

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 10th, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXVIII. 16-31: Paul's interview with the Jews at Rome. I SAMUEL VIII: Samuel confides with Saul.

Recite—PSALM CXXV. 1-3.

Sunday, April 17th, 1864.

Read—LUKE I. 1-17: The birth of John the Baptist foretold by an angel. I SAMUEL X. 1-16: Saul appointed by Samuel.

Recite—PSALM LXXXIX. 15, 16.

THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS.

How much we should like to know about the childhood of the Son of God. Did he play and work like other boys? The Bible tells us but a few things about Him. Why it does not tell us more, I do not know. It tells us that he increased in wisdom. When he was twelve years old, he went to Jerusalem with his parents. On their journey home, they missed the boy. Where was he? Nobody had seen him. They hurried back to the city, and found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, hearing them, and asking them questions; and all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and his answers.

He was never idle, never inattentive, never heedless; his whole mind and heart were open to receive instruction, and to impart it to others. How glad his parents were to find him, and among such wise and good-people, too. "Son, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," said his mother. "Did you not know," he said, "that I must be about my father's business?" He was the Son of God, and God had sent him to this world to seek and to save them that were lost.

Jesus went home to Nazareth with his parents. And what was his conduct towards them? This is another thing the Bible tells of his character—"He was subject to them." He honored his parents. He was always obedient, always affectionate. He never spoke a cross word, was never unkind, never forgetful. He loved his Father in heaven, and loved the work which he gave him to do. He was a heavenly boy.

Do you not suppose the boys of Nazareth loved him dearly? But bad boys do not always love the good. They hate those whose spotless example reproves their wickedness.

The Son of God became a child, that you may know how dear children are to him. He had a home just like you; he fulfilled all the duties of a child; he ate, and studied, and worked, and helped, just like you. He remembers his childhood, and can feel for you. Whenever you think how you ought to behave, think of the heavenly boy that once lived in Nazareth, and how the Son of God, who became the Son of man to save a wretched world, has set childhood a lovely pattern of early piety.

OYSTERS.

Aunt Mary chose a nice seat on a ledge of rock, while Bertie and Nellie brought the pretty seaweed to float in the little pools of water left by the tide in the crevices of the rock—little pools which the warm, bright sun would not have time to draw up into the fleecy clouds before the waves would dash over them again.

Bertie had an oyster fastened to a bit of stone. Nellie was afraid to touch him, for he was beginning to shut himself up tightly within his shell. Even Bertie, who tried to keep the shell open, began to fear his fingers would get nipped between those strong valves, so he laid it upon the rock.

"Why does he shut himself up?" asked Nellie.

"Because he is afraid Bertie will hurt him. That is the way God gave him to protect himself from danger. In the water, if any thing enters his shell, he suddenly and forcibly squirts out water to repulse it. Put him in this pool, where the water will just cover him, and you will see. 'I should get tired of being fastened to this stone so I could not move,' said Bertie.

"Not if you were an oyster," said his aunt. "That is another way God provides for his safety. Dashed by the storms against these rocks, even his stout shell would get broken if he could not throw out a kind of glue, by which he cements himself so firmly to the rock that you can as soon break his shell as unfasten him. In hot climates they often hang in clusters, like apples, to branches of trees that dip into the water."

"The Abbé Dicquemare has proved that the oyster knows enough not only to remember, but to plan against unusual dangers. If they are removed from the sea, they naturally open their shells, as usual. Thus they lose their water, and die in a few days. But if placed where the tide covers them part of the time, they learn to keep their shells closed till the tide returns again. The same God who cares kindly for us, cares also for them. He has made them curiously, providing many ways to keep from danger and make them happy."

"Tell us more about them," said Bertie.

"The eggs of the oyster, which we call spawn, look like drops of grease at first; but after two or three days shells grow upon them, and in three years they are large enough for the market. They are often gathered when not larger than a five-cent piece, and placed in beds sheltered from the agitation of the sea, that they may be more delicate, it being still better if fresh water can mingle with the sea-

water. Many oysters are taken from Long Island Sound and kept at Cape Cod for a year, where they grow larger and better."—*Child's Paper.*

How to take shelter in a Snow Storm.

