

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 26TH, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVI. 51-63: Christ before the High Priest. EXODUS XXVII.: The defeat of Amaleck.

Recite—MATTHEW XXVI. 36-39.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVI. 64-75: Christ denied by Peter. EXODUS XXVIII. 1-12: Jethro's visit to the camp of Israel.

Recite—MATTHEW XXVI. 57, 58.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 111. Give the first instance recorded of raising a dead body. 112. Name a man who was made king three several times, and state the occasions.

Answers to questions given last week:—

109. Job. xxi. 11-15.

110. 2 Kings xvi. 6: "At that time Rezin king of Syria recovered Elath to Syria, and drove the Jews from Elath: and the Syrians came to Elath, and dwelt there unto this day."

"To whom much is given."

I have seen Laura Bridgman, whom God sent into this world without sight, hearing or the power of speech. She could see nothing, hear nothing, as nothing. To her the very thunder has ever been silence, and the sun blackness. The tips of her fingers and the palms of her hands have been her eyes, and tongue. Yet that poor sickly girl knows much of the earth, and language, and numbers; of human relationships and passions; of what is, has been, shall be, should be; of sin, and death, and hell; of God, and Christ, and heaven. And all this has gone through the poor child's slender fingers, darkly feeling the fingers of another; and thus she tells her hopes, and fears, and sorrows. And if she, groping so blindly for the Saviour, finds Him, and rests her weak hands on His lowly head—that blessed head which bows lowly enough even for this—O how will she rise up in judgment (Matt. xii. 41, 42) and condemn, with utter overwhelming, you, O sinners! upon whose soul every sense is pouring the knowledge of God, while your eyes read His holy word, and your ears hear, a thousand times over, these tidings of great joy—even the glorious Gospel of the blessed God! (1 Tim. i. 11).—Blind Bartimeus, by Dr. Hoge.

The Eye.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eye says one thing and the tongue another, practical man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his centre, the eye shows it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips; One comes away from a company, in which it may easily happen he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eye. There are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blue-berries. Others are liquid and deep—wells that a man might fall into: others aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require Broadways and the security of millions, to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under the clerical, now under rustic brows. 'Tis the city Lacedaemon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes, and eyes full of fate—some of good and some of sinister motive. The alleged power to charm down insanity or ferocity in beasts is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will, before it can be signified in the eye.—Conduct of Life.

CRITICISM OF PREACHERS.—"I would have no one criticize a sermon," said Samuel Drew, "till he has attempted to preach one. After you have attempted to address a congregation you will better understand a preacher's sensations and difficulties. And remember this in all your criticisms: the hand that cannot build a hovel may demolish a palace."

THE BEAUTIFUL.—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and a higher life, and fill us with mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellency to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behavior.

THE most impudent of all things is a mirror, for it is continually casting reflections.

A "Contraband."

An army correspondent of the Portland Transcript gives the following sketch of the appearance, and peculiarities of one of the slaves met with by his regiment while marching South:

As I went into the yard I saw standing in the midst of the men, an aged contraband, whose woolly pate was profusely mottled with grey, and a grey, woolly fringe around the base of his ebony face, gave him a most singular appearance. His enormous mouth, thick lips, and flattened nose of purely African stamp, and retreating forehead, very low in height, would convey an idea of almost idiotic intellect within. As I approached, his lower jaw slowly moved downwards, and then upwards, like the first movements of the arms of a ponderous steam engine, and then from the expansive reservoir of his throat came forth a sound, and he began to sing a hymn. There was not much melody in his music, but he seemed to enjoy it as well as an Ole Bull or Paganini would their own performance. He was dressed in the cast-off uniform, overcoat and pants, of some rebel soldier, and the coat half dropping from one shoulder in a careless style, plainly indicated an inmate "cuffee." He finished his hymn and some one asked him if he wouldn't pray? The old man paused for a moment, and then said:

"De good book say, dat when we worship God we must do it wid speret and de troof, and I doesn't like for see sich things treated lightly. Now, if ye'll all be quiet an not larf, an pay attention, I'll do de bes I ken."

