

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xii. 37-50: Christ declares his Divine Authority. DEUT. xxxix.: An exhortation to obedience

Recite—JOHN xii. 25-56.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 26TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xiii. 1-17: Christ's lesson of humility. DEUT. xxx.: Mercies promised to the penitent. Recite—JOHN xii. 44-46.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 187. Give three passages of Scripture which describe the nature of future happiness?
188. Give three texts referring to the future misery of the wicked.

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 185. Yes.—See 2 Samuel xxiii. 2.
186. They were.—See 2 Peter iii. 15, 16.

A musical horse.

When I was a boy, my father owned a sorrel mare, which was called "Tib." She was ordinarily sluggish, but possessed speed and great power. She was never frightened at anything, and aside from her laziness, was a good beast, except on particular occasions, when she, without any apparent cause, would refuse to go. For a long time she was subject to the usual treatment of bulky animals, severe whipping, pounding, torturing, &c. But my father and the hired man gave it up as a bad course, and she was released from his harassment. A close observation of her tantrums led me to the conclusion that she was subject to paroxysms of the nervous system, growing out of electrical changes of the atmosphere. She was always true to draw or travel in bright, clear, blue sky, spring or summer weather; and for the dozen years that we owned her, we were never troubled with her in a cold, frosty, still, winter's day. But on a summer's day, when the electric fluid passed rapidly from the earth's surface, and dyspeptics would look like committing suicide, and rheumatics would predict a change of atmosphere, when thunder-caps white and gorgeous as an East Indian palace lifted their heads in the north-west, betokening the clap and flash of coming storm, then look out for old Tib. She would suddenly stop in the furrow, in the harvest-field or highway, and pitchfork tines or apple tree clubs, or bundles of fired straw under her belly, could not start her. Like a sentinel at his post, she was deaf to all urgencies and appeals save one. That would start her after a while. The same result would be witnessed in a winter's day, when the air was from the south and thawing. So she was always worked with these reservations; for she was not always reliable. After we had owned her about eight years, my father hired a man by the name of John Hart. He was a pious man, and liked above all things to sing. One bright August morning we were drawing in wheat, and old Tib had been drafted into harness. She had worked well till about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when suddenly, as we were loading, there came a clap of thunder from an almost "clear sky" on our ears, and we saw in the west a cloud a little bigger than a man's hand, portending rain. We were not far from the barn, and hoping to get loaded and into the barn before the rain reached us, the sheaves were thrown on by two men, and loaded by Hart with great dexterity. Our hopes were quite sanguine that Tib would be reasonable this time, first because she had had thunder-shower experience enough to know that it was not pleasing to her, nor at all obliging to those employing her; second, because she was "homeward bound," and a little effort would put all under dry cover. She made no hostile declarations till the rack was loaded, when, at the usual word, she refused to budge one inch. The men proposed to pound her, but my father forbade, but suggested to Hart to sing. He had a full, manly, melodious voice, which rang from his throat in tones sweet and beautiful; and he knew all the ballads from Robin Hood to Yankee Doodle, and the Methodist hymns from "Blow the Trumpet" to "How happy are they." 'Twas a scene for Turner's pencil. In the west the heavens were black as Erebus. In the east lay thunder-caps as white as snow, like Pelion upon Ossa. North and south the rain had flanked us like the wings of an army. Here and there fell a big rain-drop, harbingering of more, whilst around the load stood the hired men, aching to pound old Tib into mince meat.

Hart was on the load. "Sing," said my father. Hart began and sang a hymn, every two lines of which was a chorus of

Blow ye the trumpet! Blow! Sing glory! Hallelujah!

and his eye dilated, and his breast heaved, and he forgot that behind him, but a little way off, were thunder and lightning rightly expended, to "blow" up half of creation; and that before him was a crazy old mare within ten rods of a good barn, too mad, or too upset, however, to make her way to it. He thought of his mission, which was to sing God's praise "mid flashing fire and thunder stroke, and he filled his mission full. "Sing away!" cried my father, "sing away, Hart; the old hag is relenting; I see it in her eye; and the tip of her ear is playing to your

music like the fingers of a maiden to her guitar. He likes the Hallelujah strain. It soothes her brain, which seethes under this thunder like lead in a red hot cauldron. Ha! ha! give her the rein; she'll go—hurrah! we're in time—hurrah! there has been no such singing since Timotheus sang at the feast of Alexander."

