

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

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.

SUNDAY, APRIL 13TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN ii. 1-25: Christ's first miracle. DEUT. i. 1-21: Moses' repetition of God's promises.

Recite—JOHN i. 43-46.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 131. Give two beautiful instances of respect for age, found in the book of Job.
132. Name the first person among the Jews, that extended trade to other countries.

Answers to questions given last week.

- 129. "To the unknown God," on the altar at Athens. Acts xvii. 23.
130. Ahaz removed it from the brazen oxen, and set it on a pavement of stones. 2 Kings xvi. 17. Afterwards it was broken to pieces.

The boy who helped Fanny.

"Oh, dear! what shall I do?" said little Fanny Wilson, in a tone of distress. She had been trying in vain to ring the door-bell. Standing on tiptoe, she could barely touch it; and when she climbed upon the wall, though the knob was quite within reach, the wire was so stiff that she could not move it.

The tall gentleman never looked around, and I suppose did not understand her; for he answered, "Go away. I've nothing for you" and walked on. "He thinks I'm a beggar!" said Fanny, indignantly.

Presently, on the opposite side of the street, an errand-boy came whistling along with his basket on his arm. Fanny looked at him a moment, and said to herself, "I won't ask him. I don't believe he would come; and he might be rude and laugh at me."

Fanny was mistaken. George Sands had seen from a distance her attempts to ring the bell, and came across, saying, cheerily, "Can't you reach the bell? I'll ring it for you."

"Oh, I shall be so much obliged to you!" said the little girl. "I've been waiting here a long time; and I'm so tired!"

"I saw you speak to that gentleman just now," said George,—as, after pulling the bell he stood waiting to see that the door was opened. "Why wouldn't he ring it for you?"

"He didn't hear what I said. He thought I was begging."

"You looked at me before I came over. Why didn't you call me?"

Fanny colored a little, and said, "I thought you wouldn't come, and that you would laugh at me."

George smiled, as he rejoined, "You thought that a boy who carried a big basket, and had his clothes patched like mine, couldn't be polite."

Fanny said nothing; and George went on: "Fine clothes and money don't make people kind and obliging. I'll tell you where I learned my politeness. My mother taught it to me out of the Bible. You know what the 'Golden Rule' is, don't you?"

Fanny shook her head. "The Lord Jesus gave it to us. It says, 'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

"If you always treat other people just as you would like them to treat you, that's real politeness; and you do that whether you are rich or poor. Only I don't think it's easy unless you are a Christian,—because it don't come natural to think more of other people's pleasure than your own; but if you are a Christian, God will help you. My mother taught me that long ago; and now I know it by myself."

"Are you a Christian?" asked Fanny, wondering.

"I hope so," said George. "I know I love Jesus better than anything else."

At that moment the door opened. Fanny repeated her thanks, and George hurried away,—his cheerful whistle echoing through the streets.

But Fanny remembered what he had said, and ever after tried to do to other people as she would like them to do to her.—Sister Alice's Stories.

IGNORANCE.—Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wise man upon earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be a greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know every thing.

Happiness grows at our own fireside, and is not picked in the stranger's gardens.

Virtue forgives injury, even as the sandal-tree perfumes the hatchet that felled it.

The silent Teacher.

The importance of sending freely the Word of God into the newer portions of our land where the living preacher is seldom heard, cannot be overrated. A worthy minister of our own denomination, who toiled long and faithfully in the then almost unbroken wilds of a now populous region, related to the writer the following beautiful instance of conversion through the instrumentality of the written Word alone.

