

Went's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 4TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN iv. 1-26: The Nobleman's son healed. DEUT. ii. 21-37: Sihon discomfited. Recite—JOHN iii. 19-21.

SUNDAY, MAY 11TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN iv. 27-54: The Nobleman's son healed. DEUT. iii. 1-17: Og, king of Bashan, conquered. Recite—JOHN iv. 20-27.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

140. At which hour of the day did time begin its flight?

141. Name a heathen who had more faith than 600,000 men of Israel.

Answers to questions given last week:—

137. Marriage and the Sabbath. Gen. ii. 3, 24. 138. The prophet Ezekiel, x. xviii. 13; xxvi. 8, 9. "The sardius, the topaz, the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle."

"Take him on his knee."

The family of a much-loved friend were plunged into sore affliction by the illness of one of the sons, eleven years old. The other children, as well as the parents, were very anxious and apprehensive in regard to him—each, in his or her own way giving expression to fears and wishes, and doing acts of tender kindness fitted to soothe the invalid. The oldest son, a young man, seeing his youngest sister, who was then about four years old, in grief about the dying brother, put to her the question, "What do you wish God to do to Willie?" expecting her to say something about health on earth or joy in heaven. Her answer was, "I want Him to take Willie up on His knee."

Little Alice's conception of a heavenly father's love, in its manifestations were derived from the expression, in a well-known way, of the love of an earthly father. And I do not know a better definition than her's of the enjoyments of heaven above, or the foretastes of heaven below, among all the wise, and the experienced and godly. A child's ideas of perfect enjoyment are concentrated in a seat on its father's knee: so are the believers' in heaven. The child longs for the seat: so does the child of God for heaven. On its father's knee, the child gets rest, and peace, and safety: so does the child of God in heaven. On his knee, the child manifests and gets increased love to and confidence in its father: so does the child of God in heaven. And, on its father's knee, the child gets all the outgoings of its father's love, and condescension, tenderness, and considerate regard: so does the child of God in heaven. Children are often put into the position of teachers to us. We have much to learn from them. "Jesus took a little child and set him in the midst."—Christian Transcript.

The Iceberg.

Some years since a vessel lay becalmed on a smooth sea, in the vicinity of an iceberg. In full view, the mountain-mass of frozen splendor rose before the passengers of the vessel, its towers and pinnacles glittering in the sunlight, and clothed in the enchanting and varied colors of the rainbow. A party on board the vessel resolved to climb the steep sides of the iceberg, and spend the day in a picnic on the summit. The novelty and attraction of the hazardous enterprise blinded them to the danger, and they left the vessel, ascended the steep mountain of ice, spread their table on the summit, and enjoyed their dance-of-pleasure on the surface of the frosty marble. Nothing disturbed their security or marred their enjoyment. Their sport was finished, and they made their way down to the water level and embarked. But scarcely had they reached a safe distance before the loud crash of the crumbling mass was heard. The scene of their gaiety was covered with the huge fragments of the falling pinnacles, and the giant iceberg rolled over with a shock that sent a thrill of awe and terror to the breast of every spectator. Not one of that gay party could ever be induced to try that rash experiment again. "But what is this world with all its brilliancy, with all its hopes, and its alluring pleasures, but a glittering iceberg, melting slowly away? Its false splendor, enchanting to the eye, dissolves, and as drop after drop trickles down its sides, or steals unseen through its hidden pores, its very foundations are undermined, and the steady decay prepares for a sudden catastrophe. Such is the world to many who dance over its surface, and in false security forget the treacherous footing on which they stand. But can any one who knows what it is, avoid feeling that every moment is pregnant with danger, and that the final catastrophe is hastening on?"

FORLORN.—One of the most telling descriptions of "forlornness" we have heard, was that of a boy who asked a Boston police officer for shelter in the Station-house:—"See, Cap'n, first my father died, and my mother married again, and then my mother died and my father married again, an' somehow or other I don't seem to have no parents at all, nor no home, nor nothing!"

The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.—Poor Richard's Proverbs.

Coming out. A Sketch.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

PART 2.

