

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, October 27th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xxii. 15-33: Cavills of Christ's enemies. GENESIS xvi. 29; xviii. 1-13: Joseph's filial love.

Recite—MATTHEW xxii. 1-3.

Sunday, November 3rd, 1861.

Read—MATT. xxii. 34-46: Jesus converses with a Pharisee respecting the Law. GENESIS xlviii.: Joseph's sons blessed by Jacob.

Recite—MATTHEW xxii. 31, 32.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

85. To which tribe belong the families of potters and those that dwell among plants and hedges, and in what part of Scripture do we read of them?

86. Name two significant emblems by which our Saviour describes the character and influence of his true disciples.

Answers to questions given last week:—

83. The harvest. Isa. xviii. 4, 5; Matt. xiii. 39; Rev. xiv. 15.

84. Balaam. Numbers xxiii. and xxiv., xxxi. 8; Joshua xiii. 22; Rev. ii. 14.

A Tiger tamed by a Bantam.

A curious anecdote is related of a tiger domiciled in the menagerie of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris. One of the peculiar features of this specimen of the feline tribe is that he was never yet known to be in a gentle mood, except on the occasion about to be cited. To be in a perpetual passion seems to have been his normal state. Each day his keepers were in the habit of giving him for the good of his health, several living fowls and rabbits, besides the usual rations of meat—otherwise the doctors of the menagerie were of opinion that he would languish and die: but the terrible animal has been tamed in a most unexpected manner. Last week a pretty little bantam pullet was thrown into the cage, to sharpen the tiger's appetite for some blocks of meat which he had declined to eat. Not in the least alarmed by his terrible roars, she advanced with the most unsuspecting confidence to peck the food that was lying untasted before him, and when she had satisfied her hunger began to examine closely the claws of the monster. Far from being affronted at this familiar treatment, he appeared to be delighted with the new inmate of his cage, and when the keepers took her away, he obstinately refused to taste any food, either living or dead till she was put back again.

What Music did.

A minister was once called to officiate in a cold and dreary church. When he entered it the wind howled, and loose clap-boards and windows clattered. The pulpit stood high above the first floor; there was no stove, but a few persons in the church, and those few beating their hands and feet to keep them from freezing. He asked himself: "Can I preach? Of what use can it be? Can these two or three singers in the gallery sing the words if I read a hymn? I concluded to make a trial, and I read,

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

"They commenced; and the sound of a single female voice has followed me with an indescribably pleasing sensation ever since, and probably will while I live. The voice, intonation articulation, and expression, seemed to me perfect. I was warmed inside and out, and for the time was lost in rapture. I had heard of the individual and voice before; but hearing it in this dreary situation made it double grateful. Never did I preach with more satisfaction."

Don't tattle.

Children, don't talk about each other. Don't call one of your schoolmates ugly, another stingy, another cross, behind their backs. It is mean. Even if they are ugly, stingy, or cross, it does no good to repeat it. It makes you love to tell of faults—it makes you uncharitable—your soul grows smaller—your heart loses its generous blood, when you tattle about your friends. Tell all the good you know about them, and carry the sins to your own heart; or else tell them to God, and ask him to pardon them. That will be Christlike. If anybody says to you, "O, that Mary Willis did such a naughty thing!" call to mind some virtue that Mary possesses, and hold it up to her praise. For your own sake, learn to make this a habit.

THE LOUDEST NOISE THAT EVER WAS HEARD.—Prof. E. W. Evans, of Marietta College, Ohio, gives, in the last number of *Silliman's Journal*, an elaborate account of the great meteor which passed over Ohio on the 1st of May, 1860. He says that the explosion was heard over an area of about 150 miles in diameter.

David Agnew, of Boston, a submarine diver, lately went down near Seal Island to a depth of 150 feet, in search of a schooner called the *Nephtune's Bride*, which foundered there about a year ago. This is the greatest depth to which a diver in armor has yet descended. He found the schooner in pieces.

Little Olive's Dream.

Very pale and thin little Olive looked, as she lay in bed one pleasant June day. It was one of those June days when everything is so beautiful that if we try to imagine heaven, we can only think of an eternal June. Little Olive lay looking out upon the green fields, and far in the distance the blue hills, while every breeze that floated in was laden with the sweet scent of roses.