Worn in body by long, hard travel, and sick at heart from indifference and insult, our friend was rejoiced one evening at reaching a cheerful log cabin in a clearing six miles beyond the last house. It was Saturday evening, and he had begun to fear lest he must ride far into the night before he should reach a shelter, therefore this cabin seemed almost like a home. All around looked so thrifty, that he felt well assured its owner was no frequenter of the distant "Hotel," for thus they dignified the rude grog-shop in the settlement though which he had last passed. Temperance and frugality, as well as intemperance and sloth, hang their signs on the dwellings of their votaries. Dismounting, the missionary tapped at the door, and soon met a smile of welcome from a motherly woman, neatly but very coarsely clothed. On learning that the stranger sought accommodation over the Sabbath, she hesitated, seeming greatly embarrassed, and said, "We will give you the best we have, sir, but I'm sure he, coming from the settlements would think it very hard fare." The minister assured her that he came to the people of that region to be as one of themselves, and was prepared to rough it with them.

Still the woman hesitated, and seemed at a loss how either to grant or to refuse the request of the stranger.

"Perhaps," he hinted, "your husband might not be willing to entertain me?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, "he is very kind to strangers; and company is a great treat to him, now that he is shut out from the world. But the truth is, we are entirely out of corn, meal or flour of any kind. The mill is a long way off, and our horse has been lame several days. We shall be obliged to live on potatoes alone until Tuesday."

"And will you give me a potatoe with the rest?" asked the good man. "What serves you will serve me also. I shall be more than grateful for this, and a blanket on the floor."

"Then you shall have them," replied the mistress of the cabin, with real welcome in her tone.

"It will be better far, my friend, than my Master had when on earth. The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of man had not where to lay his head," said the stranger.

"Then you are a minister as I suspected," said the woman, giving him her hand, with real pleasure gleaming from her eye.

As the mother moved about her household duties, preparing her evening meal, and quieting her little ones out of respect to her guest, he glanced at the rude little shelf on which lay some half dozen books, a well-worn Bible conspicuous above them all. In answer to his inquiries, he learned that this family, having been unfortunate in life, had a few years ago, taken up land and retired to this wilderness. They had lived till then regardless of God and the ordinances of his house, leaning as many do, unconsciously to themselves, on the piety of those around them, as if the Sodomites were always safe while the righteous were among them. The Bible was a sealed book, and would probably have been left behind them had it not been for a certain vague feeling which many have in a christian land, that it is neither safe nor respectable to be without one; as the Catholic trusts to his charm, and the heathen to his sacrifice, so do they lean on the innate sacredness of this book to save them from the anger of God.

But when shut in from the world and all its influences, this wife and mother began to reflect upon her obligations to her children, who had now no other teacher. Then for the first time she felt her own deficiencies, and that she was as one blind seeking to lead others equally so. She felt now that she was alone with God, face to face with him whom she had forgotten, and whose law had she set at naught. Her husband could not understand her feelings; and thus alone in heart she was driven as it were to the Bible. In its teachings she found light and joy; the disappointments of life were forgotten, and the wilderness blossomed as the rose. Since then, she had once or twice been many miles to the nearest house of worship, and had even endeavored to follow Jesus at home; that there she might lead her husband and children to him.

"And why," asked the minister, deeply interested in her simple story, "have you not made an effort to connect yourself with the people of God?"

"Because I know of no place here, sir, where Christians practise what I believe. I had no belief at all when I came here; I knew not nor cared which church was right. But with my Bible, alone as my teacher, and with earnest prayer that the Holy Spirit would lighten my darkness, I have come to the conclusion that nothing short of immersion is Baptism. I want to follow Jesus in all things as closely as I can; and when my way is plain, I shall go fifty miles away to be buried with him in baptism! Excuse me, sir, for my plainness; but you asked my reason for not uniting with the church nine miles from us, and I have given it."

The good man's heart was touched and looking through the one glass window of the cabin, he said, pointing to a little pond near by, now swollen by the melted snow and the spring rains, "My sister, here is water, what doth hinder thee to be baptized?"

When the shadows fell the husband and his older boys returned from their labor with the

seller's axes on their shoulders; and met the stranger with a genuine welcome. They soon surrounded the evening board, scanty though it seemed, the father asked our friend to give thanks to God; and then served them all from the one dish of snowy mashed potatoes with an ease which might well put to the blush many nervous, apologising people at the head of well appointed and heavily laden tables. The conversation soon turned on religious topics; and glad was the missionary to learn that the husband was aware of his wife's conversion and desire to follow Christ.

