

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xiv. 15-31: Christ continues his farewell discourse. DEUT. xxxii. 1-14: Moses' song.

Recite—JOHN xiv. 1-3.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1862.

Read—JOHN xv. 1-15: The vines and branches. DEUT. xxxii. 15-35: Moses' song continued.

Recite—JOHN xiv. 15-17.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

195. How does the Bible speak of repentance on earth being observed in heaven?

196. Mention two kinds of sorrow, and give illustrations of them?

Answers to questions given last week:—

193. That he is interested for his people continually. Acts iv. 12. 1 Tim. ii. 5.

194. To God, 1 John i. 8, 9, and one to another James v. 16.

The Promise.

As Alice McCarty came out of the gate at the little parsonage, she found herself face to face with her father. He had been drinking, as usual, and his features were inflamed with heat and anger.

"Where have you been?" he demanded, roughly.

"At the minister's Saturday class," answered Alice.

"What were you doing?"

"Studying the Bible."

"Now, look here, girl; I gave you leave to go to school on Sundays, and that's quite enough. I'm not going to have you wasting your time in this way. You can find plenty to do at home, without running round to the parson's so often." "Now mind!" he added, raising his right hand threateningly, "you don't set your feet there again."

Alice turned tremblingly away, and with a sinking heart bent her steps homeward. To give up her precious Bible-class when she was just beginning to feel the value of the lessons she learned there—oh! she could not do it! When out of her father's sight, she sat down on the grass and cried, but in the midst of her grief a verse that had been in the afternoon's lesson came to her mind—"Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me."

"It is God's promise," thought Alice, "and he will keep it. I will call upon him, and I know that he will deliver me." She knelt in the grass and told her new trouble to Him who listens to the cry of the humble. There was no sound in answer: God did not speak from the clouds, nor send an angel with his reply, but Alice had the sure word of his promise to abide by, and with it she was content—"I will deliver thee."

The week passed by. Alice prayed daily, and waited in faith for an answer. On Saturday morning, as she was busy sewing, her father came in. It was an unusual hour for him to be at home, and a rare thing to see him with so pale a face. He dropped into the nearest chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Father, what is the matter?" exclaimed Alice.

"Peter Hanlan is dead," he groaned; "killed just in a second. He had taken my place a moment before, or else it would have been me."

"O father!" said Alice, "I am so thankful it was not you. I know that Peter was a Christian."

She said no more; her father remained silent for a long time, and then said, huskily: "Alice, I guess I'll go with you to church to-morrow; and you needn't mind what I said about your Bible-class—go, if you like."

"Oh! I thank you, father!" said Alice, and with a feeling of wondering gratitude, she went to her room, to return thanks to Him who had not only answered her prayer, but given her so much more than she had asked, by inclining her father's heart to listen to the words of eternal life.

It was a precious lesson to Alice. Thenceforth in every trial, every grief, she carried her sorrows to her heavenly Father, and, throughout her life, had often cause to glorify him who delivered, when she called upon him in the day of trouble.—*Sunday-school Visitor.*

A Sunday-school meeting.

The following account of a monthly meeting of the teachers and officers connected with the Sunday-schools of the "New-York Sunday-school Union" held in the Washington Square Methodist Episcopal Church, from a late number of the *N. York Methodist*, will interest those of our readers engaged in Sabbath-school teaching.

The audience floor was crowded, and there were many in the galleries. The choir was out in full force.

This monthly meeting was similar in character to those held by our New-York City Sunday-school Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Wells, a Superintendent of one of the schools presided, and after the reading of the Scriptures and singing one of three hymns scattered through the seats, Rev. Mr. Newman, the pastor, led in prayer. The reading of their usual

monthly minutes was dispersed with, that the more time might be given to hear from delegates from Newark, Jersey City, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Morrisiana, and other neighboring cities and villages.

The exercises assumed the character of an experience-meeting on these two points, namely: how to get and to keep Sunday-school children. It was pleasant to hear the various testimonies tending to one point, that is, the necessity of a fervent love for Christ and souls. It was really refreshing to witness the ardor, the fervor, the godly zeal with which the speakers insisted, that this love, as an absorbent, must be manifest to children and their parents. As subsidiary, it was argued that there must be teachers' meetings, and the greatest possible preparation to meet the children, by prayer and a thorough acquaintance with the lesson.

