

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, October 6th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXI. 17-34: Discourse of Jesus respecting his authority. GENESIS XII. 1-38: Joseph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams.

Recite—MATTHEW XXI. 1-5.

Sunday, October 13th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXI. 33-46: Parable of the wicked husbandmen. GENESIS XII. 37-57: Joseph made Governor of Egypt.

Recite—MATTHEW XXI. 17, 18.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

79. Give instances in which "holy men of old" are represented in Scripture, as being impatient under sufferings or disappointments.

80. Name the only apostle whose death is recorded in Scripture.

Answers to questions given last week:—

77. By the Roman centurion at the Cross, who said, "Certainly this was the Son of God."

78. Hebrews xii. 21. "Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake." Heb. ix. 19.—Moses sprinkling the book as well as the people with blood.

The Efficacy of Prayer.

A SLAVE STORY.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain. One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf with their various commodities for sale, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress; and he accosted him with—

"Hey! my man, what is the matter with you this morning?"

The negro lifted his eyes, and looking at Mr. B., replied—

"Ah, massa, I se in great trouble."

"What about?"

"Kase I se fotech up here to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away?"

"No, no, massa, none o' dat; it's becase I didn't mind de audes."

"What kind of orders?"

"Well, massa stranger, I tell you. Massa Willum werry strick man, and werry nice man too, and ebery body on de place got to mine him; and I break trow de rule; but I didn't tend to break de rule, doe; I forgot meself, an I got too high."

"It is for getting drunk, then, is it?"

"O no, sah, not dat nother."

"You are the strangest negro I have seen for a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched overboard, you had better tell me what you did."

"Please, massa, dont frow de poor flicted nigger in de wata."

"Then tell me what you are are to be sold for."

"For prayin, sah."

"For praying! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?"

"O yes, sah, he let me pray easy; but I hollers too loud."

"And why did you halloo so in your prayer?"

"Kase de Sperit comes on me, an I git happy fore I knows it, den; den I gone; can't trol meself den? den I knows nuthin bout massa's rule; den I holler if ole Sattin hisself come, wid all de rules of dequisition."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"Yes; no help for me now; all de men in de world couldn't help me now; kase when Massa Willum say one ting, he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses, sah."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa's name Colonel Willum C.—"

"Where does he live?"

"Down on de Easin Shoah."

"Is he a good master? Does he treat you well?"

"O yes; Massa Willum good; no better massa in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you." And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yander he is, jis comin to de wharf."

As Mr. B. started for the shore, he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Colonel C. did. He introduced himself, and said—

"I understand you wish to sell that negro man yonder on board the schooner."

Colonel C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"How old is he?"

"About thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very; he never had any sickness in his life except one or two spells of the ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes, sir; he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest, and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeyed my orders. As I said he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment I might want him, I built his quarter within a hundred yards of my own house; and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning; and when he begun his prayer, it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (as he termed) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray halloo for an hour or two together, for you might hear him miles off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters and their children, and our whole family connected to the third generation; and sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and the children would cry, and it would set me almost frantic; and even after I had retired it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep; for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbid his praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but whenever a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses quarter; I suppose from that he has a family."

"Yes, he has a woman and three children—or wife, I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion, he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"

"If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred dollars; but shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

Mr. B. and Colonel C. then went to B.'s store drew up the writings, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B., approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, seemingly wrapt in meditation of the most awful forebodings, said—

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied.

"Is you, massa? Where is I gwine, massa?"

"Is I gwine to Georgy?"

"No," said Mr. B., "I am a merchant here in the city; yonder is my store. I want you to attend on the store; and have purchased your wife and children too, that you may not be separated."

"Bress God fer dat! And, Massa, kin I go to meetin sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on Sabbath, and every night in the week, and you can pray as often as you choose, and as long as you choose, and get as lappy as you choose; and every time you pray, whether it be at home or in church, I want you to pray for me, my wife, and all my children, and single-handed too; for if you are a good man your, prayers will do us no harm, and we need them very much; and if you wish to, you may pray for every body of the name of B. in the State of Maryland. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed outright for gladness, exposin two rows of as even, clean ivories as any African can boast; and his heart's response was, "Bress God! bress God all de time, bress you too, massa! Moses neb-r tink bout he gwine to have all dese commendationers; dis make me think bout Joseph in de Egypt."—And after Moses had poured a few blessings upon Colonel C., and bidding him a warm adieu, and requesting him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognized him as Colonel C. They exchanged salutations, and, to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened, and heard an unusual shuffling of feet some one scolding violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Colonel C.'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs, he was startled to see Moses in the middle of the floor, down upon one knee, with his arms around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers; and that during the past year he and his wife and all his children had been converted to God.

