

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, April 28th, 1861.

Read—MATT. x. 21-42: The Mission of the Apostles. 2 KINGS xiii. 14-25: Elisha's death.

Recite—MATTHEW x. 1-4.

Sunday, May 5th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xi. 1-15: Christ's answer to the message of John the Baptist. 2 KINGS xvii. 25-41: The strange nations which were transplanted to Samaria.

Recite—MATTHEW x. 40-42.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

- 33. Where are physicians first named?
34. Where is the division of time called "the hour" first named?

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 31. Jubal "was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ." Gen. iv. 21.
32. Genesis xxxi. 27.

Bessie's text.

Almost all little children who have ever been to church, play church at home sometimes. Little Bessie had been a few times, and one day as her mother sat sewing very busily, she noticed Bessie tugging away with all the strength her little hands could command, at the chairs and other movables in the room, till she had arranged them to suit her.

Then she ran and brought her little books placing one in each chair, by which I suppose Bessie was in favor of congregational singing. After reading the hymn, she went to the "singing-seats" and sang—"There is a happy land;" then again to the pulpit. You see she was minister, choir and all. By and by she opened her book, saying, "The text is in the fourteenth chapter of Abraham, and the seventy verse."

I can't pray.

"Have you said your prayers?" said Mrs. Marvin to her little son, as he was about to get into his bed.

"No, mother; I can't pray to-night. It won't do any good."

"What do you mean?"

"The Bible says, Forgive, and you shall be forgiven; and if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father who is in heaven forgive your trespasses. I have not forgiven Oscar for lying about me; so there is no use in praying. The Lord won't hear me."

Mrs. Marvin reproved her son for not treating the matter with more reverence. She showed him that he ought to forgive, so that he could pray.

He was right in saying there was no use in praying, unless he forgave; but that did not excuse him for not praying, and it did not make it safe for him to neglect prayer.—S. S. Banner.

A Thunder Storm

Franz, a city boy, had been picking raspberries in the forest. As he returned home a tempest arose; it began to rain, to lighten and to thunder. Franz became afraid, and crept into a hollow oak which was beside the road; for he did not know how readily the lightning strikes the lofty tree.

All at once he heard a voice call "Franz! Franz! come, oh come, be quick." Franz came out of the hollow tree, when in an instant, the lightning struck the tree, and the thunder crashed fearfully. The earth shook under the frightened boy, and it seemed to him, as if he were enveloped in flame. But no harm happened to him, and he said with uplifted hands, "This voice came from Heaven. Thou, oh loving God hast saved me."

But the voice called out again. "Franz! Franz! do you not hear me?" It was a country-woman who called. Franz ran to her and said, "Here I am, what do you want of me?" The woman said, "I did not mean you, but my own little Franz. He was taking care of the geese by the brook, and must have hidden himself from the storm, somewhere around here: I come to take him home see, there he comes out from the bushes."

Franz, the city boy, now told her, how he had taken her voice for a voice from Heaven. The woman seized him by the hand, thoughtfully, and said: "Oh my child—thank God none the less for your escape, although the voice came from the mouth of a poor country woman. The good God had it so appointed, that I should call you by your name, without knowing anything about you." "Yes, yes," said Franz, with tears in his eyes, "God it is true made use of your voice to deliver me, but the help came none the less from Heaven."—From the German of C. Schmit.

Till a man comes to have God for his portion, he never comes to be temptation proof.

Rev. Mr. Fearing.

Mr. Fearing is the pastor of the First church in Bullyville. Naturally somewhat timid, he appears very much so in the riotous village in which his lot has been cast. He flits about the streets as if he were a shadow, which begged to be allowed to do duty as a man. He has but little influence among the rummies and the other disreputable characters among the Bullyvillians. He is prevented from visiting them at their haunts by the fear lest "Mrs. Grundy" should hear that he consorted with publicans and sinners, and should put a wrong construction on his motives. To Mr. Fearing is applicable the remark: "In the street, the village blasphemer sees fear in the face, form, and gait of the minister."

