

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 20TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN vii. 32-53: Christ's discourse on the last day of the feast. DEUT. xi. 1-17: Exhortations to obedience.

Recite—JOHN vii. 24-26.

SUNDAY, JULY 27TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN viii. 1-20: The hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees. DEUT. xi. 18-32.

Recite—JOHN vii. 32-24.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 161. Mention the name of a mountain purchased by a king of Israel and on which he built a city. 162. Who was the last king of Israel?

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 159. Ephesians vi. 17, and Hebrews iv. 12. 160. The strangers that were in the land of Israel. 2 Chronicles ii. 17.

A little Talk.

Henry. Grace! Sam Wright says religion makes folks stupid and sad. He says christians are tied up and can't let themselves out, anyhow.

Grace. Well, he don't know anything about it. I wish he did.

Henry. May be he don't; but he knows how to poke fun about it. He says it puts him in mind of a lot of little shavers he saw in the nunnery at Montreal, last year, when he was up there travelling with his father. They were street boys gathered in—a sorry set enough—looked as if they'd lost their last friend. He would have been ready to bet, he said, that their chins and noses and eyebrows were whittled out of blocks, with a jack-knife, and then glass eyes stuck in, like your doll's eyes. There wasn't anything in their faces, anyhow. When the time came for them to sing, Sam says it wasn't much like the songs we roared out at school; but one of the nuns began a dull ditty, and they drawled it out after her. They looked as much alike as so many clothes-pins a-straddle of a rope. And Sam says christians are all a moping set, just like 'em.

Grace. Well, I hope you told him better. Henry. I told him I never saw much mope about you. The fact is, Grace, you are one of the queerest girls I ever saw. You talk about death and heaven, and all such ghostly things, as if you'd really like to die.

Grace. Well, so I would, if God thought it best. Isn't heaven enough better than this world? And didn't Paul say he would rather depart and be with Christ?

Henry. Yes; but then generally folks don't want to go to heaven, unless they are sick of things in this world. And besides, the bother of it is, when you get to be a christian you've got to give up lots of fun that was all right and proper before.

Grace. No, you haven't—not one single speck of it.

Henry. Whew! What sort o' doctrine do you call that? You don't say that a christian can dash round and enjoy himself generally, like us worldly folks?

Grace. I mean just this—that if anything is really right for you, it is right for me; and if it is wrong for me, it is wrong for you. Can you find two laws of God in the Bible—one, for christians and the other for people of the world?

Henry. No; but then it tells about doing nothing that would get a weak brother into sin. You wouldn't expect us who don't belong to the church to stick to that?

Grace. Yes, I would; you are just as much bound to it as any christian can be.

Henry. Well, then my notions on the whole matter must be pretty much askew.

Grace. I think they are, Harry. The fact is, this idea that God's children must be going about as sad as a funeral, is one of Satan's ways of making them stupid and tiresome to all the world. If anybody on earth should be sad, it is a soul that has no hope—no heaven—no God to go to in the wide world. And if anybody should be glad, every minute of his life, it is one who knows whatever may happen, that God is his friend and will always stand by him.

Daughters can help Fathers.

The expressive habits of American women press down many husbands and fathers like a mill-stone. They find it hard to deny the requests of their loved ones, but harder to acquire the means for supplying their artificial wants. Business men come to bankruptcy in the vain effort to appease the fashionable cravings of ambitious families. The following story from the Independent has its moral:

"Now, like a dear, good-mamma, will you please beg papa to buy me that beautiful set of pearls at Tiffany's? All the girls in our circle have some, and surely you would not wish me to seem odd."

"My dear child, it is utterly impossible; your father cannot afford it, and even if he could, it would be a piece of useless extravagance entirely unsuited to your age. I consider it perfectly ridiculous to see children like you bedecked with trinkets, like some South Sea Islander."

"Why, mamma, how you astonish me! Why

every person knows papa is very rich, and there is Clara Clinton's mother, who is acknowledged to be a lady of superior taste, and allows Clara to wear what she pleases."