We had made a discovery. Hart's voice would control the old mare in her tantrums, like the lyre of Orpheus the trees; and whilst he lived with my father, a Methodist hymn would always start her. She was a Methodist from instinct, and Hart declared that Tib knew a Methodist from a Presbyterian hymn instanter.—Dr. Jackson.

Drift-wood.

How much there is round every church door and the parish outskirts!

A poor widow who sat in a lonely corner of the gallery had a son come home from sea, a dear youth, free from the bondage of tobacco or gin. His heart was true and his conscience tender, and after a while his mother persuaded him out of his shyness to go with her and call upon the minister. The minister received them kindly and talked about everything but that which mother came for and the young man reverently expected, the interests of his soul. He went to church, nobody spoke to him. He attended the chapel, nobody took him by the hand. "If some of the good people would only speak to James," sighed the poor woman in her inmost heart. "They did not, and James drifted away in other currents."

A man and his wife with two children took seats in the church; they were strangers with a stranger's heart yearning for companionship. The man had come to a new place to mend broken fortunes, and what was more difficult, to repair a damaged character. He had broken away from boon companions, to surround himself with new and better associations and associates. Did anybody take him by the hand to bid him welcome? No. For months they came and went, and went and came, strangers still. Neither minister nor deacon, nor the good men and women of the church found them out or made a friendly call, or extended to them the kind courtesies of christian acquaintance. The man fell again. With nobody to help him in this new experiment of living, nobody to hedge him round, nobody to warm the seeds of new resolutions in his bosom, and nurture them for a better life, the old temptations stole in, regained their lost hold, and the family are drifting—God knows where.

A middle-aged couple from the "old country," with a family of daughters, filled up a gallery pew. In a few years there was nobody but "my old man and me" left, said his wife, and she asked for her "certificate." They were to move elsewhere. "And were are the girls?" Three were gone away, two had married in town, rearing large families, going to meeting "nowhere." Whose fault was it that they had drifted off nowhere?

The burden of complaint in most of our churches is that they are at a stand-still. No gatherings. Parishes even thin out. Men seek sympathy and social help in secret societies and joint-stock clubs. The struggling, the tempted, the friendless, buffeting life's stormier seas, gradually fall off from the church of God, which should be their beacon light, and are carried away by the strong undercurrents of an ungodly world. And why is this so? Because the church, the people of God, are not reaching out after the drifting and the lost. We are not finding since we are not seeking. We cannot gather what we have not reaped. We have comfortable pews, attractive singing, a good preacher, a "regular standing," are sincere and devout in the discharge of all those christian duties which are expected of us, know a pleasant little circle of each other and so go on year after year, perhaps holding our own, certainly not encroaching on the world of ungodliness around us.

Is this as it should be? We verily believe not. The church, as a company of his disciples who went about doing good, must make it more of a duty, a business, of privilege to seek and to save. On all sides they are touching souls sin-laden and tempest-tossed, who are waiting, yearning, feebly putting out their hands for christian sympathy, mutely asking after the Redeemer and Healer of lost men: "Where is the Christ?" Do we know him? do we love him? Have we experienced heaven in our souls? and having felt it, are we so slow to carry it to others? This is the only true way to enlarge and build up a church. Not by getting popular preaching and outside decorations to fill our pews, but as a body of earnest believers, by making our piety living and sympathetic, attracting by its unconscious influence, and reaching out on all sides the hand and heart of christian love, and thus gathering in.—Messenger.

Women, discussed by a woman.

We have read not a few essays upon the "rights of woman," which we thought neither witty nor wise; in fact, with many others, we have heretofore reckoned the iteration of these claims as an intolerable nuisance. In a volume of sprightly essays styled Country Living and Country Thinking, this topic is discussed with a good sense, wit, and practicalness, which leaves little to be desired.

The authoress conceals at once and gracefully that men have, in the race of life, the advantage in point of strength, and that it is better to let them take the hard knocks, (which somebody must take in this world,) and do the sowing, ploughing, reaping, hammering, building, lawing

fighting, and thousand etceteras of this world's rough work. The old argument that woman has, nevertheless, capacity for great achievements in the rough and dusty places where men toil, is summarily disposed of:—

