

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS xlii. 38-52: The Jews reject Paul's preaching, but the Gentiles receive it. JUDGES vii.: Gideon diminishes his army, and by strategy overcomes the Midianites.

Recite—ACTS xlii. 26-30.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS xiv.: Paul and Barnabas worshipped, and afterwards stoned. JUDGES viii. 4-23: Gideon's victories.

Recite—ACTS xlii. 38, 39.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answer to the following question.

34. Where is the first instance of wearing mourning, and what was the material?

Answer to question given last week:—

33. The 10th chapter of Genesis—"Of them (Noah's sons) was the whole earth overspread."

The Three Fairies.

One day a little child sat by a window sewing. Her little face was clouded, and as she dropped her scissors, and her thread became knotted, and her spool of cotton rolled away, she gave expression to her feelings in a peevish fretfulness which took away all the sunlight from her little face, as a dark cloud hides all the brightness of a sunny day.

"I don't see why mother gives me this sewing to do," said little May—that was her name—"I wish I could go out and play."

Presently she saw a little figure in a gauzy dress, all spangled with dew-drops, approaching her, and a sweet voice like music addressed her in these words—"I am come, my little girl, to bestow upon you three gifts; carry them with you through life, my child, and they will help you to bear all its troubles, to fulfil all its duties, and to enjoy all its pleasures."

Then May looked, and behold, three little fairies stood before her, so tiny she could almost hide them in the bell of a lily; and one of them, in a pure white robe, with sweet blue eyes, came stealing up to May's little chair. "This," said the fairy, "is Patience." Now, when May looked down upon Patience, Patience smiled; and her smile was so full of quiet peace and beauty, that May stretched out her arms, and the little thing nestled close to her heart, and whispered, "Oh! keep me always here," and May answered, "Yes, Patience, I will."

Then May looked at the second little stranger, and his robe was blue, and he had dark, laughing eyes, and a face full of resolution. "This," said the fairy, "is Courage." And Courage scarcely waited for an invitation, but he sprang to May's arms, and he looked up to May with his dark eyes full of hope and fire, and he shook back his curls and whispered, "I shall stay; too, May; though I am a little fellow, I can do great things; my little sister Patience will need me, and I can help you very much." Then May said, "You're a resolute little fellow, and I could not say no; you shall stay also." Then Courage laughed, for he always had his own way.

And May looked again—oh! how beautiful was the third one! She could not see his dress, save that it was of dazzling brightness. Smiles played upon his face—love in his eyes. Sunshine rested upon his golden curls; he had the bright look of Courage, and the hopeful look of Patience, but something more than this. May was almost afraid to look too steadily upon him, lest he should vanish away; and yet she longed to take him to her heart forever. "Will he come?" said she. "I want him also!"

"Well," said the fairy, "his name is Joy." And Joy whispered, as he wound his arm about May's neck, "I never live apart from my sister Patience and my brother Courage; if you cherish and love them, you will always find me here."

Then, when May looked again upon Joy, his face had changed; it wore the peaceful quiet look of Patience, full of unspeakable happiness; and again it was like the rippling water dancing in the sunlight—all smiles and gladness—and May thought there never was anything half so beautiful as Joy; and her eyes filled with tears, and she kissed him fondly and said, "O Joy! stay always with me."

And the fairy had gone when May raised her eyes again; but Patience, and Courage, and Joy, were still there in all their beauty. Then May thought, "Oh! my work," and May took her work. "Oh!" she said, "it is that hard seam, I cannot do it." "Yes," said Courage; "try; I will help you; I am sure we can." And when May saw the flash of his earnest eyes, she felt that with him to help her, she should not fail. She began her work with a hopeful spirit, and the hard seam grew quite easy, with Courage to help her; and May was glad when she remembered the fairy had said he might always stay. But presently May's thread knotted and her scissors fell, while she was in great haste to finish her work. May was just about to exclaim, "Oh, dear," in her old fretful manner, when little Patience sprang down after the scissors, and kissed May, and unfastened the knot; then May felt a little ashamed of her ill-temper, and she thought, how glad I am that Patience stayed!

