

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 23RD, 1862.

Read—JOHN i. 1-14: The divine nature of Christ. EXODUS xxxiii: Moses' intercession for the people. Recite—MATTHEW xxviii. 16-18.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN i. 15-34: Testimony of John the Baptist. EXODUS xxxiv. 1-10: The two Tables renewed. Recite—JOHN i. 1-5.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

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

- 127. Give from the description of the creation, the three grand classes under which plants are comprehended. 128. At the second enumeration of the tribes, taken in obedience to God's command, which in point of numbers was the strongest, and which the weakest?

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 124. Fish, cucumbers, melons, leeks, onions, and garlic. Num. xi. 5. 125. In the song of Moses: "They sank as lead in the mighty waters." E. xv. 10.

Little Ellen.

"Well, I never heard such nonsense," exclaimed little Ellen; "believe what I can't understand; no, indeed, I am not so silly as that." "What is the matter, my dear," said Mrs. Mason. "What has James said to displease you?" "Why he has said he believes many things that he does not understand." "Well, my dear, so do I, and so do most people—don't you?" "No, indeed, I don't." "Do not you? Well, I do. I believe that I can walk across the room, open my mouth, and raise my hand to my head." "Raise your hand to your head! Why to be sure you can, and so can I; and I can do so, and so, and so," and she flourished her little hands and arms in all directions. "But, my dear little girl," said Mrs. Mason, "do you understand by what means you can move your hand and arm about so easily? Look here." And she took up a little dancing doll that lay on the table, and pulling the string, made it dance its little paper arms about very funnily. "Now, Ellen, attend to me; do you understand how this doll moves its arms?" "Yes, to be sure; you pulled the wire." "Very well. Your arm is joined to your body by various membranes or muscles, which, being put in motion, enable you to move your arm about in the same sort of way that this wire, being put in motion makes the doll move its arms about." "How very curious, I never thought of that before; but then, how did I know what muscle to move? Where is it? Can you show it me?" And she stretched out her little fat arm, and looked all about it. "I can see the wire you pulled to make the doll move; but I can't see this muscle you talk about; and besides, how did I pull it? How could I make it move without seeing it? I only just thought—I'll lift up my arm, and I did lift it up. I can't understand it at all." And poor Ellen stood still, looking quite puzzled. Mrs. Mason took her up very kindly on her knee, and said, "No, my dear child you cannot understand the wonderful manner in which God has enabled our minds to act upon our bodies; but it is a fact that we believe." Ellen sat still, looking very thoughtfully for a few minutes, and then jumped down, saying, "I see James sitting in the arbour, and he is still reading in the Bible which grandpapa has just given him. I think I will go and ask him what he was talking about; for I did not pay much attention to it." "O, if it was the Bible he was reading, no wonder that he found some things there he could not understand; there are some things there which, although you cannot understand them now, you will when you are older; but there are also some things which you will never understand in this world, but in heaven it will all be made plain. What I read there I know is true, and when it is above my comprehension I rest satisfied with my Saviour's promise, 'that what I do not know now I shall know hereafter.' And now, my dear little girl, run to your brother; but remember there are three things in the Bible that are quite plain;— "First, that you are a sinner; "Secondly, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. "And thirdly, that if you seek Him with your whole heart, He will save you."—S. S. Messenger.

Flying visitors.

A pretty sight may be witnessed in the village of Bethel Hill, Me. An aged couple, who are quietly spending the evening of their days by themselves, are daily visited by a flock of snow-birds. Several years since, the kind lady seeing some of these wanderers from the North perched on the window sill of her sitting-room, placed some food there for them. They came regularly every day during the winter for their food, and the next winter repeated their visits, which they have kept up till the present winter so that they now form quite a large flock.

Leading.

Mr. Crampton sat in gown and slippers, enshrouded in a great padded chair, wheeled comfortably in front of the glowing grate. Nor did it at all detract from his satisfaction that, when now and then he passed in reading the evening paper, he heard the Winter wind blowing fierce revels without, and the stinging sleet driving against the double windows muffled in the heavy curtains.

