

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 6TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN vii. 1-18 : Christ goes to Jerusalem. Deut. ix. : Israel's rebellion. Recite—JOHN vi. 52-58.

SUNDAY, JULY 13TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN vi. 53-71 : Peter's confession. DEUT viii. : An exhortation to obedience. Recite—JOHN vi. 35-40.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 157. Who are now the children of Abraham ? 158. Did Jesus intimate to any of his disciples the manner in which he should suffer martyrdom ?

Answers to questions given last week :—

- 155. Jeremiah xxxv. 19. 156. 1 John iii. 9 ; iv. 7 ; v. 1 ; v. 4.

A glimpse inside the Cars.

"It was a raw, gusty, November morning, with clouds of a dull, bluish-gray folded heavily over the sky, and the earth wearing that sombre, dismal aspect, which told as plainly as words could have done that her glory had departed, that the old age of another year had fallen upon her, and that nothing remained to her now but a struggling through winds and storms into December, and then a shroud."

An old woman and a young girl entered the cars which were plunging on to New York. They were nearly but very plainly dressed, and looked about them with that half-shy, half-curious manner which indicated at once they were not accustomed to travel ; moreover, there was a slightly foreign air about them, and if you are a student of national physiognomy, you would at once have settled it in your mind that they were English people.

The old woman was very pale and delicate, evidently in ill-health, and there was something touching in the silvery braids of hair that were combed so smoothly over her wrinkled forehead, and in the mild, faded, half-sorrowful eyes, that told you at once her passage through life had not been a smooth one.

But the youngest woman, or girl—O, it would have done your heart good to look on her!—There was such a rich, healthful bloom on her cheeks, there was so much hope and brightness in her blue eyes, so much innocence and sweetness in the quiet smile which her lips fell into so naturally, that, gazing on her, a good heart could hardly help praying that the young English girl might find a very happy life in the new land to which she had come.

A few sentences must tell the history of these people. The young girl was betrothed to the old woman's only son. He had been in America for more than a year, and as soon as the industrious young carpenter had earned money sufficient to see his way clear to provide them a humble but comfortable home, he had written over the seas:

"MOTHER AND MARY.—Sell off all the old furniture, and come straight to me."

And they had come—those two tender, loving, trusting women, the old and the young. Mary was an orphan, and there were no strong ties to bind her to the fatherland.

The steamer had reached Boston three days before. They had written to Charles, informing him of their arrival, and expecting that he would meet them. But he did not ; and so, fearing the letter had been delayed, they started for New York.

The cars were not filled this morning, for the travelling season was over. The young girl took up a paper which some passenger had thrown down on the seat before her.

She ran her eyes half carelessly over the columns. Suddenly they paused a moment, a dark terror seemed to creep into their brightness, her face settled down into a white, deathly rigidity, a cry, not loud, or sharp, but deep, O, so very deep, with a broken heart's agony waved over her lips, and she sank back, not unconscious, but stunted, paralyzed with the awful darkness those three newspaper lines had brought down upon her life!

"What is it? What is it, Mary?" eagerly cried out the old woman, as the girl turned her dumb, stony face towards her. She did not speak, she only pointed to the paper. The old woman gasped it eagerly with her shaking hands. In a moment she too had read the lines which told how a young carpenter, Charles Davis, had fallen accidentally from the roof of a high building in New York, and was taken up dead! dead! dead!

It is a mercy that the mind cannot at once grasp a sudden evil, that great shocks are usually bewildering. In this case it was so. The mother did not shriek or faint ; but with a low, shivering "God help us!" she sank back, and the cars plunged on, with those two white, stony faces.

Only once either spoke. A gleam of hope shot up suddenly into the mother's eyes; she seized hold of Mary's hand, and whispered, "Perhaps it was somebody else, Mary." And Mary looked up a moment, as the drowning look up when eager hands are reached out to their rescue ; then the blank despair darkened her face again, her head dropped, but it may be that for those long two hours this thought warmed away down in her heart, as it did in the mother's and kept them both from breaking.

At last the train glided into the depot ; the passengers bustled about for their travelling bags and bundles, but the two sat there, still and motionless, as though death had suddenly stricken them.

A moment later a young man sprang hastily into the cars, and gazed with an intense, breathless sort of eagerness on his fine, honest face, up and down the cars.