Then very soon the work was finished, and May folded it up, and Joy laid his curly little head against her cheek, and she looked in his face, and his dancing eyes were full of light; and May kissed him again with tearful eyes,

why, she could not tell, only she was so very happy, and away she flew to show her work to her mother.

Then May awoke, for she had been asleep all this time, dear children, and it was all a dream. Her mother stood beside her, and May told her mother of her dream. "Oh! mother, I am so sorry that they are gone. It was such a pleasant dream! But, mother," said May, "I will not forget them." "No," said her mother, "you may always keep them, my little daughter. Patience and courage in your daily efforts will always bring to you great peace and joy."

Now, my little friends, if you have a hard lesson to get, or a hard sum to do, or a piece of work you do not like, remember the three little fairies. Call little bright-eyed Courage to help you begin your task. He will always say, "Try, children; feel that you will succeed; it is half the battle; do your best." And remember Patience, when you feel discouraged, she will say, "Try again; I will help you as much as Courage, more, perhaps." And you need not call Joy till your task is done, for he never comes, unless Patience and Courage have been there also. Ah! but then he will come, and you will feel in your own little hearts the brightness that May saw in the fairy Joy in her morning dream.

A Word to Baptists.

Your principle of "Restricted Communion" is purely Scriptural, and is so acknowledged by all ecclesiastical writers of any reputation; and is held by all ecclesiastical organizations throughout the world, with one or two trifling exceptions. However you may be annoyed by the ridicule and misrepresentations of a class, whose principal stock in trade is odium for Baptists, "be steadfast and unmovable in maintaining the order of the Christian appointments," and you will honor your Christian profession, and receive the approval of your Lord.

Let it ever be remembered that if, you commune with Pedobaptists, you endorse their societies as Scriptural churches; you sanction their sprinkling, their infant and unconverted membership, their government, and all their ecclesiastical arrangements; by this act you say to the world, here is the church of Christ; here are his own institutions, and here gospel ordinances are administered. If you can say this, you had better at once take up your permanent abode among them, and not shed blight and mildew upon Baptists, by the inconsistency of holding membership in a church whose principles you habitually violate.

Baptists are commonly accused of uncharitableness, because of their Restricted Communion, but without any show of reason. This, however, is not a question of charity. It is a question of truth and order, and we dare not violate either for the sake of being called charitable.—There is no charity in violating the laws of Christ and teaching men so. "Charity rejoices in the truth."—Evangel.

"I can do Nothing."

A boy arose not long since in the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and with great propriety desired for himself the prayers of Christians.—He said:

"When I was converted, I was resolved on doing a great many things. I have no father—having lost a dear praying father some time since. I have a mother who is not pious. I have impenitent sisters. So I resolved on doing much for my mother and sisters in the way of securing their salvation. I resolved to establish family prayer. I had the consent of all to this. I thought I had done something when I got leave to lead the family in morning and evening prayer. I went about the matter with great resolution; but I have not succeeded as well as I expected. I have other plans of doing. In all of my expectations I have been greatly disappointed. I see I went forward in my own strength, and expected to accomplish wonders in bringing my mother and sisters to Jesus. I am not able to see any progress. Indeed, every thing seems to be going backward. All these hearts are less interested now than they were, and those I love seem farther from Christ than before. What am I to do next? I have found out that I can do nothing. I meant to brave it out, for I saw there was secret opposition; and I find the more I do, the less is done. I find I am nothing and can do nothing." The poor boy sat down.

An older Christian very appropriately said:—Now my little young brother will be able to do something, since he has found out that all his strength and success must come from God. Depend on God, and then what is done in the name of Jesus and for the sake of Jesus will not be in vain. It will be something done.

Temptations to Dishonesty.

There are temptations to dishonesty that spring from extravagance. Our society is very vicious in its whole structure in this regard.—We make no provision for the respectability of people who are in humble circumstances. We hold out inducements to them to live beyond their means. In European society, people that are intelligent and refined can entertain their friends in a plain room, with plain furniture, and treat them to a plain repast, and nothing will be thought of it. A German will invite his friends to come and see him, and they together will sit in common fellowship and in pleasing conversation, and make their repast from a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water, and there will be no thought but that the host is respectable.

