

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xii. 1-19: The Anointing. DEUT. 20 The People encouraged to batt.e.
Recite—JOHN xi. 55-57.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xii. 20-36: Miraculous Testimony to Christ's Divine Character. DEUT. xxvii. The Law to be written on Stones.
Recite—JOHN xii. 12-16.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

183. Mention four instances in which God made known his will by an audible voice.

184. Give two passages from the Old Testament and two from the New, showing that the sacred writers believed they were inspired.

Answers to questions given last week:—

181. To flatter and deceive our first parents, Gen. iii. 1-5.

182. His false promises that pleasure will arise from sin, and covenantness. Matt. xxvi. 14-16. Acts v. 1-6. James i. 15.

My little blind sister.

Not many miles from Alderbrook, "the dear old home of Fanny Forrester," lived our little blind Nellie. Long years, dear children, have rolled away, and been numbered with those that are no more, since this little star of light was born in our home, and yet, as distinctly as the events of yesterday, do I remember her birth, and her sad yet beautiful death.

It was morning, such a morning as makes one feel that there is something of heaven even here on earth; the sky so calmly clear, so gloriously radiant with the morning sun—such as are sometimes tendered as the farewell to the glad summer months. To my bedside came dear grandmamma, and whispered in my ear, "Darling, do you know you have a little sister?"

A sister! How, even now, though the flowers bloom over the tomb of the only being endeared to me by that most sacred name, still as then does it make a feeling of yearning, and send a new thrill of life through every fibre of my being.

Arrayed in my little pink dress, I was led noiselessly into the room, to see my little sister. Oh, what a strange, mysterious thing is a new born babe! How beautiful the room looked! the long white curtains draping the windows, parted carefully in the center, letting in the soft rays of the morning sun; the bed, with its not less snowy curtains, and the pure white fragrant chrysanthemums—everything conspiring to render it the most beautiful spot for the dawning of a new life.

Child reader have you ever had a little baby sister? If you have, you can fancy what proud and joyful feelings made my heart leap—made me clap my hands and dance about in a thousand curious little capers, as I saw this new object of love before me.

Ah, grandmamma! dear old grandmamma! as well might you have spoken to the running brook to cease its murmuring, or the songsters to hush their tuneful notes, as to strive to stay this overwhelming fountain of joy!

A few more days, and there fell upon our household a deep gloom. Did you ever see a blind baby, children? Little sister Nellie was blind!

Oh, 'tis a terrible thing to be blind! to be shut out from these beautiful tinted skies and blooming flowers, and never to see the light of our mother's eye. My poor mother! for days she could only weep over little sister. Father was silent and cold. His pride was wounded at the thought of having a blind child. Thank God! how soon she stole his heart, and nestled lovingly upon his bosom.

Year by year, most sweet and dear to us she grew. Though blind to all the world, yet she was the light and love of our home, and no joy seemed perfect, save in the presence of little blind Nellie.

My father was appointed captain of one of those majestic steamers that plow the Atlantic. How well do I remember that calm Autumn morning when he left us. He had bade us all farewell, and was standing on the balcony, when Nellie stole to him, and with upturned face beaming with love, whispered:

"You will come back to your little blind Nellie—won't you, papa?"

"Yes, darling," he answered tenderly; and that strong man stooped down, and with tears pressed a kiss on both her sightless eyes, and with a fervent "God bless you!" stepped hurriedly from the balcony, over the shadows of the cedars, into the great heart of the restless world.

But, from that hour, mirth departed from our fireside. Nellie, formerly so cheerful and gay, grew quiet and listless; her little cheeks paled, and she seemed like a lamb lost from the fold. It was in vain we moved her into the sunshine. In her slumbers, disturbed by dreams, she would call, "Papa! papa! come to your little blind Nellie!"

A few more weeks, and she lay in our mother's arms, dying; but even before she departed, "darkness there was no more, no shadow of doubt," for her little eyes opened to the light of heaven, and she whispered—"Mamma, I see! I see!"—Little Priggin.

A few words to a Father.

Take your son for a companion, whenever you conveniently can:

1st. It will relieve the already overburdened, anxious mother of so much care.

2d. It will gratify the boy; it will please the mother; it certainly ought to be a pleasure to you.