"Mrs. Clinton has a perfect right to dress her daughter according to her idea; but I prefer to see you in the simple garb so becoming to modest girlhood. Your father, darling, is very much embarrassed at present, having entered into some speculations which I fear will prove disastrous; we will then be obliged to leave this splendid house and seek one more suited to our means. I tell you this, my child, that you may not be annoying him for money for every elegant, costly trifle you may be pleased with.—You know it hurts him to refuse you."

"And I have been forever teasing him about new dresses and jewels. I would not have been so unkind, dear mother, had I known what you say," said Metta Bancroft, with tearful eyes. "Only thoughtless, darling," said her mother. "Now, attend to your lessons—perhaps you may be able to turn your education to advantage, and assist your father, should trouble come."

Metta Bancroft was a noble girl. From her infancy she had been the light of home. With a firm will and keen perception of right, she never wavered when she knew her duty, and although reared in a home of affluence, and accustomed to be petted and caressed, she was not spoiled. Yet she was not entirely free from that great error in the female character, rivalry about dress; and despite of her resolution she was sadly disappointed about the pearls. In the evening, when her father returned, his face looked very troubled. There was a mournful tenderness in his eye, as he met his wife and daughter with their accustomed kisses. The evening passed almost in silence, and when Metta had retired to room, he said to his wife, "Alice, the blow has fallen at last."

"I feared so, William," said his wife. "But you have done all in your power to prevent it. God's will be done; we will not murmur."

"And will you consent to resign this home for one of poverty?" he asked.

"Willingly, my husband. I would scorn to keep up a false appearance when we have not the means to support it."

"My noble, noble wife. You have lightened the burden on my heart. But will our daughter be reconciled to such a change?"

"She is a darling," said the mother, fondly. "To-day I refused to allow her to make some expensive purchases, and intimated the reason; she immediately acknowledged the justice of my refusal, and was really troubled to think of the annoyance her many frivolous requests must have caused you."

The father's eye brightened. "Our reverse may be a blessing for her—it will bring out and strengthen her character."

"Are your hopes entirely blasted?" asked the wife.

"Even the furniture will be sold to satisfy creditors. I may possibly have enough left to furnish a few rooms, and Mr. Greene, of the insurance company, has promised me a situation. My salary will be barely sufficient to support us. However, we will do the best we can."

Under the ruthless hand of the auctioneer scarce an article was left unsold. Objects of great value were sacrificed at half their cost.

With rare determination, on the day after Mr. Bancroft's failure, his wife set out for the first time in her life house-hunting. In a quiet street in Brooklyn, she secured the upper apartment in the house of an old widow lady, whose family consisted of an only daughter. Early in the following week they removed, and were soon comfortably settled.

Mr. Bancroft was happier than he expected to be. The little parlor, with its cane chairs and pretty carpet, looked so neat and comfortable. Never had his wife looked so beautiful;—attired in a simple calico, her cheek flushed, her eye beaming with happiness, and singing a song as she prepared their evening meal. Even Metta looked more dignified as she sat at a small table writing copies for her scholars; for she had obtained a position as a teacher in a school.

"I never felt such contentment before," said the father. "Really, people of fashion have no idea of the pleasure they miss."

"And indeed, papa, said Metta, "I find more enjoyment and instruction in teaching my little class than during my association with people of fashion. The character of my pupils is an interesting study; no two are alike. I begin to think I have found my vocation."

"We are all fitted to excel in some particular avocation," said the mother, "and we should seriously endeavor to know in what, before we enter upon any work. See, my dear girl, the advantage of learning what we undertake perfectly. If you had wasted your time and talents like many a foolish person, you would not now be so independent."

Metta grew up to be a true woman; and although she never wore the costly pearls which she saw at Tiffany's, yet in the cabinet of her heart were enshrined those rarer and richer pearls of modesty, intelligence and virtue.

"They say."

