

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 18TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN v. 1-6: The cripple at the Pool of Bethesda. DEUT. iii. 18-29: Moses' prayer.
Recite—JOHN iv. 43-45.

SUNDAY, MAY 25TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN v. 17-31: Christ's doctrine concerning himself. DEUT. iv. 1-24: An exhortation to obedience.
Recite—JOHN v. 14-16.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

143. Name a king who barbarously forced 10,000 Idumean prisoners to leap from the top of a high rock.
144. Name a special statute of protection to the DEAF and the BLIND.

Answers to questions given last week:—

141. Adam and Methuselah lived above 240 years together. Methuselah died just before the flood.
142. The book of Revelation; ch. i. 3; xxii. 7.

Stop worrying.

A clerical friend, at a celebrated watering-place, met a lady who seemed to be hovering on the brink of the grave. Her cheeks were hollow and wan, her manner listless, her step languid, and her brow wore the severe contraction indicative both of mental and physical suffering, so that she was to all observers an object of sincerest pity.

Some years afterward he encountered this same lady, but so bright and fresh, and youthful so full of healthful buoyancy, and so joyous in expression, that he questioned himself if he had not deceived himself with regard to identity. "Is it possible," said he, "that I see before me Mrs. B., who presented such a doleful appearance at the Springs several years ago?"

"The very same."
"And pray tell me, madam, the secret of your cure? What means did you use to attain to such vigor of mind and body, to such cheerfulness and rejuvenation?"

"A very simple remedy," returned she, with a beaming face. "I stopped worrying, and began to laugh; that was all."

Bessie and her Mother.

Once Bessie had been naughty, and I was correcting her in a way that had for her the most effect.

"One reason, my little darling, that you ought to be good is, that you sometimes make me impatient by being naughty, and then our Heavenly Father is not pleased with either of us."

Looking astonished and grieved, she threw her arms round my neck, and hid her eyes in my shoulder. Presently, a new idea came to console her.

"Don't feel bad about that," she exclaimed, with a radiant smile all over her sweet, tearful face. "I am sure that the Lord will excuse you. He knows very well it is all my fault."

The Bible in forming character.

An English barrister, who was accustomed to train students for the practice of law, and who was not himself a religious man, was once asked why he put students, from the very first, to the study and analysis of the most difficult parts of the sacred Scripture.

"Because," said he, "there is nothing else like it, in any language, for the development of mind and character."

Many Facts in small compass.

The number of languages spoken is 5,064. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is 33 years. One-quarter die before the age of 7; one-half before the age of 17. To every thousand persons one only reaches 100 years, and not more than one in five hundred will reach 80 years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these, 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 die every day, 7,780 every hour, and 60 per minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of fifty years than men, but fewer after. The number of marriages are in the proportion of 76 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day.

DURING the publication of certain banns in the parish church at Arbroath, a middle-aged woman rose and said: "I protest against that in the name of the Lord." It appears that she had, or believed she had, the first claim on the affections of the would-be bridegroom.

"In ascending the hill of prosperity, may we never meet a friend."

The Unfading Hope. A Sketch.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Hope, when all others die, fadeless and pure."

There were traces of deep sorrow in Myrtle Cottage. All the blinds were down at the windows, the knocker on the door was muffled, and sawdust was strewn in front of the house. Many a look of sympathy noted the marks of grief, many a prayer arose heavenward for the inmates. And there was great need. For, in those desolate rooms, hearts were well-nigh broken with the weight of grief which had fallen.

It was the Lord's day morning. From many a happy home arose hymns of joy and praise, swelling up from full hearts, buoyant in their health and enjoyment. Already bright faces had gathered in the Sunday-school, from which escaped a buzz of eager, busy voices. And others, many others, were preparing to join the great multitude, and worship together in the sanctuary. "What think ye, will he come to the feast?" was asked by many an expectant one longing and waiting for the Saviour's blessing. Upon almost all the calm peace of the Sabbath seemed to fall, and sacred, subdued thoughts and holy desires, and a sweet feeling of rest seemed to pervade the hearts that, in the week, were battling and struggling with the difficulties of the way.