What mother's eye would not brighten when her child is kindly cared for? And when his eye kindles, his heart beats, and his tongue prattles faster and faster with the idea of "going with father," does she not share her little boy's happiness, and is not her love deepened by her husband's consideration, so just, and yet too often so extraordinary?

3d. It will keep him and you out of places, society, and temptations into which separately you might enter.

Did it ever occur to you that your boy, deprived of your society, eluding his mother's watchful care, and rambling the streets with the "lowest of the low," or with those who, seeming to be unexceptionable, are therefore, only the more dangerous, is learning all manner of rowdyism and crime? And why should you blame him for seeking such congenial associations when you so unnecessarily withhold from him your own companionship? Do you say that you can not possibly take him among "men" with whom you associate? Is their society, then, more pleasant, more profitable, more necessary than his? Why not give up their society for his? Alas! I am afraid that many fathers would hesitate to introduce their innocent boys into their own associations.

4th. It will establish confidence, sympathy, esteem, and love between you.

5th. It will give you abundant and very favorable opportunities to impart secular and religious instruction, to infuse and cultivate noble principles, and to develop and strengthen a true manhood.

6th. It will enable him to "see the world," and to enjoy a certain liberty which may prevent that future licentiousness which so often results from a sudden freedom from long restraint.

7th. It looks well.

8th. Is it not your bounden duty to favor your child with as much of your presence and influence as you can?—Methodist.

The first baptism at Serampore.

Krishnu was in daily intercourse with the missionaries, and he received the truths of the gospel, not only with avidity, but affection. His wife and daughter, to whom he communicated the glad tidings which had warmed his own heart, expressed their determination to unite with him in embracing Christianity, and they all offered themselves as candidates for Christian baptism. It was a season of high and hallowed enjoyment for the missionaries. In writing on the subject, Mr. Ward observes, "We think it right to make many allowances for ignorance, and for a state of mind the fruit of a corrupt superstition; we therefore cannot think of demanding from the candidates before baptism more than a profession of dependence on Christ, and submission to Him in all things. We yesterday fixed on the spot, before our gate in the river. A difficulty has been started, that if we baptize in the river, the natives will think we suppose there is something sacred in the Ganges. Others reply that they would rather think we defiled it by the ordinance." It was therefore determined to baptize the candidates in the river. On Monday, the 22nd of December, Goluk and Krishnu openly renounced their caste, by sitting down to the table of the missionaries, and eating with them, to the great surprise of the servants. "Thus," again writes Mr. Ward, "the door of faith is open to the Hindus, and who shall shut it? Thus is the chain of the caste broken, and who shall mend it?" In the evening, Goluk, Krishnu, and his wife and daughter, came before the church, and narrated the progressive steps by which their minds had been led to embrace the religion of Christ. This season of delight, however, was not without its alloy. Mr. Thomas, who was present on the occasion, became frantic with joy. It was seventeen years since he had commenced his labors among the heathen; and the fruition of his hopes, after so many disappointments, destroyed the balance of his mind, and he began to exhibit symptoms of insanity. Within three days he became so violent, as to render it necessary to place him under restraint.

The next morning, Sunday, the 28th of December, the ordinance of baptism was performed, under circumstances the most solemn and distressing. The missionaries assembled with the congregation in the chapel, and Mr. Carey walked down to the river with his eldest son, about to be baptized, and Krishnu, on either side of him. Mr. Thomas, who was confined to his couch, made the air resound with his blasphemous ravings; and Mrs. Carey, shut up in her own room on the opposite side of the path, poured forth the most painful shrieks. At the ghat, or landing stairs, the governor and several Europeans, and a large body of Portuguese, and a dense crowd of Hindus and Mohammedans, were waiting to witness this novel ceremony. To this assembly Mr. Carey explained that they did not believe there was any divine virtue in the river, but regarded it as the simple element of water; that Krishnu was formerly of their creed, but professed by the present act to renounce his belief in the gods, and to become a disciple of Jesus Christ. The most perfect silence and a feeling of deep solemnity pervaded the whole assembly, and the governor was melted to tears. In the afternoon

the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered for the first time in the Bengali language.—J. C. Marshman.

Going into battle.