Then he bounded forward, with his whole heart in his face. "Mother! Mary!" He couldn't have said another word just then. But those two! those two! if you could have seen them! "My boy! my boy! are you really alive?" ejaculated the old woman, clinging to him with her shaking hands, while Mary, forgetting all her maiden shyness in her woman's loving heart, murmured up amid the happiest sobs and the sweetest tears,—"O, Charlie! I thought you were dead—I did!"

"No; I'm alive and kicking, you better believe!" responded the hearty tones of the young carpenter; "and O, so glad to see you! The letter was miscarried, and I didn't get it until last night; and as you said you should start the third day if I didn't come on, I thought maybe I'd find you here with the morning train. I've got just the nicest kind of a home for you, four of the snuggest little rooms, and a new silk dress for Mary, which I'll engage she'll wear to the parson's next Saturday." And there was a significant laugh in his eyes that set Mary's pretty face all aglow.

"But come! We won't stay here any longer. I've a whole year's talking on hand for you. Mary, you've certainly grown handsomer than ever. I'll get a carriage directly." And proudly, very proudly, he offered them each an arm, and escorted his mother and his betrothed from the cars.

"Well, I must say it did me good to see him," said a gentleman passenger who had witnessed this scene; "but I couldn't help thinking, with a pang of pity, after all, somebody's poor Charlie Davis is dead."

Presence of Mind.

BY REV. THEODORE I. CUYLER.

Did you ever cross the Catskills by the old-fashioned turnpike on a mail coach? Did you ever sit out with the driver just as the summit was gained, and the stage began to rattle down the dizzy ascent? You laid tight hold, I'll warrant you, of the side strap, and braced both your feet on the foot board, and if you were a little inexperienced in mountain travel, you said somewhat nervously, "Now driver go carefully down here."

The driver smiles, changes his quid coolly to the other side of his cheek, rings a loud crack with his whip, and then claps his heel on the break, as much as to say "festina lente," and away the coach swings down the mountain. Presently the driver, with a slight catch in his breath says, "I declare if the reins on that off leader ain't broke!" Sure enough the lines are unloosed from the bit of the gay skittish creature, and he tosses his head with an airy motion, very suggestive of a runaway. Your first impulse is to screech to the inside passengers; your next one is to make a break-neck leap from the box of the coach. "Keep quiet, keep quiet!" says the driver, and then swings his long whip around the legs of the two leaders, as if he, too, were in a plot to send the coach and its cargo to Davy Jones's locker in the shortest possible time. "Driver, what do you mean?" "Keep quiet," he says, with another touch of the whip to the leader's white tattle, "I know what I'm about; those leaders are full of mettle, and I want to make them think that I am giving them the loose rein; if they only knew they were loose, they would dash us all into kindlin' wood in less than five minutes." We try to believe that Jehu is right, but secretly we give up all for lost. We look down on the narrow thread of the Hudson River winding ten miles beneath us, and then across to the distant Green Mountains of Vermont that gleam in the October sun as the Delicate Mountains gleamed before Bunyan's Pilgrim. It is astonishing how vividly the mind seizes objects when in great danger or when expecting death. A culprit listening to his death sentence, notices every button on each jurymen's coat.

With this intense study of the scene before us, and with our hand so numb that we do not feel the strap we are grasping we whirl down a half a mile of the declivity. Before us is a slight rise in the road of four or five feet. Just as the leaders gallop up it, the driver jumps with his whole weight on the break—gives a tremendous pull on the reins of the wheel horses—shouts "Whoa!" with startling explosion—and in the instant that the coach halts, he leaps from the box, and is at the leaders' heads! It is all done in a twinkling. And before the frightened inside passengers have had time to shout, "What is matter?" the quick witted driver is fastening the rein-buckle again into the bit.

Now there was presence of mind. Had that driver been "out of his wits" he would probably have dashed himself off his coach, to be followed by the coach dashing itself over the mountain side. But he has his wits within reach—or what the old Greeks called nearness of mind. As the shrewd Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh says in one of his essays, "It is a curious condition of mind that this requires. It is like sleeping with your pistol under your pillow, and the pistol on full cock; a moment lost, and all may be lost. There is the very nick of time. Men, when they have done some signal feat of presence of mind, if asked how they did it, do not very well know—they just did it. It was in fact done, and then thought of; not thought of and then done, in which case it would likely never have been done at all. It is

one of the highest powers of mind thus to act: it is done by an acquired instinct."