On all hands it was testified that punctual, pious, well-prepared teachers would secure punctual attendance, and probably early conversions, in their classes.

Many facts illustrative of these points were related. As, for instance, a public school of seven hundred pupils, which had but seven late scholars; a female teacher in a Sunday-school, who always kept all the pupils she got—so great was her power over them, that the severest weather would always find them on hand, with or without shoes, whether of Protestant or Papal parentage.

The gentleman who told this said that on the most intensely cold day of the winter an Irishman brought his little, barefooted girl under his coat to the room after school had commenced; for, said the father, "the brat made such a noise about coming, there was no living in the house with her."

Another faithful teacher found ten converted children out of twelve of her class around her dying-bed, as she was about departing from labor to reward. It was a capital meeting.

Child-swearing—what it did.

"I have a mind to whip you till you cannot stand," said a wicked and profane man, rising from his seat and looking wrathfully at his son, a little boy, just able to speak plain.

What had the child done to call for such severe punishment? Used two oaths, such as were constantly dropping from the lips of his father. But his own words, from the mouth of one so young, so shocked that parent that he thought he could not punish him too severely for the offence.

The little one, who had never been whipped, and who was very free to talk, nothing daunted, looked the angry man full in the eye, and quietly said,

"Father, if you whip me, who will whip you?"

A thunderbolt could not have startled him more. The question set his own sin and desert of punishment in the light of noonday. He turned away confused and ashamed, and said in his heart, "If God will not punish me for this great wickedness, I will swear no more."

He kept his word. From that day no oath escaped his lips. To-day—wonder of divine grace—that same tongue that was employed in cursing, is used to bless God and teach men his ways.—*American Messenger.*

A blessed prospect.

The ties which bind together a family who have all a good christian hope, shall never be dissolved. Death comes among them, but we take the Bible in our hands and inscribe on their tombstone—"Pleasant in life, and in eternity not divided." One after another falls, until the last of the circle is carried to his long home, but the grave cannot retain them. By and by the family is to meet again—husbands and wives—parents and children—masters and servants are one day to stand within the gates of New Jerusalem, all washed and sanctified, and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.

The Jews in Palestine.

The misery of the Jews in Jerusalem is greatly increased by their idleness. Comparatively few have any occupation. Only one of the race of Israel cultivates even a garden-patch on Mount Zion; and with the exception of the convert Meshullam, and the small colony at Jaffa, there is not a Jewish farmer in all Palestine. The whole number of Jewish mechanics and trades-people in Jerusalem is 239, or one in 24 of the Jewish population. These few mechanics are mostly industrious and thifty, and their enterprise contrasts strongly with the indolence and wretchedness by which they are surrounded. Most of the mechanical trades of the city are in the hands of Israelites. They are the masons, carpenters, smiths, tinkers, stone cutters, tailors, cobblers, barbers, bakers, distillers, bookbinders, silversmiths, clock-makers, and painters, as well for Christians and Moslems as for their own people. There are a dozen merchants, a dozen peddlers, twenty keepers of shops, three money-changers, five scribes, and forty "Melamdim," or teachers. But the mass of the people prefer an idle life, and accept without shame the charity which nourishes them in their laziness. Scarcely any of the growing children are trained to useful labor; and the sentence, "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread," has no significance in the city where it has been preserved as a Divine rule. Few are too proud to beg, but many are too proud to work. Those occupations in which women usually find pleasure are here neglected, and very few realize that description

in the Proverbs of the virtuous housewife. In this general idleness there is very little difference between the sects; and whether it be the influence of climate or the contagion of example the skillful mechanics who come from Europe soon lose their zeal, and become loiterers like the rest.

