

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, December 15th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXV. 1-13: Parable of the Ten Virgins.
EXODUS XII. 1-28: The Institution of the Passover.
Recite—MATTHEW XXIV. 42-44.

Sunday, December 22nd, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXV. 14-30: Parable of the Talents.
EXODUS XIV.: Miraculous passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites.
Recite—MATTHEW XXV. 1-4.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

99. What Gentile woman was honored in being ancestress to one who wore the diadem of Israel, and also to Him who assumed our nature to redeem a guilty world?
100. Name two distinguished men that were among the captives carried to Babylon.

Answers to questions given last week:—

97. All things. DE. TH. 1 Cor. iii 21-23.
98. Jehoram, Jehoshaphat, and the King of Edom, in distress for water, standing before Elisha. 2 Kings iii.; 1 Kings xix. 19.

Corporal Try.

"Last year, I remember," said Mr. Catch, at a meeting for Sunday school children in Paris, "we heard of three or four different personages—Mr. Cannon and Mr. Wilnot, Mr. Try and Mr. Prayerful. I have since heard of one called Corporal Try, who was a real character, living in the United States of America. He announced in one of the papers, that he wished to form a company of soldiers, consisting of the boys and girls who wished to engage in some way of doing well. I have heard that several letters to him, from different children, were afterwards inserted in the same paper, and the corporal added to them the words, 'You are admitted.' One of them said, 'Sir, during the last year I have endeavored to attend the Sunday school regularly and punctually, and I have succeeded.' Another, said, 'Sir, I have tried to avoid getting angry during a whole week, and my mother says I have succeeded; will you admit me?' and a third wrote, 'I have tried to give myself up to God; will you admit me?'"

"Well, my dear children, I wrote myself to Corporal Try, and told him that many children in France would join his company, and I hoped their numbers would increase, until they became an army. He said that if this came to pass, he must take the title of General, and call me Captain Perseverance, and that I should be at the head of the French troops. I should have been very well satisfied with the name of Corporal Holdfast; but now I am called Paul Catch by my friends, and Captain Perseverance among the children whom I have persuaded to enlist. This I have done chiefly at Calais, which is now my home; but I never receive any recruits who do not come with good-will, and I am happy to say I have had forty little notes written to me upon this subject.

"Many of the young writers had never before tried to do anything well; but I lately preached a sermon for children, and several sent me their recollections of the sermon, adding, 'Sir, if you think this is good enough for a beginning, please to admit me as one of your company.'"

"Then I gathered these children together, and prayed with them, after which I gave them a motto, 'Looking unto Jesus,' and said to them, 'Try to be good children, and learn your lessons well; but first of all, you must give your hearts to God.' As I said, we had prayer-meetings; the first of these was only proposed the day before, but sixty children came (in the daytime,) and it was agreed that there should be a second meeting. Now, my children, if there are any of you who wish to join with us, I must ask the teachers of your Sunday schools to be your corporals, and to enlist any of your number who are anxious to learn to do well."—Translated from the French.

Shaking out the Reef.

On the wide ocean between us and India, the winds blow for weeks in one direction. Then the ship moves on day and night, safely, rapidly, and pleasantly. A sea captain has been heard to say that he has sailed his ship six weeks, without altering a sail. These are called the "Trade Winds."

"I will tell you a fact about drinking," said a noble old sea captain. "And I tell you, boys, that when people say 'it don't hurt anybody to drink, if they don't drink too much,' they don't know what they are talking about. There is no such thing as drinking spirits, without drinking too much. When I used to sail to India, and got into the trade winds, I used to put all the sail on my ship which she would possibly bear. But I noticed a curious fact. Every morning, about eleven o'clock I used to go down into my cabin, and take a good horn of brandy. Before going down, I would cast my eye over the ship, see that every sail was full, and every rope taut. On coming up out of the cabin, having taken my brandy, it always seemed as if the ship was sailing too slow, and the winds had fallen. Then I would say, 'Up there lads, and shake out that reef.' For about thirty minutes, my poor ship would stagger under the new press of sail. By that time, when my brandy began to subside, I