This presence of mind is invaluable in a military commander. Nearly every battle turns on one or two rapid movements, executed amid the whirl of smoke and thunder of guns that jar the solid globe. Napoleon possessed this quality beyond any general of modern times. His mind acted like the lightning; and never with such prompt precision as in the moments of greatest confusion and danger. What confused others clarified him. At Arcola he saw that the tide was turning against him; he called up twenty-five horsemen, gave them each a trumpet, made a dashing charge that gave him the victory. At Montebello he computed with his eye the distance of the Austrian cavalry, saw that it would require a quarter of an hour for them to come up, and in those fifteen minutes executed a manoeuvre that saved the day. "These quarters of an hour," he used to say, "generally decide the fate of a battle. The Austrians never know the value of time." A little of this Napoleonic presence of mind might have saved the battle of Bull Run. But officers and soldiers lost both; and one half of that whole army set off on a wild, topsy-turvy chase after their wits!

A good physician needs to have his mind at his finger ends. There is a sudden turn in the disease; or there must be a rapid surgical movement. His books are useless unless his books are in his head. He must grow cooler as his patient or the bystanders grow more frightened. Napoleon feared that the physician who was attending upon the Empress at the birth of the King of Rome would lose his self-possession. "Compose yourself," said the Emperor, "and imagine that you are attending only a poor girl in the Faubourg St. Antoine."

The pulpit debutante who sees his manuscripts swimming about on the walls of the church fancies that is swimming too—the panic-struck housewife who throws her mirrors out of the third story window at the alarm of fire—the pilot who gives the wrong pull too the wheel when a vessel comes suddenly out of a fog upon his bow—are all familiar illustrations of one's wits "stepped out" just at the moment that they were wanted. Dr. Brown in his essay gives a couple of instances of the opposite.

A lady was in front of her lawn with her children when a mad dog made his appearance, pursued by the neighbors. What did she do? Better than you or I would have done. She ran straight toward the dog, received its head in her thick stuff gown between her knees, and muffling it up, held it with all her might until the men arrived. No one was hurt. Of course, she fainted after it was all over. Both her acts were womanlike.

The other case Dr. B. gives is of a Mrs. Major Robertson a slight and beautiful woman, who, on going alone to her room sees the foot of a man projecting from under her bed! Only a servant is in the house. She goes carelessly about the room until suddenly exclaiming aloud, "I declare I've forgotten that key again," she leaves the light and coolly goes down stairs. When she comes up again it is with a policeman, and the foot is soon on its way to the watch house.

Presence of mind is partly a natural gift, and partly an acquisition. It is hard to teach it to a fool, but many a wise man has played the fool for want of it.—Independent.

Skill in soul-saving.

A proud passionate sinner once moved into the neighborhood of a devoted minister and began a career of sin which grieved the good and increased the corruption of the wicked. His avowed purpose to insult any clergyman who should presume to address him, kept the minister from calling upon him at once, but did not prevent him from prayerfully watching for an opportunity.

This came sooner than he expected. The blaspheming sinner was struck down by severe sickness. "I will see him," said the minister.

"If you do he will insult you," said the friend who had informed him of the man's sickness.

"I will see him, nevertheless, and look to God for guidance and blessing," replied the minister.

Accordingly he called, and was shown into a parlor, where he found the sick man lying on an old sofa. With great kindness he asked after his health and received curt, almost uncivil replies. Then, without saying one word of his own respecting religion, he opened his Bible and said:

"If you please I will read to you?"

"Without waiting for a reply, he proceeded to read the words of Jesus in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, after which he offered a short, simple prayer, bade the man farewell, and left. The next day he called again, read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, prayed, and left as before. This was repeated several days. Kindness, appropriate selections from the Word of God, prayer, in which the minister cheerfully classed himself with the sick man as needing mercy, and secret prayer for God's blessing, were the only weapons he employed. Now, mark the result!

After two weeks the sick man broke down, grasped the minister's hands, wept, confessed himself a sinner, and said he was a wonder to himself.

"It is God," replied the minister; "I have not spoken a word. God has spoken. He has done this."

"Yes," said the man, "I see it now. If you had spoken a single word of your own to me when first you came, or for some time after, I would not have borne it. Weak as I was, I should have tried to turn you out of my house. I was astonished at your daring to come to me.