Moses responded; "Bress God, Massa C., doe I way up hea, I neber fergit you in my prayers; I ollers put do ole massa side de new one. Bress God! dis make Moses tink about Joseph in de Egypt again."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that it was out of the question, for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt, God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses. Joseph eventually proved the instrument of saving the lives of those who sold him. Moses proved the instrument in God's hands of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose sings and prays and shouts to his heart's content.

Uncle Philip tells the Lord.

Uncle Philip was in debt. He was a good man, and honest, but at this time he owed the sum of fifty dollars. His creditor was a merchant who had often trusted him, and always been faithfully paid; but it was a time of political excitement, the creditor was interested in the party against which the debtor voted, and an abrupt demand was made for a settlement. Uncle was very willing to settle, but was now quite unable; it was a season when money was very scarce; those who owed him had nothing wherewith to pay, and those who would gladly lend him were also without funds. He hoped the merchant, who knew his integrity, would deal leniently with him; but not so, a suit was brought, judgment obtained, and an execution laid upon his furniture.

It was a sad day when the sheriff entered uncle Philip's house. Such a thing had never occurred in the family before. Respectable and respected they had ever lived, and the disgrace and inconvenience of a sheriff's sale, at a time too when money was so scarce in the neighborhood, that the furniture would not bring ten per cent of its value, was a cruelty and injustice that wrung the good man's heart.

The family sat grief-stricken for some time in a room to which they had retired when the blow came; at last uncle rose. "Come, wife, come, children," he said, "let us tell the Lord; and kneeling down, he laid the case before his heavenly Father, committing the affair to him.

When the little group rose from their knees, the load had passed from each heart, and the tears they wiped from their eyes were tears of trustful submission.

Uncle Philip's house had long afforded lodging to the circuit preacher, and that day the reverend guest was expected; so aunt went to prepare the dinner, glad that the servant of God could once more be entertained, before table and bed should be sold.

The family were cheerful as usual when the preacher came; why trouble him with distress that he could not alleviate? But as uncle and aunt sat talking with him after dinner, somehow the story came out. They felt that the good man's sympathy and prayers would be a comfort; besides, he would soon learn it from the public, so they told him all. How strange did it seem, however, when the preacher, instead of expressing the expected sympathy, abruptly rose, exclaiming, "Now I know what that letter came for;" and left the room, while uncle and aunt looked at each other in astonishment.

In a few minutes he returned with a letter in his hand. "I should have explained, dear friends," he said, "but the joy of being chosen as the instrument to deliver you from this perplexity caused me to forget even good manners. To-day I received this letter, and wondered why it was sent to me. It is from a benevolent lady in New York, and contains a fifty dollar check, which she requests me to present to the first good man I find in difficulty, only requiring that, if ever he is able, he shall repay it to the Lord. It is the exact sum you need, my brother; take it, and give God thanks."

Uncle Philip afterwards repaid that fifty dollars into the Lord's treasury with double interest; and to this day, every trial or difficulty that visits his house, whether great or small, is told to the Lord.

"From my Mother, Sir."

A few days since a case came up in the U. S. District Court in Philadelphia, in which a captain of a vessel was charged with some offence on shipboard by his crew. An incident occurred in the hearing of the case, which excited a deep feeling in court and on all present.

A small lad was called to the witness' stand. He had been a hand on board the barque at Pernambuco, and was present during the controversy between the captain and the crew. The shaggy appearance of his head, and the bronzed character of his face and neck, from the exposure of a southern sun, at first sight, would seem to indicate carelessness and neglect; but underneath that long and matted hair, the fire of intelligence gleamed from a pair of small and restless eyes, which could not be mistaken.—The counsel for the captain, from the extreme youth of the lad, doubted whether he understood the obligation of an oath he was about to take, and with a view to test his knowledge, asked leave to interrogate him. This was granted, and the following colloquy took place:

COUNSEL—"My lad, do you understand the obligation of an oath?"

BOY—"Yes, sir, I do."

COUNSEL—"What is the obligation?"

BOY—"To speak the truth, and keep nothing hid."