"How beautiful," thought Olive, "everything is. I wonder if anything can be prettier!"

Just then she heard her sister's voice under the window, singing as she passed along; and listening, she caught the words:

"There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers,"

"Never-withering," said little Olive, "that must be beautiful." As her sister's voice died away in the distance, little Olive's eyes closed, and whispering to herself, "Never-withering never-fading," she fell asleep.

Never-fading! One could not help saying it as they looked at Olive's pale cheeks and white lips, and marked the thin hands folded together. Dear little Olive, God keep thee from fading.—But this is not Olive's dream, only what happened before it.

She dreamed she was walking through the green fields to the blue hills beyond, and as she came near, the hills kept changing till there stood in their place a beautiful city. Its walks were of gold, glittering with diamonds, and through the open gate she could see people walking, dressed in bright robes, with crowns of bright flowers. Little Olive clapped her hands with delight at the wonderful sight. "How I wished I could go in; but this old dress would look too shabby among those pretty ones," she said, looking down at her dress once white, but now soiled by her walk through the fields. Just then she caught sight of a little stream flowing through the meadow. "Oh, I can wash out the spots and then it will do!" Saying this she ran quickly to the little stream. She washed and washed away, but the spots only grew worse.—She was almost ready to give up when a dark cloud came over the sun, and she thought, "Why, my dress is not so very dirty after all." Forgetting, poor little Olive, that it was only because the sun was clouded, that her dress looked white. "It is really quite white," she said again, "and when the sun comes out it will shine as brightly as those beautiful ones in the golden city." Satisfied with her dress, she started towards the gate, when catching sight of some bright red poppies, she thought,

"Oh! I can have a wreath now, and a prettier one, too, than those they are wearing."

So she twisted a garland of bright poppies, and holding her head very high, and looking well satisfied with her appearance, she walked up to the gate. How wonderful it seemed as she looked in, down the long streets with beautiful gardens, and just such children as little Olive playing under the evergreen trees, while every now and then sweet music floated on the air, and children's voices sang, "Glory to the Lamb forever and ever."

Little Olive longed to go in, but there stood by the gate a bright angel with golden wings. As she looked up his face grew very sorrowful, as very softly, very sadly he said, "No! little Olive, you can't come in." Just then the sun shone down from behind the clouds, and looking down Olive saw her dress all stained and spotted and taking the wreath from her head she found it all withered away. Then the angel said again, "No! little Olive, your dress is not pure and white, and your crown is not made of never-fading flowers. No, you can't come in."

Little Olive sank down on the green turf and began to cry.

"What is the matter with my little Olive?"

Olive looked up surprised. She was lying in bed looking out on the green fields, and there beside her, instead of the angel's sad face, was the bright smiling one of her mother.

Olive's arms were around her mother's neck in a moment, as she told her her dream, and the tears started afresh as she said, "And, O, mother! the beautiful angel, with the saddest face I ever saw, said 'No! little Olive, you can't come in.'"

Tears were in the mother's eyes, too, as she wiped them away from Olive's, and in her heart she prayed: "O! blessed Jesus, take my little Olive in."

Shall mother finish the dream, Olive?"

"Oh yes; that will be beautiful," she said, laying her head back on the pillow, and waiting for her mother to begin.

Taking her hand her mother said, "After little Olive had sat for some time crying by the gate of the beautiful city, she thought, 'I will try again to make my dress clean; perhaps if I try long enough, I can do it.' So brightening up, she started to the little stream and tried again. At last, tired with the vain effort, for the dress only seemed more soiled than ever she sat down on the bank and began to cry.—"

"What is the matter, little Olive?" She looked up, and there stood by a stranger, with such a beautiful face, and he looked upon her so kindly that she could not help loving him. "What is the matter, dear little Olive?" "O, sir," she said, "I want to go into the beautiful city, and the angel by the gate won't let me, because my dress is not clean, and I've washed and washed, and I can't make it any better." "Will you go with me, little Olive, and I will show you where you can make it white and clean?" "Yes," she said, "I will go." Then he lifted her in his arms, and carried her very gently past the green fields to a dreary-looking place, where the stones in the path and the thorns in the way seemed to hurt the feet of the stranger; but little Olive was safe, for she was carried in his arms. At