We are told by experienced travellers in northern climes that nobody need be frozen to death in the snow. They look upon such a misfortune with a species of contemptuous pity, compassionating the victim of cold for his sufferings, but despising him for his ignorance. The aboriginal Australian cannot comprehend how white men can be so foolish as to die of thirst; while there are so many water-bearing vegetables around him; the aboriginal American is at a loss to understand how a European can perish of hunger while in the midst of plenty; and those who have passed much of their lives amid the snow, can hardly conceive an act of such supreme folly as to be frozen to death while the means of warmth are at hand. There is no need of a constitution especially organized or sedulously acclimated to the snow; the benighted traveller who loses himself in the white expanse, with the heavy flakes falling thickly around him, need not possess the hardihood of the highland "reiver," who cares for no covering save his plaid, and looks upon a snow pillow as an effeminate luxury.—He who finds himself in such a position, and knows how to avail himself of the means around him, will welcome every flake that falls, and instead of looking upon the snow as an enemy, whose white arms are ready to enclose him in fatal embrace, he hails the snow masses as a means of affording him warmth and safety. Choosing some spot where the snow lies deepest, such as the side of a bank or a tree or a large stone, he scoops out with his hands a hollow in which he can lie, and wherein he is sheltered from the freezing blasts that scud over the land. Wrapping himself in his garments, he burrows his way as deeply as he can, and then lies quietly, allowing the snow to fall upon him unheeded. The extemporised cell in which he reclines soon begins to show its virtues. The substance in which it is hollowed is a very imperfect conductor of heat, so that the traveller finds that the caloric exhaled from his body is no longer swept off by the wind, but is conserved around him, and restores warmth and sensation to his limbs. The hollow enlarges slightly as the body becomes warm, and allows its temporary inhabitant to sink deeper into the snow, while the fast-falling flakes rapidly cover him, and obliterate the traces of his presence. There is no fear that he should be stifled for want of air, for the warmth of his breath always keeps a small passage open, and the snow, instead of becoming a thick uniform sheet of white substance, is broken by a little hole, round which is collected a mass of glittering hoarfrost, caused by the congelation of the breath. There is no fear now of perishing by frost, for the snow-cell is rather too hot than too cold, and the traveller can sleep as warmly, if not composedly, as in his bed at home.

—*Home without Hands.*

ABOUT BANK-NOTES.

In a recent number of an English paper we find some interesting facts respecting the notes of the Bank of England. The paper on which the notes are printed is all made from the best rags by a single firm. It is made in sheets sixteen inches long by five inches wide, on each of which two notes are to be printed. The sheets are then cut in two, when each note has three rough edges and one smooth one. The peculiar quality of the paper has been found the best protection against counterfeiting. The engraving of the notes has been imitated, but the paper never. Even the paper that was stolen a few months ago had to be sized by the thieves, and the work was so badly done that the counterfeiters could be distinguished from the genuine by this defect alone.

A quantity of paper, enough for making about 990,000 notes, is forwarded to London once a month; it is delivered to the bank-note paper-office, where it is counted, and then handed to the printing-office. After passing through a machine which prints all but the numbers, dates, and signatures, it is returned to the paper-office; in this transition state it is kept in store; as notes are required, it is again passed through a machine for completion; each sheet is then cut in half, making two notes; the notes are counted, and carefully examined by cashiers, whose duty it is to reject those which are indistinctly printed, or are imperfect, tied up in bundles of one hundred notes each, and five of these bundles in one, making a large bundle of five hundred notes. The average daily manufacture is about thirty-seven thousand notes, or seventy-four bundles of five hundred notes; each bundle weighing one and a half pounds. The number of notes made in a year will be over eleven and a half millions, the paper weighing more than fifteen tons. Books are printed at the bank, with a record of every note issued. Every note presented at the bank for payment is marked off these ledgers on the day following, the date of payment being stamped on the note and in the ledger. Should a forged note chance to be passed it would be detected the next day in posting the ledger.

