

## Youth's Department.

### Bible Lessons.

Sunday, November 24th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXIV. 1-14: Christ's predictions. Exodus ii. 1-10: Moses' birth.  
Recite—MATTHEW XXIII. 37-39.

Sunday, December 1st, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXIV. 15-31: Christ's predictions continued. Exodus ii. 11-24: The flight of Moses to Midian.  
Recite—MATTHEW XXIV. 1, 2.

### "Search the Scriptures."

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

93. What name did God give alike to the first man and woman?

94. What debt under the Jewish law, could be cancelled by a trespass offering, and giving twenty per cent over and above the sum due?

Answers to questions given last week:—

91. Eihanan. 1 Chron. xx. 5.  
92. Jonathan. 1 Chron. xx. 7.

### Parson Surely's Experiment.

A SKETCH FOR WEATHER GRUMBLERS.

The small parish at Fallowdale had been for some time without a pastor. The members were nearly all farmers, and they did not have much money to bestow upon the support of a clergyman; yet they were willing to pay for anything that could promise them any due return of good. In course of time it happened that the Rev. Abraham Surely visited Fallowdale, and as a Sabbath passed during his sojourn, he held a meeting in the small church. The people were pleased with his preaching, and some of them proposed inviting him to remain with them, and take charge of their spiritual welfare.

Upon the merits of this proposition there was a long discussion. Parson Surely had signified his willingness to take a permanent residence at Fallowdale, but the members of the parish could not so readily agree to hire him.

"I don't see the use of hiring a parson," said Mr. Sharp, an old farmer of the place. "He can do us no good. A parson can't learn me anything."

To this it was answered that stated religious meetings would be of great benefit to some of the younger people, and also a source of good to all.

"I don't know about that. I've heard tell of a parson that could pray for rain, and have it come at any time. Now, if we could hit upon such a parson as that, I would go in for hiring him."

This opened a new idea to the unsophisticated minds of Fallowdale. The farmers often suffered from long droughts, and after arguing a while longer, they agreed to hire Parson Surely, on the condition that he should give them rain whenever they wished for it, and, on the other hand, that he would also give them fair weather when required.

Deacons Smith and Townsend were deputed to make this arrangement known to the parson, and the people remained in the church while the messengers went upon their errand.

When the deacons returned, Mr. Surely accompanied them. He smiled as he entered the church, and with a bow he saluted the people there assembled.

"Well, my friends," he said, as he ascended the platform in front of the desk, "I have heard your request to me, and strange as it may appear, I have come to accept your proposal; but I do it only on one condition, and that is, that your request for a change of weather must be unanimous."

This appeared very reasonable, since every member of the parish had a deep interest in the farming business, and ere long it was arranged that Mr. Surely should become the pastor, and that he should give the people rain when they wanted it.

When Mr. Surely returned to his lodgings, his wife was utterly astounded on learning the nature of the contract her husband had entered into; but the pastor smiled and bade her wait for the result.

"But you know you cannot make it rain," persisted Mrs. Surely; "and you know, too, that the farmers here will be wanting rain very often when there is none for them. You will be disgraced."

"I will teach them a lesson," returned the pastor.

"Ah, but you cannot be as good as your word; and when you have taught it to them, they will turn you off."

"We shall see," was Mr. Surely's reply, and he took up a book and commenced reading.

Time flew on, and the hot days of midsummer were at hand. For three weeks it had not rained, and the young corn was beginning to curl up beneath the effects of the drought. In this extremity the people bethought themselves of the promise of their pastor, and hastened to him.

"Come," said Sharp, whose hilly farm was suffering severely, "we want rain. You remember your promise."

"Certainly," returned Mr. Surely. "If you will call for a meeting of the members of the parish, I will be with them this evening."

With this the applicants were perfectly satisfied, and forthwith they hastened to call the flock together.

"Now, you'll see the hour of your disgrace," said Mrs. Surely, after the visitors had gone. "Oh, I am sorry you ever undertook to deceive them so."

"I did not deceive them."  
"Yes, you surely did."  
"We shall see."

"So we shall see," added the lady. The hour of the meeting came round, and Parson Surely met his people at the church. They were all there—some anxious, the remainder curious.

