

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, June 16th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xiii. 24-43: The Parable of the Wheat and Tares. 2 KINGS xxv. 1-21: The Nobles of Judah slain.

Recite—MATTHEW xiii. 10-12.

Sunday, June 23rd, 1861.

Read—MATT. xiii. 44-58: The Parable of the hidden Treasure, &c., &c. DANIEL i. 1-21: Daniel, Hananiah, &c., &c., refusal of the King's meat.

Recite—MATTHEW xiii. 33-34.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

47. Where was the name of Abimelech used as a general name of Kings?

48. What passages prove that it was anciently the custom for mourning to be general, when kings or persons of distinguished rank died?

Answers to questions given last week:—

45. Agag was the appellative used, see 1 Sam. xv. 20; Num. xxiv. 7.

46. That of Benhadad, or Hadad, 1 Kings xv. 18; 2 Kings viii. 9.

Judging by Appearances.

"Well we shall soon know who our friends are," said Robert Gray to his family, as they took their last meal together in the house they had so long called their own.

"I am sure we have a great many friends," said little Julia, "Don't you think so, Fred?" she added, appealing, as she spoke, to her brother, who was much older than herself as to be quite an oracle to his young sister. The young man's lip curled, and his eye flashed at the question; but when he replied he looked at his mother, instead of Julia.

"If we have, we shall doubtless find it out now. Bankrupt and homeless people are not apt to be favorites with the world; perhaps we shall be an exception."

Mrs. Gray answered her son's look and speech with a quiet brow and calm tone. "Julia is right, Frederic; we have many friends; and I do not fear that our loss of fortune will rob us of their regard."

"Mother, who do you suppose will care for us now, in the changed and homely life to which we must descend?"

"All, Frederic, whose love or friendship is truly valuable. Most of our friends are brethren and sisters in Christ: will they love us the less now that we not only bear his name, but also share his earthly lot, and like him, have not where to lay our head? I will not believe it. To me the 'household of faith' is really a family-tie. My fellow-Christians, wherever I meet them, or whenever I think of them, seem to me near and dear, like those of kindred blood. No one in whom I see Christ's image, whether in the Church or out, is to my heart a stranger, or a mere acquaintance; but a friend beloved. And I doubt not, other Christians feel as I do."

"Wife," said Mr. Gray, "you'd have thought differently if you had stayed at home yesterday, while our household effects were being sold. An auction brings out human nature in some of its queerest streaks, sometimes. I gave up as you know, all our furniture, except those plain necessities which the law exempts from sale. But yesterday I thought I'd try to secure a few articles which were dearer to us by particular associations—your sainted mother's sofa-bedstead, our dead Lucy's melon, the carpet and the blue chamber-set with which we furnished her room when she returned from boarding-school, and Fred's books and pictures. But I could not get anything."

"Our 'brethren' and sisters, as you so tenderly call them," (said Fred with a sneer,) "came to the auction in troops, and were the most wide-awake purchasers present."

"Yes," continued Mr. Gray, "they had not a spark of feeling for me; but greedily overbid me on every article which I selected until I was obliged to give in. It would have been hard enough to see my furniture sold to strangers. But to have neighbors and professed friends so eager to speculate in my misfortunes, was an aggravation I could not bear."

The tears in Mrs. Gray's eyes showed her ready sympathy in her husband's troubles; but somehow she did not share his indignation. And she spoke quietly as usual.

"I think, dear, you must be mistaken as to the motive of our neighbors; I cannot believe they meant anything unfriendly. Their conduct seems strange, I allow, but we shouldn't judge by appearances. Deacon Howe certainly showed great kindness in offering us his pretty cottage free of rent, until we could suit ourselves better. Did you notice the pleasant way in which he said that as it stood on the corner of his own house-lot, he had not let it since his brother moved out of it, because he wanted the right sort of neighbors when he had any? And then only this morning he sent word that you need not look for a team to take your goods down, as his man would be returning from town with an empty wagon, and would carry them without any trouble."

"Don't mention him, wife! If his house was not the only decent place we could get I wouldn't go near it. It was he who bid off that melon yesterday right before my eyes, when he saw I was trying to get it, and must have known how I felt."

"Perhaps he was buying it for his own daughter as a keepsake—you know Jane Howe was one of our Lucy's dearest friends. And others might have had similar reasons for desiring to purchase something to which they knew we were attached. I cannot think ill of them, unless I am compelled to," Mrs. Gray added with a sigh.