We shall not attempt, for we could hardly expect to succeed, to portray the deformities of a character so repulsive as the "They Say" of society. The reputations of men and women, good and bad, old and young, are alike withered by its blighting influence. "They Say" is a convenient mask for the slander, from behind which to emit the foulest libels, the most scandalous rumors, and vilest insinuations. It is astonishing how many thoughtless persons there are to seize the petty scandal or malicious insinuation, and give it currency, without paus-

ing to consider its probability, or the consequences of promoting its circulation. "They Say" is a demon who spreads a moral malaria that invades every circle, destroys the peace of families, blasts reputation, sows discord, engenders strife and heart-burnings, withers friendship, poisons the fountain of love, and even desecrates the altar. The habit of repeating its unutterance grows apace with the least indulgence, and produces results of the most painful character.

How many feelings and affections are sorely lacerated, and that not for the time only; but how often do the slanders thus germinated live to injure the good name and fame of many for years after. Who has escaped its baneful influence? How many can trace their most poignant sorrow to some heartless utterance, exaggerated by repetition, and to be traced in its origin only to the ubiquitous "They Say."—This fiend is ever busy scarring the reputation magnifying the frailties, and torturing the most innocent conduct and actions of men. Private reputation is a priceless jewel, and we envy no man's or woman's heart who will lightly trifle with it, by heeding or giving currency to "They Say" rumors, affecting the character of a neighbor. How much more wicked it is when it assails the absent, who cannot meet its accusations, but must suffer without the opportunity to repel it, it may be, until too late to avert the evil it has entailed. It is a very safe rule, when you have nothing good to say about your neighbor, to keep your mouth shut. Above all, let the "unruly member" be stilled against the utterance of "They Say" rumors.

Who knows what it may do?

In the country of Kent lives or lived, a clergyman and his lady, who took a very active part in the Sabbath school connected with his church. They had in the school a boy, the only son of a widow, who was notoriously wicked, despising all the earnest prayers and admonitions of the clergyman who, out of pity for his poor widowed mother, kept him at the school eighteen months; but at length found it absolutely necessary to dismiss the lad as a warning to others. He soon after enlisted as a soldier in a regiment that was subsequently ordered to America, it being the last American war. Some time after, the poor widow called on the clergyman to beg a Bible of the smallest size. Surprised at such a request from an individual who was on the verge of eternity, and who, he knew, had one or more Bibles of large print, which she had long used to good purpose, he inquired what she wanted it for. She answered: "A regiment is going out to America, and I want to send it to my poor boy; and O sir, who knows what it may do?"

She sent the Bible which the clergyman gave her by a pious soldier, who, upon his arrival at their destination, found the widow's son the very ringleader of the regiment in every description of vice. After the soldier had made himself known, he said: "James your mother has sent you her last present."

"Ah!" he replied in a careless manner, "is she gone at last? I hope she has sent me some cash."

The pious soldier told him he believed the poor widow was dead; "but" said he, "she has sent you something of more value than gold or silver," presenting him the Bible, "and, James, it was her dying request that you would read one verse, at least every day, and can you refuse her dying charge?"

"Well," said James, "it is not too much to ask," opening the Bible, "so here goes."

He opened the Bible at these words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "that's very odd. I have opened at the only verse in the Bible that I could learn by heart when I was in the Sabbath school; I never could for the life of me commit another. It is very strange; but who is this me that is mentioned in the verse."

The pious soldier asked if he did not know. He replied he did not.

The good man then explained it to him; spoke to him of Jesus, and exhibited the truth and invitations of the Gospel. They walked to the house of the chaplain, where they had further conversation; the result was, from that hour he became a changed man, and was noted for exemplary conduct as before he was noted for wickedness.

Some time after this conversation, the regiment in which he was, engaged the enemy; at the close of which the pious soldier, in walking through the field of blood, beheld under a large spreading oak the dead body of James, his head reclining on his Bible, which was opened at the passage: "Come unto me all ye that are weary." Poor James had gone to his eternal rest.—B. Adv.

Hebrew acrostics.

Some readers of the Bible have perhaps wondered what could be the meaning of the strange words occurring at regular intervals, in connection with the 119th Psalm, Aleph, Beth, Gimel, &c. They are the names of the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet, arranged in alphabetical order, and indicate that every eight verses begin each with the letter prefixed to them. Thus all in the first eight commence with the letter Aleph or A, all in the second eight with Beth or B and so to the end, the whole psalm forming an acrostic on the Hebrew alphabet. This peculiar feature cannot be transferred to our language, because Hebrew and English words do but seldom correspond to each other in meaning and the initial letter. For instance, we have no word commencing with the letter A to ex-

press the sense of the first word of the psalm—"happy" or "blessed."