A month had rolled on: Lucy Leighton had not yet fully decided whether to apply to her pastor for admission into the church, or not. One resolution she had formed. She had vowed herself to the Saviour, and was bent upon serving him; Divine grace had constrained her to that. The irresistible love which has drawn so many to the feet of the Saviour had touched her young heart, and stirred a voice that would not be silenced. So, with great distrust of herself—for it was a new work—she began to teach in the Sabbath-school, she left her tracts at the cottages of Brookdale, and sometimes, though with great self-distrust and trembling, she ventured to speak a word for Jesus, and call on his name on behalf of others.

The days of martyrdom have, thank God, long ago passed. Still, even here, in our own enlightened "Christian land,"—even now, in the nineteenth century, when it is fashionable to be decorous, and in a slight sense religious,—some disciples of the Saviour have yet to take up their cross before they can follow him. Refined society smiles upon the Sabbath morning attendance at church or chapel; it will even patronize a week-night service and a teaching of the young; but the decided, downright "coming out from among them" arouses as much ire now as heretofore.

Lucy was misunderstood in many ways. Her enjoyment of life, her acute sensibilities to pleasure, her sunny disposition, made her laugh as ringing as ever, her face as radiant, her step as quick. Nay, the strong sense of a new joy, deeper than any she had known before—the joy of the Christian—made her happier and sunnier than before. Still some of the old pleasures had to be given up; wherever the occupation had a taint of evil about it, conscience asserted its right and Lucy declined. And so many of her young companions began to grow cold; they could not understand it. Lucy seemed the same, and yet there was a difference. It had been easier at once to have made a public declaration of the change which had passed over her—better and safer at once to have declared herself on the Lord's side.

Yet, as often as she resolved to do this, some inconsistency would show itself in the professors of the Saviour, and deter her; and the conversation of her friends, whom we have before mentioned, would not be effaced from her memory.

What should she do? Again and again she took her troubles to the All-wise, beseeching his direction; and he never disregards the prayers of the earnest supplicant.

Lucy had a pious mother, who was a consistent member of the church which she longed, and yet hesitated to join. Lucy had, as yet, said nothing to her of the great change which had taken place within. How is it that so many of us could sooner talk to a comparative stranger of our religious experience, than to those who lie the nearest to our hearts? It is too often the case, that even between a mother and daughter, there is a kind of reserve. Thoughts are unspoken which might tend to throw a light upon some phase of heart-experience, and so the inner life is a sealed book even to the most loving eyes.

Lucy had only given vague explanations of her conduct in declining to go to the opera, and engaging in labours of love. But she knew not with what throbs of gratitude her mother had noticed the change, nor what earnest, agonizing prayers had preceded it. One day, in her deep perplexity, not knowing whither to look for direction, she resolved to break through the barrier of reserve, and ask the advice of her whom she knew would not carelessly give it. She halted at the door irresolutely, then, as those kind eyes looked inquiringly into hers, "Mother, guide me!" she exclaimed throwing herself into her arms.

Oh, if all daughters of pious mothers did this, if they made their best and dearest earthly friend their first confidant how much easier and happier would their way be made for them!

How, one by one, the doubts melted away in that confidential hour!

"The Saviour has said, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.' You will find it the happiest day in your whole life when you follow Jesus in the ordinance of baptism."

"Yes, mother, dear, I know. But then—I wish there were not such dark blots upon the characters of those who profess to love him."

"My Lucy! are you perfect yourself? Even this last month, when you have commenced a new life—have not there been failings?"

"Oh, yes, very many, so many as to make me fear that I, too shall bring disgrace upon the promise—"My grace is sufficient for thee." You are weak, and you will feel it; but your Father in heaven is Almighty, and he will support you."

"You think it is a duty to join the Church?"

"A decided duty, and a very great privilege. For, Lucy, dear, you will be watched over, and loved, and prayed for by the members. There is sympathy among them—although there may be some hasty judgements, some fault-finding, and many faults in themselves. They are but human, and they have human failings. We must pity them, and hope for the best—thus doing as we would be done by. In the main, they are a loving family, striving to be kind to their brothers and sisters, seeking to do the will of their Father in heaven."

There was a pause for some minutes, and then Lucy said, half-sighingly,—

"I wonder what Charles will think?"