The ceremony of breakfast was soon over, as none of the family but little Julia had any appetite to be satisfied. The unusual and exciting events of the last few days, and Mrs. Gray's absence during a part of the time, had so disarranged the habits of the family, that morning and evening prayer had been omitted. Consequently, when Mr. Gray and Frederic arose from the table, their first impulse was to leave the room and commence their preparations for removal. But Mrs. Gray's timely call to Julia, "bring the Bible, dear," arrested their steps. It was a troubled look which the husband and father cast upon his family, as the little daughter brought the book of God and stood beside her father's chair, waiting for him to take his usual seat. His wife saw and pitied his anguish. Laying her hand on his shoulder, she said tenderly: "He who hath stricken can heal us; let us neither forsake or distrust him."

So the morning sacrifice was laid upon the family-altar; and the sweet promises and divine precepts cheered and strengthened the tired hearts that read and listened. And Mr. Gray was able to forgive his Christian brethren the wrong which he still thought they had done him, and to pray that they might be kept from the rough and thorny path in which his feet were bleeding.

The wagon sent by Deacon Howe was loaded with the household articles they could still call their own, and despatched to their new resting-place. To their surprise, a note was left by the driver, begging that the family would wait a half-hour, until the man should return and take them to the cottage. As the house was more than a mile distant, the offer was thankfully accepted by all but Frederic, who still felt hurt and wretched, and doubted the motives of every kindness proffered them. So he walked over to the new dwelling; rebellion and wounded pride keeping him restless company. Deacon Howe's best carriage was sent for the rest; and as they were driven swiftly through the village, they met a number of their friends, whose cordial nods and smiles seemed almost like untimely courtesies. But the scene which awaited them at the cottage explained all. The brethren and sisters who had been so busy at the auction, had bought their furniture only to restore it to their possession! Nearly everything which they loved or valued was there, neatly arranged, and as nearly as possible in its former order; and even the pantries and store-rooms were filled with the comforts and luxuries of their prosperous days. As they went from room to room, Mrs. Gray's face was like an April day, so quickly did the smiles and tears chase each other. Her husband could not speak—penitence for his hard thoughts, and gratitude for such thoughtful kindness, completely overcoming him. And Fred was on his face upon the lounge, beside his books and treasures—only raising his head as his mother pressed his hand, and saying, "Forgive me, I will never sneer at Christians again."

Her reply was the wise maxim of Holy Writ, "Judge not according to the appearance; but judge righteous judgement."—Congregationalist.

Forever with the Lord.

A few more trials—a few more tears—a few more days of darkness—a few more days of trouble, and we shall be forever with the Lord! Thus wrote one about two weeks before he entered into rest. His life was such that there can be no doubt but that he desired to be forever with the Lord, and that his desire is being gratified. Reader, do you desire to be forever with the Lord? Could you enjoy His society? Could you bear to have His eye upon you? Why, then, are you so far away from Him now? You do not needlessly keep away from the friend whose society you desire. If you are content to live so far away from God here, will you, then, I ask you, delight to be forever with Him hereafter?

THE INACTIVE A DOUBTING CHRISTIAN.—We cannot give the philosophy of it, but this is the fact—Christians who have nothing to do but to sit thinking of themselves, meditating, sentimentalizing, (or mysticizing,) are almost sure to become the prey of dark, black misgivings. John struggling in the desert needs no proof that Jesus is the Christ. John shut up, becomes morbid and doubtful immediately. The history of a human soul is marvelous. We are mysteries; but here is the history of it all—for sadness, for suffering, for misgiving, there is no remedy but stirring and doing.—Robertson.

The sweetest comforts of this life are but like treasures of snow; do but take a handful of snow and crush it in your hands, and it will melt away presently; but if you let it lie upon the ground, it will continue for some time; and so it is with the contentments of this world. If you grasp them in your hands, and lay them too near your heart, they will quickly melt and vanish away; but if you will not hold them too fast in your hands, nor lay them too close to your heart, they will abide the longer with you.

Two gentlemen, noted for their fondness for exaggeration, were discussing the fare at different hotels. One observed that at his hotel he had tea so strong it was necessary to confine it in an iron vessel. "At mine," said the other, "it is so weak it has not strength to run out of the tea-pot."

Dr. Miller's Duck Story.