In conversation, Mr. Fearing is constantly oppressed by the dread of giving offence by too great freedom of speech. If any opinion which he expresses is strongly objected to, he takes it back, and substitutes for it the assurance that he "didn't mean anything by it." The tones of his voice are habitually tremulous and apologetic. He begins each sentence in uneasy haste, and "with bated breath," as if he always felt that he was behind time, and was always trying to overtake it. It would be a great comfort to his friends, if he should get up half a second earlier some morning, and so free himself from the fear of being belated at every train of conversation.

Mr. Fearing's sermons are of course written. He stands aghast at the very thought of preaching extemporaneously. What indiscretions might he not commit, if he should once allow himself to become warmed up while speaking. He might make a remark which would be misunderstood, or violate the "laws of compact reasoning," or shock ears polite by a colloquial word, or be guilty of tautology, or bad grammar, or a historical blunder, or some other atrocity. He never comes out "flat-footed," on any subject. He is deadfully afraid lest in doing so, he might tread on the toes of some gouty, but paying member of the congregation. He was never known to use so blunt an expression as "I think," but takes refuge in some circumlocution as—"Very likely I am mistaken, but it seems to me." He sometimes intimates that some of his hearers are sinners but his language is so guarded that none of them ever thinks of taking the hint to himself. His sermons, although they suffer under the imputation of being tame, are regarded as being otherwise unexceptionable, and Mr. Fearing is on the whole, a popular preacher. His classical discourse on the "Evils of Inebriety," is said to have given great satisfaction to a large rumrunner, who happened to be present.

There are several "leading" members of the First church in Bullyville, who taking advantage of Mr. Fearing's disposition, keep him harnessed in leading-strings. They watch over him with jealous care, tell him what he should preach about, and punish the faintest symptom of insubordination on his part—as a parent subdues his refractory offspring—by putting him upon short allowance. "Pray to the Lord to keep you humble"—they seem to say to him—"and we will keep you poor." The choir has taken its cue from the leading members, and regards as so much dross whatever suggestion the pastor makes about the church-music. These circumstances were at first somewhat irritating to Mr. Fearing, but he soon became used to them, and the First church in Bullyville rejoices in being able to show as good a figure-head, as can be shown by any church the country round.—Examiner.

Honour your Business.

It is a good sign when a man is proud of his work or his calling. Yet nothing is more common than to hear men finding fault constantly with their particular business, and deeming themselves unfortunate because fastened to it by the necessity of gaining a livelihood. In this spirit men fret, and labouriously destroy all their comfort in their work; or they change their business and go on miserably, shifting from one thing to another till the grave or the poor-house gives them a fast grip. But while occasionally a man fails in life because he is not in the place fitted for his peculiar talent, it happens ten times oftener that failure results from neglect, and even contempt, of an honest business. A man should put his heart into every thing he does. There is not a profession that has not its peculiar cares and vexations. It is the very wontonness of folly for a man to search out the frets and burdens of his calling, and give his mind every day to a consideration of them. They are inevitable. Brooding, then, only gives them strength. Let a man adopt his business, and identify it with his life, and cover it with pleasant associations; for God has given us imaginations not alone to make some poets, but to enable all men to beautify homely things. Heart varnish will cover up innumerable evils and defects. Look at the good things. Accept your lot as a man does a peice of rugged ground, and begin to get out the rocks and roots, to deepen and mellow the soil, to enrich and plant it. There is something in the most forbidding avocation around which a man may twine pleasant fancies—out of which he may develop an honest pride.—Old Jonathan.

How to obtain answers to prayer.

