

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN i. 15-34: Testimony of John the Baptist. EXODUS xxxiv. 1-29: The two Tables renewed.

Recite—JOHN i. 1-5.

SUNDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN i. 35-51: Calling of the disciples. EXODUS xxxv. 1-29: Free contributions for the Tabernacle.

Recite—JOHN i. 15-17.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

129. What inscription, on an altar, afforded an apostle a happy occasion of proclaiming the gospel. 130. Who first disfigured Solomon's molten sea, and what eventually became of it?

Answers to questions given last week:—

127. "And the earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed was in itself, after his kind." Gen. i. 12.

128. After the plague of Baal-peor, Eleazar, the son of Aaron, numbered the tribes. Joseph was the strongest, having 85,200 men above twenty years of age; Judah had 76,500; Simeon had only 22,000. Numbers xxvi.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

The following Riddle, from a London publication, has puzzled thousands of boys and girls, and probably not a few men and women. We shall give our youthful readers two weeks to ransack their acquaintance with Bible History before we give them the Answer. They will find it true, we believe, in every particular.

Come and commiserate One who was blind, Helpless and desolate, Void of a mind; Guileless, deceiving, Though unbelieving; Free from all sin— Still I ignored The world I was in. Kings', Ptolemys', Cesars', Birthdays are shown, Wise men—astrologers All are acknowledgers: Mine is unknown. I ne'er had a father, Or brother, or rather, If I had either They they were neither Alive at my birth. Lodged in a palace, Hunted by malice, I did not inherit, By lineage or merit, A spot on the earth. Nursed among Pagans No one baptized me, A sponsor I had Who ne'er catechized me, She gave me the name To her heart that was dearest. She gave me the place To her bosom was nearest. But one look of kindness She cast on me never, Nor a word in my blindness I heard from her ever. Compassed by dangers, Nothing could harm me. I saved, I destroyed, I blest, I alloyed; Kept a crown for a Prince, But had none of my own. Filled the place for a King, But ne'er sat on a throne. Rescued a warrior, Baffled a plot— Was what I seemed not, Seemed what I was not. Devoted to slaughter, A price on my head, A king's lovely daughter Watched by my bed. Though gently she dressed me Fainting with fear, She never carress'd me, Nor wiped off a tear. Never moistened my lips, Though parching and dry, No wonder a blight Should pursue till she die. 'Twas royalty nursed me, Wretched and poor, 'Twas royalty cursed me In secret I'm sure. I live not—I died not. But tell you I must That ages have passed Since I first turned to dust. This paradox whence, This equal, this splendour? Say was I a king, Or a silly pretender? Fathom the mystery Deep in my history. Was I a man? An angel supernal? Or demon in ernal? Solve it who can.

There are but two states in the world which may be pronounced happy—either that of the man who rejoices in the light of God's countenance, or that of him who mourns after it.

Encouragement to Mothers.

The influence of a loving mother is felt by her absent children as well as by those at home. The memory of her tenderness, her counsel and her example is often a safeguard against temptation, and her words of advice often guide into the right way, against the impulses of passion and the wayward desires of the heart. At one of the recent Fulton Street prayer-meetings a young man arose and said:

"I wanted to tell you a little of my own story—how the Lord led me to this meeting. It was by the means of a praying mother three thousand miles away. She, of course, has never been in this meeting; but away in her island home, she has heard and read of the wonderful answers to prayer which are bestowed here. Hearing this, and reading the reports of this meeting, she, a godly, praying mother, wrote to me, living here in New York, telling me what she had heard of the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and begging me to go to it. I kept that request by me some time before I paid any attention to it. I cared nothing about religion, and since leaving home, had greatly neglected the means of grace. At length I thought of writing to my mother, and I thought I would like to tell her that I had been into the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. Accordingly, on last Christmas day I came here for the first time. I entered these doors for no other purpose than to be able to say I had been here, to my poor, praying mother. I expected that would be the end of it, and coming here once would satisfy her and me.

I came into the meeting, and got into this corner where I now am, or near here, and took my seat to sit out the hour. But what an hour that was to me! God smote my heart, which was as hard as a rock, just here. The meeting was not half out, before I was overwhelmed with such a sense of sin that I did not know what to do. The next day I came again, and the next, and so on. I could not stay away. I was in extreme anguish of mind, and had no rest night or day. I said nothing to any one of my feelings. I have no one among my friends to whom I could open my heart. Here I came, and sat down in this corner, day after day; and no one but God knew what a load of sin and guilt lay on my soul.

One day I came in here, and it seemed as if I felt that nothing could do me any good, and here in this corner, I sought the Lord, and He heard me and delivered me out of all my trouble, and put a new song into my mouth, even praise to the living God. Jesus I laid hold of by faith, as my Saviour; and I gave myself up to Him, and was soon lost in wonder, love, and praise.

In my distress, I had forgotten all about writing to my dear mother. But when the Lord had mercy upon me, and forgave me all my sin, I felt that I must send a winged messenger to my mother; and I told her all about my coming here, and the great change which had come over me. What news that was to send back to my praying mother—that a careless prayerless young man—a wanderer, neglecting all the means of grace—had found salvation here, in and through the Lord Jesus Christ!