"It's a terrible night," he at last remarked to his wife, as he folded the paper, and leaned back in the chair. "May God have mercy on the poor," after which benignant ejaculation he felt as benignant and warm-hearted as if he had just distributed a load of coals among shivering paupers, or ordered a barrel of flour to some starving family's door.

Mr. Crampton was a member in good standing in a famous Laodicean church, and he had a habit of family prayers, which was not omitted upon this evening. And as the tempest continued to increase, he again remembered, with quite a glow of feeling, the condition of the poor, and prayed with much fervency that they might be preserved through the inclement season.

He had risen from his knees, settled himself again in the very easy chair, and was talking comfortably with his wife about his golden prospects for the future when the door bell gave a little shivering tinkle.

"A boy wishes to see you sir," announced the servant.

Mr. Crampton rose fretfully. "How annoying. What can a boy want at this late hour?"

As he appeared in the hall, a shadow at the farther end seemed to become animated, and a slight figure, drenched with the storm, advanced bowing.

"Ah, Jack, it's you, is it?" said Mr. Crampton, with a frown. "Well, what's the matter now? I suppose your father has broken his leg, and all the children are down with the scarlet fever?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, with an effort, "you forget father has gone to the wars. But little Susan is very sick indeed, sir. We are afraid she'll die. Mother wouldn't let me beg for anything if she knew it, but I ran away because the fire had all gone out—"

"There, that will do," said Mr. Crampton, sternly. "I don't believe a word of it. I've seen you with very bad boys, and I believe you're a little vagrant, and want the money yourself. Can you look me in the face, and tell me it is true?"

An indignant crimson stained the boy's thin cheeks as he lifted his heavy eyes. "Yes sir, I can, but," he added lower, "I don't like to look in your face."

"What?" cried Mr. Crampton, angrily; but the boy moved slowly to the door. Mr. Crampton called after him a little uneasily. "Here, take this. It shall never be said that I sent the poor empty away," and he dropped sixpence in the little frozen palm that made an involuntary motion to throw it back and then convulsively clasped it again.

"Well," said Mrs. Crampton, as he returned, "did you give the child anything?"

"Oh yes," said he, shortly, sinking back in his chair. "I am glad you did," said his wife, gently. "It is a blessed thing to give, and he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

The easy chair suddenly became strangely uncomfortable, and a painful crimson suffused Mr. Crampton's plethoric cheek. He thought of John Staples, his honest, faithful porter till he went to the wars. Wasn't it just possible that his family were really suffering? And oughtn't he to have inquired, or sent a servant with some nourishing food, and a basket of coals, which he would never have missed? In vain did he say to himself that it was too bad for a man to be disturbed so late at night after his hard day of toil, and besides hadn't he that very day given a dollar to the Bible Society? In spite of all his efforts another verse kept ringing unpleasantly in his ears—"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

The next morning, as Mr. Crampton sat in his counting-room, busily engaged with a column of figures, a little morsel of frost and rags stood before him.

"Here's your sixpence, sir, we did not use it."

"Here—stop, boy! what do you mean?" stammered Mr. Crampton. "How's your sister?"

"Dead," gasped the boy, rushing from the door, and Mr. Crampton, dropping his head on his hand, thought of an account he had with the Lord, very different from what he intended it should be.

Blind, cold, selfish Laodiceans, who shall anoint your eyes with eye-salve that ye may see? For a little time to us is granted a glorious privilege, and we know it not. The angels and redeemed saints can no longer suffer nor make sacrifices to prove their boundless love; but to us is the boon still given, and it is enough to glorify the saddest life. Let us try to realize it while there is yet time. How strange! how wonderful. We—mere motes in the sunlight of God's presence—so poor, so weak, so infinitely inferior, may yet have the glorious honor, the exquisite joy of lending to the Lord.—Congregationalist.

A Gospel minister who wears himself out in preaching and pastoral labors, may be compared to a candle which is consumed by shining.

There are but two states in the world which may be pronounced happy—either that of the man who rejoices in the light of God's countenance, or that of him who mourns after it.

The Battle Field.