found she was under too heavy a pressure, the winds seemed to blow harder, and again I would shout, 'Up there, lads, and clew up that reef.' So I found it day after day, and was utterly unable to account for the lull in the wind just about that hour. But one day, I was unwell and omitted my brandy and overheard my cook, black Caesar, say, 'Captain drink no brandy to-day—guess no shake out reef.' From that time I dropped my brandy, and there was no change in the sails of my ship. I drank moderately, and yet it was too much, and it would not have been strange if I had lost my ship in consequence. I tell you, boys, there is no such thing as drinking, without drinking too much!"

It's even so. We don't know but little about it. Many a ship-master has felt cold or hot, tired or sleepy, vexed and troubled, and has gone to the bottle, gained courage to be rash, "shaken out the reef," till his ship was dashed on the rocks or swamped in the seas.

Many a physician has been worn down by labors and anxieties, his nerves weak and his mind wavering, and has gone to the bottle, and thus he "shakes out the reef," is rash in dealing his powerful medicines, and he loses his patients, loses self-reliance and the confidence of the community, and he loses practice and character, and is ruined.

Many a merchant drinks a little, feels more confidence, makes bargains when thus stimulated, "shakes out his reef," and is ruined.

Many a mechanic takes a contract which he examined after drinking a little, forgot the number of hard blows it would cost to complete it, and thus he "shakes out the reef," and is ruined.

Many a young man falls into jovial company, feels that it would not be manly to refuse to drink with them, and he drinks, "shakes out the reef," and acquires a taste that is his destruction.

And many a bright boy, the hope of his father and the pride of his mother, early learns to drink a little, and thus he "shakes out the reef," disappoints the hopes of his friends, lives a poor creature, and dies a drunkard.—Sunday School Times.

The Trial of Alcohol.

CHARGED WITH MURDER, ROBBERY, ETC.

Supreme Court of Public Opinion.—The People vs. Alcohol—Hon. R. Candor, Chief Justice—Counsel for the People Nathan Brown, Atty. Gen.—Counsel for the Prisoner, Squire Self-interest.

The jury, twelve good men, being sworn, the prisoner was brought to the bar, and the Clerk read the indictment.

Clerk. May it please the Court the indictment charges the prisoner

1. With swindling and taking money, under false pretenses.
2. With being a frequenter of gambling houses, and other vile places, and a great cause thereof of disorder and crime.
3. With being a family disturber, breaking up domestic peace and happiness.
4. With depriving many men of their reason and causing them to commit suicide.
5. With reducing many families to poverty and shame.
6. With causing a thousand murders every year, and filling up poor-houses and mad-houses with ruined victims.
7. With opposing the blessed gospel and bringing many souls to death.

Prisoner—what is your plea, guilty or not guilty?

Prisoner. Not guilty.

Clerk. How will you be tried?

Prisoner. By God and my country.

Nathan Brown, Esq., Atty. Gen.—May it please your Lordship and gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner is charged with a variety of heinous crimes—with being a disturber of the public peace, a seducer, a robber, a murderer both of the bodies and souls of men. I shall not detain you with a long speech, but substantiate the truths of the indictment by good and true witnesses. I first call Mr. Easy-mind.

Mr. Easy-mind, do you know the prisoner? Can you tell anything about him?

Witness. I can, sir, for I have suffered much from him. He was often at my father's house, and he professed much medical skill, and when my wife was sick, he promised a cure, but made her a drunkard, and I forbade him in my house.

Brown. Have you any sons?

Witness. Yes, sir, three; but I have not much comfort in them, for they are constantly drawn away by the prisoner to scenes of drinking, horse-racing and gambling.

Brown. How do they come home?

Witness. Often drunk at the midnight hour. Squire Self-interest. You say he made your wife a drunkard. Do you know he did? Remember, sir, you are on oath.

Witness. I know she was not one till she began to take his medicines.

Squire. You say he ruined your sons; were they not vicious before they became acquainted with him?