"Now, my friends," said the pastor, rising upon the platform, "I have come to hear your request. What is it?"

"We want rain," bluntly spoke Farmer Sharp; "and you know your promise to give it to us."

"Ay—rain—rain," repeated half a dozen voices.

"Very well. Now, when do you want to have it?"

"To-night. Let it rain all night long," said Sharp, to which several others immediately assented.

"No, no, not to-night," cried Deacon Smith. "I have six or seven tons of well made hay in the field, and I would not have it wet for anything."

"So I have hay out," added Mr. Peck. "We won't have it rain to-night."

"Then let be to-morrow."

"It will take me all day to-morrow to get my hay in," said Smith.

Thus the objections came up for the two succeeding days, and at length, by way of compromise, Mr. Sharp proposed that they should have rain in just four days.

"For," said he, "by that time all the hay which is now cut can be got in, and we need not cut any."

"Stop, stop," uttered Mrs. Sharp, pulling her worthy husband by the sleeve. "That is the day we have set to go to Snowhill. It mustn't rain then."

This was law for Mr. Sharp, so he proposed that the rain should come in one week, and then sat down.

But this would not do. "If we can't have rain before then, we'd better not have it at all," said they.

In short, the meeting resulted in just no conclusion at all, for the good people found it utterly impossible to agree upon a time when it should rain.

"Until you can make up your minds on this point," said the pastor, as he was about leaving the church, "we must all trust in the Lord." And after this the people followed him from the church.

Both Deacon Smith and Mr. Peck got their hay safely in; but on the very day Mr. Sharp was to have started for Snowhill, it began to rain in good earnest. Mr. Sharp lost his visit, but he met the disappointment with good grace, for his crop smiled at the rain.

Ere another month had passed by, another meeting was called for a petition for rain, but with the same result as before. Many of the people had their muck to dig, and rain would prevent them. Some wanted it immediately—some in one, some in two, and some in three days, while other parishioners wanted to put it off longer. So Mr. Surely had no occasion to call for rain.

One year rolled by, and up to that time the people of Fallowdale had never once been able to agree upon the exact kind of weather they would have, and the result was that they began to open their eyes to the fact that this world would be a strange place if its inhabitants should govern it.

On the last Sabbath in the first year of Mr. Surely's settlement at Fallowdale, he offered to break up his connection with the parish; but the people would not listen to it. They had become attached to him and the meeting, and they wished him to stay.

"But I can no longer rest under our former contract with regard to the weather," said the pastor.

"Nor do we wish you to," returned Sharp. "Only preach to us, and teach us and our children how to live, and help us to be social, contented and happy."

"And," added the pastor, while a tear of pride stood in his eye, "all things above our proper sphere we will leave with God, for he doeth all things well."

### Let it alone, Boys!

Let what alone? That stuff in the drunkard's bowl—Yes, let that alone. Don't even learn how it tastes. As the serpent fascinates the bird only to destroy it, so strong drink charms at first, but kills at last. The first drop may charm you, therefore don't drink the first drop. If you wish to enjoy good health, if you value a good character, if you want to be happy and make others happy, if you want to go to heaven, avoid strong drinks.

"BEWARE OF THE FIRST DROP!"

See you youth with iron on his hands and feet. He is in prison. Another youth with weeping eyes is bidding him farewell, for the prisoner is about to be led out to die. He is a murderer. The law is about to take his life. But harken! He is speaking something to his brother. What does he say!—These are his words.

"Remember what I told you—Let the Liquor alone!"

Good reason had he for giving his counsel, liquor had brought him to the felon's doom.—Let boys heed his words—Let Liquor alone!

Every event, rightly viewed, will furnish us with matter for prayer or praise.

The purest altar of love is the heart of a mother.