We have no desire to harrow up the feelings of our readers by tales drawn from imagination; but truth we believe is often stranger and far more terrible than fiction. The following is but another of the incidents of real life, as it is in the U. States at the present time, supposed to be necessary, to preserve the Union. It is from a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial, we narrate his observations at the recent fight at Mill Springs:

My first inquiry was for the Kentucky 12th; but no one could tell me where they were, or what part they had taken in the action. Only one dead man had been brought in. The body lay upon the ground in front of one of the Minnesota tents, surrounded by some twenty soldiers. It had been stripped of all clothing except the pants, and two soldiers were busy in washing off the mud with which it had been covered. It was almost as white and transparent as the most delicate wax work. The fatal wound was in the breast, and was evidently made with a pistol ball, as it could be easily covered with the end of my finger. There was another wound upon the inside of the arm, above the elbow, and still another glancing wound a little above the hip.—This was Zollicoffer!

Passing through the woods from the first open field, a distance of nearly half a mile, we reach another open, half-cleared field on the left of the road. In the eastern part of this field is a log house and barn and an orchard. Eighty-five dead rebels lay in this field, which by way of distinction I will call the "old." Further on, and to the right-side of the road is the corn-field where the brave Indiana 10th suffered so severely. In the woods and along the road the scene was dreadful. One body was placed in a sitting posture, with the back leaning against a tree, and the hands crossed in the lap, his eyes partly open, and his lips slightly parted. The ball had entered his left breast just above the region of the heart. Another laid upon his side, with head and arms thrown back; the ball had cut away a part of the skull over the left eye.

My own brave boy was either among the slain or pursuing the flying foe. In which of these positions I might find him I knew not. With all the anxieties common to parents, I searched for his well-known countenance among the slain. So close was the resemblance in many cases that my pulse quickened and my brain began to reel. I remembered that he wore a pair of boots of peculiar make, and before I looked in the face of the corpse I looked at the boots; till at last I felt confident I had found what I sought. I looked again and again before I dared to let my eyes rest upon the face. There was a mark—not on his. I passed on in haste, but suddenly felt compelled to stop; once more; against a tree leaned back in the most chaste composure, was the fairest and most beautiful countenance I ever saw in death. No female complexion could be more spotless. The silky locks of auburn hair fell in rich profusion upon fair temples and a faultless forehead.

Some friendly hand had parted his garments baring his breast, from which the red current of life flowed out, and had bathed his temples, which were still warm but had ceased to throb forever. O ye winds, bear these tidings softly to the loved ones at home! Among the wounded of our men, it was really comforting to see with-what patient heroism they bore their pains. I said to one poor fellow with a shattered leg, "You must be in great pain; can I do anything for you?" He said, "There are others worse off than me; when they are carried in you can tell them where I am, if you please." Another man had a ball through his right hand, breaking two of the bones. He had done it up himself with a wet bandage, and with his other hand was carrying one corner of a stretcher with a wounded man; carrying another corner of the same stretcher was a man with his head and face covered with blood. He said he was not hurt at all; he had only lost a large piece of his hat and a small piece of his scalp.

In the "old fields" among the rebels, some of the scenes were horrid and revolting in the extreme. A large number of the dead were shot in the head. One was shot directly in the eye and the brain was oozing from the wound. Five dead and wounded lay behind one log; all but the wounded ones were shot in the head.—One rebel had a ball through his neck, which destroyed the power of speech—though I don't think his wound was mortal. Several of the dead were old grey-headed men.

A dark complexioned man, with a heavy black beard, who said he was from Mississippi, was lying on the ground with a broken thigh. He was stern and sullen—he had only one favor to ask—that was that some of us would kill him.

A young man, quite a boy, begged me not to let the Lincolnites kill him. An elderly man sat with his back against a stump with a ball directly through the centre of the head at the base of the brain. There was a ghastly grin upon his countenance—his eyes were stretched wildly open, and staring wildly into vacancy, while his breath was rapid, deep and heavy. His was a living death, for he was senseless.

A lad of fourteen, with a smashed ankle, protested his innocence, and begged to be taken care of.

I left these fields of human suffering with feelings such as I never before experienced. The freshness of death seemed to fill the whole atmosphere. It is a scene which a man needs only to look upon once in his life time in order to occupy all his powers of reflection.

Five chapters a week will go through the New Testament in a year.

Private thoughts of Adam.