The several chapters of the book of Lamentations exhibit the same poetical peculiarity, each consisting of twenty-two verses, corresponding to the Hebrew letters; except that the third chapter, containing sixty-six verses, appropriates three to a single letter. The first three, for example, commencing with the letter A, the second three with B, and so on.

This peculiarity would be a great help to the memory, in treasuring up even so long a psalm as the 119th.

A Question and Answer.

QUESTION.

Mr. Editor.—Will you inform me if there is any Scriptural rule or example for granting a dismission to a church member at his or her request, except in cases for them to join some other church? An answer will oblige several. INQUIRER.

ANSWER.

This question is one of some importance, and one also, upon which there is much prevalent error, both of opinion and practice. Some persons become dissatisfied with their religious profession, and wish to be relieved from the obligations of church membership. Others become dissatisfied with some of the brethren in the church, and wish to withdraw in consequence of their dislike to them. Others are disaffected with the order of worship, or the discipline of the church, and think they can be happier outside of its fellowship. Another class whose disorderly walk require the action of the church, wish to avoid the annoyance and disgrace of excommunication, by withdrawing. A great variety of reasons are urged by different persons why their request for dismission should be granted them.

In case of the removal of a church member from one place to another, he or she should have a letter of commendation to the church where they reside; but should never be considered dismissed from the first until such letter is presented to the second, and the party accepted for membership. There are some cases where fellowship may be transferred from one church to another without removal. Parties may be dismissed from one church to form a new one. But dismissions should never be given to dissatisfied persons to join other churches of the same denomination, especially if such churches be so far distant from them that they cannot meet with them regularly every sabbath for worship.

It is not true that a church member has a right to voluntarily withdraw, and thereby exclude himself from the church. Neither are there any appointed in the Church of Christ to grant permission to any who may desire it, to withdraw and return again to the world. The Scriptures recognize but two ways in which any communicant can ever be removed from the church on earth. The one is by the direct agency of God himself. Death removes one after another, and takes them into eternity. But death does not absolve any one from his solemn vows; he transfers the true Christian to the church in glory, to abide there forever. The other method is by exclusion because of offences. For the preservation of her own purity, the continuance of her own institutions, as well as the discipline and recovery of her own members, the church has been invested with the power of cutting off such as offend and will not be reclaimed. When admonition has failed, and all suitable efforts have been frustrated, then is the church required, in the name of her Lord and Head, to pronounce such excluded from all Christian rights and privileges. Such persons are ever after, unless they repent and return, to be held as heathen men and publicans. Other than the two methods which we have now described—death by the agency of God himself, and exclusion in the manner and for the reasons which have been defined by our Lord himself—there is no way of being disconnected from the church of the living God. In uniting with a church the individual commits himself to the most solemn and responsible vows, and although he may withdraw himself, or obtain a dismission contrary to the law of the Lord, yet there is no retreat, no retirement, no crowd, no cavern, no island of the sea, no spot in all the creation of God to which he may betake himself, where the solemnity and obligation of these vows will not rest upon him. "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."—Religious Intelligencer.

RECIPES.

ONIONS FOR CATTLE.—A writer in the Home-stead has great faith in the efficacy of a peck of onions for ridding cows or oxen of lice. He claims to have found them an infallible remedy in his practice. They also give tone to the stomach, and are especially valuable in hot weather, when working cattle will lie in the shade at noontime, and refuse to eat.

SLOBBERING IN HORSES.—A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator cures this disease by the use of saltpeter. A tablespoonful to a dose he has found to cure the worst case he ever had, and has not found it necessary ever to give the fourth dose. He gives a tablespoonful in the morning, and in three days, if the horse is not free from it, repeats the dose.

TO REMOVE WARTS.—A Correspondent of the New England Farmer says that potash dissolved to a paste and laid on the wart for half an hour, and then taken off, will cure a wart on man or beast.