

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 19TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XI. 1-18: Peter's defence. JUDGES III. 1-14.

Recite—ACTS X. 34, 35, 42, 43.

SUNDAY, JULY 26TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XI. 19-30: Barnabas at Antioch. JUDGES IV. 1: The death of Sisera by the hands of Jael.

Recite—ACTS X. 1-4.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

28. What did David do with the sword and other arms of the giant Goliath?

Answer to question given last week:—

27. An act of worship; Noah set up an altar and presented offerings.

Will's first speech.

"Harry!" cried William Lawrence, rushing into the house like a hurricane. "I'm on the affirmative! The boys are all as mad as March hares about it, I can tell you!"

"Why, what for?" said Rose, coolly, as she continued to paste her scrap book.

"What for?" echoed Will, with the look of an older brother who pities a sister's ignorance.

"Why, to think I'm put on the question, instead of one of the rest, my dear! There hasn't a boy in our class spoke in the Lyceum yet," added he, jerking his sister's elbow by way of pointing the remark. "I suppose you know that, don't you?"

"I know you don't talk grammar," returned Rose, "and I know you have made me drop a great blot of paste on my book. See there!"

"Well, don't fuss! Just reach me the big dictionary, won't you? I've got to work, I tell you! I'm going to read up from the foundation of the world, down to the battle at Island Number Ten. Where's Plutarch's Lives?"

"No tell me, have you got to speak on Ancient History?" said Rose, locking up.

"Of course not, child! Question reads: 'Resolved, that the fear of punishment has a better effect on mankind than the hope of reward.' I argue that it has. I think exactly the reverse, mind you; but when we make speeches, we do it for the sake of argument, you see."

"Do we?" laughed Rose. "Well, I suppose the fact is, you want me to help you write your speech—that is what you were going to say, isn't it?"

"Me?" said Will, in dignified amazement. "Great help you would be! You can write 'moonlight' pieces, and such nonsense, for the Lyceum paper; but what do you know about logic? Now, you see, this sort of thing just suits my turn of mind, Rose. I'm going off into the library, and don't you let any one disturb me till supper-time. I shall write like a telegraph, for my mind is in the potential mood, present tense."

Rose pressed her lips together just in time to prevent a provoking smile. She had her own private convictions as to the success Will would have in writing. She remembered certain "compositions" which had been wrenched out of his head like sound teeth.

Will locked himself into the library, and tried to collect his thoughts. In the course of an hour, the exultant expression had left his face; he began to look puzzled.

"Oh, bother this writing!" sighed he. "I can't piece the sentences together without making an ugly seam. If I could only get a start, now! It's like a spool of thread; if you begin right, it will unwind ever so easy—but I can't get hold of the end!"

Two hours more. Will's speech, which he had intended should be an iron chain of argument, bedecked with flowers of rhetoric, where was it? Farther off than ever. His thoughts would not come at all; they believed in "State sovereignty," and paid no respect to the "Federal head."

"Look here, Rose," said Will, next morning, looking rather sheepish, "you girls have the knack of fixing things up. I've got ideas enough—fact is, I've got too many. All that plagues me, is, what to do with 'em. Suppose I tell you what to write, and you write it? Now that's a good girl, Rose. I'll do as much for you some time."

Rose kindly refrained from saying, "Just as I expected," and only took the pencil and paper from her brother with a pleasant smile.

"Now," said Will, greatly relieved to find he was not being laughed at, "I want the speech to be real sound, you know, and sort of elegant, too. I must get in something about Demosthenes, or some of those fellows, and that golden-mouthed what's-his-name. Something about the settlement of America, and scaring the Quakers. Put in that Bible verse, 'Don't spare the rod or you'll spoil the child.' Say it's an awful thing to bring children up to expect presents instead of whippings—there's the point of the argument, you know—and wind off with some poetry; it won't make much difference what."

"Well, William Lawrence," said Rose, in despair, "I should think your brains had been churned! You've been chasing some great ideas about till you're dizzy, that's what it is. Now sit down, and let's talk about it awhile before we begin."