All attempts to remedy this obstinate aversion to labor on the part of the Jews in Jerusalem have thus far proved fruitless. Sir Moses Montefiore established and liberally endowed a school for the training of young girls in useful industry. As Dr. Frankl saw this school, nearly all the pupils and nearly all the teachers were stretched asleep upon the divans, and the pieces of work provided were piled up in a separate room. The maidens of eight or ten years of age were more proud of their condition as *brides*, than of any production of their nimble fingers. It was so in every school that Dr. Frankl visited. There was the same slackness in study as in labor, and only a very small portion of the children were gathered even to this house of ease. To a visitor fresh from the schools of Germany, such utter indifference was sad and mortifying to the last degree. Not more satisfactory are the schools of Tiberias and Safet; and in fact, in no Jewish school in Palestine is any useful knowledge imparted. Except in the memorized lessons of the Talmud, the culture of the Jews is but little better than that of the rude Fallah-beer or the roving Bedouin.—*North American Review.*

A Voice from the South.

J. Stella Martin, who, about six years ago, escaped from slavery at the South, and became a minister in Boston, has lately ransomed his sister and her two children, by the payment of about \$2,000 to their owner, Rev. John Dorson, of Columbus, Ga. The Reverend (save the mark!) Dorson improves the opportunity to write to Rev. Mr. Martin a letter dated June 5th, in the course of which he reminds his erring brother of the debt incurred by him in running away from his master, and administers to him this rebuke:

"I learn from the papers that you are a preacher. I hope you will take as the very first rule of your conduct, the Apostle's injunction, 'Owe no man anything.'"

Mr. Martin might retort on his counsellor that the Apostle did not say, 'Owe no man anybody.' The Rev. Dorson then maunders in a strain worthy of Pecksniff in his most solemn moments of intoxication:

"From the beginning I have felt much reluctance in parting with Caroline (the sister), not only because she has been a faithful servant, but because I feared to place her, or allow her to be placed, where her soul would be in danger. The city (Boston) from which you write, and I suppose were you live, has always been known as the den of social monsters and abolition infidels; and as I know Caroline to be a Christian, I have feared that God would hold me responsible for assisting to plunge her into social and moral ruin. My God save her! He alone can make her freedom a blessing to her."

Dorson evinces considerable subtle humor. He must be a dry customer. We should like to know him. His exposition of Scripture, and his expressions of remorse, show a talent for burlesque, which would probably make him more successful as a jester than as a preacher. It is doubtful, however, whether he could keep it up.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

DR. CUMMING, referring to the catalogue of the antediluvian patriarchs, (Gen. v.) has a few remarks which, though a little fanciful, are after all interesting. The idea is not exactly original with Dr. C., but he states it thus:—"I told you that every name in this chapter has a meaning; and I think I said, when preaching from a text in Malachi, that all the names convey a great and blessed truth. Adam is the first name, which means 'Man in the image of God'; Seth, substituted by Enos, 'frail man'; Cainan, 'lamenting'; Mahalaleel, 'the blessed God'; Jared, 'shall come down'; Enoch, 'teaching'; Methuselah, 'his death shall send'; Lamech, 'to the humble'; Noah, 'rest' or 'consolation.' It is thus that, if you take the whole of the names, you have this truth stated by them:—'To man, once made in the image of God, now substituted by man frail and full of sorrow, the blessed God himself shall come down to the earth teaching, and his death shall send to the humble consolation.' This is just an epitome of christianity, a comment on Isaiah 9: 6, and on John 3: 16.

GOD IN HISTORY.—The prayer of the patriarch, when he desired to behold the Divinity face to face, was denied; but he was able to catch a glimpse of Jehovah, after he had passed by; and so it fares with our search for him in the wranglings of the world. It is when the hour of conflict is over, that history comes to a right understanding of the strife, and is ready to exclaim, "Lo, God is here, and we knew it not." At the foot of every page in the annals of nations may be written, "God reigns." Bancroft's *History Discourses.*

LIFE CHOICE.—We have the fearful power of choice. God and Satan—good and evil, vice and virtue, are before us. We may select whom we will serve, which shall be our portion. Not only may we choose, but we must—at this point choice is necessary, for *not choosing good, is choosing evil.* Oh, gay young reader! you are in relation to yourself, so far as your action can go, the arbiter of destiny, the maker of decree, the moulder of fate. You choose in time, and the decision is changeless in eternity.

Agriculture, &c.

THE PROPOSED SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.