But there was no welcome for the Sabbath in Myrtle Cottage. No joy, no gladness, no rest there. The late breakfast remained cold and untouched. A lady in deep mourning—her face pale with weeping and watching, and a gentleman, with white, compressed lips, and pained brow, sat on either side of the neglected fire, caring for nothing, conscious of nothing, but their own overwhelming sorrows.

God had severely tried them. They were tested in every way. Difficulties had arisen. Their business had not prospered. The speculations of Mr. Baldwin had signally failed. Everything seemed to go wrong; all his hopes were dashed to the ground, all his efforts seemed to be in vain. He could not blame himself—he acted, so far as he could, honourably and uprightly. But it sometimes happens in this life, that industry is unrewarded, and carelessness of no avail; and, strive how we may, success will not come. It was so now; and on the morning in question, in the room next that occupied by themselves, two bailiffs were taking a breakfast hearty enough.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin were christians and through the past week they had striven very hard to say those strong, noble words, "Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

But on the Saturday the last day of that long, dreary week, their two only children had almost simultaneously sickened. The hot lips refused to prattle the accustomed sounds, the little arms no longer clasped the dear neck on which their childish tears had been so often dried. They turned away from the mother who would have given her life to save theirs, from the father who watched them with starting eyes and sinking heart; and, in the long, dark night which followed, died, only an hour apart.

Then was the cup of sorrow full to overflowing. Then it seemed as if the wrong hearts of the bereaved parents must break. Every ray of comfort died out, and the silent house was like the grave of buried hopes and joys.

Thus, in a kind of stupor of grief, they sat looking vacantly into the fire. Yet once the wife's eyes wandered to the set, still face opposite to her, and the woman's love, which nothing can kill, sprang anew into life. She forgot herself for a minute, in her pity for his grief.

"William!"
His stony eyes looked into hers.

"It is Sunday."

"Well?"

"Shall we go to chapel?"

"Chapel—what for?" and a bitter smile, more terrible to see than even tears would be, flashed for a moment across his lips.

"William, God has not forsaken us. Who can tell but that there may be a message of mercy for us this morning if we go to the sanctuary for it."

He rose almost mechanically, and the stricken heart of Mrs. Baldwin went up to the Healer with a passionate entreaty.

How the voices of merry children in the streets whom Sunday could not quiet, grated upon their ears—how the smiling faces which passed them made their own more sad—how even the birds, in their singing, seemed to mock their grief—so selfish does sorrow make us! But a calm fell on their spirits as they entered the house of God.

The service that day seemed to be especially suited to their case. The congregation sang that grand old hymn,—

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our perpetual home."

Then the minister read 90th and 91st Psalms; and afterwards those comfortable words of the Lord Jesus—"Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Like drops of cooling water they fell on the parched and fevered hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin; and in the prayer that followed, "out of the depths" did they cry unto the God of their salvation. Up through the darkness of grief, of almost despair, the chastened spirits sought the hand that had smitten them so strongly, and strove to cling to it, as their only, their tried support.

And was there a message for them? The preacher read the text, "Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

Oh those Bible words! What unutterable power there is in them! How they calm the perturbed spirit and whisper peace in the fierceness of the tempest. Melting power, strengthening power had they on this Sabbath morning. Yes, the preacher read the text; but it seemed to them that a greater than he preached the sermon. Such hope—such undying hope was breathed into their crushed spirits as they listened. God was left. That friend would never die, that resource never fail them. Amid the blasts of adversity, blowing upon them from all quarters, they could cling to the "Rock of ages," and be safe. And there came upon them that comforting assurance—

"Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure," and they thought of that blessed home, where their little ones were already gathered, away from the cold and sin of earth. Sweet thoughts had they of that "rest which remaineth," and their hearts grew strong as they remembered it.