### Influence of Example.

Ten years ago, when an unconverted man, I boarded in the family of a pious woman, whose husband was not a Christian. There was a daughter of nineteen, another of fourteen and a son of ten. Every morning after breakfast, I heard that humble woman gather her family in the kitchen, and read with them a chapter—"verse about"—in the Bible. Then as I could not help listening, there was a peculiarity of service which mystified me. At last I asked one day if I might remain. She hesitated, her daughter blushed, but said I could do so if I really desired it. So I sat down with the rest. They gave me a Testament and we all read. Then kneeling on the floor, that mother began her prayer audibly for her dear ones, her husband, and herself, and then pausing a moment, as if to gather her energies or wing her faith, uttered a tender, affectionate supplication for me. She closed, and her daughter began to pray. Poor girl, she was afraid of me; I was from college, I was her teacher; but she tremulously asked for a blessing as usual. Then came the other daughter, and at last the son—the youngest of that circle, who only repeated the Lord's Prayer with one petition of his own. His "amen" was said, but no one arose. I knew in the instant they were waiting for me. And I—poor prayerless I—had no word to say. It almost broke my heart. I hurried from the room desolate and guilty. A few weeks only passed, when I asked them permission to come in once more; and then I prayed too, and thanked my ever-patient Saviour for the new hope in my heart, and the new song on my lip. It is a great thing to remember, that there is in the gospel as in the law, provision made not only for thy son and thy daughter, thy man-servant and thy maid-servant, but also even "for the stranger that is within thy gates."

### Take hold of my Hand.

"Take hold of my hand," says the little one, when she reaches a slippery place, or when something frightens her. With the fingers clasped tightly around the parent's hand she steps cheerfully and bravely along, clinging a little closer when the way is crowded or difficult, and happy in the beautiful strength of childish faith.

"Take hold of my hand," says the young convert, trembling with the eagerness of his love. Full well he knows that, if he rely on any strength of his own, he will stumble and fall; but, if the Master reach forth his hand, he may walk with unwearied foot, even on the crested wave. The waters of strife or of sorrow shall not overwhelm him, if he but keep fast hold of the Saviour.

"Take hold of my hand," falters the mother, feeling that she is all too weak for the great responsibilities that throng in her path. Where shall she learn the greatness of the mission—the importance of the field that has been assigned to her? And learning it, how shall she fulfil it, if she have not the sustaining, constant presence of One who loves his people?

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one, tottering on through the shadows and snows of many years. As the lights of earth grow dimmer in the distance, and the darkening eye looks forward to see if it can discern the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child beside its mother, for the Saviour's hand.

O Jesus! Friend and elder Brother, when the night cometh, when the eyes are dim "take hold of our hand."—*Christian Treasury.*

### Cotton for a Cold Climate.

A new rival to the cotton fields of the South is receiving attention at the hands of the press. It is a new kind of cotton plant or tree which thrives in a cool climate. Mr. R. C. Kimball, of Maryland, says that he discovered it in the Andes, near the fortieth parallel of latitude, and that the ground around the tree was then covered with snow. It is perennial, and lives many years. It may be propagated either from seeds or cuttings. About the third year it begins to yield a crop of bolls without seeds, which latter are not produced in much perfection until the seventh year. The tree grows to about the size of our peach trees, and the first one observed by Mr. K., about eighteen feet in height, bore a crop which he estimated at nearly one hundred pounds. Mr. K. is confident that this tree can be cultivated wherever Indian corn can. In its general qualities the fibre of this plant has been pronounced by cotton brokers equal to the best Sea Island variety, and some bales of it have been sold in South America for sixteen cents per pound. The yield is great. With favorable soil and situation, two thousand pounds can be raised per acre, while Mr. K. claims that half that amount can be depended upon on an average. Five hundred pounds per acre is held to be a good yield at the South. "Important, if true."

THE POET OF DUTY.—You have your work to do for Christ where you are. Are you on a sick-bed? Still you have work to do for Christ there, as much as the highest servant of Christ in the world. "The smallest twinkling star is as much a servant of God as the mid-day sun. Only live for Christ where you are."

PRAYER.—Bowed knee and beautiful words cannot make prayer; but earnest from a heart bowed by love, inspired by God's Holy Spirit, and thirsting for a loving God, will do it, anywhere, or in any place, at any time.—*Dr. Cumming.*

### Various Items.

ONE curious feature in the condition of New Zealand is that, in spite of war, the colony seems to be flourishing.

