

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xvi. 1-16: The Holy Spirit promised. DEUT. xxxiii. 1-12: The majesty of God.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xvi. 17-33: Conclusion of Christ's discourse. DEUT. xxxiii. 13-29: The tribes' blessings.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

201. In what respects do the writers of the gospel differ in their accounts of the resurrection of Christ? 202. Are these real or only apparent inconsistencies?

Answers to questions given last week:—

199. The corn of wheat. John xii. 24. I Cor. xv. 36-38

200. They proved it: they told two lies, contradicting each other. After being bribed they affirmed "we slept," and yet said "his disciples came by night and stole him away."

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 16.

A SHADOW. In answer to Isaiah's prayer, the Lord brought back the shadow on the sundial of Abaz. 2 Kings xx. 8-11; Isaiah xxxviii. 7-12. "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is given as one of the great blessings of gospel times. Isaiah xxxii. 2. The shadow of Peter was the means of curing multitudes in the cities round about Jerusalem. Acts v. 15.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE No. 17.

So cold as marble, soft as mud, Found in the field, in fire, in flood, I ran, I lay, I rose, I stood. Deep-sixed and trodden to the ground, I was with highest honors crown'd. Helpless, unmoveable I lay, Yet did the fate of nations sway. Order and just proportion grew In me, and wild confusion too. All eyes and hearts on me were turned, Each patriotic bosom burn'd. With manly pride, as 'neath my shade His nation's glory he survey'd. Heaven raised the top-stone to my fame, Gave an imperishable name. Sounding that name in every place Covered with shame and deep disgrace.

How the wagon was broken.

"How is it, John that you bring the wagon home in such a broken condition?" "I broke it in driving over a stump, sir!" "Where?" "Back in the woods, a half a mile or so." "But why did you run against the stump? Could you not see to drive straight?" "I did drive straight, sir, and that is the very reason why I drove over it. The stump was directly in the middle of the road." "Why, then, did you not go round it?" "Because, sir, the stump had no right in the middle of the road, and I had a right to it." "True, John, the stump ought not to have been there. But I wonder that you were so foolish as not to consider that it was there, and that it was stronger than your wagon."

"Wh, father, do you think that I am going always to yield my rights? Not I. I am determined to stand up to them, come what will!" "But what is the use, John, of standing up for your rights, when you only get a greater wrong by so doing?"

"I shall stand up for them at all hazards!" "Well, John, and I have to say is this: hereafter you must furnish your own wagons!"

This little dialogue between John and his father recalls to our memory many a difficulty in which we have seen men involved, because they would not consider how things are, but how they ought to be. My neighbors, for example, ought all to be kind and accommodating, (we put, of course, not our own individual ease, not the ease of any man,) but perhaps one of them is selfish, and of a disobliging temper, and were I to attempt the work of making him over again, I should have more than my hands full. Now, though I ought not to do anything to humor him which shall involve a sacrifice on my part of christian principle, yet I should do well to recollect not only what he should be, but what he is. This will save me from many unpleasant collisions with him in little matters, which would be of no benefit to him and would greatly injure me. It may be, abstractedly considered, right for me to kill his geese, when I find them trespassing on my fields, if he will not keep them yoked. But I shall probably find that this business of geese-killing will not work well either for his reformation, or for my comfort.

Once more. The members of a Christian church ought all to be zealous and prompt in every good work; ready, in every way, to co-operate with the minister and to hold up his hands. But, supposing some are not so, but are in the contrary worldly minded and negligent of duty, or have other uncomfortable religious habits. That he ought, in the spirit of meekness and love, to

labor faithfully for their reformation, all must concede. But what if reformation should not always follow? It is not best for him to be thrown into a paroxysm of excitement, and to denounce from the pulpit in no measured terms. By so doing he will only aggravate the evil.

We were going to make an application of John's rule of procedure to political life, but we forbear; not because the application would not be perfectly fair, but because political theory, when once we get under way, never turns out for the stump. He must be left to break his wagon against it, and then get along as he can.