"Now don't overwhelm me with a torrent of platitudes about woman's opportunities for self-sacrifice, moral heroism, silent influence, might of love, and all that cut-and-dried woman's spherism; pray don't. I know all about it. I could write an octavo volume on the subject, with dedication, introduction, preface, and appendix; but just go to your window the next rainy day, and notice the first woman who passes. See how she is forced to concentrate all the energies of mind and body on herself and her casings. One delicate hand clings desperately to the unwieldy umbrella; the other is ceaselessly struggling to keep firm hold of the multitudinous draperies; and if book, basket, or bundle claim a share of her attention, her case is pitiable indeed. Down goes one fold upon the wet flagstone, detected only by an ominous flapping against the ankles when the garment has become saturated—a loosened hold on the umbrella, of which it takes advantage, and immediately sways imminent over the gutter—a convulsive and random clutch at the petticoats. The umbrella righted, a sudden gust of wind threatens to bear it away; and one hand not being sufficient to detain it, the other involuntarily comes to the rescue—sweep go the draperies down on the pavement; then another clutch, and another adjustment—forward! march!—and so on to the dreary, draggled end. "Stalk—stalk—stalk—comes up the man behind her. Stalk—stalk—he has passed. Stalk—stalk—he is out of sight before she has passed a single block."

"Of course he is. One sinewy hand lightly poising his umbrella; water-proof overcoat close buttoned to the chin; tight-fitting trousers tucked into enormous India-rubber boots. What is the storm to him?"

"Is this a small matter? Beloved friend, smaller matters than these have swayed the world; and ten thousand such small matters mark the childhood, youth, and maturity of twice ten thousand small men and women."

"Men are strong. They do things, and don't mind it. They can open doors in the dampest weather. They can unstrap trunks without breaking a blood-vessel, turn keys in a moment which women have lost their temper and lamed their fingers over for half an hour, look down precipices and not be dizzy, knock each other prostrate and not be stunned. You may strike them with all your might on the chest, and it doesn't hurt them in the least, (I mean if you are a woman.) They never grow nervous and cry. They go up stairs three at a time. They put one hand on a four-rail fence, and leap it without touching. In short, they do everything easily which women try to do and cannot."

"Moreover, men are so 'easy to get along with.' They are good-natured, and conveniently blind and benevolent. Women criticise you, not unjustly, perhaps, but relentlessly. They judge you in detail, men only in the whole. If your dress is neat, well-fitting, and well-toned, men will not notice it, except a few man-milliners, and a few others who ought to be, and to whose opinion we pay no regard. If you will only sit still, hold up your head, and speak when you are spoken to, you can be very comfortable. I do not mean that men cannot and do not appreciate female brilliancy; but if you are a good listener, and in the right receptive mood, yet can spend an hour very pleasantly without it. But a woman finds out in the first three minutes that the fringe on your dress is not a match. In four, she has discovered that the silk of your sleeves is frayed at the edge. In five, that the binding of the heel of your boot is worn out. By the sixth, she has satisfactorily ascertained, what she suspected the first moment she 'set her eyes on you,' that you trimmed your bonnet yourself. The seventh assures her that your collar is only 'imitation'; and when you part, at the end of ten minutes, she has calculated, with tolerable accuracy, the cost of your dress, has levelled her mental eyeglass at all your innocent little subterfuges, and knows to a dead certainty your past history, present circumstances, and future prospects. Well, what harm is she does? None in particular. It is only being stretched on the rack a little while.—You have no reason to be ashamed, and you are not ashamed. Your boots are only beginning to be shabby, and we all know the transitory nature of galloon. Your fringe is too dark, but you ransacked the city and did your best, 'angels could no more.' You trimmed your bonnet yourself, and saved two dollars which was just what you intended to do. The means were worthy, and the end was won. Your lace is not real, according to the cant of the shopkeepers; but it is real—real cotton, real linen, real silk, or whatever the material may be, and you never pretended it was Honiton or point; and if lace is soft and white and fine, and sets off the throat and wrists prettily, I don't see why it may not just as well be made in America for two cents a yard, as in Paris for two dollars, or two hundred. In fact, this whole matter of lace is something entirely beyond my comprehension. Why, I have seen women who, in the ordinary affairs of life, were neat to a fault, just not fall down and worship a bit of dingy, old yellow lace, that looked fit for nothing but the wash-tub; and when remonstrated with, excuse themselves by saying, 'Why, it is fifty or five hundred years old,' which may be a very lucid explanation, but I cannot say I fully understand and appreciate it."