Witness. No sir.

Brown. Mr. Sober-mind, do you know the prisoner at the bar?

Witness. I once did, to my sorrow. He found me an industrious, hard working young man. He took me to the tavern, the store, the saloon—I tremble to think what he did for me. He got the money out my pockets and the clothes from my back. I became under his leading a vile drunkard, and slept in barns and behind barrels; but I quit him, and since then I have come up to be again what I was.

Brown. What does he do with families?

Witness. It would take me a year to tell the sorrow and trouble he gives.

Brown. Did you ever know him to divide husband and wife?

Witness. Yes sir, in many cases.

Brown. Did he ever cause a murder in your neighborhood?

Witness. Yes sir. But we could never get him indicted and tried, because he had so many friends.

Squire. You say you are now his enemy.

Witness. Yes, sir, and if I could get him expelled from the country I would.

Squire. Gentlemen of the jury you see under what influence he testifies. His testimony is good for nothing.

Brown. Mr. Lovetruth, you have been a collector of taxes; what has the prisoner had to do with the taxation of the town?

Witness. He has caused more than one-half of it. We have twenty-five paupers all charged to him, and a jail full, and many casualties by fire and wrecks are caused by him, for which the town must pay. And since no restraint has been laid on him taxes have been increased double.

Squire. Do you suppose there would be no taxes among cold water men? How much did our Water Works cost?

WITNESSES FOR THE DEFENSE.

Squire. Mr. Animal Appetite, please state what you know of the prisoner.

Witness. He is the best friend I ever had. He always gave me a good cheer, and cured me of all my diseases.

Brown. Did he ever kill anybody?

Witness. That is no concern of mine. Roast beef and plum-pudding will kill anybody if they eat too much.

Squire. Mr. Love-gain, what is the influence of the prisoner upon the trade of the country?

Witness. It has increased it wonderfully. We have made more money by the prisoner than by any cotton speculation or anything else. His liquors draw out more money than all the cotton and tobacco together.

Brown. And what does he give for the money he gets? Anything valuable?

Witness. Yes sir, brandy and rum &c.

Brown. Is he not, then, a thief and a robber?

The case was then submitted to the jury without argument.

Judge Candor. Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the indictment and the witnesses for and against the prisoner, and will render a verdict according to your consciences. Commit the fate of the prisoner to you.

When the jury came in, the Clerk said:

Foreman, what is your verdict—guilty or not guilty?

Foreman. Guilty?

Judge. Prisoner stand up. You are pronounced guilty of the enormous charges which have been brought against you, and you will be taken hence to the place from whence you came, in rum-punchoons, and there be cast into a vat of cold water. And may you die and be forgotten forever.

Money: how to keep it.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost as certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few shillings, and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done—stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth the current proverb is, "Money goes as it comes." Let the young man make a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.

A pompous young preacher once asked Dr. Emmons how he liked his sermon. The Doctor (then ninety years old) rose from his chair, protruded his cheeks, inflated his chest, gave a significant puff, and then sat down without saying a word. To another young man he said, "Your sermon was too much like Seekonk Plain, long and level." When he heard a licentiate's sermon that went over the whole catechism, he inquired, "Young friend, do you ever expect to preach again?" Yes, sir; I hope to. "Well, if you do, what in the world will you preach about?"

"NOT AT HOME," WITH A DIFFERENCE.—

Gentleman: "Is Mrs. M. in?" "No, sir; she is not at home." Gentleman: "Well, I am sorry, as I owe her some money and have called to pay it." Voice from over the balustrades: "Oh, I am in. To be sure I am. Why, Sally, didn't you know that? Ask the gentleman in."

A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God, as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.

FEAR NOT LAUGHTER.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule: you can no more exercise your reason, if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life, if you are in the constant terror of death.

A Column for Sunday School Teachers.

A TEAR AND ITS MISSION.

In this world tears have a mission to perform. As the earth owes its fertility to the rain-drop, so the heart of man owes its moral verdure in many instances to tears. With God's blessing, even a tear may bring joy to the angels before his throne and be productive of results enduring as eternity. A fact illustrative of this has recently come to the writer's knowledge.