The late Dr. Miller, of Princeton, as all his students will remember, abounded in anecdotes, which he related to his classes from year to year, to illustrate the points made in his lectures. One of them occurs to us just now, as specially applicable to the new converts, which have recently come into the churches within the bounds of our circulation: A celebrated judge in Virginia was in his earlier years, skeptical as to the truth of the Bible, and especially as to the reality of experimental religion. He had a favorite servant who accompanied him in his travels round his circuit. As they passed from court-house to court-house, they frequently conversed on the subject of religion, the servant, Harry, venturing at times to remonstrate with his master against his infidelity. As the judge had confidence in Harry's honesty and sincerity, he asked him a great many questions, as to how he felt and what he thought on various points. Amongst other things, Harry told his master that he was often very sorely tempted and tried by the Devil. The judge asked Harry to explain to him how it happened that the Devil attacked him, (Harry) who was so pious a man, so sorely, whilst he allowed himself, who was an infidel and a sinner, to pass unnoticed and untempted.—Harry asked, "Are you right sure, master, that he does let you pass without troubling you?"

"Certainly I am," replied the judge; "I have no dealings with him at all. I do not even so much as know that there is any such being in existence as the Devil. If there is any such being, he never troubles me."

"Well," said Harry, "I know that there is a Devil, and that he tries me sorely at times."

A day or two afterwards, when the judge had gotten through his docket, he concluded to go on a hunt for wild ducks on one of the streams which lay across his road homeward. Harry accompanied him. As they approached the river they espied a flock of ducks quietly floating on its surface. The judge stealthily crept up the bank and fired upon them, killing two or three, and wounding as many others. He at once threw down his gun and made strenuous efforts, with the aid of clubs and stones, to secure the wounded ducks, whilst he permitted the dead ones to float on, for the time unnoticed by him. Harry, as he sat on the seat of the carriage watched his master's movements with deep interest, and when he returned, said to him: "Massa, whilst you was a splashin' in de water after dem wounded ducks, and lettin' de dead ones float on, it just come into my mind, why it is dat de Devil troubles me so much, whilst he lets you alone. You are like de dead ducks; he's got you safe. I'm like de wounded ones, trying to get away from him, and he's afraid I'll do it, so he makes all de fuss after me, and just lets you float on de stream. He knows he can git you any time; but he knows it's now or never wid me. If you were to begin to flutter a little and show signs like you were agoin' to git away from him, he wou'd make just as big a splashin' after you as he does after me."

The illustration struck the learned judge with great force, and led him to re-investigate the grounds of his skepticism, and through Harry's instrumentality, he was finally brought to sit with him at the feet of Jesus and to learn of him. The illustration is a homely one, but it sets forth a great truth in the experiences of those who set out in the Christian course. They must expect to be assailed by Satan as they never were before. If he fails of success in causing their fall by the use of one form of temptation, he will try another. He is a cunning old fox. He has tried so long, and had so much to do with men, that he is now an adept in devising means to ruin them, and make them as miserable and degraded as himself. Young Christians, therefore, should not think it strange concerning the fiery trials which are to try them, as though some strange thing had happened to them, when they are assailed in new, and to them hitherto unknown methods of assault. As long as the Devil feels that sinners are safe, and that he is sure to get them at last, he allows them to float on quietly upon an unruined current; but the moment they attempt to throw off his yoke, and to assert their independence of him, they must expect his wrath to wax exceeding hot, and his assaults to fall thick and fast upon their heads. They should not be ignorant of his devices. He goes about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.—Pres. Herald.

Experience of an Itinerant.

The Methodist itineracy has accomplished a vast amount of good in our country, and given to that church a strong hold at the South and the West, where this kind of labor is greatly needed. Some of their best ministers have been trained in this school, and have acquired habits of energy, self-reliance, self-denial, and unflagging zeal, which qualified them for the eminent success they subsequently attained. Rev. Dr. S., King gives in *Zion's Herald* a long account of his experiences as an itinerant, from which we make a few extracts. It will be seen that such a life is not very attractive to a lover of ease:

It was seldom that I staid more than one night in succession in the same place; but I should have been welcome for a longer time in many, and, so far as good homes are concerned, I presume they were not inferior to those of any well-organized circuit. Situated as I was, there were, of course some exceptions. Sometimes the damp sheets of the spare bed were too bad; at others another blanket would have been a comfort, and sometimes I was a little dainty at the table. In one instance, I thought a bowl of milk was the best

I could do, but as I began to see the bottom I regretted that I had not preferred boiled eggs.