And I think that if a loaf of bread and a pitcher of water were a more frequent meal, there would be less dyspepsia. In Europe they are not ashamed to live plainly, even for economic reasons; and men respect each other for it.—But in American society we have a vicious tendency to make men ashamed to live within their means. They say, "I will not have company unless I can have it as my neighbors do." They are slaves to other people's opinions. They have not the courage to say, "This is my place, here are my means, and I can afford to entertain my friends in my way; but if they cannot come and see me as I am, they need not come at all."

Young people want to begin further along than they are able to. They want to keep house as twenty years of successful and fruitful industry have enabled men to do it. They measure everything on the pattern of somebody else. There is a want of self-respect founded on one's good breeding and fundamental honesty. And extravagance is almost invariably married to dishonesty.

A Congregation of Three.

Will you let me relate an incident which was recently told me in the cars by one of the parties concerned? Two ministers of this State (Ohio) were in its early days canvassing the country as agents of the Bible Society. Upon one occasion, having arrived at the place of appointment on a very stormy day, they found but three persons present, all males. After waiting for a while, the younger proposed that as so few were present, it would be best to dismiss the assembly informally and go home. "No," said the other, in a manner which still characterizes a well known father of the church, "you preach your intended sermon, and then I will give my exhortation as usual." The sermon was preached, and the exhortation ended, and then they proceeded to take up a collection.—And how much do you suppose they got from their congregation? Just one hundred and fifty dollars—the Lord having opened the hearts of these men to give fifty dollars each to the cause.

Our next appointment—said my narrator—was on a fine day, and with a large audience.—We preached and exhorted as usual, and our collection amounted to just thirty dollars.

Moral to ministers: Always preach with all your might to a small audience on a stormy day and then—take up a collection!—New York Observer.

The Earth Nearer The Sun.

The annual inspection of the Royal Observatory by the visitors officially appointed for that purpose, took place on Saturday, June 6th. The Board of Visitors is composed of gentlemen of astronomical and scientific renown, whose duty it is thus to inspect the Observatory; and it is usual for Professor Airy to present to them at their meeting a report on the state of the establishment. In this report he speaks with satisfaction of the good order of the instruments of the Observatory generally, and reviews the labors of the past year. He states that, from observations of the planet Mars compared with other observations made in Australia, a value of the solar parallax has been obtained, exceeding the received value by about 1-24th part. This shows the earth to be nearer the sun by several millions of miles than has been supposed; and independent investigations made of late by other astronomers have led to the same result.

Temperance.

THE FIRE THAT NICK BUILT.

Intemperance. This is the fire that Old Nick built.

Moderate Drinking. This is the fuel that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

Rum Selling. This is the axe, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

Love of Money. This is the stone, that grinds the axe, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

Public Opinion. This is the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone, that grinds the axe, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

A Temperance Meeting. This is one of the blows we quietly deal, to fashion the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone, that grinds the axe, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

The Temperance Movement. This is the smith that works with a will, to give force to the blows we quietly deal; to fashion the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone, that grinds the axe, that cuts the wood, that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

Eternal Truth. This is the spirit so gentle and still, that nerves the smith to work with a will, to give strength to the blows we quietly deal, to fashion the sledge with its face of steel, that batters the stone, that grinds the axe, that cuts the wood that feeds the fire Old Nick built.

A FATAL RELIANCE.—Facts are constantly multiplying that fully prove that the use of ardent spirits as a preventive against the exposures of extreme heat and cold, is not only improper, but fearfully hazardous. A caravan of eighty-two persons last summer crossed the great African desert from Algeria to Timbuctoo, of whom all but fifteen used wine and other spirituous liquors. All of these fifteen who abstained survived, while all of the others but one died soon after reaching Timbuctoo.

A Column of Varieties.

PINS.—Before the invention of pins, in 1543, ladies used to fasten their dresses with skewers, made of wood, bone and ivory. At first, pins were considered a great luxury, and not fit for common use. The maker was not allowed to sell them in an open shop, except on two days in the year, at the beginning of January. At this time husbands gave their wives money to buy a few pins. Thus, money allowed to a wife for her own private expenses, is still called pin-money.