So they left the sanctuary. Their home was dark as when they left it. The cold bodies of their darlings lay still and lifeless. They looked forward to the to-morrow, not knowing what it might bring forth,—sure only of the promise that "their bread would be given and their water sure." But a spark of hope was in their hearts, and they had new strength to endure.

Oh, when the Smiter's hand falls upon us, let us never forsake the house of God, but go with our woes and sorrows, to the "streams which make glad the city of our God."

"In every new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll thank upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there."

Paying dear for a Newspaper.

Mr. J. Seabury sued Bredford O. Wait for seven years' subscription to his newspaper. The case was recently tried before the Supreme Court in Albany, N. Y. The publisher recovered, and the delinquent subscriber had to pay in judgment and costs a sum amounting to between two and three hundred dollars. The New York Observer speaks as follows of his case:

It is surprising that so few subscribers fully understand their responsibilities to publishers of newspapers. The law which governed in this decision is a law of Congress, and therefore applicable to every State in the Union. Many subscribers seem to regard the bill for a newspaper the last to be settled, especially the last which the law will enforce. Responsible men, even, under trifling whims, refuse to take their papers from the office, regardless of the payment in arrears, and when half a dozen more years have been added to the arrears at the time of stopping, think it hard to pay the increased bill, with interest and cost of collection.

The law holding subscribers to a rigid responsibility is a wise one, and essential for the protection of the publisher. His dues are in small sums and scattered so widely that positive and decisive law is absolutely necessary in his behalf. People sometimes complain that they find a great deal of trouble in stopping newspapers. This arises in nineteen cases out of twenty from the failure to pay what is justly due the publisher. No man who sends \$2.00 at the end of the year with the request to stop, when \$2.50 is due, has any reason to complain because his paper is continued.—Congregationist.

Pity for our Dead.

A lady who was in the habit of employing a poor Irish woman for occasional services in her house, noticed one day that she seemed very sad, and frequently turned a tearful, anxious gaze to the window, against which the rain was heavily pouring.

"What is the matter?" she kindly inquired, at last; what makes you look out so much?"

"O ma'am," sobbed the poor, bleeding heart, "I am afeared it will wet down to me baby."

She had just laid a little form in the grave, and the thought of its possible exposure to the weather caused her exquisite pain.

We smile, Christian mothers, at the simplicity of this poor creature, but do not we, too, often "weep down" to our precious ones, lying in their cold earth-beds, and long to place them once more in the soft couch our love prepared for them while here? Our hearts are filled with inexpressible pain and pity for them.

"If we could but have them with us again, how blissful would we make them!" And so, in imagination, continually wetting their precious dust with our tears, we consume our hearts with vain regrets, and useless, if not sinful longings. If we can but mourn for the lost in such a spirit that we become to the living such as we wish we had been to those now "beyond our reach," a blessed sorrowing will it be for them and for us. But do not let us be guilty of the sin and folly of pitying those whom God has taken; their spirits glorified, their souls saved, and even their mortal remains "precious in His sight." Let us rather lavish the love and care we would gladly give them upon those left in this world of sin and sorrow, that we may at last all be united in that world where "God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."

A JAPANESE embassy, consisting of about sixty personages of high distinction, will visit Europe in the course of the present year. They will first visit England, and then proceed to Paris.

Pointed Preaching.

THE SINNER'S MADNESS.

Says the English correspondent of the Presbyterian:—"Out of London there are many preachers of eminence; but two especially there are, Mr. Brown, of Liverpool, and Mr. Mursell, of Manchester, (both Baptists,) who are pre-eminently the masters of the tears, smiles, and, in a large measure also, thank God, of the consciences and judgments of working-men.—Both have regular pastoral charges; both preach ordinary sermons to their stated congregations; but every winter and spring, both—the one in Liverpool, and the other in Manchester—take up common English proverbs, and in a public hall at three o'clock on Sabbath afternoons, address the most pungent appeals to the multitude. Of the two, I think Mursell is the most powerful.—I shall give you a specimen of his style; but to realize its force, it would be necessary to have listened to him in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester, while addressing five thousand men, women, and young people, of both sexes.