The *Stanford Mercury* records the death at Northampton, in her 103rd year, of Mrs. Frances Leigh, daughter of the late Sam King, of Welford.

The tunnel through Mont Cenis will be seven and a half miles in length. When the works are completed, the passage of the Alps will be reduced to twenty minutes.

An expression is reported as having been used by the Emperor Napoleon when pressed about the Roman question: "Have patience, it is a ripe pear, which will fall of itself."

In a fashionable novel the author says:—"Lady Emma trembled, grew pale, and immediately fainted." The printer, putting *p* instead of *f*, rendered it: "The lady grew pale, and immediately painted."

The Chinese think that the inventor of ink was one of the greatest men that ever lived; that he enjoys a blessed immortality, and is charged with keeping an account of the manner in which all ink is used here below, and for every abuse of it he records a black mark against the offender.

GOOD LOGIC.—A poor man who fell into bad habits, on being rescued, reformed and converted, often spoke of himself as a "brand plucked from the burning."

"What do you mean by that?" asked one of his former associates. "Come, go with us and have one more drink."

"Look here," answered the man, "you know there is a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark falls on a brand that has been partly burnt, it will soon catch fire again. Not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being set on fire again."

EXTRAORDINARY PRICES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.—The prices occasionally paid for advertisements may suggest some curious reflections. Her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862 received last week offers for the wrapper of the two shilling catalogues, the printing of which we have already announced as having been arranged for; and we understand that Mr. Bennett, the watch-maker, has been a successful bidder for the back page of each of these catalogue wrappers, having paid for the two, the sum of 1,000 guineas. The Accidental Death Insurance Company have also obtained the last page but one, at the price of 600*l.*; and Messrs. Chappell and Co., of Bond-street, get a page at back of title in each catalogue, having also paid 600*l.*

A gentleman who holds a responsible position under the Government concluded to change his lodgings. He sent one of the waiters of the hotel where he had selected apartments after his baggage.

Meeting the waiter an hour or two afterwards he said—

"Well, John, did you bring my baggage down?"

"No, sar."

"Why—what was the reason?"

"Case, sar, the gentleman said you had not paid your bill."

"Not paid my bill! why that's singular—he knew me very well."

"Well, mebbe," rejoined John, thoughtfully "dat was de reason he wouldn't gib me de baggage."

The gentleman laughed and paid his bill.

A NEW CLOCK FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

The Commissioners of the Great Exhibition in 1862 have given permission to Mr. Benson, of Ludgate Hill, for the construction of a clock, to be fixed in the building now in progress of erection at South Kensington. The clock in question will be second in size only to the great Westminster clock. The dial is to be from 15 to 20 feet in diameter, and will be placed immediately over the centre arch of the grand entrance in Cromwell-road. The movement will measure at the base 12 feet by 8 or nearly 100 square feet and will be about 25 feet in height. It will chime the quarters on four bells, and strike on the fifth, weighing about 45 cwt. The whole will be inclosed in a glass case, and as no cost or pains will be spared in its construction, it will when completed as at present designed form a very attractive object, in every respect worthy of the building in which it will be located, and of the reputation its manufacturer has earned for himself.—*Daily Telegraph.*

EXTRAORDINARY DOG.—At Aldershot

camp, in England, there is a large spaniel, belonging to a sergeant in the Royal Artillery, who has been taught by his master, during tedious days of barrack life, to perform tricks that are almost marvelous. The dog is perfect in his drill, marching slow, quick, and at the double, in obedience to the word of command. After he had been put through his paces, his master called him up, and asked his opinion of the various regiments on the ground. "Where the Plungers the best corps?—no signs of approval. Were the 42nd Foot?—silence on the part of dog. After going over half-a-dozen names, the master asked, exactly in the same tone as that in which he had put his previous questions, the dogs opinion of the Royal Artillery. He instantly burst out into a joyous barking, jumping about and rolling. The sergeant then called for three cheers for the King of Prussia—no sounds. Three cheers for the King of Naples—a low growl. Three cheers for the Emperor of the French—silence again. Three cheers for the Queen of England—such a volley of resounding barks that they echoed again.—*Advertiser.*