Having promised good behavior, the old man knelt down. As he was kneeling, some one asked him to pray for the war to close. He commenced his prayer with an eloquence of language and propriety of expression absolutely astonishing, and I could hardly believe that in that apparently demented cranium could be stored an intellect which displayed itself in a manner indicating that nature had given it a power and utterance far above many of those who were looking upon the possessor as they would at a monkey or parrot, or some other natural curiosity. There was an expression in his prayer which in connection with the request to pray for the soldiers, was peculiarly noticeable. He prayed:

"O, massa Lord God Amity, have mercy on all sogers, an eem's gwine to war. O, Lord batter all dere big guns into prowsheers and dere sords into prune hooks, and make peace come quick."

This expression seemed an isolated one in his prayer, as having less propriety of expression than any other one. At the close of his prayer, he was asked where his master was, and replied, "O, he's done gone dis four months; he wouldn't jine Mr. Linkum's company, so he had to leave and go off way down Souf."

"I would be a snug chance for him if he was at home here, now, wouldn't it?" some one asked. "Golly, massa, 'deed 't would, I reckon," laughed the sable chattel. "He'd ben dead and buried up in de grave long time go if he had'nt run off."

He was asked if many soldiers came there, and replied that they came every day, in the morning, on horseback. He was asked what they were, and replied,

"Can't tell, massa, 'deed I can't; some says dey's sesseongers, but 'pon my soul an body, massa, I can't tell one from tother, 'deed I con't. But I see on Mr. Linkum's side, 'deed I is."

He was then asked to preach, and finally consented, and commenced, talking for his subject the characters of Nicodemus and Hezekiah, and commenced in a manner displaying an astonishing depth of knowledge of Scripture history, and drawing logical deductions with a style of language and beauty of expression that one need not be ashamed of as worthy the efforts of many extemporaneous preachers in the more enlightened portions of civilized community in the free States.

As I listened, I thought, what, but for the accursed, soul-destroying influence of slavery, which binds its victims in shackles of ignorance, might not this man have been? Possessed of an intellect of uncommon wealth and vigor, though clothed in rags, and bound by the rankling shackles of an unjust oppression, which forbids it to wish even, to rise to seek its own level among humanity, it breaks the bonds with the force which nature alone imparts, and rises, unaided by the acquirements of art, above the common herd around. To what eminence might it not have attained, if cultivated and trained by the aids which the times now afford the free man?

Temperance.

DRUNKENNESS IN CHURCHES. It is said that there are 36,000 Christian Churches in England; and from these 30,000 persons are annually excluded for drunkenness. This is accounted for on the ground that habitual drinking is seldom recognized as a sufficient warrant for exclusion. A writer in an English paper says: "At the present time I know of a church that has been broken up lately from this very cause, nearly every member being charged with sin of intemperance, not one member daring to exercise discipline upon another for fear of a like exposure of himself; and, owing to this cause, for some months past, the Lord's Supper had not been dispensed."

TEMPERANCE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—In contrast with the above it is gratifying to know that Teetotalism is making rapid progress in Great Britain. It is represented by three weekly newspapers having a united circulation of 25,000 weekly; six monthly magazines, circulating 20,000; two periodicals for the young including over 300,000; with two cheap quarterlies of about 10,000 copies. These are exerting a mighty influence on the public mind.

A Column for Sunday-School Teachers.

THE VALUE OF A LOOK.

A class in a certain Sunday-school, was exceedingly inattentive and disorderly. Its teacher was regular in attendance, earnest in manner, and anxious to do good. But her most earnest appeals, her best illustrations, seemed to fail in making the lesson interesting, and the pupils continued to trifle and waste their time, Sabbath after Sabbath.

