

## Youths' Department.

### BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 8th, 1864.

CONCERT: or Review of the past two months' subjects and lessons.

Sunday, May 15th, 1864.

Read—LUKE I. 57-80: Birth of John the Baptist. 1 SAMUEL XII.: Samuel's address to the people. Psalms—PSALM XXXI. 19-24.

### WILLIE'S FAITH.

#### A TRUE STORY.

Willie V. was the only son of his parents—When very young his mother began to teach him about God and heaven, and his mind seemed to drink in all the sweet things she told him, just as the flowers receive into their bosoms the drops of dew that give them strength and beauty. Before he was three years old he would often sit gazing into the sky and would say:

"Willie's watching for the holy angels, and waiting to hear them sing."

The lesson that his mother endeavored to impress most deeply upon his young heart was that of faith in God. Faith in him for all things whatsoever, and that for Jesus' sake he would bestow upon him all necessary good.

When he was four years old a terrible shadow settled down upon him, and by the time Willie was seven, their home and everything was taken from them, and they were thrown upon the charity of friends. Soon Willie's clothes and boots began to wear out, but his mother was too poor to purchase new ones. On one occasion he came to her, saying:

"Mother, can't I have some new boots? My toes are all out of these. The snow gets in, and I am so cold!"

A tear filled his mother's eye, when she answered:

"Soon, Willie, I hope to give them to you." He waited patiently several days, until one morning as he stood at the window watching the boys play with their sleds, he sobbed:

"Oh! mother, it is too hard! Can't I get some boots anywhere?"

"Yes, Willie, you can."

"I can?" he eagerly exclaimed. "Where?"

"Where? Tell me quick!"

"Do you not know, my son?" replied his mother. "Think now."

Willie stood for a moment, as if in deep thought, then with a smile looked up into his mother's face, and said:

"Oh, I know! God will give them to me, of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go right off and ask him."

He walked out of the parlor into his mother's room, she quietly following him, and standing concealed from his view, she saw him kneel down, and covering his face with his hands, he prayed:

"O God! father drinks; mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet. I want some boots. Please send a pair, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

This was all. He often repeated his pitiful little petition, and the best of all was, he expected an answer to his prayer.

"They'll come, mother!" he would often say, encouragingly; "they'll come when God gets ready."

Within a week, a lady who dearly loved the child, came to take him out walking. He hesitated for a few moments, but soon determined to go, and they started off. At length the lady noticed his stockings peeping out at the toes of his boots, when she exclaimed:

"Why, Willie, look at your feet! They will freeze. Why didn't you put on a better pair?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"All you have! But why don't you have a new pair?" she inquired.

"I will, just as soon as God sends them," he confidently replied.

Tears filled the lady's eyes, and with a quivering lip, she led him into a shoe store, near by, saying: "There, child, select any pair you please." The boots were soon selected, and a more happy, thankful boy never lived.

On his return, he walked to the center of the room where his mother was sitting, and pulling his pants up until you could see his fat knees above the tops, he said:

"Look, mother! God has sent my boots! Mrs. Gray's money bought them, but God heard me ask for them, and I suppose he told Mrs. Gray to buy them for me."

Then he stood with an earnest, solemn light in his eye, as though he were receiving a new baptism of faith from heaven, then quietly added:

"We must always remember how near God is to us, and kneeling at his mother's feet, he said: 'Jesus, I thank you very much for my boots. Please make me a good boy, and take care of mother. Amen.'"

Willie is now fourteen years of age, and is a consistent member of the church of Christ. In all things he trusts his Saviour, and every desire of his heart he carries directly to God, and patiently waits the answer, and it always comes. —Sunday-School World.

### CROSSES.

If loving hearts were never lonely,  
If all they wished might always be,  
Accepting what they looked for only,  
They might be glad, but not in Thee.

We need as much the cross we bear,  
As air we breathe, as light we see;  
It draws us to Thy side in prayer,  
It binds us to our strength in Thee.

### MARY'S PRAYER.

Little Mary's mother had occasion to correct her the other night. Mary was angry; and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless papa and mamma, as she was wont to do, she said, "God bless papa and don't bless mamma."

Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By-and-by she began to breathe hard, and at length she whispered, "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?"

"I don't know," was the answer.

"Do you think you shall?"

"I cannot tell."

"Do many mothers die and leave their children?"

"A great many."

"Mamma," said Mary, with trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer; and, clasping her little hands, she cried, 'God bless papa, and the dearest, best mamma any little girl ever had in the world.'"

That's the way, children. If you knew your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But do you know that, be they long or short lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read—"Honor thy father and thy mother."

Remember that every wrong committed against a loving parent will, when they shall have passed from earth, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

### JOHN C. ONCKEN.

John Cotman, of London, was a respectable mechanic and deacon of Congregational church. Both he and his wife were eminent for simple piety, fervent devotion, and quiet, untiring zeal. They had very small talents, but much religion. In their family boarded a young man, also a mechanic, of foreign birth, but pursuing his calling in London. He knew nothing of religion, but was amiable and obliging, and greatly devoted to pleasure as the source of his happiness.

For some time after he began to live with them, when the Bible, morning and evening, was laid on the table, indicative of family worship it was a signal for his leaving the room; but after a short time, influenced by the amiable spirit and manners of the worthy John Cotman and his wife, he occasionally stayed to observe this solemnity. One evening, he came home to dress, that he might visit a place of amusement; when the good deacon said—

"I think you had better go with me, and enjoy pleasure greater than that which you are going to."

"Where are you going?" was the inquiry of the young man.

"To the prayer-meeting at our church," replied the deacon.

"A prayer-meeting, what is that?"

"Why, we meet to sing hymns; read the Scriptures, and ask God to bless us."

The young man hesitated.

"You had much better go," said the good old lady, in her usual kind tone.

"So I will," was the reply.

He went, and in that meeting of some dozen persons, held in the vestry of the Congregational church, Maize Hill, Greenwich, did God open and soften his heart, and excited feelings which led him to the Saviour of sinners for pardon. Thus you see Oncken was prepared to become the distinguished servant of God.

### SEEK RICHES.

Reader, I should like you to be very rich. Perhaps you would like it yourself. But the riches you want are probably not the riches which I mean. I should like you to be rich in grace, rich in faith, and rich in heavenly treasure. Oh, seek these riches.

I am very sorry for those who have nothing but gold and silver and bank-notes and land, and no grace. They are not truly rich. I feel deeply for those who have no better portion than this world can give them, and no place in that kingdom that cannot be removed. In reality they are very poor. Their treasures only last for a few years. They die and carry nothing with them beyond the grave. They rise again in a world where money is of no use, and all who die without grace will be paupers for ever. Oh, they are very poor!

Take advice of a minister of Christ this very day. Seek durable riches, a treasure that cannot be taken from you, a city which hath lasting foundations. Give yourself to Lord Jesus Christ, and seek that incorruptible crown he is ready to bestow. Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him. Come away from a world which will never really satisfy you, and from sin which will bite like a serpent at last. Come to the Lord Jesus as a lowly sinner, and he will receive you, pardon you, give you his renewing Spirit, fill you with peace. This shall give you more real comfort than the world has ever done. There is a gulf in your heart which nothing but the peace of Christ can fill. Enter in and share our privileges. Come with us and sit down by our side.

Reader, if you want riches, I offer you the riches of Christ—a free, full, immediate supply of wealth. Oh, do not let the offer be made in vain. COME AND BE RICH.—J. C. Ryle.

Let all seen enjoyments lead you to the unseen fountain from whence they flow. Never rest upon anything you have, without you see God in it; and then be sure you rest not upon the enjoyment, but upon that God who manifests himself by it; for the enjoyment will quickly be gone, but the fountain will remain.

## Agriculture, etc.

**FISH FOR SHEEP.**—At a recent meeting of the Maine Board of Agriculture, Dr. Weston called attention to the subject of feeding sheep on fish. He stated that sheep, swine and fowls, greedily eat fish pomace or the residuum of her rings after the oil is pressed out, and that smoked alewives and frost-fish are relished by cattle. On the seaboard where large quantities of fish pomace are used for manure, flocks of turkeys fed upon it and get fat, but a fishy taste is imparted to their flesh. Undoubtedly this food will abundantly furnish the elements for meat; careful and observing farmers who have fed it, assert that it is of equal value with good hay, ton for ton.