How men go into battle, how they feel, how fire or fight, are questions of deep interest just now. An army correspondent says:—"You have often wondered whether the men wear their over-coats, knapsacks, haversacks, and carry their blankets, when going into battle.—That depends upon circumstances. Sometimes, when they are marching, they find themselves in battle almost before they know it. I remember that on the 17th of July, three days before the battle of Bull Run, some regiments of the army were marching towards Mitchell's Ford, a fording place on Bull Run, when suddenly the enemy fired upon them, and the men had to fight just as they were, only a great many threw down their coats, and blankets, and haversacks, so that they could fight freely and easily. You also wonder whether the regiments fire regularly in volleys, or whether each man loads and fires as fast as he can. That also depends upon circumstances, but usually, except when the enemy is near at hand, the regiment fire only at the command of their officers. You hear a drop, drop, drop, as a few of the skirmishers fire, followed by a rattle and roll, which sounds like the falling of a building, just as some of you have heard the brick-walls tumble at a great fire.—Sometimes, when a body of the enemy's cavalry are sweeping down upon a regiment to cut it to pieces, the men form a square, with the officers and musicians in the centre. The front rank stands with bayonets charged, while the second rank fires as fast as they can. Sometimes they form in four ranks deep—the two front ones kneeling, with their bayonets charged, so that if the enemy should come upon them, they would run against a picket-ence of bayonets. When they form in this way the other two ranks load and fire as fast as they can. Then the roar is terrific, and many a horse and rider go down before the terrible storm of iron hail."

The Prince of Wales' marriage.

The fortunate heir the English crown is in one respect, the most unfortunate man of the age.—His Royal Highness, Prince Albert Edward, of Great Britain, is young, accomplished, well-looking, and in the prospective possession of one of the most glittering diadems in the world; and yet, in the plenitude of all these earthly and heavenly gifts, can only select his partner through life from among seven fair damsels. Tom Brown the city clerk, who tries to be a gentleman upon sixty pounds a year, would not tolerate for a moment the idea of having his matrimonial horizon narrowed to such dimensions, nor would even John Styles, the plowman, who works for board-wages six days in the week, and on the seventh courts all the girls of the parish, bear the restriction. Both Tom and John would certainly think themselves hardly used, if, in this era of liberty, when locomotion is cheap, and girls are as plenty as blackberries, they should not be allowed to pick their spouses at least among a hundred fair ones. It is only on the pinnacle of the pyramid that the space is contracted, until, as in the case of a live prince of the blood royal, the matrimonial life is circumscribed by the fatal number seven.

The land on this elevated ground is measured out and registered by a royal Doomsday Book, more formidable than the one preserved at the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey. The book is well known and deeply revered as the *Almanach de Gotha*. The great modern Doomsday Book, the *Almanach de Gotha*, divides all mankind—and womankind, of course—into the three classes of princes, nobles, and plebeians. The boundary between each of these classes is laid down most markedly and distinctly, making trespass all but impossible. Sharpest in outline and best fenced off is the topmost division comprising the various members of the royal families of Europe. The catalogue of princes and princesses is a tolerably long one, extending over nearly a hundred pages of the royal Doomsday Book; and it seems rather extraordinary that there should be no more than seven fair ones in the list eligible for the election of the heir apparent to the crown of England. The fact is owing to some general and some particular causes. There are about eight hundred members of royalty in Europe, all *ebenbürtig* and legitimate; but the vast majority of them are in the serene and yellow leaf, past-marrying, and being married. Like English law lords and bishops, princes and princesses, as a rule attain to a good old age, far above the average of vulgar humanity.

The greater number of sovereigns of Europe and their families are above fifty years of age; and the case is not at all rare of four generations basking together in the sunny atmosphere of the throne. Many a page of the *Almanach de Gotha* has to be turned over before the eye alights, in a maze of venerable sexa, septa, and octogenarians, on a name fit to march, in point of age, with that of the young heir expectant of the British Isles. But the search becomes still more difficult from the fact that it is not only age, but religion, which has to be looked after. The consort whom England wants for her future King must not be only young and comely, and scion of a sovereign princely family, but must be, above all, a believer in the Protestant faith.—But it happens, curiously enough, that though the majority of European sovereigns are Protestant—thanks to the mosaic constitution of the German Empire—there are nevertheless, considerably more young princes and princesses brought up in the Roman Catholic creed than after the tenets of the Reformed Church.