If we expect an answer to our prayers for any particular blessing, the word of Christ that has respect to that particular thing must specially abide in us. If we pray that the Kingdom of Christ may come, we must obey those words of Christ which concern the coming of His Kingdom. We must seek first the Kingdom of God. We must make the progress of the religion of Christ the object for which we live. We must labor, and suffer reproach, and endure cheerfully

the scorn of men, and hold our property, and all that we call our own, subject every moment to the will of the Master, that so we may glorify His name in the conversion of souls. This was the type of primitive piety, and hence it was that the prayers of saints then prevailed mightily in the pulling down of strongholds. Our prayers will never in like manner prevail, until we follow their example. The Lord's arm is not shortened, that he cannot save, nor his ear heavy, that he cannot hear. Our God is a living God, as truly as he was in the days of the apostles. The Holy Spirit is as powerful to bow the heart of man in penitence, as he was of old. But we must abide in Christ if we expect him to descend, as on the day of Pentecost. The real power of the church of Christ resides neither in numbers nor wealth, nor social position, nor learning, nor talent, but in holiness.—Dr. Wayland.

What might have been.

The Historical Magazine has an article entitled "Two princes of Wales visiting the United States at the same time," in which it shows that had the will of Henry VIII, been carried into effect the line of Royal succession would have been so changed that the present Duke of Buckingham would be King of England now, and his son, the Marquis of Chandos (who visited this country last Summer,) would be Prince of Wales instead of Albert Edward. It is no less strange that, but for the law of the Protestant succession, by which the Catholic members of the Stuart line were deprived of all rights on account of their religion, the King of Sardinia, Victor Emanuel, would now be King of England.

Deferred Items.

Canada exports annually about 30,000,000 cubic feet of timber in a rough state, and about 400,000,000 feet, board measure, of sawed lumber. The revenue derived by the Province during the year 1860, amounted to about \$500,000.

The chief editors of the three most prominent journals in Paris—the Journal des Debats, the Presse, and the Siecle—are Protestants.

Diphtheria is said to be an old visitor of New England, as it was there in 1737, when George II. was king.

"Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Company," from America, have been very successful at the Palace in London.

The cotton crop is falling far below expectation. It is thought now it will not reach 4,000,000 bales, much less than was anticipated. The price has accordingly advanced. Thus far the receipts at the southern ports are nearly 700,000 bales less, compared with last year. The decrease in exports to Great Britain and other European countries, is over 200,000 bales.

A young gentleman graduated at Yale College recently, with a white head and whiskers, who entered with auburn locks and no beard. The change took place one night, on account of the anxiety incident to a biennial examination.

Nearly all the bees in the south of England have died this year. A person in New Forest, who had 140 hives has lost every bee.

Dr. J. H. Rowe, supposed to have been murdered at Oxford, Ind., three years ago, arrived there a few days since from Illinois, much to the delight of a man named Kink, who was in jail awaiting his trial for the murder.

THE TUNNEL OF THE ALPS.—The engineers employed in boring the eight mile tunnel under Mount Cenis, in Savoy, have put into operation an ingenious device for supplying the tunnel with air, which dispenses with any necessity for the construction of vertical shafts. They work the boring machines in the tunnel by means of compressed air furnished by stationary engines on the outside. Thus there is no smoke and heat in the tunnel, and the air forced in keeps up an adequate circulation, without which the laborers would soon suffocate. There was considerable difficulty, at first, in the adjustment of the pipes and valves, but they have been at work since the first of January with great success. The engineers now fear no obstacle to the rapid progress of the great work, unless some of the almost unfathomable little lakes on the mountain should be tapped, letting in a sudden and destructive deluge upon the workmen and machinery.

The Springfield Republican thinks the theological defences of slavery are worth as much when applied to white men as to black men, and that "if the tables should be turned at the South, and Dr. Ross, Dr. Thornwell, and the rest of them, should come to be owned and worked by some of the black members of their churches, the darkies could quote their own arguments for it, and their mouths would be stopped. Slavery would be just as Mosaic, just as Pauline, just as Christian, just as much a part of the great divine plan of the universe, with Dr. Thornwell and Dr. Ross on the plantation, bending to the hoe, and Scip and Uncle Ned in the pulpit and parlor, as it is now."—Ex.