"In Lecture No. 1, of the fifth series, its title being 'New Notes to Old Numbers,' the use Mr. Mursell made of a recent performance at Manchester, on the rope, by the celebrated performer, M. Blondin, is striking." It is as follows:—

"You saw a man braving a parently, a thousand chances of destruction for the sake of gold and fame—dancing along his thin and perilous hempen path over the threatening grave, with pulse unshaken, with eye undimmed, with a smile of indifferent bravado spread over his face, and defiant of the grinning jeopardy of his horrid task. As you have looked at this, you have thought how foolhardy must be the adventurer who thus essays to tempt destruction. Some of you have sickened at the thought, and turned away in faintness and in horror from the sight. But, O libertine! O drunkard! did it never strike you that there were people who out-Blondin Blondin in their maniac defiance of certain fate? Did you never feel that you yourself were on a path a thousand times more dangerous than that which the cool rope-walker traverses before the shuddering multitude? It is ladies faint to see the acrobat set forth upon his walk, millions of angels weep at your fantastic tricks before high heaven. Niagara! pooh! it's child's play in comparison with your rope-dancing. You call it fearful to look upon the cord slung like some fine spun web, across the tumbling surge. But what is this that you are doing? Your rope is hung across the crater or a more hideous gulf. You have chosen the mouth of hell for the scene of your exploits. A cataract of fire is raging there and crossing its volcanic lips there swings the dangling thread on which your play is acted. The flames are rising, charging the rope with their fierce scorch, and yet you chatter away, and revel in destruction's dance, as though it were the path of life. You have cried shame on Mr. Blondin for wheeling his little child across the rope, and called him an unnatural man. But O, cry shame upon yourself for a more unnatural act than this! You cannot dance upon your fiery rope alone—you cannot play your tricks alone—but little children, flushed with the morning innocence of life, are wheeled along the same foul track; if you do not push them on before you, you drag them along behind you, and the scorching rope becomes their path to headlong death. O, madman, make your retreat in time! the cord is wasting through; the demon shrieks are hailing your fast coming fall. O turn back. You may yet beat a retreat. If the evils of which I have spoken are going on yet, despite the many warnings of temperance and religion, still the overtures of rescue are as fresh now as they were before. We have pointed you to a Saviour who is waiting to be gracious—and he is waiting still. Jesus was willing then and he is willing now. He waited to be gracious then, and he is waiting now. He has not changed his note; there is no 'new note' yet with him. It is the same sweet note which pealed from Calvary—'Father, forgive them.' It is the same duet between the Spirit and the bride, which swells into a chorus which saints and angels raise, to take the water of life freely. No, Jesus has not changed yet; hearken to him while his voice discourses this fair music in your ears—for soon those ears must grow insensible to sound; and when they wake again, he will, indeed, have taken a new note, and instead of crying, 'Come, with say, 'Depart.' Listen, then, to the 'old numbers' of the gospel now, lest when you rally from the deafness of your sad infatuation, the overture shall have changed, and the burden be, 'Because I have called, and ye refused; because I have stretched out my hand, and you regarded not—I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your tear cometh.' God help you to be wise in time, and grant that all may find mercy of Him in that day."

"ENJOYING LIFE."—I must pity that young man who, with a little finery of dress and recklessness of manner, with his course passions all daguerreotypied upon his face, goes whooping through the streets, driving an animal much nobler in its conduct than himself, and who swaggers into some haunt of shame, and calls it "Enjoying Life!" He thinks he is astonishing the world, and he is astonishing the thinking part of it, who are astonished that he is not astonished at himself. For look at that compound of flash and impudence, and say if on this earth there is anything more pitiable! He knows anything of the true joy of life? As well say that the beauty and immensity of the universe were all inclosed in the field where the prodigal lay among the hogs and swine.—Dr. Chapin.

If you will not be forgotten as soon as you are dead and rotten, write something worth reading.—Poor Richard's Proverbs.