An individual of some acquirements but, as it would appear, rather of a pecuniary than of a literary character, lately called at the house of a clergyman with whom he wished to have some conversation. He was shown into a room whilst the master of the house entering the room, he found his visitor deeply engaged in the perusal of "Adams' Private Thoughts." "I trust," said the visitor, "that you will excuse the liberty I have taken in looking into one of your books, sir; but really the absorbing nature of the subject must be my apology; it is, sir, so very interesting to know what were the private thoughts of our first parent."

A four year old of our acquaintance being asked by his parent if he had said his prayers every night during his absence from home, replied, "No, but I counted a hundred!" Too many grown up people are thinking of their accounts when they should be saying their prayers.

Agriculture, &c.

MAKING SUGAR.

Mr. Editor:—There is no season of the year so profitable to the farmer as in the time of making sugar. Let an estimate be made, and see: In a good season a second growth maple will make about 4½ pounds of sugar. Five hundred trees at 4½ pounds per tree, will give 2250 pounds, which at 10 cents per pound, would give \$225.

Cost.—One man can tend 500 trees with ease, say,

One man 1 month.....\$15.00  
10 cords of wood, at \$3 per cord.....30.00  
Other necessary expenses.....20.00

Total.....\$65.00

which, deducted from the income, leaves \$160 as profit for one month's time.

I think my figures are not far from right.—Every one that can tap a tree ought to do so, because we must be independent of all duties as far as possible. To make sugar you should have a good sap house and a convenient washed, an arch and a pan. Sap boiled in a pan makes 5 per cent. more sugar than sap boiled in a kettle, and saves 12½ per cent. of wood. The syrup should be boiled as thick as it can be conveniently, and when done down to sugar, it should not be very dry; put it in a tin can made for the purpose, and then drain about the first of May, when you will have maple sugar of the first quality. Tin buckets cost too much to commence with; they are liable to get bruised and cannot be kept from rusting. Bucket-pails are just as good, with half the cost, and last just as long.—Cor. N. E. Farmer.

THE FIRST PROFESSION.

The young man who leaves the farm-field for the merchant's desk or the lawyer's or doctor's office, thinking to dignify or ennoble his toil, makes a sad mistake. He passes, by that step, from independence to vassalage. He barter a natural for an artificial pursuit, and he must be the slave of the caprice of customers and the chicanery of trade, either to support himself or to acquire fortune. The more artificial a man's pursuit, the more debasing is it morally and physically. To test it, contrast the merchant's clerk with the plowboy. The former may have the most exterior polish, but the latter, under his rough outside, possesses the truer stamina. He is the freer, trar ker, happier, and nobler man. Would that young men might judge of the dignity of labor by its usefulness and manliness, rather than by the superficial glosses it wears. Therefore, we never see a man's nobility in his kid gloves and toilet adornments, but in that sinewy arm, whose outline, bronzed by the sun, betoken a hardy, honest toil, under whose farmer's or mechanic's vest a kingliest heart may beat.—Hunt's Magazine.

HOW TO START A HORSE.

One who witnessed the operation, gives the following mode of starting a "balky horse." A stage horse refused to go ahead; the driver, without effect tried to get him to go forward, backward, or sideways. At length a gentleman made way through the crowd, and taking a handful of mud from the street, held it to the horse's mouth, and smeared it over his nose. The animal seemed to receive a slight shock; he put his ears forward, as much as to say, what is this? He ate, apparently with relish two of three handfuls. After a few pats on the neck and a few minutes standing, he started and went on without further difficulty, to the evident satisfaction of the driver and a large crowd.

TOAST WITHOUT BUTTER.

Put in a pan a pint of milk; when it boils, have two table spoonful of flour dissolved in a little cold milk, and pour in, add salt, let it scald, but not boil; and pour it over the bread.

CURE FOR BURNS.

Apply a coat of copal varnish, with a very soft brush or feather, and the pain will be relieved instantaneously. The varnish forms a coating that completely excludes the air, and of course the pain ceases.

RICE PUDDING.

One pint of cooked rice, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and the yolk of four eggs. Bake till done; then add the whites of four eggs. Bake till done; then add the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, with four table spoonful of sugar. Bake again five minutes. Serve with sauce.