To all who would go through life pleasantly and usefully, we would say: Consider not only what ought to be, but what is.—Ohio Observer.

The Trial-balance.

"The trial balance," said the book-keeper, passing the merchant, his employer, a sheet. "The trial-balance," repeated Mr. H., as he took it, with a nervous motion of his body.

"Yes," responded the clerk, turning away to his desk.

The fact is, it had been a very unprofitable year, and Mr. H. almost feared to see his trial-balance, while yet he wanted to know how he stood. It was on this account that his hand shook with a nervous tremor when he took it.

A single glance told the whole story, and a deathly pallor spread over his face. The clerk saw it, and wondered. He made no remark, however.

It was too much for Mr. H. A long, dangerous fever was the result. Hour after hour the burning patient tossed upon his bed with delirium, and ever and anon he would say, "The trial balance, the trial-balance."

He went down to the verge of the grave, and anxious friends waited to see him close his eyes in death; but he rallied.

When reason assumed its throne, and his mental powers grew vigorous again, his thoughts passed from the trial-balance of earth to that of the judgment.

"How can I meet it?" he inquired within himself.

"God's trial-balance!" said conscience. "I know it," replied the merchant. "Oh, shall I be an everlasting bankrupt?"

He wept over his sins; and he who could not look upon the trial-balance of his business without turning deadly pale, was not afraid to see God's trial-balance in the day of retribution.—Thayer's Home Monthly.

Perfect trust.

A gentleman was walking one evening with his little girl upon a high bank, below which ran a canal. The glistening water charmed the child, and she coaxed him to descend the bank, saying:

"O pretty! do take me to it."

The bank was very steep, the road down a mere sheep path, and in descending the gentleman had to swing his child in the air, holding her by the right arm several times. Whenever he did this the child laughed gleefully, although she was in real danger.

At last they reached the tow-path in safety. Taking his daughter in his arms, he said:—

"Tell me, Sophy, why you were not frightened when you were swinging in the air dancing upon nothing?"

Nestling her plump little cheek upon her father's face, she replied:

"Papa had hold of Sophy's hand; Sophy couldn't fall!"

This was perfect trust. Happy is that man who, having placed himself in God's hand, saying, "Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe," can look danger in the face and say:

"God has hold of my hand. I cannot be harmed."—Good News.

The blood of Christ.

What avails the blood of Christ? It avails what mountains of good works heaped up by us—what columns of the incense of prayer curling up from our lips toward heaven—and what streams of tears of penitence gushing from our eyeballs never could avail. "The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." "Helps us to cleanse ourselves, perhaps?" No, cleanseth us—"Furnishes the notice and the obligation for us to cleanse ourselves?" No, it cleanseth us. "Cleanseth us from the desire to sin?" No, cleanseth us from sin itself. "Cleanseth us from the sin of inactivity in the work of personal improvement?" No, from all sin. "But did you say the blood does this?" Yes, the blood. "The doctrine of Christ, you must mean?" No, his blood. "His example, is it?" No, his blood, his blood. O what hostility the world still betrays toward this essential element of Christianity! Can anything be stated more plainly in language, than the entire Word of God declares that our redemption from sin is by the blood of Christ? And yet what strenuous efforts are constantly made to set aside this plain, essential, wonderful, and most glorious truth, that the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin!—Krummacher.

An Irish Roman Catholic once said to another, who had taken the pledge, and received a medal from Father Mathew. "And so you have signed the teetotal pledge, have you?" "Indeed I have; and I am not ashamed of it, either." "And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?" "No he did," said the teetotaler; "but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

For Sabbath-school Teachers.

CLASS ORDER.

Constant occupation is a safeguard of order. A teacher was once asked how it was that he could maintain such order and attention in his class. He replied that he never gave them time to be disorderly.

A skilful teacher can usually supply employment to his pupils, so that there will be rare occasion for those two very little, but (to children) very irritating words,—must not.

A child once said, "I like very well to be told what to do, by those who are fond of me; but never to be told what not to do; and the more fond they are of me, the less I like it; because, when they tell me what to do, they give me an opportunity of pleasing them; but when they tell me what not to do, it is a sign I have displeased, or am likely to displease them."