"But if men, in their strength and courage and independence, are enviable, men in their gentleness are irresistible. You expect it in women. It is their attribute and characteristic. You do not admire its presence so much as you deplore or condemn its absence. But manly

tenderness—has a peculiar charm. It is the wild ivy—shooting over the battlements of some old feudal castle, lending grace to solidity, veiling strength with beauty. And you meet it everywhere—in the house and by the wayside, in city and country, under broadcloth and homespun. The best seat, the finest standpoint, the warmest corner, is not only offered, but urged upon a woman. You may travel from one end of the country to the other, and meet not only civility, but the most cordial and considerate kindness. You may be as ugly as it is possible for virtue to be, and tired and travel-stained and stupid, and your neighbor of a day will show you all the little attentions you could claim from a father or a brother. He will place his valise for your footstool and his shawl for your pillow, open or close your window-blind at every turn of the road, point out every object of interest, explain everything you don't understand, and do a thousand things to make your journey pleasant. The roughest laborer will step out ankle-deep in the 'slosh' to give a firm footing; and if you have the decency to thank him, his good-natured face will light up with as broad a smile as if you were doing him the greatest favor in the world. When a carpenter drags the heavy old road-gate—which he has just unbinged to mend—half a dozen rods to lay it across a mud-puddle, that a woman, to whom he never spoke before and probably never will again, may pass over dry-shod, it is false to say that the age of chivalry is gone. Talk of Sir Walter Raleigh's gallantry! Say rather his shrewdness. Surely his was the most economical use to which cloak was ever put. What wonderful politeness was there in risking a few yards of plush to win the smile of a sovereign whose smiles were 'money and fame and troops of friends'?

"I am aware that this universal politeness has passed under the ban of certain of my sex, who are pleased to consider and designate it as 'doll-treatment,' and resent it accordingly. They ask no favors, despise concessions, and demand dues. Very well. They are doubtless conscientious. If I thought as they do, I should probably act as they do. Only I do not."

"Even if this courtesy were a kind of quid pro quo—a superfluous given for an essential taking away—a Roland of kindness thrust upon us for an Oliver of right, fraudulently kept back—why, I am afraid I must make the ignoble confession that—I believe—I like the Roland better than the Oliver—that is, if we cannot have both—if rights preclude courtesy. It is pleasant, or, as Englishmen would say, 'jollier' to sit by the the flesh-pots of Egypt, than to starve legally in the promised land. Women would better improve the rights they have, a little more, before going mad after others that they know not of. It seems to me that I have business enough on my hands now to occupy three persons at least; and if men will be so good as to do the law-making, and stock-jobbing, and bribing, and quarrelling, and stump-speaking, I will be greatly obliged to them. It will give them employment, and take them off our hands for a good part of the day, which is very convenient. As the big man said, when asked why he let his little wife beat him: 'It amuses her and it don't hurt me.'"

The authoress having made these frank admissions, turns deftly about and protests against the patronizing-air with which women are discussed by the stronger sex:—

"From the confession of faith which I have made, it will readily be inferred that I have no petty spite to gratify, but that I speak more in sorrow than in anger when I say that men do sometimes act like downright—persons devoid of sense, (dictionary definition of a word which I refrain from using for courteous reasons,) and it really is necessary to fall back on undisputed proofs of their common sense in other matters, to convince ourselves that this is only a monstrolitia."

"I do not blame men for not understanding women. It is, perhaps, not in the nature of things. Two organisms so delicate, yet so distinct—so often parallel, yet so entirely integral—can perhaps never be thoroughly understood objectively. But I do blame them for obstinately persisting in the belief that they do when they don't."

"Do I flatter myself that what I may say will have the slightest tendency to modify the views or the practice of any one of my masculine readers, should I be so fortunate as to have any? Not in the least. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, yet of six men who should do me the honor to read me, half a dozen, invited to deliver an address at the anniversary of a female boarding-school, would rise slowly in their places, smile down a bland and benignant compliment on the white-robed beauty before them, and glide gracefully into an oily eulogium upon woman's influence, her humanizing and elevating mission, promulgating the novel and startling theory that her power is in her heart, not in her arm; that she judges by intuition rather than induction; that her sphere is not on the rostrum, but by the fireside; that she is to rule by love, not by fear; interspersing some venerable fling at woman's rights conventions and their strong-minded leaders, quoting with unutterable pathos,

"I called her angel, but he called her wife"—(Query: What right has any man to be calling another man's wife angel?)—and winding up gloriously in a metaphoric convulsion."

From this point the fair authoress proceeds to discuss the health, education, literary aspirations, etc., of women, vigorously and well.

Those have generally most need to fear, who think they have no need to fear.

If you aim to honor God, he will be sure to honor you.