last they came to a great Rock, on the top of which there stood a stone cross; and as Olive looked nearer, there trickled from the rock drops of blood. "Here, little Olive," the stranger said, "this will take all stains from your dress, for look—" He pointed to the cross on which Olive read: "What are these which are arrayed in white garments? These are they who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Then Olive waited no longer, and when her dress had been washed in the stream of blood which flowed from the rock—behold it was white and clean. Then the stranger took her again in his arms. This time the path seemed smooth, and where the ugly thorns had been before, were now beautiful flowers. As they drew near the gate of the city, little Olive said, "O! sir, I can't go in without a crown." "Yes," said the stranger, "no one enters the beautiful city with a crown—they are all given to them at the gate. A crown of glory that fadeth not away." As they reached the gate, the angel that kept it looked now with a happy face, and said, "Yes, little Olive, you may come in," and a band of little children came out to meet them.

The mother could say no more—the tears were coming so fast—but Olive said:

"The crown, mother, what of the crown?"

"O! yes," she said, "they gave her a crown of never-withering flowers. Dear Olive, can you tell who the kind stranger was who carried you in his arms?"

"Yes," said little Olive, "it was Jesus."

"Yes, we can never make ourselves pure in His sight, but He can make us if we trust in Him. We can never do anything to crown ourselves, but Jesus will crown all those who love Him when they reach that beautiful city. Shall we ask Him, Olive, to make us to enter the golden gate?"

Little Olive closed her eyes, while her mother prayed to the blessed Saviour to wash away all her sins in His own precious blood.

Dear little children, this is Olive's dream.—I do not think it is all a dream—I know that somewhere there stands just such a beautiful city as little Olive saw. And let us all pray that to none of us the angel at the golden gate of heaven may say, "No, little one, you can't come in."

Baptizing Places.

Although I cannot give any information in regard to the baptizing places of the last century, the following facts must be interesting to your readers, and at the same time confirmatory of the views entertained by Baptists of immersion.

Having had occasion more than once to travel to a remote part of this county (Northumberland), on a visit to a friend, a shepherd, residing in the hill country, my attention was turned to a very ancient village through which we had to pass, called "Holy Stone," or in the ancient Saxon, "Haly Stane," situated on the banks of the Coquet, a romantic and picturesque rivulet, rising in the south side of the Cheviots, and running into the sea at Warkworth. There was nothing about this village to arrest the attention of the stranger, except its apparent antiquity; but, a quarter of a mile to the north there is a grove of trees, planted in the form of a circle, and enclosed by a neat hedge-row, into which we entered, and to our surprise and delight gazed upon a beautiful fountain of water, enclosed by a modern wall of masonry, twenty-four feet long by eighteen feet wide, and five feet in depth.

Upon one of the trees is affixed the following notice:—

"In this fountain called Holy Well were baptized, in the seventh century, in the Saxon reign of Edwin, upon the introduction of Christianity into this country, by Paulinus an English bishop 3,000 people."

In the adjacent village of Holy Stone are the remains of a priory of six or eight Benedictine nuns, to whom this well belonged.

The well is a natural spring, and sends forth a constant supply of pellucid waters, always sufficient to turn the adjoining mill.

In the centre of the fountain is a statue erected to the memory of Paulinus.

For the information of any friend who might wish to visit this interesting spot, it is situated about twenty-five miles north-west from Newcastle, by Morpeth and Rothbury.—HENRY WATSON in *Baptist Magazine*, (October.)

Anecdotes of Ministers.

DR. NEWMAN AND ROWLAND HILL.—Rowland Hill was waited upon by the late Dr. Newman, of Bow, to contribute either to the new building or the re-opening of the chapel at Bow. His quaint reply to Mr. Newman was, "You are a Baptist; I shan't give you anything." Receiving such an answer, the Doctor merely added on his leaving, "I hope, Sir, we shall have your prayers."—"Well, well," said Mr. Hill, "good morning; but stop, I'll tell you what I will do, I will give you two sermons at Surrey if you like, and hold the plate." He fulfilled his promise; and on a gentleman putting into the plate a £5 note, he held it up to the people as they passed out, exclaiming, "Go and do likewise." A good collection was the result.