The whole secret about the proposed substitute for cotton, which has introduced to the public so mysteriously through the columns of *The Times*, is now before the public. The discoverer, Mr. Harben, submitted his secret to a committee of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce on Saturday, and now asks that chemists and manufacturers interested in the subject should investigate the question as to the adaptability of the fibre to the purposes of cotton. The material is obtained from a marine plant known as the *Zostera marina*, or by its common name of grass wrack, and found upon the sea-coasts of England and in great abundance in the Mediterranean. It is already applied to various uses—among others to paper-making and upholstery.

BONES FOR FOWLS.

If you take fresh bones from the kitchen, and with a sledge on a rock, or any natural or artificial anvil, pound them up into small pieces, hens will eat them ravenously, and not only digest the bones and make a better manure of them than can be made in any other way, but they will lay throughout the season with greater regularity than otherwise, and will fatten on the marrow within and the fat and muscle will adhere to the bones.—*Homestead.*

CURE FOR KICKING HORSES.

A correspondent of the *Rural New-Yorker* gives what looks like an efficacious plan to cure horses of kicking in the stable:—"If the horse stands between two partitions, bore a two-inch hole in each, on a horizontal line, about one and a half inches above the horse's hip; put a round stick in the hole, and put a pin in each end of the stick, so that it will not fall; tie the horse pretty short, so that he will not back too far. He will try to kick, but will not be able. After a few ineffectual efforts he will give it up. After one or two years of such treatment the horse will be cured. The horse cannot hurt himself, for the stick is too near his hips. I have two mares that used to kick. I tried this plan and cured them."

WORK BULLS IN THE YOKE.

Idlers are dangerous members of society, and bulls are no exception. Their vicious propensities when left unemployed, make them the most dreaded animals on the farm. But however gentle they may remain, it is no small tax to support these gentlemen of leisure among farm stock. Why should they not be taught to bear the yoke and divide the labor with their less favored brethren? They have probably been left generally unused for such purposes because of the supposed difficulty of managing them, but a well-broken, well-worked bull, is a different character from the pampered sultan left to his own way. If taken young, and properly treated, they need be but little more difficult to manage than oxen. The writer knew a whimsical doctor in his State, who trained a two-year old bull to draw his sulky, and he attracted great attention, galloping about the country with this "turn-out." The *Boston Cultivator* gives the case of an imported Ayrshire bull, owned by Mr. E. R. Andrews, of West-Roxbury, Mass., which is broken to single harness, and works daily before a cart. He can pull more than any horse upon the farm. He is very tractable, easily managed, and quick in his action, walking faster than the common gait of the horse. He is guided with reins attached to a ring in his nose. If judiciously kept, and not overworked at the time of special service, such treatment will be rather a benefit than an injury, giving greater vigor and hardness of constitution. Let these sinecurists pay their way.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

SWEET PICKLED QUINCES.

The most common use of quinces is as sweet preserves. They also answer a good purpose when sliced up and mixed in small quantities with apple sauce, giving the whole a pleasant, aromatic flavor. They make a good pickle, also. Boil in vinegar with sugar, and add cloves, cinnamon, &c., to suit the taste. The best way is to pare and quarter them and cut out the cores. Boil ten pounds of fruit, adding five pounds of sugar and about four pints of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, and one and a half ounces of cloves. When well boiled, put in a jar and pour over the sirup.

A new system for laying the dust without watering the carriage-way has been for some time in operation in the Avenue des Champs-Elysees. It consists of sprinkling the road with chloride of lime, which being remarkable for its power of absorbing moisture, soon becomes damp, and thereby prevents any dust from rising even in the hottest day.

As one of the latest illustrations of the importance of plain words for common folks, we quote the following which is said to have occurred in a dentist's office: An elderly lady who was examining a set of artificial teeth, and admiring the fluency with which the dentist described them, inquired "Can a body eat with these things?" "My dear madam," respond the dentist, "mastication can be performed by them with a facility scarcely excelled by nature herself." "Yes, I know, but can a body eat with them?" replied the woman.

TOMATOES are very nice stewed with bread and crumbs, as they are so juicy that, without the crumbs, they have not sufficient consistency.