Will obeyed in a humble state of mind, very much ashamed of himself for appealing to Rose,

who was only a girl, and did not understand logic, yet very grateful to her after all.

Fortunately, she seemed to understand his confused ideas far better than he did, and in due time they had together composed what Will regarded as a sensation speech, commencing with "Mr. President," and ending with a few deep lines from Milton.

"Now, Rose," said Will, "that's just about the thing! But I found the ideas, didn't I? I'll learn it by heart, and see if I don't deliver it with a grand flourish! There's a great deal, you know, in the gestures. It's enough to make you ache, to see how stiff some of the fellows stand when they speak! They get scared, I suppose."

But Will exulted too soon. People are very brave before they have ever had a tooth out, and boys are very brave before they have ever tried to speak in public.

Will thought he was not afraid of anything, but when called out to speak, he felt as if the joint sin his body had all turned to hard wood, and wouldn't bend. He supposed he was walking, but could not tell how he did it. He heard a suppressed titter from the little boys, and the eyes of the audience seemed to prick through his nerves like needles. Everybody took a savage pleasure in his misery, that was plain. Oh! to think he should ever have laughed at boys for being so ill, when they couldn't bend!

He made his bow to the wrong side, and turned his back to the President.

"Mr. President," said he in a whisper, turning right about face. "Mr. President—sir," repeated he, in a hoarse voice, that sounded to him as if it came from some other boy's throat.

"Mr. Lawrence," replied the President, smiling encouragingly.

But if Will had been trying to get possession of a rainbow, or a flash of lightning, he could have caught either of them as soon as one word of his speech. Whither had it fled? Five minutes ago he had it by heart.

"Mr. President," he began again in desperation. "I will ask to be excused," thought the poor boy, "and then rush out of the house, and hide where nobody will ever set eyes on me again."

But Rose, meeting his glance, nodded with a smile that said, "Don't give up, Will." She did not seem to be ashamed of him. And Rose's friend, that wicked little Fanny Warner, was laughing and whispering to somebody, and Will was sure she was saying, "That's what I call a smart boy!" Cruel joke!

Will's pride was touched in a moment. The speech would not come back to him, to be sure; but he was determined to say something.

"The question is—ahem—Mr. President, does the fear of reward have a greater effect on mankind, sir, than the hope of punishment? I contend that it has. If I was in the army, Mr. President, I should want to be promoted, I hope, and that would help me some; but I tell you, if I got into a fix, sir, as the men did at Pittsburgh, and wanted to back out, the fear of being a coward would make the fight come, and I wouldn't give in, no, not if I died for it! They shouldn't have it to say I run!"

"Now, Mr. President, I've forgotten my speech, and if it wasn't for the fear of getting laughed at, I wouldn't have said a word. You might know I didn't speak for the hope of getting clapped! That's all I've got to say, sir."

But Will did get clapped most heartily. And next day, when he showed his teacher the elaborate speech which never was spoken. Mr. Garland declared that in spite of the closing verse of Milton's, he liked the off-hand speech better, because it was a great deal more natural, and not at all farfetched.—The Student and Schoolmate.

A true story.

I sought the city's crowded lanes,  
Where vice and misery dwell,  
And ne'er can I forget the sight  
Within one wretched cell.

I had beheld full many a haunt  
Of sin and woe that day,  
And heart sick with the mournful scenes  
I longed to turn away.

Yet one abode of meagre want  
Delayed my footstep still.  
It seemed to me the abject home  
Of every earthly ill.

'Twas here I saw a wretched pair,  
Hurdled in guilt and sin,  
And penury's extremest form  
Most surely reigned within.

The other inmates of that place  
Had wandered forth abroad,  
To seek th' unsatisfying gains  
Of beggary or fraud.

I thought I heard a feeble moan,  
Fainter and yet more faint;  
And asked from whence those accents came,  
Like childhood's mournful plaint.

The answer was that it was naught,  
That no one else was near;  
I heeded not the words, for still  
That moan fell on mine ear.