A beloved friend, now living in one of the commercial cities of the United States, was travelling in the winter of 1858-59 to one of the Western States on business. Arriving at the city of P—on the northern bank of the Ohio, he resolved there to spend the Christian Sabbath. Walking in the street before the time of public service, the familiar notes of old Shirland, ringing out in the soft and clear voices of the morning Sunday-School, he accepted as an invitation to enter, and went in. There, in a moderately spacious hall, he saw the children arranged in classes with their respective teachers. Approaching a class sitting not far from the entrance, he received a more than ordinary welcome from the teacher.

The teacher was a man about forty years of age, of stout build and dark complexion, with long shaggy hair upon his head and chin. He was of weather-beaten aspect, yet withal carrying a benevolent expression in his eye, and with a voice of gentleness little betokened by his rough exterior.

He asked the stranger if he felt interested in Sabbath-schools, and wished him to examine the class. My friend at first declined, but his reluctance was finally overcome by the teacher's earnestness and the engaging manner in which a little boy offered him a lesson-book. The teacher took his place with the children as one of them, and insisted on being permitted to become as a little child in the class: the reason will perhaps better appear to the reader by and by. The delightful work of teaching and learning had proceeded fifteen or twenty minutes, when this child of forty years gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears, which he evidently could no longer repress.

My friend Mr. L—was not a little perplexed to account for this outburst of feeling. The theme of the lesson was indeed touching, ("the love of God to man," John iii. 16.) but did not seem to account for this extraordinary display of feeling. He endeavored to proceed with the lesson as though nothing had happened, but the sympathy of his heart with the emotion manifested was not sufficiently under his control to admit this. The man was brought to a level with the child. The teacher, whom we have described as taking his place with the children, observing the pause, wiped away the tears from his eyes, and thus explained the matter. The reader shall have as far as possible his own words.

"Twenty-eight years ago this month I was a member of a Sunday-school class, and left it, being then only twelve years of age, to go to sea. The lesson that Sabbath was the lesson of to-day. I remember that the teacher, after explaining the lesson, spoke to me of my intended absence. My heart was light and boyish, and had never entertained a serious thought. I was all gladness at the idea of going to sea. I had been in that teacher's class only about a month, and the last day is all that I remember about it, and I should have forgotten that, too, if it had not been for one circumstance which I never can forget. After the lessons were over, the teacher took me by the hand, and in the presence of the class conversed with me for the last time. He spoke with much tenderness of the dangers and temptations to which I should be exposed so young. Then, with a tear glistening in his eye, he commended me to the Saviour, adding, 'Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish but have everlasting life.' That tear," he continued, "was the only one to my knowledge ever shed for me, except by my mother, who is now at rest. I remember it well, for it has been to me through storms and sunshine as an emblem of love and peace ever since, and by it the blessed words of the lesson were borne into my heart. That Sabbath-school was in S—, Massachusetts, and you so resemble that teacher, that I fancy you are the person. His name was L—."

The boy and the incidents were remembered by Mr. L—. It need scarcely be added that this unexpected meeting was of great interest to them both, and tended to deepen their love for the Sunday-school in which such pleasant fruit was found. It will gratify the reader to learn that the seafaring boy is now a devoted Christian, and a boatman of the better class on the Ohio.

The fruit ripens, falls, and apparently perishes, but Providence has given vitality to the precious seed which, hidden in the earth, discovers a living power, and brings forth abundant increase to the glory of God. What an encouragement to labor for Christ! "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand;" remembering the promise of God, "My word shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

DO NOT FORGET THE CHILDREN.

Those who would have the coming generation wiser and better and happier than their fathers, will not forget that now is the moulding time. A season of warfare is not without peculiar danger to the little ones, and the best protection we can give them, from the ills to which they are exposed, is to lead them to the knowledge and service of the King of kings and Lord of lords.

The beauty of simplicity charms me—I would give a hundred serpents for one dove.