The great pin-hunter, the Baron de Sevrès, is dead. Amongst the property he left, was found two large and heavy boxes, which by the heirs were supposed to contain cash, but turned out to be filled with hundreds of thousands of all imaginable kinds of pins. For the last 20 years his regular habit has been to pass along the most frequented streets and places of public resort, and to pick up any pins he discovered on the ground.

AGED MINISTERS.—New Hampshire is remarkable for the number of its aged clergymen. Among the venerable ministers in the State are the following: Rev. Peter Clark, of Upper Gilmanton, aged eighty-three years, has been in the ministry about fifty-three years. Rev. Enock Place, of Strafford, aged seventy-seven years, in the ministry fifty years. Rev. Nathaniel Berry, of New Durham, aged seventy-four years, in the ministry forty-seven years. Rev. Thomas Perkins, of Hampton, aged eighty years, in the ministry forty-seven years. Rev. Joseph Body, aged ninety years, in the ministry sixty-five years.

"GRANDMA, do you know why I can see up in the sky so far?" asked Charlie, a little four-year-old, of a venerable lady, who sat on the garden seat, knitting. "No, my dear; why is it?" said grandma, bending her ear, eager to catch and remember the wise saying of the little pet. "Because there is nothing in the way," replied the young philosopher, resuming his astronomical search, and grandma her knitting.

ROBBING BRITISH OFFICERS IN GREECE.—VALUE OF AN OPERA GLASS.—A letter from the Ionian Islands, of date June 3, says: Three officers of Her Majesty's 9th regiment have just returned from Athens, stripped of everything they possessed by robbers outside Athens.—These gentlemen were attacked by nine armed men, one of whom having robbed them gave one drachma on his return—a bitter pleasure. It is unnecessary to say that the officers were unarmed. The third was in advance of the other two, and having an opera glass slung across his shoulders, was allowed to pass on a head without molestation unaware of the fate of his fellows; the highwaymen believing the opera glass to be a revolver, for which they have a peculiar respect.

SOMETHING ABOUT STUDENTS.—The senior class at Yale numbers 122—the largest class that has graduated from this institution for several years, having entered with 175 members. Forty-five make law their profession, sixteen divinity, ten medicine. The average weight of the class is 143 pounds; the average age twenty-two years. The shortest man is five feet three inches, the tallest six feet two inches and a half; the youngest is nineteen years old, the oldest twenty-nine.

THE FORCE OF TRUTH.—It is a curious fact that of the eight essays sent in at Oxford for the Chancellor's prize for the best Latin essay on the present American struggle—all of them of more than average excellence—seven are on the Northern side. Moreover, several of the writers had begun their labors as true Southerners, but had been converted by the pure force of the considerations which a thorough study of the subject brought before them.—Spectator.

A SEASONABLE SUGGESTION.—A writer, in an account of the Andaman Islands, says that "both sexes have no other clothing than a thick covering of soft mud, which is put on regularly every evening, to protect them against the bites of mosquitoes, ticks and other tormentors."

One pound of gold may be drawn into a wire that would extend round the globe. So one good deed may be felt through all time, and cast its influence into eternity. Though done in the first flush of youth, it may gild the last hours of a long life, and form the brightest spot in it.—Work while it is day. The night cometh.

It is estimated that it costs \$20 a ton for transportation of merchandise per one hundred miles on an ordinary road; \$2 on a railroad and 20 cents on the ocean, for the same distance.

A REAL AMERICAN GRIEVANCE.—There is one subject on which the Yankees are especially sore, and we admit that it is a grievance. Do what they will, declare themselves ever so loudly, the fastest nation in all creation, they still lag five hours behind slow old England.—When we have got to five o'clock in the afternoon, New York is only at noon. This justly enrages them, and we hear that when the North is subjugated, and the English and French are driven from America, and the Count de Paris reigns at the Tuileries, and Cuba is a territory, some action is to be taken in the matter, and the sun is to be turned the other way, or something is to be done to maintain the honor of the old flag—yes, sir, for we ain't behind you noways, mister.—Punch.

UNIVERSAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS FOR 1867.—The *Moniteur* contains a decree signed by the Emperor, announcing that a universal exhibition of agricultural and industrial products is to take place in Paris from the 1st of May, 1867, to the 30th of the following September.