"I don't profess, sir," he said, "to know anything experimentally about these things; and at first I used to urge her to join the Methodists who meet a few miles off in a school-house. They are good people. I will buy an axe of any one of them on his bare word, with my eyes shut! But it wouldn't do; she was converted into a Baptist as well as into a Christian. So, I have kept promising as soon as the baby was old enough to be left, and I could get a little ahead with the work, to take her to B., where my parents live and let her join the church there."

Seeing his perfect kindness, the minister proposed her being baptised in their own little pool and met with no opposition.

On the following morning a scene on which the angels must have smiled was enacted in that little clearing. That one lone family stood in solemn silence at the water's edge, the tall pines murmuring around and birds fluttering from bough to bough. The father and his sons sang the hymn given out; the missionary prayed and then spoke briefly on the obligation of man to God, and of his duty to obey him in all things. Then in the holy hush of nature, the very air and birds seeming to cease their motion, he descended into the water with this lowly woman who felt that it was her meat and her drink to do the will of her Father to follow Jesus, as nearly as possible in his very footsteps. She was baptised, and thenceforth went on her way rejoicing.

Nor was this the end of her faithfulness, the Bible-made Baptist was also the Bible-made toiler. She felt, from that day, in her soul, the great reward promised "in keeping His commandments;" and with love to the world increased ten fold, began to look about for usefulness. They were not long the solitary dwellers in that wilderness. The axe of the woodman began to resound, and the noise of the hammer to be heard. A little settlement soon sprang up there. God had brought her work to her very door.—She opened her dwelling for a Sabbath-school and prayer-meeting in which for some time she was the only teacher and leader.—God smiled upon her and owned her willing sacrifice and faithful labor.—That settlement took its character from this Bible-Christian.

Years have flown since then; but if she still lives we know that she still labors and prays; and that she recommends to all that blessed book, which, when far from the living preacher led her soul to God.

How important it is to place the word of God in every family.—Not only should we send it to the poor but also to all the careless; for many who have the means have not the desire to possess this pearl of books. If placed by others on their table, the time may come to them, as to this woman, when in loneliness and anguish they may feel shut up to it as the only source of consolation; and through it seek sympathy in the heart of Jesus. It can gain access where the living preacher would be repulsed, and do its sweet silent work in the home of the papist and the scoffer. Let us then send it abroad on the wings of the wind.—Bible Advocate.

Mercy not Reward.

When Mr. Hooker, a holy minister of Jesus, lay dying, a friend, who loved him dearly, and who was weeping at his bedside, said:

"Sir, you are going to receive the reward of all your labors."

The dying minister, thinking more of his weakness and sins than of his labors, looked solemnly into the face of his friend, and replied:

"Brother, I am going to receive mercy."

In the same spirit the sainted Rutherford, when in his last moments a friend was speaking of his former faithfulness in the work of God, said:

"I disclaim that. The port I would be in at is, redemption and forgiveness of sins through His blood."

Prayer answered

Rev. Mr. French, who has recently been engaged in a missionary work among the contrabands at Fortress Monroe, relates the following, among other instances, of the natural shewdness of this "peculiar" people:

On passing an old woman, returning from camp, with a large bag of clothes on her head, and her arms heavily laden with wood, he said:

"Hard times for poor colored folks, when kind masters have run away from them."

Her face lighting up, she replied:

"Oh! no, indeed, these be good times, bless the Lord, we been praying for such times many years."

"You cannot support yourselves, can you?"

"Oh, yes; if we could support ourselves and masters too, I guess we could support ourselves if we had a chance."

It is only one hundred and sixty-seven years since witches were hanged in New England.

Wisdom often comes to us too late in life to be of much service to us. There is no use of mustard after meat.

[From Dr. Lankester's Treatise on Food.]

Vegetable and Animal Diet.