The irregularity of my appointments frequently occasioned me long rides, and sometimes they were taken in violent storms of rain, sleet or snow, for I never lost an appointment. I was frequently far from any acquaintance at dinner time. In such case, during the summer and autumn, my horse and I had a picked-up dinner where we could find grass and berries. "Tom" knew what was meant when I slipped his bridle. In the winter I sometimes bought a "baiting" for him, but I think never for myself. My salary would not supply us both very well, and as he worked the hardest and had no hope of a future reward, I felt bound to take good care of him anyhow.

In one instance where I preached and held an interesting inquiry, the people all left me in the school house alone, at 10 o'clock at night. It was in the summer season. I had a walk of four miles on a dreary road to find lodgings. This was simply an oversight on the part of the people, and they took good care that it should not be repeated. They now have a Methodist church in that village.

One very cold night in the winter I rode on horse-back six miles, hitched my horse under a shed, preached to a congregation of strangers, and remained in the house till all had left. No one said, "Come." It was six miles to the house of the nearest friend, to whom I went, running a considerable part of the way, for it had become so intensely cold that I could not ride.

I sometimes found lodgings unexpectedly. In one instance, on one of the worst days of March, I was travelling through a place where I had been several times before, without speaking to any person, when an "above board" farmer hailed me. He said,

"I understand you are a Methodist preacher."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I can't believe in your religion."

"That is no reason why I should not."

"I don't believe in the Bible."

"It may be true for all that."

"Won't you go into the house and see my family?"

"Not now; I want to get to a resting-place as soon as I can, for I am not well."

"Then stay till to-morrow."

"No; I read the Scriptures and pray wherever I abide a night with a family."

"Do you make that a condition?"

"Usually it is not necessary, but I should wish you after what you have said."

"It is a bargain. Get off, and I will put up your horse."

No gentleman could have been treated better by him. Nothing further was said of his unbelief. Before retiring at night he handed me a Bible without remark. We had our evening and morning devotions. I suppose I discovered his motives in the fact that his excellent wife was fast hastening to the grave, and wanted to know the way to heaven. He was a kind husband, and would gratify her in any thing; but it was at less expense of pride to call me than to invite the minister of the town, whose meetings he did not attend; and considering his opposition to some of the doctrines preached there, he might have considered this a triumph. The lady died, rejoicing in the hope of glory.

A Brief Pastoral Charge.

I charge you, my young brother, to take care of your *Body*. Eat nothing which does not agree with your digestive apparatus—masticate it well—take regular and sufficient exercise daily—go to bed at 10 o'clock P. M., and rise at 6 o'clock A. M.—and maintain a prudent cautious self-control over your animal passions.

I charge you to take care of your *Mind*. Discipline and furnish it daily. "Let the word of God dwell in you richly with all wisdom." Make continual and choice additions to your store of knowledge—otherwise, constantly pouring out as you will be called to do, "your barrel will soon run emptyings."

I charge you to take care of your *Heart*. Keep it with all diligence. Be watchful and prayerful. Unless the principle of grace implanted within you is kept vigorous and thriving, you will not be happy in your sacred calling, nor successful in it, nor be a fit example to Christians, in charity, in faith and purity.

I charge you to take care of your *Doctrine*. Let it be that which was once delivered unto the saints—preserve it uncorrupt—faithfully preach it in season, out of season—contend earnestly for it—and see that your flock be rooted and grounded in it.

Taking this course—keeping your body under subjection, stocking your mind with precious furniture, keeping your heart right in the sight of God, and your doctrine according to divine revelation; and having it drop in public and private, in the sanctuary, and from house to house, "as the rain upon the grass, and as the dew upon the tender herb"—you will make full proof of your ministry, and when the chief Shepherd appears, will receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Amen.—Hartford Religious Herald.

Mr. Jay once remarked to John Newton, in relation to the conversion of a very wicked man: "If this man is a true penitent, I shall never despair of the conversion of any one again." "Oh, I never did," rejoined Mr. Newton, "since God saved me."

Many a man thinks it is virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when in reality it is only a full stomach. One should be careful, and not mistake pudding for principle.

Wisely to forget is often a more difficult thing than to remember. There are some things that most people fain would rub out,