get the high steeple down safely, without crushing the building. So a man climbed far up toward the top and fastened a strong rope to it. The rope, too, was a very long one. Next they went into the belfry, and sawed off several of the strong timbers on which the steeple stood. They seemed like legs, and were probably as high as two men would be, if one stood upon the shoulders of the other.

Now then, the street is full of men and boys—a great many of whom take hold of the long rope to pull the steeple over. But they must go off a long distance or it will fall on them.

"All ready?" cried the master carpenter.

"All ready," shout scores of voices.

"Pull carefully."

So they all began to pull, the men give the word and the boys shouted. Soon the poor old steeple began to tremble on its legs. It seemed almost to shudder at the awful fall it must make. It made one almost feel sorry for it. Just then there came a beautiful solitary white dove, and flew round and around the steeple—not daring to fly into it, and not able to leave it. She was evidently aware that some great evil was about to befall the steeple.

"See that dove!" said a thousand voices.

"Poor thing! she must have young ones up in the steeple," said a few voices.

Again they pulled, and again the old steeple reeled and tottered. The distress of the poor bird was now so great, that all shouts were hushed. Every one felt sorry for her. Not a voice was heard. And now they pulled the rope, and the steeple again reeled, the timbers cracked; the bird hovered a moment on her wings, and just at the instant the steeple began to fall, she darted up in it, out of sight! For one instant more, the lofty spire poised and trembled, and then fell with a crash that crushed every timber in it, and made the ground tremble! We went to it, and there we found the poor dove, lying between her two little white children—all three dead!

Alas! poor dove! You were willing to die for and with your children, but you could not save them!

Prayer Meetings.

Prayer meetings are good things, and so are preaching sermons and religious services; but, my dear friends, they are not banquets at which you are to sit down to enjoy yourselves, and gratify your tastes, and indulge your spiritual appetite, and gratify your spiritual taste and palate, so to speak, like a man sitting down to a feast and getting well filled, and gratified and happy. This is not the use of them: it is the abuse of them.

Yonder do you see yon sun-burnt man sitting down in a cottage to a simple meal? He rises to spend the strength yon meal has given him on the field. So with our sermons and Sabbaths and services,—they are to strengthen us for work; otherwise our religion is as selfish as the lives of those that indulge in sensuous pleasures. They are for work, to strengthen me for God's work in the world, and at however far a distance, to follow the steps of Him who is my pattern as well as propitiation—who went about doing good.—*Dr. Gularie.*

Could I keep the Good News?

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her.—They said—"Why go back to New Zealand?—You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed by your own people—every body will have forgotten you."

"What!" she said, "do you think I could keep the 'good news' to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they may get it too? I would go if I had to swim there."

Jonathan Edwards' Resolutions.

Resolved, never, to lose one moment of time, but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.

Resolved, to live with all my might while I do live.

Resolved, to live at all times as I think it best in my devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the gospel and another world.

Resolved, to maintain the strictest temperance in eating and drinking.

Resolved, never to do anything which, if I should see in another, I should account a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.

Conflict.

It is not unusual to find a deal of confusion and tumult where there is any great work going on in religion. Satan likes nothing so well as to let things settle down in darkness and quiet. But when Christ is seeking out His people in good earnest, we must not expect it all to be smooth work. How many afflictions are sent like storm blast, sweeping through the soul to waken us up to see our danger and seek our safety.—*Mackenzie.*

Napet in the Burning Hut.

Little Napet, an African boy, heard of Jesus and loved Him. One day in the early Spring, he was sent to drive the pigeons from a corn-field. There was a little straw hut in the corner of the field, and there Napet sat down to watch for the coming of the birds. Feeling a little cold, he kindled a fire just inside of the hut. A spark set the hut in a blaze. The fire spread so quickly that Napet was surrounded by fire in a moment.

Some women in the next field, seeing the fire, ran to his help. They could not see him, only from the burning hut his voice was heard saying:

"O my Saviour, I must die! I pray Thee let my body alone be burned, and save my soul from everlasting fire. Take me to Thy heaven, for Thy great mercies' sake."

Napet's voice was heard no longer. The fire burned on. The women stood trembling at the fate of the burning child. Very soon, however, the hut was burned to ashes. They were about searching for the boy's bones, when, to their surprise, Napet rose up, and rushed into their midst unhurt!

"What saved you?" cried the astonished women.

"After my prayer," said Napet, "God put it into my mind to lie upon the ground and cover myself with the ox-hide which was in the hut. I did so. The fire was not hot enough to burn through the hide, and so I was saved."

"Had you any hope then, of escaping death, Napet?" asked the missionary a day or two afterward, when hearing his story.

"No, I believed that I must die," said the boy.

"Did you hope then that your soul would go to heaven?"

Napet's face grew bright with joy, as he replied, "Yes! I was sure our Saviour heard my prayer, and would take me to heaven because He died for me."

Happy Napet! He was happy even in the midst of the fire!—*Mission Advocate.*

Balloon Reconnoitering.

Experiments have recently been made in Washington, to test the utility of the balloon as a means of obtaining information as to the position and strength of hostile armies. Mr. Lowe ascended several hundred feet in a fine balloon which was held at the desired altitude by a stout cord. He was accompanied in the car by two telegraphers, and two telegraph-wires, attached to the battery worked in the War Department, connecting with a small field telegraphing instrument. The distance between the instrument thus elevated and the battery was about half a mile. It had been regarded as questionable before the experiment was made, whether unknown atmospheric influences might not prevent the due operation of electricity in working the telegraph at a high altitude. But such did not prove to be the case. Communication between the operators at the two ends of the wires was as perfect as though they had been suspended over the usual poles within fifteen feet of the earth's surface, and Mr. Lowe was able to telegraph to the President, who was an interested observer of the experiment, that the balloon car commanded a view of an area of country nearly fifty miles in diameter, and that the availability of the science of aeronautics in the military service of the country had been successfully demonstrated.