COUNSEL—"Where did you learn this, my lad?"

BOY—"From my mother, sir," replied the lad with the look of pride, which showed how much he esteemed the early moral principles implanted in his breast by her to whom was committed his physical and moral existence.

For a moment there was a deep silence in the court-room, and then, as eye met eye, and face gleamed to face with the recognition of a mother's love and moral principle which had made their fixed expression upon this boy, seemed as if the spectators would forget the decorum due to the place, and give audible expression to their emotions. This lad was instantly admitted to testify.

Behold the mother's power. Often had evil influence and corrupt example added to the battling elements worn away the lineaments of the infant face, bronzed his once fair exterior, but deeply nestled in his bosom still lay the lessons of a mother's love, which taught him to love, and speak the truth.

Calico Dresses.

Calico dresses are grand institutions. De-laines, silks, and even satins are good enough in their place—in the parlor or band-box, and all such, but after all, the old "stand-by," the substantial, is the shilling calico. Care must be taken not to soil the silk, nothing must come in contact with the nice dress that will rumple or stain it; but the calico is made for work, and as the highfalutins say, "nobly does it fulfil its mission." Silk rarely finds its way into the realities of life; that is, into the kitchen at home, or the hut of the sufferer abroad. But calico, O! what rich meals we get by it; how it cheers the suffering, as with its bright colors and cheerful presence it stands with soft and gentle hands ministering to our distresses. Calico seems to be always more willing and ready to give to want than silk. It is a curious fact of our nature, that the richer our dress the harder our heart is, as if when dressed in silk we change our natures and rose above base, worldly things. What! our silk dresses to be seen near enough to that poor workman to give him assistance, or drabbling into a dirty hut? No, never! Calico might do it—silk, it's just impossible. But when, in addition to all, calico comes in, rosy with the exercise of kitchen duties, which it knows now to do so well, and loves to do so dearly, and sits down at the piano, or melodeon, and makes the liquid melody flow sweetly forth; aye, even blending its own sweet voice with the music of the instrument, then do we appreciate and admire calico.—American paper.

The Rescue.

Several years ago, when the waters of our river were swollen to a flood, a man who had valuable timber in danger of being swept away ventured into the mad current with his light boat, to save if possible, from the threatened ruin. He was drawn into the rushing tide, and in a moment was at the mercy of the wild waters. A friend saw his peril, and mounting a fleet horse started for a bridge a few miles below, as the only chance to rescue him.

Reached the bridge before the skiff, which came like an arrow toward the arch, he dropped a rope over it to the surface of the stream, and called to the imperilled man to seize it as his only chance of escape. The trembling hand was extended, the boat sped by, and the inmate was in the arms of his deliverer.

We have often thought of the incident as a forcible illustration of spiritual life, especially in time of revival. To every sinner there comes a last offer, from the sacred hand of him "who is mighty to save." But with startling frequency is the arch of mercy passed for ever, and the soul left to drift away to the ocean of wrath.

O voyage to a sea of fire, or of fathomless, boundless love—

"Mercy knows the appointed bound,
And yields to justice there."

Hats Off.

AN INCIDENT IN MONTREAL.—A Montreal respondent sends us the following:

"An amusing incident occurred the other day in this city, which at the time created quite an excitement. The band of the 47th Regt. had been 'discussing sweet music' opposite the St. Lawrence Hall, and, as is the custom, concluded with 'God save the Queen.' No sooner was the National Anthem commenced than all heads were uncovered—no, I am wrong, not all—one hat still remained on the head of a free-born American. He was one of those rugged, double-jointed individuals who might truthfully be described as 'half horse, half alligator.' There he stood, a man of elongated stature and ferocious countenance, defiance in his look and insolence in his very attitude. The cry of 'hats off' arose from different parts of the crowd, but the unflinching Yankee still gazed, or rather glared, around him with lowering brows and undaunted mien. Great indignation arose among the bystanders, and our independent friend, notwithstanding his warlike appearance, most inevitably have 'come to grief' had he not been taught a useful lesson and saved a drubbing in a manner which he little expected and probably could not appreciate. An officer of the 47th stepping forward, gently removed the offending beaver from the head of the fire-eater and immediately placed it in the hand of its owner with a polite bow. The effect was miraculous. The king of birds at once assumed the gentleness of the dove, and from that moment his meekness was exemplary. He very soon retreated to his private room in the hotel."—N. B. paper.