A wistful tenderness stole over the mother's face; she could sympathize fully with the doubt those words implied. She knew how strong is human love, how closely it holds the beloved to the heart. Her hands gently raised the hidden face, as she replied,—

"Sometimes, my child, we have to choose between our God and our dear ones. The affection that gladdens us is his precious gift; but we must not think more of the gift than the Giver. Lucy, would you rather give up Charles, or Jesus?"

"I cannot give up either!" It was the wail of a clinging heart, struggling with the desire to say, "Thy will be done," yet faltering in its deep weakness. The mother's love did not reproach her. There was no harsh lecture, no frown, nothing but sympathy there. She knelt with her child, and, in tremulous accents, supplicated Divine strength for the emergency—sought pardon and pity for human weakness and grace to make any surrender which he might require.

So Lucy decided to see the pastor whose ministry she attended, and seek admission into the church. The old gentleman received her very kindly. He did not try the young with difficult questions. He gave counsel and advice where it was so much needed, and commended the youthful Christian to the care of the good Shepherd.

The people of the Lord gave to Lucy a hearty welcome. Many who knew her had already prayed that she might be brought out from the world, and enter the church. They gave thanks that their prayers had been answered. Young persons, who go in and out of the sanctuary, taking their seat on the Sabbath, and listening as others do—yet seldom, in their hearts, thinking of or caring for things of eternity—may not know how many an earnest prayer reaches the throne of God on their behalf. Some person who watches them from his pew—never speaking a word to them, perhaps—but having in his Christian heart a loving interest in youth—petitions for a blessing. It comes, and the recipients are happier, though the seeker be unknown. It would be well to speak a kind word to the aged and poor Christian—we little know what mercies we may have received through his intercession.

Some months passed away, and then the Sunday came on which Lucy was to make a public declaration of her faith in the Redeemer. She was very happy, and yet at her heart there was one great sorrow. She had made the surrender. She had decided to give up Charles rather than Jesus. He who had been her companion had always declared himself averse to coming out from among them. He called it being "righteous over much." It was sufficient, he thought, to go to chapel, and read the Bible occasionally, and be good sort of people generally. So, as they were not agreed, Lucy had decided that they could not walk together, and Charles had seemed to acquiesce. Yet it had left a sad yearning in her heart. Had it not been so, it would have been no sacrifice; but now that she had given up all that could make her earthly life beautiful, truly she had not offered to the Lord that which cost her nothing. There was a strange wistfulness on Charles's face, as he took his seat that Sunday morning. A strange moisture was in his eyes, as he looked at Lucy's seat—vacant now. And when she came from the vestry with the other candidates and their eyes met, Lucy knew that the sorrow at her heart had its counterpart in his.

But soon holier thoughts filled her heart, which trobbled with the joy of following the Saviour. "In keeping his commandments there is great delight." Lucy found it so. It was the happiest hour of her life.

There can be no more solemn service in our worship below than this outward dedication of life and heart to God in Believers' Baptism.—It was a solemn, happy day for Brookdale. As they stood at the water's edge, and thought of the vows they were making, more than one youthful Christian felt the expressive words—

We're the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so Divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

Earnestly spoke the good old servant of God to the spectators of the solemn engagement. He told them how short is life, how important preparation for death, how Jesus loves to pardon; and he gave them for their evening thoughts—

"He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Then, after supplicating that many more from the congregation might be led to the footstool of Jesus—that his grace might enable the candidates to walk worthily all their future lives—he led them one by one, and they "went down into the water," and were baptized "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

As he took Lucy, he repeated that verse—

"When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice."

Joyful tears filled her mother's eyes, and for that hour at least her heart was full to overflowing with perfect joy.

So Lucy came out from among them. Not in her own strength ever hoping to be kept separate, but clinging entirely, trusting wholly in Him whose "strength is made perfect in our weakness." And so He kept her—as he will keep all who trust to the same source—from inconsistencies and falling.

And Charles? He loved her all the more for the strength of character she had shown.—He loved the same Saviour too; and six months later he too became a member of the church at Brookdale. And her friend, spoken of in our last? Many prayers are offered for her. Many she offers for herself; and she is learning to look at virtues than failings. All are travelling the same blessed road to the same eternal home.

"And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life."

Scenes in the St. Louis Hospitals.