**RAISING CALVES.**—A friend who has great success in raising calves on skimmed milk and "corn pudding," says the *Genesee Farmer*, adopts the following method: He never lets the calf suck the cow, but teaches it to drink out of a pail. When the calf is three or four days old, he takes about a teacupful of corn meal and pours a pint of hot water over it, stirs it up and lets it scald for a few minutes. He then pours on three or four quarts of skimmed milk, or as much as the calf will drink. In the meantime he has had a piece of iron heating in the stove. When red hot he stirs the milk with it. This "scorching the milk" he considers of the greatest importance when calves are fed on skimmed milk. It prevents it from scouring the calves. As the calf grows older he increases the quantity of corn meal. The skimmed milk at first is only twelve hours from milking, but when the calf is older the milk may be allowed to stand twenty-four to thirty-six hours before it is skimmed.

**PAINT.**—Experiments have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun will be much more durable if applied in autumn or spring than it put on during hot weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms a hard, glossy coat, tough, like glass; while if applied in warm weather, the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rains.

**INDIAN BREAD.**—The following is a very good recipe for making Indian bread: One pint of buttermilk; one do. of Indian meal; one do. of coarse flour; one cup of molasses; one teaspoonful saleratus. Add a little ginger, if you wish. Mix well together these ingredients—put into a two-quart basin—then set it in a steamer and steam three hours. See that the water does not stop boiling, and avoid lifting the cover to "peep in." When through steaming, set it in the oven for ten or fifteen minutes, so as to form a sort of crust. Try this, and we know you'll pronounce it good.

Eight thousand school houses have been erected in Russia since the emancipation of the serfs took place.

A Paris surgeon has made a new tongue to replace one lost by cancer. The man who uses it talks, tastes, and swallows, perfectly.

A Spanish merino buck lamb sold in Vermont last week for \$1200.

## The Sabbath School.

### THE RIGHT MEN FOR SUPERINTENDENTS.

BY REV. C. W. ANABLE.

There is no human means, of which I am aware, on which the efficiency of a Sunday school more depends, than on having a suitable person for Superintendent. If it may not strictly be stated as an axiom, that the difference between Sunday schools is the difference between the men who are placed at the head of them; at least, it may be said, that a school which struggles into prosperity in spite of a feeble leadership, does so under difficulty for which it is fair to presume that Divine Providence is not altogether responsible.

But to have "the right man in the right place," desirable as it confessedly is, is scarcely more difficult than to have the right man for the right place. If such persons could be found, or made, as easily as they can be described, your essayist might have chosen another theme, and spared himself the penalty of dropping his lighted match in a magazine of powder.

But we live in this world, if we live aright, to learn; and he is but a sorry scholar who aspires to nothing higher than what he finds within his reach. The Sunday school is an established institution, growing more and more important every year in its influence on Christian character and culture; and the aim of the church should be to approximate it as nearly to a perfect standard, as its inherent limitations will admit. Though we may not be able to remedy all the flaws in the machinery, it is not to be denied that there is some advantage in knowing what and where they are, and especially in keeping an eye to the balance-wheel; since on the right adjustment of this depends the effective action of the motive power. Even suggestions which are bad in themselves, are good, if they only lead to thought. Inquiry and reflection—these are the hidden springs, from which, though struck with a feeble rod, are yet to rise all future developments in the enterprise which we hold so dear.

It would be an amusing chapter in the history of Sunday schools, to sketch the experience of some of them in regard to their Superintendents. There are Sunday schools where the office is unceremoniously kicked about, like a foot-ball, from one ineligible brother to another, until nearly all have taken it, with about the same grace that they took the menials; until, at last, it literally goes a-begging. All the deacons have had it, and been sick of it, in turn. All the leading members have taken a hand at it. And, finally, when no inveterate office-seeker can be found of sufficient ambition to undertake to fill it, it is offered, as a last resort, to the pastor; who, poor man! not feeling at liberty to decline, any more than any other camel to kneel for an additional burden, enters on his duties, knowing himself to be the most incompetent of all his predecessors.