Let me add now a few words on the subject of living only on vegetable food. You know from what I have said, that I am an advocate of a mixed diet for man, but I would more particularly draw your attention to a statement that is often made, that it is not necessary to partake of animal food at all. Persons who argue thus put forth as a first ground the immorality of the act, and the impropriety and wickedness of taking away life at all. This is surely an absurd assumption, for the Creator has made a certain number of creatures that could not live upon vegetable food, and they naturally prey upon the lower animals which feed on the grass and the herbs of the field. The lion and tiger exist by prey; and it appears to me that man has a perfect right, without being charged with immorality or impropriety, to take the lives of the lower animals for his food.

Then anatomical arguments are adduced against animal food. It is said that man, in his structure, is better adapted for vegetable than animal food. I must here again join issue, for I believe I can show you, from his structure, that man is more adapted for a mixed diet than either vegetable or animal alone. Here is a view of the jaws and teeth of a carnivorous creature. The jaws are so constructed that they will only move up and down like a pair of scissors. This is the head of a tiger. Look also at his sharp-pointed carnivorous teeth, especially the great canine teeth. They are intended for holding and cutting up living food. Now look at the horse. His lower jaw is quite moveable from side to side. Instead of pointed teeth, they are flat, and every arrangement is made for grinding, not cutting the food; and this is the character of the mouth of a herbivorous animal.

Now if we take the skull of a man, we find he has certain teeth—canine teeth—which, like those of lions and tigers, have the power of cutting; but he has also flat teeth, and the power of moving his lower jaw laterally, and can bring these flat teeth across each other for the purpose of grinding his food; so that you see he is evidently provided with instruments to enable him to prepare for his digestion both vegetable and animal food. I might prolong this argument by showing you the complicated structure of the stomach of the sheep and the ox, and, comparing this with the stomach of the lion, point to the fact that the human stomach has neither the complicated structure of the one nor the simplicity of the other. There are many other points of structure in which man seems to stand between these two groups of animals—the herbivorous on the one side and the carnivorous on the other—which would seem to indicate his adaptation for taking both kinds of food.

But, whatever may be the arguments of the vegetarians, they do not practically carry out their doctrines, for they partake of considerable quantities of animal food. They take milk and butter and cheese and eggs. Dr. Carpenter states, in a recent review, that he had taken a vegetarian cookery-book, and calculated the quantity of milk, butter and eggs employed in their food, and found that, if a vegetarian family lived in accordance with the rules of this book each member would consume half an ounce more animal food a day than he did in his own family—and he was no vegetarian. So that you see people are deceiving themselves who enforce such a doctrine as this.

On the other hand, there are some persons who advocate a diet of purely animal food. I had a book sent me the other day, written by a gentleman at Liverpool, who states that he has discovered that the panacea for all human evils is the taking of animal food alone; and takes the opportunity of stating that he is looking for some young lady of similar principles and practice who will link her fortunes with his own and establish a family of carnivorians.

There is no question that man may live on a purely vegetable diet; but the question is as to whether that kind of diet is best for the community. We find in the history of man that those races who have partaken of animal food are the most vigorous the most moral, and the most intellectual races of mankind. You find that the ancient Jews, although they had certain sanitary regulations with regard to killing and eating animals, partook largely of meat, and were amongst the most vigorous people of their day. We find in modern Europe that those nations who take the most animal food are the strongest; and amongst ourselves, it is just in proportion as we give our labourers animal food, or wages to procure it, that they are stronger and better able to do their work. It is vain for a man to expect to get through intellectual or physical labour without an abundant supply of the material of thought and of physical power, and I have shown you that animal food is one of the readiest means of affording this supply.

I might now proceed to discuss the qualities of the various kinds of animal food which we eat but my time is exhausted, and I must leave what I have said as hints for your future guidance.—I hope I have succeeded in showing you that the subject of food is one deserving your attention. The question of food lies at the foundation of all other questions. There is no mind, no work, no health, no life, without food; and just as we are fed defectively or improperly, are our frames developed in a way unfitted to secure that greatest of earthly blessings—a sound mind in a sound body.