Under Gen. Halleck's most Christian order, the wounded rebels sent to St. Louis are quartered in the hospitals of the government, and treated in ever respect like those of its own army. We visited a few of them at the hospitals on Fifth and Chestnut Streets, last week, with ladies acting under the Young Men's Christian Association. There was about thirty in the room visited, suffering from wounds and diseases.

"Are you well treated?" we asked of one, with an ugly wound in the breast.

"Yes, well as we could wish; if any thing, too well. This fine living and baked flour bread don't agree with me. O! if I could only have a corn dodger, it would remind me of Tennessee."

He was promised some. An old man lying in a dark room, or but dimly lighted, had a Bible beside him, just laid down.

"Can I do any thing for you?" said one of the ladies.

"Yes, madam, please get me something to read. My thoughts are devouring me; I cannot read the Bible all the time."

A fresh Republican satisfied his longing. Another man wanted apples. The lady sent out and obtained some nice red Rambos. The nurse forbade his eating them, so they were laid on his bed, for him to feast his eyes.

Many said they were ready to take the oath of allegiance. One Mississippian said he wanted to take-it and go home. His companion said:

"No; if he were to take it and go home, he would be impressed into the army."

One handsome young officer thanked them for their care, but said the war was not over yet.—His father, in Alabama, was rich, worth millions, and would never surrender. So with himself; he had given time and property, and now, it may be his life, but would never give up the independence of the Confederacy. One grim old Colonel refused to talk, but resolutely pressed his lips, and refused to be comforted.

Among them was a giant seven feet too inches in stockings. He was the only one that could wear the immense shirts and dressing-gowns which were sent out in the beginning of the war. A lady called while we were there with another big shirt for him. She could not enter, being "seesah," but we carried it up to him with her name.

A little drummer boy was evidently dying.—A lady spoke to him, asking if he wanted any thing.

"No," was the feeble answer, but wishful look at the kind face over him "he said his mother had sent him from Mississippi to fight and defend her home. He did not regret it, but wanted to see his mother. He gave his name and mother's address, still looking wishfully as if there was something on his mind. At last he said: "My mother is a good woman, too. She would treat a poor sick prisoner kindly, and if she were with your son she would kiss him."

"I will kiss you my dear boy for your mother," said she. She kissed him, and in a few minutes he died.—St. Louis Commercial Times.

A Poor Women's Address to the Queen.

An address of condolence was presented to, and very graciously received by, the Queen, from a large number of the poor women of St. Clement Danes, attending the "Mothers' Meetings" in connection with the London Bible Domestic Female Mission. The following is a copy of the address, which was signed by upwards of 400 poor women, a large number of whom were widows:—"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty. May it please your Majesty, We the women of the Mothers' Meetings belonging to the Bible-women's Mission in St. Clement Danes, Strand, some of the poorest and most humble of your Majesty's subjects, venture to approach your Majesty with our sympathy. We have shed many bitter tears over our Queen's great sorrow, and have offered constant and fervent prayer for her consolation; and now, as women, we venture to express the deep feeling of our hearts for a grief which many of us know but too well, and, as subjects, to say that it has bound us to your Majesty's throne with more loyalty and affection than we ever felt before. Your Majesty's name in the prayers of our Church, with that of the young Prince and Royal family, we find to be more than they ever were signals for heartfelt petitions from a people who are weeping with their Queen. And this we venture to suggest as a source of comfort to your Majesty; for we believe that God will now, as of old time, listen to a nation's cry. We think that, though your Majesty has the sympathy and support of the highest persons in the realm, 'out will not despise the prayer of the poor destitute which is all they have to offer.—We are, Ma'am, your Majesty's lowly and faithfully attached subjects." [Here followed the signatures.]

THE BIBLE UNION OUT-RUN.—The pritu-alists have outrun our Bible Union funds in the Scripture-translating business, and now rejoice over a Bible revised and corrected by "the spirits of the original writers!" This no joke. The book may be had at any of the Spiritual bookstores. One of the advantages of the new system of revision is its cheapness. The medium by industry can speedily accomplish the work, and there is no necessity of theidium-revisers understanding the original languages. The whole thing comes directly from the spirits, who good-naturedly rap out the proper version.—N. Y. Chronicle.