IMPORTANT TO SHIPBUILDERS.—The Committee of Lloyd's Register of British and Foreign Shipping have allowed ships to be built with 24 feet depth of hole, in lieu of 23 feet as heretofore. This is of importance to shipbuilders.

I have used Davis' Pain Killer in my family for several years and take great pleasure in recommending it as a valuable medicine, that should be kept in every family. J. S. SWAN, Pastor of the Huntington St. Baptist Church, New London.

A Reporter's experience.

Mr. Russell, the London Times' correspondent now in this country, was sent years ago to Ireland to report O'Connell's speeches during the repeal agitation. The following is told as the result of his mission:

One of the first meetings the newspaper man attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's polite qualities he thought he would ask that gentleman's permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The "liberator" not only consented, but in his oiliest manner informed the assembled audience that "until that gentleman was provided with all writin convaniences, he wouldn't spake a word," assuming an extra brogue, which was altogether unnecessary. Russell was delighted. The preparations began, and were completed; Russell was ready.

"Are you quite ready?" asked Dan. "Quite ready."

"Now, are you sure you're entirely ready?" "I'm certain, sir. Yes."

The crowd becoming excited and impatient, Dan said: "Now, upon my conscience I won't begin the speech till the London gentleman is entirely ready."

After waiting another moment or so, O'Connell advanced; eyes glistened; ears were all attention, and the reportorial pencil arose. Dan gave one more benignant smile on the correspondent, winked at the auditors, and commenced his speech in the Irish language, to the inexpressible horror of the present editor of the Army and Navy Gazette, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

Study of the face.

A story is told of the great French satirist, which finely illustrates his knowledge of human nature. He was travelling in Germany, in entire ignorance of its language and currency. Having obtained some small change for some of his French coins, he used to pay the coalmen and others in the following manner:—Taking a handful of the numismatical specimens from his pocket, he counted them, one by one, into the creditor's hand, keeping his eyes fixed all the time on the receiver's face. As soon as he perceived the least twinkle of a smile, he took back the last coin deposited in the hand and returned it, with the remainder, to his pocket. He afterwards found that, in pursuing this method he had not overpaid for anything.

Objection to the Minister.

In some of our churches, both in city and country, when the so-called leading members have determined to get rid of a minister, there is hardly any objection too frivolous to be raised against him; and this propensity seems not to be confined to our own denomination. The venerable Professor Pond, of Bangor Theological Seminary, in a recent article in one of the New England papers, gives the following case: "In conversing with the dissatisfied members of a society not long ago, I found that some did not like their minister's name; others did not like his looks, especially his mouth. 'He had not got a pious mouth.' Some objected to the color of his hair; some thought he stooped too much when he walked; and one could not endure the manner in which he said 'Amen.'"—American paper.

Agriculture, &c.

OYSTER SHELL LIME.—Will you give the most economical method of burning or converting oyster shells into the so-called oyster shell lime?

Answer.—Pile up the shells in the corner where two walls come together, with alternate layers of wood or brush, cover with earth, or turf, and set on fire, watching and tending as is done in burning coal.—N. E. Farmer.

TO RELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE.—The instant a creature becomes choked, no matter what with, the throat becomes dry, and the longer the substance remains, the dryer the throat. The following is a sure remedy. Take some oil, no matter what kind, and hold the creature's head up and turn down about one gill of oil, and then let go of the head, and the creature will heave it out in two seconds.

Among the first things to be done in the garden in Spring will be the care of the currant-bushes. Let them be thinned, by cutting away some of the oldest wood, and a part of the last year's shoots. In doing this, arrange so as to give the whole a round form, and cut away more on one side or the other of each bunch, as will give a handsome linear appearance to the row. The ground should be forked up early in Spring, but without much interference with the roots, and if not rich, some manure should be forked in.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says:—"I have just been tooting up the cost of my turnip crop. Reckoning all expense of cultivating and putting in cellar, and interest on land \$7 per acre—they cost three cents per bushel."