There are many good people who are most anxious to teach their children aright. They are crowding their daily path with prohibitions, but seldom hold out a hand to help them, or point out to them the steps they may safely take. "And while they are always teaching them that they must not break the Sabbath, wiser parents are teaching children how they may keep it pleasantly and profitably. The Sabbath is to the former a day on which they must not play with their balls, carts, and so on, a day on which they must not work in their garden and must not read their story books. To the latter it is a day on which they may sing hymns with mother,—on which they may hear father read stories out of the Bible so long as they please,—on which they may seek out answers to questions, and have longer talks with father and mother about all their little trials and faults,—on which they get more comfort and help than on any other day of the week. To them it is a day of privileges; to the others, a day of prohibitions."

There is great danger of making children feel that religion is a system of "must not's." It is very right to tell children that they "must not quarrel with each other," "must not be anxious to keep every thing to themselves," "must never be glad to bring another into disgrace, must never tell tales of each other's faults; but we might draw a bright and pleasing picture of the pleasure of being kind, of the happiness of making another happy, or of being of use to a little brother, sister, or play-fellow. When we take that view of the subject, little drooping heads are raised, the sleepy eyes brighten, the wandering ones are fixed, and next Sabbath the little ones think the class is a place where they hear of the happiness of being Christ's lambs, not as a place where they are told that they "must not" do this or that.—The Teacher Teaching.

The following is a good specimen of the above directions; it is to practise in the S. School Class:— "BE QUICK!"—As soon as the opening exercises are finished, and the Superintendent gives the word, "Proceed with the lesson," like well drilled soldiers, let every teacher instantly commence, and do not cease your work until the word is given, & Gather up the books." One short hour to counteract the evil associations of a whole week! Each of your scholars has come in from influences, at home and in the street, that may have more than neutralized all your teachings of the past Sabbath; and will it not require all your wisdom, to regain lost ground? How, then, can you afford to lose a single moment? Come—quick! Down with that paper! Lay aside that library-book! Break off that conversation! Face your children, who are heartily tired of surveying your back! Now for a streak of sunshine, a winning smile—a kind word, and then to business—close, searching, prayerful, individualizing attention to your class! How surprised your children look! They have not been used to such business-like promptitude. Never mind! Go ahead! They will like it better after they get used to it. Quick! put a question to that bundle of mischief who is about sticking a pin into his next neighbor. Good! your question has suspended the mischief. Can't answer it? Well—quick! try those two fun-loving conspirators at the other end of the bench, before they "say a-train" that will explode and "blow up" all the good order of the class. Good! your question has drawn their heads apart.—Can't answer it? Well—quick! put the question to that "sleepy-head" who is nodding an unmeaning assent from dreamland. Good! you have waked him up. (Like a good old Methodist preacher who occasionally intercepted the nods of a sleepy farmer, by inquiring "Isn't that so, brother P?") Hasn't been paying attention? Well—quick! try it on those two boys who are on the verge of a quarrel. How ashamed they look! ashamed of their heedlessness, and inability to answer, but more ashamed to be caught quarrelling. That unanswered question has been better than a dozen sermons on bad tempers. But, look! How wide-awake your class is! They do not know where to expect the next attack. Now—quick!—explain your own unanswered question. Don't be tedious. Keep their attention, if possible, and pass on to something else. "But, bless me, what are the boys? I never knew them to be so disorderly." They keep me busy, this afternoon." Oh! no, not a bit more unmanageable than usual, but you have heretofore been attending to everything else but them, and never noticed before how much they needed your attention, and were annoying everybody else but you. "Why, the bell is ringing to close the school! Is my time up already? How short the season has been? I've done almost nothing!" Yes, you have done more than usual, but you have been so busy that you did not notice the passing moments. You forgot to watch the clock, and yawn, and wish for the bell to ring, for you have had better employment. Don't be discouraged. Be thorough—but "be quick!"—N. Y. Methodist.

Scientific.