The Catholic princes, it seems, multiply more than their Protestant brethren, although, as a rule, they do not arrive at quite so old an age. The largest of all the royal houses of Europe are the families of Hapsburg and Lichtenstein, *ubi supra*, both Roman Catholic, and including within their sacred circle more matrimonial eligibilities than a dozen ordinary Protestant households. The house of Hohenzollern is itself far more productive in its two Catholic branches of Hechingen and Sigmaringen than in the younger line which has given kings to Prussia. The handsomest, and it is believed, most accomplished princess of Europe, at the present moment, is Fürstinn Maria of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, born November 17, 1845, and therefore exactly four years younger than the Prince of Wales.—But owing to the difference of creed, the radiant Fürstinn is *noli me tangere* to his Royal Highness.

After sitting and distilling the contents of the royal Doomsday Book with the utmost care, the sad fact remains at the bottom that, as already said there are really no more than seven eligible ladies in the world to whom the oldest son of Queen Victoria may offer his hand.

Rumor points out, as the destined consort of our future King, Princess Alexandra, of Denmark. Her Royal Highness was born December 1st, 1844, and is the second child and eldest daughter of Prince Christian, of Schleswig-Holstein, heir expectant to the throne of Denmark, and of Princess Louise, of Hesse-Cassel. She is described as very accomplished, as well as gifted with no inconsiderable share of physical beauty, standing second only in the latter respect to the far-famed princess of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.—*London Spectator*.

Invitation of women to pray.

At a meeting of several hundred women of various denominations, which was held in Park Street Church, Boston on the 8th ult., the following circular was presented and adopted.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN OF BOSTON

TO THEIR SISTERS SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES.

Dear Sisters in Christ.

We live in a day when the Lord is purging our nation and his Church by the baptism of blood. Our beloved country is rent by civil war, and in this momentous struggle none have a deeper interest than we; therefore the part we ought to act should be distinctly understood.

The principles of our government, which are now trodden under foot by a portion of this nation, are as dear to us as they are to our husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, and friends, who go forth to the perils and sufferings of the battle field.

We are permitted to express our sympathy by contributing money, and by working with our own hands for the relief and comfort of the soldier. For this privilege we are truly grateful, but it cannot satisfy us as Christian women. Our Lord has called His people "the salt of the earth." "A royal priesthood." Are we not included in these sublime appointments?

Let us recall the part it has pleased the Head of the Church to assign our sex in former days. Deborah and Hannah, Esther and Mary, have their record on the inspired pages; and of the efficacy of prayer, even in our own times, we have abundant proof.

Allow us then affectionately to suggest that you form circles of prayer throughout the land, and to propose as subjects of our prayers the following:—

First of all, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the entire nation; that we may repent of our personal and national sins; humble ourselves; and so be prepared to receive the blessings of a righteous peace—which shall redound to the glory of God's holy name:

For our beloved President and his Counsellors:

For the Officers of our Army and Navy; For our Soldiers and Seamen, that their heads may be covered in the day of battle, and that they may be kept from the vices incident to war; and especially for those who are in prisons and hospitals, that they may be sustained amid their privations and sufferings, or prepared for death:

For our Chaplains and Surgeons, that they may be faithful to the sacred trust committed to them:

For our afflicted and bereaved Families; For the Ministers of the Gospel, that they may be taught of God to show the people his whole will:

For the Oppressed of our land, that their deliverance may be hastened.

We have agreed to observe Monday of every week as a day of especial prayer for these objects; assembling at 10 A. M. and at 3 P. M.; each service to occupy two hours. And now, dear sisters, we commend you to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, trusting that we shall none of us be found wanting when our country and our Savior call us to labor and to pray.

A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.—It is said of the Icelanders, that they scrupulously observe the usage of reading the sacred Scriptures every morning, the whole family joining in the prayers. When the Iclander awakes, he salutes no person until he has saluted God. He usually hastens to the door, adores there the author of Nature and Providence, then steps back into the dwelling, saying to his family, "God grant you a good day!" What a beautiful illustration is this of the Christian obligation on the part of households, to recognize and worship God! Let us learn wisdom from the example of the Icelanders.