Thus it seems to be proved that, with the aid of powerful telescopes, the use of this balloon will enable the commander of a force to inspect thoroughly the interior of the works opposed to him, and to know instantly any movement of troops of the enemy; and that, too, without the slightest danger to those making the observations and transmitting the required intelligence on the lightning's wings. It will be remembered that to the balloons used by the French in the late Italian campaign, no telegraphing apparatus was undertaken to be attached, that achievement having been left to American genius and enterprise.—*N. Y. Chron.*

Purity of Character.

Over the beauty of the plum and the apricot there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself, a soft, delicate flush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now, if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever; for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning, impearled with dew, arrayed as no queenly woman ever was arrayed in jewels—once shake it so that the beads fall off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made again what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven! On a frosty morning you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes—mountains, lakes, and trees blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your fingers, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated. So there is in youth a beauty and purity of character which when once touched and defiled, can never be restored—a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them with his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house with the blessings of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once lose purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime. Its effects cannot be eradicated; it can only be forgiven.

Two Pictures.

Scene First.—"Father is coming!" Keep still, you John, in the corner; and you, Susan, sit up by the light as straight as ever you can.— Carry the baby away off into the north-most corner of the garret, and take your pocket-handkerchief along to stop his mouth with, if it cries. Shut the cat in the closet, and hide the baby's blocks and Johnny's windmill on the top shelf in the cupboard. Wrap the door-latch in cotton wool, and above all things, don't let the toast get cold. Be careful and look just pleased enough and not too pleasant, and talk just enough and not too much. Tune all the domestic strings as carefully as possible to the exact pitch indicated by the way the hall-door closes at its entrance; and after all, it's pretty well if a discord does not intervene.

Scene Second.—"Father is coming!" Throw back the shutters, loop up the curtains, stir the fire well, and break in pieces that glowing coals to make the sparks fly thick and fast. Wheel out the tea-table, and shake a newspaper before baby's face, so that father can hear him crow as he did this morning. Let Johnny bring out his school prize, and Susan sing her new song.— Open the door, that the cheerful fire-light may shine through it far down the gravel walk, and when you hear the click of the gate latch, shout, little one, for very joy, and all because "Father has come!"—*Katie Lynn.*

Boy Soldiers.

The war fever has reached the children. The very babies are in arms. Every street has its home-guard of juveniles. We saw the other day, in Hudson street, a company of six-year-old "Continentalers" in full revolutionary rig, commanded by a young gentleman about four feet high, attired in the uniform of a general officer of Washington's army, and wearing under his three-cocked hat a well powdered wig, with a formidable queue. The members of the company were all nearly of the same height and age, and the gravity with which they marched along the sidewalk, to the music of a couple of real drums, would have done honor to veterans. The Zouave dress is, however, most in vogue with our Lilliputian infantry. Red pants and red caps, with gold tassels, are in universal request among heroic youths of from five to twelve years of age, and mothers and sisters find it difficult to supply the demand. We should say, at a rough guess, that Fourteenth street and Fifth Avenue could turn out, to-day, nearly two hundred Zouaves of tender years, fully equipped and eager for mischief. The uniforms of many of these youngsters are rich and costly, and they may be seen parading the up-town street and squares every fine day after school hours, very much in the style of military children of a larger growth.

It must not be supposed, however, that these little cadets of our "first families" are a whit more ardent and enthusiastic in their soldiery than the rough and ragged urchins that run wild about the streets. This is no silk stocking movement. The small gamins of our Rue St. Antoine have gone into it with all their childish hearts and souls. One sees them every day in the by-ways, mustering by scores, with sticks for muskets, paper caps for shakos, and cracked tin pots for drums, looking just as happy in their "looped and windowed raggedness," as if they had been born with silver spoons in their mouths, and formed a portion of the world's gilt ginger-bread.

Judging from the present belligerent attitude of little boys of every class, we should say that the military greatness of our country is as yet in its infancy.—*New-York Ledger.*

When a man has been in heaven as many millions of years as there are stars in heaven, his glory shall be as fresh and as green as it was at his first entrance there. All worldly glory is like the flowers of the field, but the glory that Christ gives is lasting and durable like himself.

The world, by the glistening of her pomp and preferment, has slain millions; like the serpent Scytale, who, when she cannot overtake the fleeing passengers, does, with her beautiful colors, astonish and amaze so that they have no power to pass away till she has stung them to death.— Adversity has slain her thousands, but prosperity her tens of thousands.

There are three things that earthly riches can never do; they can never satisfy divine justice, they can never pacify divine wrath, nor can they ever quiet a guilty conscience. And till these things are done man is undone.

If thou wouldst be good betimes, then thou acquaint thyself with Jesus Christ betimes. A man never begins to be good till he begins to know him who is the fountain of all goodness.

As all light cannot make up the want of the light of the sun, so all temporal comforts cannot make up the want of one spiritual comfort.

The being of grace makes our estates safe and sure; the seeing of grace makes our lives sweet and comfortable.

There is no power below that which raised Christ from the dead and made the world, that can break or turn the heart of a sinner.

He who thinks he has enough of the Holy Spirit, will quickly find himself vanquished by the evil spirit.