Stoves Clinkers—A Remedy.

There is no piece of information about household matters which we can give, that will be more acceptable to all consumers of anthracite coal, than how to get rid of the clinkers that form upon the fire-brick lining of stoves, and often to such an extent as to fill up the fire-chamber of a small cylinder stove till it becomes nearly useless. It is a laborious work to break them off with a poker, and living bricks are often destroyed in the attempt to do so. We have known instances where the family had to suffer all the inconveniences of having the stove taken down in mid-winter, to be sent to the shop for repairs, in consequence of these clinkers. There is an easier way to get rid of them. It is this: When a charge of coal has been burned down pretty well, and is all aglow, throw in half a dozen pieces of oyster shells and fill up with coal, and let it burn till very hot, and you will find the clinkers all in a semi-fluid state, plastic and adhesive as sticky dough, and about as easily punched off with a poker. The philosophy of the thing is that the lime acts as a flux to the matter composing the clinkers, and probably limestones will answer where shells are not convenient. When the clinkers accumulate again, try the same process over again, and you will not have to send for the stove-maker at some inconvenient season. Now this is nothing new, but something that everybody does not know, and something that many who do know, fail to remember when needed.

Submarine Blasting.

Among the works going forward for the improvement of the ports of France, the new pier in progress of construction at Havre is one of the most remarkable. Engineers are now employed in removing the foundations of the tower of Francis I., and they take advantage of the high tides to spring the mine, then covered with a great volume of water. They profit by the low water to remove the rubbish. A new system has been introduced for the explosion of submarine mines. Engineers no longer make cavities in the rocks to contain the powder; they merely place a large glass bottle enclosed in a basket at the bottom of the sea where they mean to act, and this bottle is filled with gunpowder in proportion to the effect to be produced. The pressure of a column of water of some feet is sufficient to compress the gas so powerfully as to cause great ravages on the soil on which the basket is placed even were it of the hardest granite. The gunpowder is ignited by electricity by means of two wires, which communicate the fire to the gunpowder in the bottle. On Thursday morning last, one of these submarine mines was sprung by the engineers of the roads and bridges, in presence of a multitude of spectators. The charge of gunpowder in the bottle was 30 lb. When the explosion took place the water rose and formed an artificial water-spout, which fell on the surface of the water after producing a considerable undulation. The shock resembled an earthquake, and was felt even in town. The spectators assembled on the break-water felt it tremble under them, as if it had been shaken by a submarine convulsion.—Paris Letter.

MAN vs GORILLA.—At the late Annual meeting of the British Scientific Association, an amusing discussion took place between Professor Owen and other gentlemen on the relation between man and the gorilla, and other apes.—Professor Owen pointed out a number of essential points of difference between the human brain and that of the monkey tribe, which he deemed sufficiently great to elevate man from the sub-kingdom to which the monkeys belong, and to place him in a distinct sub-kingdom by himself. Other gentlemen, inclined to favor the Darwinian theory of the origin of species, dissented from these views, contending that there was no such essential difference, and hinting that if there were any, according to Prof. Owen's position, it would have to be decided in favour of the apes. As the thanks of the Association were returned to Professor Owen, we are at liberty to judge that he sustained his position.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.—A telegraphic item comes from California stating that a waterspout burst in the sparsely settled portion of Los Angeles county, on the 18th of August, fifty miles from the ocean, filling the long ravine with water fourteen feet deep. A man and a woman riding in a carriage were caught in the flood, and the woman and horses drowned. The man floated more than a mile to a place of safety.

An infallible recipe for making a young lady's cheeks red without paint.—Place her at a wash-tub, with her sleeves rolled up and her handful of dirty clothes. Then let her bean suddenly enter and her cheeks will be a glowing red in an instant.

A new eruption of Vesuvius is expected at Naples. The volcano is already sending forth lava in the direction of Pompeii, and ashes in the direction of Particci. The atmosphere of the city is highly charged with electricity—a phenomena which usually precedes an eruption.

It is said the wheel of fortune revolves for all; but many of us are broken upon the wheel.