DR. RYLAND.—W. G. L. writes in the October *London Baptist Magazine*.—I have in my library a MS. volume, 8vo., by John Ryland, sen. It consists of collections of texts, outlines of sermons, and theological dissertations; interspersed with not a few deliverances eminently characteristic of their worthy and eccentric author. The following are a few specimens:—

"Adam did not leave me one grain of common sense, nor one spark of a benevolent instinct towards man or God. I know this to be true, and

will swear it before God. Monday m. 8., June 13, 1791."

"Baptism is like dying; it is a work by itself, done but once."

"God loves his saints so that he overlooks their crabbed faces, crabbed words, and perverse misconstructions of his providence."

"All American quarrels shall do good to every saint.—Mar. 4, 1775."

"Our fancy at the best is like a postman's bag, stuffed with a world of letters, having no dependence on one another; some perhaps on business, but others nothing but froth."

"One Bible is a greater gift than 75 millions of fixed stars, each as big as our sun, 700,000 miles in diameter.—Saturday m. 10½ Oct. 17, 1789."

"If God did not mightily restrain the whole world at this time (Feb. 19, 1751), every man, woman, and child would be a devil," &c.

Wrong Names.

We slander one another by giving false names to each other's acts; we call that pride which is only dignity; we deem that parsimony which is nothing but economy; we say one is skeptical and perhaps infidel, because he is fond of investigation and discussion, and not willing to receive anything as the teaching of the Bible, except as it is plainly taught there; we charge another with being a bigot, when he only loves the truth of God, and dares not surrender it; we charge men perhaps with being hypocrites, when God knows that they are sincere and for the most part conscientious and exemplary Christians, though they have certain striking faults. In such cases we give others a false name. If the name was truly applied to them, they might deserve all the contempt and reproaches which it excites against them. But their good is called evil, and they are despised and made to suffer accordingly.

In like manner we deceive ourselves in respect to our own character and conduct. We call ourselves firm, when we are only obstinate. We think we are conscientious, when we are only wilful. We call that a sense of justice in our hearts, which is the bitterest revenge. We consider ourselves, perhaps, as "doing God service" in opposing the views of others, and destroying their influence, when in reality we are actuated by malice, and just as much fighting against God's truth, and persecuting his saints, as ever Paul was. And we do it by giving our conduct and motives wrong names, and thus sanctifying what has nothing but sin in it, and what can never stand the disclosures and siftings of the final day.—*Rev. S. G. Buckingham.*

Powder Mill Piety.

Said a little girl who had just been reading the newspaper account of an explosion, "Ma, don't you think that people who work in powder mills ought to be pious?" There was a great deal of of human nature in the question. The world, like the little girl, thinks that all who are especially exposed, ought to be prepared for sudden death. But is not the whole world a vast powder mill? Is it not filled everywhere with the elements of destruction? The very air we breathe may become poisonous and slay us. The water we drink may contain some deadly ingredient which neither sight nor taste can detect. We are encompassed ever by unseen dangers. We are never certain of to-morrow. Then should we not be prepared, whatever our age, our business, or our locality, for sudden death?—*Cin. Christian Herald.*

Will it do any good?

This was the inquiry, characteristic of a true minister, of a deceased graduate of a Western Theological Seminary. Said a fellow student in speaking of his recent death:

Brother Bruce read his first sermon to his class-mates, and then asked them if it would do any good to preach that sermon—not is it a good sermon, will it take with the congregation, but will it do any good? He preached that sermon his first last, and lying down in death, with his expiring energies tried to repeat that hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come,"

and passed away to be received into everlasting habitations.

"Will it do any good to preach that sermon?" This question will probably never be forgotten by those to whom it was addressed by the now sainted dead. It may be suggestive to others.

A little Heroine.

A teacher once overheard the following conversation between two little girls in a female seminary. Sarah had just returned after vacation, and Sophy was looking on with eager interest as she was unpacking her trunk.

SOPHY. Why, Sallie W., I should not think you would be willing to wear such plain cambric pantalottes. Do step into my room, and let me show you mine. The work is so deep, and French embroidery almost all of it.

SARAH. Oh, it is no matter for me to see them now. I suppose that your father is wealthy; isn't he?

SOPHY. Yes, indeed. He is one of the richest men in Boston. Our house is splendid. I wish you could see it.

Little Sarah then gave this sweet answer to the proud girl: "Well, I know my panties are plain, but my father is dead, and mother is not wealthy. She gets me such things as she can afford and I am satisfied."