A ladder formed of rope I spied  
In a dark corner there;  
'Twas rude, indeed, and suited well  
Those walls so black and bare.

That wretched stair I scarce could mount,  
So rotten and so steep;  
At length I reached the top, and lo!  
A sight to make me weep.

On the bare floor a little child  
A tale of suffering told;  
No blanket but a dirty sack  
To shield her from the cold.

I gazed around th' dismal place,  
And on that childish form;  
Which soon I knew would feel no more  
The blast of earthly storm;

For famine sure had done its work,  
And wasted there she lay;  
While death's pale hue o'erspread that brow,  
Still lovely in decay.

I took the little sufferer's hand,  
Damp with the dews of death,  
And feebler still became that moan,  
More faint that parting breath.

I said, "And why, my little one,  
Art thou left lonely here?  
Hast thou no father's fostering love,  
Hast thou no mother dear?"

And then I learned from those pale lips  
That infant's tale of woe,  
And as I bent my listening ear  
The starting tear would flow.

Her father was a man of sin,  
A drunkard's life he led;  
And many days had passed since he  
Had sought that garret-bed.

"And dost thou know, my child," I said,  
"What woe hath done for thee,  
That death hath marked thee for his own,  
And few thine hours may be?"

"Hast thou ne'er heard there is a God,  
One full of love and power?  
Dost thou not know the only name  
To soothe in life's last hour?"

Oh! ne'er can I forget the gleam  
That lit her dying eye;  
A heavenly smile spread o'er her face,  
As thus she made reply:

"I know that I am going fast,  
I cannot long be here;  
But 'sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear."

Blessed be God! That infant soul  
Had bowed to Jesus' rule;  
And that blest name first reached her ear  
Within a Ragged School.

Another sun had well nigh set,  
But to eternal day  
Earth's little lone neglected one  
Had gently passed away.

A Thought.

There are moments that come but seldom in life—once, twice, thrice, perhaps—when we stand revealed to ourselves. The key of destiny seems within our nerveless grasp, our fingers are closing upon it, and we seem compelled, by some strong invisible agent, to unlock and enter the unknown region just before us, but hidden from our wistful gaze. We have come through life so far: sometimes its pelting storms, its beating winds, have well-nigh made us shipwreck; then again its spring of soft indulgence, its summer of delicious sweets and melting sunshine, have borne down upon our steps, so that we were weak and weary, yet we are here at another point all untried, unknown; what shall we do? to stand idle we cannot; to retrace our steps we dare not, for night has closed in upon our past. Shall we venture the unknown? O God! thou alone must be our guide. We look not at the yawning chasms under our feet, nor heed the biting cold, or darkness of the night. Our souls are nerved with a high resolve, we trust our way with thee, O God! we place our trembling hand in thine, and our step is firm; we pass on; it is well with us.

Thus it is with the soul's history. There are times when the finger of God writes in lines of living light, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," when to neglect is to choose darkness. Trifle not, then, O soul, with thine eternal destiny!—Examiner.

CANON STANLEY ON THE MODE OF BAPTISM.—There can be no question that the original form of baptism—the meaning of the word—was complete immersion in the deep baptismal water; and that for at least four centuries any other form was unknown, or regarded, unless in the case of dangerous illness, as an exceptional, almost a monstrous case. To this form the Eastern Church still rigidly adheres; and the most illustrious and venerable portion of it, that of the Byzantine empire, absolutely repudiates and ignores any other mode of administration as essentially invalid. The Latin Church, on the other hand, doubtless in deference to the requirements of a northern climate, to the change of manners, to the convenience of custom, has wholly altered the mode, preferring, as it would fairly say, mercy to sacrifice; and (with two exceptions of the cathedral of Milan and the sect of the Baptists,) a few drops of water are now the western substitute for the threefold plunge into rushing rivers, or the wide baptisteries of the East.—Lectures on the Eastern Churches.

The character of the person who commends you is to be considered, before you set much value upon his praise.

A wise man will desire no more than that he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live upon contentedly.