I am a happy man. I do not often come here but I am in some prayer-meeting nearly every day, and I thank God that He gives me grace to stand up for Him, and speak of His mercy to me.

Now, I want to say one word to the many mothers who are here, to encourage them to pray and believe for their children that God is a covenant-keeping God, and He will hear and answer your prayers. The answer may come late. It may come long after you may be asleep in death. But if you will believe God, it will come. I stand here a monument of God's mercy and grace, because I had a mother who prayed for me, and who believed as well as prayed. O, if I could encourage one mother to have more faith in God, my object in coming here to-day to tell you something of my story is accomplished. I want you to have confidence in God, and believe that He will fulfill all His promises."

There was a peculiar unction and earnestness in this young man's words, which cannot be described, the power of which could be seen in the glistening tears which fell from many eyes.—W. S. R.

Feeding from an empty spoon.

A young minister, somewhat self-conceited was curious to know what was thought of the first sermon he preached. As he was walking by the house of a godly family, humble in condition but always in their place in the house of prayer, he overheard a voice as of some one talking, and he paused a moment to listen. It was the old patriarch, offering up the evening sacrifice of prayer and praise. With a peculiarity quite becoming such a service, thanks were expressed for the privileges of the day, and "especially that we have the Divine oracles in our own hands, and now find therein the food we need for our hungry souls, for thou knowest, O Lord! that we have been fed this day out of an empty spoon."

It would perhaps, surprise some of us to find how many empty spoons are put to the lips of our Sunday-school children, even where the provision is abundant enough to satisfy the largest desire.—Sunday School World.

A deputation from the departments of Meuse and the Vosges waited lately on the Prince Imperial to offer him bonbons and confits, for which those departments are famous. The persons who brought the offering were exceedingly well received by the Prince, and they ventured to ask what they should say respecting the sweetmeats to the parties represented. "Tell them," said the Prince, "that I am forbidden to eat any!"

House-mates.

Looking over the inscriptions on tombs, reading memoirs, reading the letters of complimentary friends to each other; and seeing people in their go-to-meeting or go-to-party temper, are calculated to give one an idea that human nature is very amiable and lovely. But reading the Bible and living with people very materially change one's opinion.

It is amazing, not to say distressing, to reflect upon the very small number of persons with whom it is more agreeable to live than it is to be utterly alone. Even one's own relatives sometimes make you so uncomfortable as to cause the wish that you had been born an orphan, without kith or kin in the world. You meet with hundreds of persons who attract you, and perhaps you are foolish enough to believe that if you could only live with them, or they with you there would be no jarring between you.

How amusing is the talk of "congenial spirits," "electric sympathies," and "elective affinities," that is often heard between persons who would fly asunder like parts of a torpedo, before they had been house mates a month. No matter how good-natured, patient and considerate you may be, you may go on a pilgrimage about this world and you will not find one in a dozen men or women, with whom you could live without having frequent cause for wishing yourself somewhere else.—W. S. R.

A baked Bible.

There is a Bible in Lucas county, Ohio, which was once baked in a loaf of bread; it now belongs to Mr. Schebolt, a worthy member of the United Brethren church, who resides near Manumee City. Mr. S. is a native of Bohemia, and the baked Bible was originally the property of his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant Christian in the times which tried men's souls. During one of the cruel persecutions which have been so common in Bohemia, an edict was passed that every Bible in the hands of the peasants should be delivered up to the authorities and destroyed. Various expedients were resorted to by the Bible-loving Protestants to preserve the precious Word of Life. Mrs. Schebolt, grandmother of the present owner, placed hers in the centre of a batch of dough, which was ready for the oven, and baked it. The house was carefully searched, but no Bible was found; and when the tools of priestly tyranny had departed, and the danger was passed, the Bible was taken uninjured from the loaf. It was printed 150 years ago.—Religious Telegraph.

Only your living.

John Jacob Astor was once complimented on the enormous wealth he had accumulated. "Would you be willing," said he to the person who made the remark, "to take care of all this property just for a maintenance?" "No," said the other; "I should think myself entitled to a better commission than that." "Well," said Mr. Astor, "that's all that I get out of it."

That's all that any man can get out of the largest heaps of worldly accumulations: except as he "shakes the superfluous" to holy and charitable objects, and so turns the mere unusual surplus of his wealth into its most solid and enduring part, treasuring it up in "bags which wax not old," and converting it into "a treasure in the heavens, which faileth not."—Tract Journal.

The average Piety.

"I am not as good as I should be, but I have as much religion as the generality of church-members," said one, on whom a Christian friend was urging a higher standard of Christian attainment.

It is to be feared that that man was the representative of a large class. They are in some measure satisfied with themselves, because they come up to the general average of piety. Such persons should remember two things:

1. It is nowhere said in the Bible that those who come up to the general average shall be saved. A very different standard is held up in the Bible.

2. Those who are content with the minimum of piety consistent with salvation, have every reason to believe that their hope will be as a spider's web when God shall take away the soul.