That the best man for the position in the church, should be at the head of the Sunday school is of so obvious propriety, that one wonders that any inducements should ever lead to a departure from this rule. All such considerations as wealth, culture, social standing and influence, or official position in the church, should be utterly disregarded in choosing a Superintendent. The only question to be considered is, Who is the fittest person for the post? And, singularly enough, it not unfrequently happens that the very man whom nobody thinks of, is the man whom nature has stamped with the royal prerogative to be a successful Sunday school Superintendent.

Treating, for a moment, the subject negatively. I would say, in the first place, the fact that a man already holds the office, is no qualification for filling it. I fear that if the truth were told at all times faithfully, as I propose to tell it to-day, it would be honestly confessed, that Superintendents are chosen annually to preside over many of our Sunday schools, who can present no higher claim to the position, than the fact that they were elected last year and the year before. And this is often done, confessedly, for fear of offending the sensitiveness of a Christian brother, or for want of energy to make a change in the management of the school. There is here committed a double shame: first, that a Christian man should allow his self-love to blind him to his weakness; and, again, the still greater shame, that a body of Christian men can be found, who have not moral courage enough to say the CAUSE is more important than any personal considerations. But what makes this state of things still less excusable, is, that the evil, ordinarily, is susceptible of easy cure.—Like almost every other difficulty that is met in a spirit of firmness and love, the obstacles disappear as we approach them with resolution.—Few men are wedded to their responsibilities that they cannot be reasoned or persuaded into parting with them; and seldom does the case arise when a little judicious management will not secure the wished for end. Changes should not be sought for light and rival reasons, but when better and more capable men are obviously available, every dictate of sound expediency points to the fact, that the standing incumbent (if I may use the phrase) should be judiciously removed.

Nor does *scholastic education* qualify a man for the office of Superintendent. Desirable as it is that any one who occupies a position of prominence, should be a person of liberal culture, yet the fact is quite as prominent, that the Schools of Learning have no chair for instruction in the tactics of Sunday school management and discipline. Indeed, the tendency of high mental culture, for the most part, is to put men out of sympathy with the ignorance of childhood. Of all persons who occupy, without filling, the post of Superintendent, and chill the very life blood in young, warm, hopeful hearts, a precise, polished, sensitively cultivated man, with no allowance for the faults and foibles of childhood, is the last that should be chosen. His effect in the Sunday school on the children, is about the same as that of a walking icicle, or speaking dictionary.

Neither does *ability to talk* make a good Superintendent. If there is one *pons asinorum* over which the managers of certain Sunday schools find it more difficult to cross than any other, it is this singularly mistaken notion that a successful Superintendent must be a man of words. The most successful Superintendent I ever knew, who had in complete discipline and order the largest Sunday school in the United States, if not in the world, was a man who never pretended to make a speech. And in these times, when professional speech-makers abound in almost every village, such a qualification is unnecessary; for he is but a poor manager who cannot secure as many as he wants for the invitation. Yet, if there is a man in the church who has the gift of story-telling, or who can make the children laugh, it will take a special providence to turn the election against him; and if happily no such person is available, the chances are ten to one that the next choice will fall upon some eloquent brother, who, from his gifts in the conference meeting, raises hopeful auguries of success in talking to children. But what is the result of this insane idea that the Sunday school can be driven by the motive power of tongue? Experience answers the question with a sort of comical lugubriousness of tone. These funny story-tellers somehow will exhaust their stock, and these capital speech-makers will grow tedious and dry; the pump refuses to work because there is no water in the well, and the boiler bursts because the supply has run low; and the hopes of the school, which went up so recently like a rocket, come down, in a wonderfully short period of time, like a stick.

Nor is a *good disciplinarian* necessarily a good Superintendent. Children will be unruly; and especially boys. Children require a great deal of management. This is particularly true of children who are gathered from promiscuous