One day the regular teacher was detained at home. A friend took her place. To the surprise of every one in the neighborhood of the inattentive class, it was, for that day transformed. No more attentive circle in the room. Every eye fixed upon the face of the stranger. Every lip responsive to hers. What could be the secret?

It was my lot, shortly after, to meet the successful teacher at her post, as vice-principal of one of our Ward schools. In the course of conversation an allusion was made to her class upon the Sabbath referred to. She had been greatly pleased with it, and was at a loss to know why the pupils should have maintained better order with her than they were accustomed to. "But," said she, "in governing my pupils, I have usually found that a look went farther than a word."

Is it not often better to let a glance bring a restless child back again to duty, than to assail him with reproof? Reproof, in the presence of others, is usually a positive injury. The child feeling that his reputation for good behavior is gone, thinks it no longer worth while to try to do right. The force of example will lead others in the class to follow the erring one, and before he is prepared for it, the teacher will find a strong under-current of restlessness and inattention, which baffles all his efforts. The eye, not the voice, is the fitter instrument for reproof or reminder. How much tender feeling, how much of earnestness, how much of reproach, may be in one fleeting glance! Few children or youth will disregard the appealing power of a steady look.

But we have a high example from which to copy. We are told that in that sad night, when the impetuous disciple had thrice denied his Master, "The Lord turned and looked upon Peter." What a look must that have been! How it must have stirred the fountains of love in that forgetful heart! What tenderness, what reproach, what heavenly love in that look!

"Did I yesterday wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run quick to deny me, 'neath the morning sun?"

What wonder that the grieved and repentant Peter "went out and wept bitterly"?

HOW PRAYERS ARE ANSWERED.

Our prayers are answered at the time of their utterance, but in a way so unlooked for that he who offered them is inclined to think that the very opposite of what he asked for has befallen him. One individual prays, for instance, that he may be enabled to glorify God. Ere he is aware, some tremendous calamity comes crushing down upon him, prostrating him to the dust.—His fortune is swept away, or his schemes of promotion are blasted. A favorite child is missed from the cradle or the hearth-stone. His hopes are withered like grass. God has answered his prayer, but has answered it, as the Psalmist says, "by terrible things." From under the overwhelming pressure of affliction he flees to Jesus his Divine comforter, and Oh how his love is kindled by the contact! How his latent faith is called forth! How he glorifies God in the furnace of trial which is purging away the dross of selfishness and worldliness, and making his pure gold to shine with tenfold brightness.

We once saw an earnest inquirer who was praying most importunately for faith in Christ, and for peace to his troubled soul. But while he prayed a cloud of darkness gathered across his troubled soul. And against that cloud, which swung like a funeral pall before his vision, played the sharp lightning of the Almighty's wrath. The thunders of God's law roared against him like the death-dealing guns of our frigates against the walls of those sea-coast fortresses of Hatteras. Instead of the calm he sought came the fearful tempest; and under the stress of its terrors the poor, baffled soul betakes himself to the "covert" which Christ has raised on Calvary. There he finds the peace he so earnestly prayed for.—There the long-sought confidence in Jesus pours its fulness through the soul. His prayer was answered—first by terrible things, but at last by the very blessings which he desired. And without that storm the true calm would have never come. Had the sinner not been led to that frightful view of his own guilt and condemnation, he might never have gone to Christ, and thus could not have known true, abiding peace. As he looks back over the dark valley of sorrow through which the Divine hand has wondrously led him, and sees that no other way would so surely bring him to the Cross, he feels a renewed assurance that no true prayer is ever lost; he now knows that he that asketh aright will always receive, and he that seeketh will surely find.—His experience is worth all it cost him.

LIVE!

Make haste, O man! to live, For thou so soon must die; Time hurries past thee like the breeze; How swift its moments fly! Make haste, O man! to live.

To breathe, and wake, and sleep, To smile, to sigh, to grieve; To move in idleness through earth— This, this is not to live. Make haste, O man! to live.