You took me by surprise. I could not be angry when you asked with such a kind voice after my health. You read me those beautiful words. I knew they were not your own words, but God's own words, and I was silent. You shut the book, and I thought you would begin to reproach me, and tell me what a sinful wretch I was, and then would be my time to speak; but I looked up and saw you on your knees, and heard you praying for me, and then, without another word, you were gone."

It is enough to add that this Anakim among sinners, was soon after converted, and after a few weeks of beautiful devotedness to Jesus, passed through the gates of the grave, crying victory through the blood of the Lamb.

That this sinner was pulled out of the burning by the skill, as well as the fidelity of the minister, is placed beyond all doubt by the testimony of the man himself. Faithfulness alone would not have succeeded, but faithfulness joined to skill did the work. Let the worker for souls study this fact carefully, as illustrating the philosophy of soul-saving. Perhaps it may give him light on the cause of his own lack of success. He has, it may be, a desire to do good; he labors with sinners patiently, he utters truth in their ears, he depends on the Spirit for success, but he has no evidences of his success. Why? He lacks skill, tact, wisdom. He is not wise to win souls. He needs to study human nature more closely. Give him skill in addition to his present qualities, and he would "slay his thousands" for the Lord.

Look well to this point, dear fellow-laborer for Christ, and may the Holy Ghost make you "wise to win souls.—Zion's Herald.

Skepticism among the people.

There is a large infusion of skepticism in the minds of men at the present day, which operates of course to diminish sensibility to divine things, and greatly to prevent the proper effect of preaching. The skepticism here referred to is not the open infidelity of a former age but it consists rather in a half-believing, half-doubting, unsettled state of mind about religious truth.

This type of skepticism, we are persuaded, is much more widely diffused, and is far more fatal in its influence on the interests of religion than is generally supposed. It is circulated and cherished by much of the popular literature of the day. It is spread abroad through the medium of the newspaper and the pamphlet, and the popular lecture; and in a thousand different ways works itself into the minds of the young and the unreflecting, making them indifferent to God and his truth, and preventing all just impressions from the ministrations of God's word.

Agriculture, &c.

July.

If the blue skies serenely shone for aye, And clouds wept not, but like the fleecy feather Sail'd lightly on the air,—and night and day Evinc'd the same stability of weather,— How soon were earth enrob'd in mourning weeds! The spring would fail,—the rivulets run dry,— The putting herds would seek the river beds, And every weak and tender thing would die. Nor rain nor dew the corn and fruit to feed, Deep resolution tyrant-like would reign; His breath to dust would turn the wittier'd plain; And man, the heir of misery indeed, Might lift his hand, and to his Maker pray; And words of agony his quivering lips would say.

ORNAMENTAL TREES SHOULD BE AROUND THE HOUSE.

Around every dwelling, there should be a plantation of ornamental trees, oaks, elms, maples, firs, and, indeed, all the various species of indigenous trees with which Providence has so beneficently blessed our land. Nothing adds more to the beauty and desirableness of a country residence than the presence of this splendid creation; even the humblest cottage derives a sort of elegance from them and becomes an object of interest by the mere charm of association. Many of our forest trees, of the deciduous kind, are unsurpassed in elegance and easily obtained and propagated so as to place them within reach of every person. The elm is a vigorous and rapid grower; so, also, is the oak, in all its species, the maple and the glossy beech. Of shrubs and evergreens, there are innumerable varieties, all of which bear transplanting, and flourish vigorously on almost every description of soil.—Canada Journal of Education.

THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS!

Why does not everybody have a geranium, a rose, or some other flower in the window? It is very cheap, next to nothing if you raise it from seed or slip, and is a beauty and a companion. As charming Lehigh Hunt says, it sweetens the air, rejoices the eye, links you with nature and innocence, and is something to love you in return; it cannot hate you, it cannot utter a hateful word, even for neglecting it, for though it is all beauty, it has no vanity; and living, as it does, purely to do you good and afford you pleasure, how can you neglect it?—Ib.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON.—The Journal de Rouen announces a most important discovery, which will enable the manufactures of cotton cloth to dispense with the use of American cotton. It appears that a piece of cloth has been manufactured of a common-plant which grows wild in the fields, and which will be exhibited to a commission composed of manufacturers. The discovery has been communicated to the Emperor, who takes great interest in its success.