A Column for Sabbath-school Teachers.

EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—It has been well remarked that children love discipline. They like to be guided, controlled, and silenced. Some people may say that this cannot be done without setting up a barrier of coldness and harshness between parent and child. But this is a mistake. Children will be sure to find out when kindness is real, and they will cling to a parent who loves them, however strict may be the control exercised over them. In truth, the great elements of a good home education are these:—strict discipline, childish pleasures, exclusion of children from conversation on domestic difficulties, and moderate but solid intellectual teaching.

LEARNING TO RULE.—To learn to rule, is to learn to obey. This is seen in military illustrations. There is a majesty in law, and a majesty in sustaining it.—Frederick the Great, a century ago, wished to enlarge his possessions and his palace. A certain mill obscured the view, and he offered the Prussian a fair price for it. He refused to sell it, because it was a paternal estate.—Frederick then ordered the mill torn down, which was done. The miller stood calmly by, saying that he would abide by the law. He must obey his sovereign, but the law did not compel him to sell his mill, till he chose. He appealed to the courts, and the courts decided that Frederick should rebuild the mill. This he cheerfully did, thanking God that he had a court not influenced by imperial fear or favor. Twenty years ago the present owner of the mill became involved and offered to sell it to Frederick William, the successor of Frederick the Great. The sovereign refused to buy, but freely gave him \$6000, saying that the mill must stand as a monument of the triumph of law, and Prussia stands to-day as a constant monument of the majesty of law. It is not beneath the dignity even of an emperor to be submissive to law.

WELL PAID.—On one occasion, my class being all detained from school by inclement weather, I felt somewhat discouraged, and wished I had stayed at home myself. The school being thin, I spent my time in instructing a little girl; and, as I spoke to her of the Saviour, she said, with tears in her eyes, "I should love to be a Christian, if I had any one to tell me how." I need not say how fully I then felt repaid for my long walk through rain and mud.

CULTIVATION.—The noblest classes of labor are the extremes—those expended on the material soil, and upon the mental and spiritual regions—those that improve the earth and those that make humanity more fertile; the men who give us beets and grapes, and the men who give us ideas; the productive thinkers who show us how the fields can double their products without waste, and those who improve the capacity of the human mind and hand; the men who labor wisely for the fulfillment of the world's prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," and the men who, by their genius and service, prove to us the immense significance of that other passage of inspiration, "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."—T. Starr King.

People are sometimes in doubt whether they love God or not. I will tell them how they can find out. Are you often asking your heavenly Father, and is it one of your first thoughts, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" And do you keep on asking because you cannot help it? It so fills your heart that it must come out. And you not only ask, but are on the look-out all the time to hear what he says, and to do what he bids. This is the way to know whether you love God or not.

Nathaniel Howe, of Hopkinton an eccentric clergyman of the Calvinistic school, once made an ordination prayer, which contained the following valuable hint as to the best mode of dealing with theological opponents: "O Lord! may thy young servant put down the Methodists, the Baptists, and Episcopalians, and Universalists, by preaching better, and praying better, and living better than they."

PAY FOR THE PITCHERS.—Dr. Adam Clarke was preaching to a large congregation in Ireland and after dwelling in glowing terms upon the freeness of the Gospel, and telling them that the water of life could be had "without money and without price," at the conclusion of the sermon a person announced that a collection would be made to support the Gospel in foreign parts. This announcement disconcerted the worthy doctor, who afterwards related the circumstance to the lady of the house where he was staying. "Very true, doctor," replied the hostess, "the water of life is free, without money and without price," but they must pay for pitchers to carry it in." The conclusion of the anecdote was followed by cheerful smiles and a clapping of hands, and the children showed that they understood its import by the readiness with which they contributed to the collection.

THE WORLD IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Did we but strive to make the best  
Of troubles that befall us,  
Instead of meeting cares half-way,  
They would not so appal us.  
Earth has a spell for loving hearts;  
Why should we seek to break it?  
Let's scatter flowers instead of thorns—  
The world is what we make it.