The Evening of Life.

What means this knocking at my gate? A stranger old and thin Lingers without—as it grows late, Should I not call him in?

Yes, call him in without dismay, His looks are like thine own; Who knows but he may force his way, If once impatient grown.

And call I will, though man and maid Grow pale, and hold their breath; My boding heart the truth hath said— It is—it is—friend Death!

Human Life.

The scriptural limit of human life is seventy years, while the average of human endurance is not over half of that, probably because the wicked do not live out half their days; a virtuous life—by which we mean a life according to the laws of nature, which is the highest physical virtue—would probably give the average of three score years and ten. There is no class of men who do so much for the individual development and preservation as the British nobility. They stand at the head of the human race in mental cultivation and physical strength, in the means and the security of the means of happiness, and also in the length of days. In 1860, the deaths of British peers numbered twenty-four; their united ages was sixteen hundred and eighty, and the average exactly seventy years. This is a remarkable fact. The oldest on the list was Viscount Guillemeau, eighty-seven, and the youngest, Earl of Longford, forty-two. There were but two under sixty.

Agriculture, &c.

Notes on Milking.

The first process in the operation of milking, is to "fondle" with the cow—make her acquaintance, and thus give her to understand that the man, or "maid with the milking pail," approaches her with friendly intentions in order to relieve her of the usual amount of lacteal secretion. It will never do to approach the animal with combative feelings and intentions; should the milker swear, scold, or kick, and otherwise abuse the cow, she may probably prove as refractory as a mule, and may give the uncouth and unfeeling milker the benefit of her heels—a very pertinent reward to which he, the uncouth milker, is justly entitled.

Before commencing to milk, a cow should be fed, or have some kind of fodder offered her, in view of diverting her attention from the otherwise painful operation of milking; by this means the milk is not "held up," as the saying is, but yielded freely.

The milker should be in close contact with the cow's body, for in this position, if she attempts to kick him, he gets nothing more than a "push" whereas if he sits off at a distance, the cow has an opportunity to inflict a severe blow whenever she feels disposed to do so.

Before commencing to milk a cow, the teats should be washed with water, warm or cold, according to the temperature of the atmosphere, the object of which is to remove filth which might otherwise fall into the milk-pail, to the disgust of persons who love pure milk, and hate uncleanness.

Milkers of cows should understand the udder and teats are highly organized, and consequently very sensitive, and these facts should be taken into consideration by amateur milkers, especially when their first essay is made on a young animal after the advent of her first impregnation; at this period the hard tugging and squeezing which many "dumb brutes" have to submit to, in consequence of the application of hard fisted and callous fingers, is a barbarity of the very worst kind, for it often converts a docile creature into a state of viciousness, from which condition she may not easily be weaned.

Feeding Oat straw to sick animals.

"I have often noticed," says Dr. Dadd, "that sick horses will eat oat-straw in preference to any other kind of fodder; as a matter of course, however some will refuse to eat it. Oat-straw contains a large proportion of nutrimental matter, and some phosphates, and when converted into a sort of bran by means of mill-stones, is a very nourishing diet. This sort of aliment is useful when combined with ground oats, for animals whose systems lack the requisite amount of phosphates. A milch cow, for example, the subject of prostrating disease, is very much benefited by food of this kind."

Power of a Horse's scent.

A correspondent of the Homestead says:—"There is one perception that a horse possesses, that but little attention has been paid to, and that is the power of scent. With some horses it is as acute as with the dog; and for the benefit of those that drive at night, such as physicians and others, this knowledge is invaluable. I never knew it to fail, and I have ridden hundreds of miles dark nights; and in consideration of this power of scent, this is my simple advice: Never check your horse at night, but give him a free head, and you may rest assured that he will never get off the road, and will carry you expeditiously and safely. In regard to the power of scent in a horse, I once knew one of a pair that was stolen, and recovered mainly by the track being made out by his mate, and that after he had been absent six or eight hours."