There is abundance.

Are you embarrassed in your affairs? That is as much a matter of God's concern as yours. Do you not know where the bread of to-morrow is coming from? It is coming from God's loaf. And where does He keep His loaf? He does not let you know. We do not always tell our children where we keep our good things.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." One of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread." When that withers, and there is no more blood in it, then God will be dead; but until God is dead, that petition, being touched, will yield food and raiment. Do not be afraid. O ye of little faith can ye not trust that God who has administered to you so abundantly?—H. W. Beecher.

Happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.

The little and short sayings of wise and excellent men are of great value—like the dust of gold or the least sparks of diamonds.

Agriculture, &c.

AN EPICUREAN ANTI-VEGETARIAN DITTY. Though by some 'tis contended that man was designed To feed like sheep, oxen and asses, I can't in the Holy Book anywhere find, God made him to diet on grasses.

If, as Christians believe, the Old Testament's true— And the New One, its blessed successor— Then a full "course of sprouts" should no man be put through, Save for crime (here see Nebuchadnezzar).

I'm aware that some millions in Asia won't touch A beef-steak—'tis the creed of the Brahmin; But they're undersized fellows, who look pretty much Like the lineal descendants of Famine.

Our Ben Franklin once fed for a while upon greens, But his stomach they much disappointed; So he wisely went back to the fats and the leans, And from joints ne'er again was disjointed.

There was Graham, a patron of squashes and braus— He whose given name was Sylvester— He was pale, slight and dry, quite a grayless man, Was this fanatic roast-beef detester.

He delighted in biscuit, he doted on rice, And all meats did forever aside throw, And insisted carnivorous tastes were a vice— In the midst of his triumph he died though.

He who gave us our palates, and stomach, and teeth, Gave us meat—then no airs let us put on; But thanks having offered, our incisors let's sheathe In roast turkey, roast beef, or roast mutton.

IMPERIAL SKATING AT PARIS.

Such sweet pretty stories are told of the Empress skating on the ice, in the woods of Boulogne near Paris. She usually skates holding the hands of two gentlemen, also skating of her suite, and thus skims along the ice at a great pace and seemingly with much pleasure to herself. In her pretty costume, and with the abundant color produced by exercise, in her cheeks, Her Majesty is scarcely recognizable and passes almost unheeded amongst the surrounding groups. She appears to take great delight in the amusement, and when the short daylight falls, and it is time to depart, exclaims, "Won't you wait for me while I take one little turn more! and off goes her pretty Majesty and her two aides, for what she calls "un petit tour de plus!" The Emperor skates as well as he does most things, and every now and then, chooses a lady from the suite, or god naturedly recognises one standing among the lookers on, invites her to take a ride, fetches a chair, and whirls her away before him at a great pace. The people behave remarkably well, there is no crowding or pushing around the great folks, who are left to move at their ease, and enjoy themselves just like other persons. Louis Napoleon has somehow or other managed to live down all opposition and the people look on and behave to him, as if they liked him, and took an interest in whatever he was doing, though it were only skating!—Paris Correspondence.

SWIMMING.—A MINISTERIAL QUALIFICATION.

In a Western Conference one circuit sent in a petition for a minister, but said nothing about any characteristics as a preacher or disciplinarian. One quality, however, he must have:—"Be sure and send a good swimmer," said the petitioners. Of course, every one was puzzled, and none more so than the Bishop. On enquiry it turned out that the circuit was situated in a region of wide and bridgeless streams, where the itinerant, in keeping his appointments, would have to rely upon his own powers of aquatic locomotion; in fact one minister had been drowned on the circuit, because of his deficiency in this respect.

FRESH MAPLE MOLASSES.

A correspondent of Field Notes gives the following. Maple molasses well made and put up in cans right from the kettle, and hermetically sealed, as you would can and seal fruits, will keep as fresh as when first boiled from the sap, and this is decidedly the best plan for keeping, as when made in cakes, if exposed to the air, it will lose somewhat of the peculiarly delightful flavor for which it is so prized, and is often injured by insects. All this is obviated by canning while hot. To many families who do not make on a large scale, this need be but little expense, as the cans that have been emptied through the winter can be used until autumn fruits demand them again. Put up your best in this way. Where large quantities are made for market, the buyers must select and can for themselves.

GRAFTING THE TOMATO ON THE POTATO.

"Horticola," in the Horticulturist, states that he succeeded, perfectly, in grafting a scion of the tomato upon the potato vine. He cut about one-third of the potato shoot off, just above a leaf, taking care not to injure the bud at its base.—The scion, being shielded from the sun, was every day sprinkled with a little water, and it took readily. In the fall the tomato was loaded with ripe and unripe fruit, and had grown to a large size.

CLEANING SILK.

The following is said to be an excellent recipe for cleaning silks: Pare three potatoes, cut them into thin slices, and wash them well. Pour on them half a pint of boiling water, and let it stand till cold; strain the water and add to it an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the silk on the right, and when half dry, iron it on the wrong side. The most delicate colored silk may be cleaned by this process, which is equally applicable to cloth, velvet or crapa.