About thirty-seven thousand notes are presented daily for payment. They are cancelled by tearing off the signature and punching, and then laid away in boxes, to be kept ten years. If reference to any one of these notes is required, by furnishing the number, date, and amount, it can be produced in ten minutes. Once a month the notes which have completed their ten years of rest are taken out and burnt.

Bank-notes are subject to many mishaps: they are buried, burned, drowned, washed to pieces, and eaten.

Not many years since, a laborer in taking down a hedge-row, came across a small box buried in the soil. Upon examining the contents, they were found to be bank-notes, the proceeds of a robbery which had occurred so long previous as to be almost forgotten. It is supposed that the thieves, being hard pressed by officers of the law, hid the box where it was found, and were perhaps taken and hanged for some other crime, and so their secret died with them.

It is not an uncommon occurrence for notes to be thrown into the fire along with waste paper, and burned. They are sometimes, too, used to light pipes, candles, gas, etc.

Notes have been blown into a river, and although the song has it:

For a guinea it will sink,
But a one-pound note will float,
Five-pound notes will not.

Notes sometimes are left in pockets and washed into a complete wad. But the bank will redeem them provided they remain so nearly legible that it is possible to identify them.

A story is told of a grazier who having returned from market was counting his money. The wind took one of the notes out of the window, and it was swallowed by a pet lamb. The animal was killed directly, and the note taken from its stomach, and sent to London, with a statement of the circumstances. It was of course much discolored; but being "all there," the grazier got his twenty pounds.

When a note is irrecoverably lost, the usual practice is—if the note be under one hundred pounds—to make the loser wait five years, after which time application for payment will be entertained. But, with notes of one hundred pounds and upwards, a sum equal to the amount lost is invested in consols, in the names of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, for twenty years. During this time, the dividends, as they accrue, are paid to the loser; and, at the end of the term, the stock is transferred into his name.

MRS. KINDLY'S BENEVOLENCE.

It was Saturday afternoon, and Mrs. Kindly, in working garb, stood at her sink emptying and cleansing the neglected bottles and unused articles of closet accumulation. She was too late with her work. It had taken double the time she expected, and she had been hindered also. When it should be done she must get the tea, and do her Saturday mending. Her servant had left her, and she was crowded with duties.

The bell rings. "Borden wants to see father," a child announces; "I told him, father was out, and he asked for you."

Mrs. Kindly drops her bottles, goes to see what Borden wants. He wants money to pay his brother's passage to New York. He cannot get employment here. Can he get it in New York? Borden don't know; perhaps he can. Does he know of any chance for him there?—No. Has he friends or acquaintance there?—No. What will he do there, a stranger and poor? Borden don't know. He knows he can do nothing here. Six months she has walked the streets, visited the shops and stores, looking for employment in vain; his money is all gone; and Borden's wife complains that he is a burden in the family; he may do better in New York. "Thus ever do mortals 'fly from the ills they have to those they know not of.'"

"Your brother will be less likely to obtain employment in New York than here," says Mrs. Kindly to Borden. "What employment does he want?"

"He has learned book-keeping, but is willing to do almost anything—any thing honest."

"Bring him to me; perhaps I can help him."

Borden brings his brother, a small, thin, young Irishman, respectable and honest in appearance but evidently lacking courage and force.

No more bottle-cleaning for Mrs. Kindly that day. A few minutes, and she is in the street with the young stranger beside her. She applies at one store and another on his behalf.—No success. She sends the young man home, and goes alone on her errand of humanity.—She meets with some encouragement, not enough. She tries again, and again. If there be a place for him in Boston, she will find it.

It is found. "Send the young man to me," says a well-known bookseller. "Perhaps I will employ him."

He goes; is employed. Now blessings on Mrs. Kindly! She has made the wretched happy lightened the heavy heart, cheered the despairing. She has relieved a whole household. No matter if unwashed bottles did stand out of place over the Sabbath; the Sabbath was not desecrated by them. But the busy Saturday was hallowed by her work of Christian charity.—No matter if Mrs. Mary Prim did think Mrs. Kindly's duties were at home, when she saw her on the street so late that Saturday afternoon; she knew her first, most urgent duties were abroad. No matter if all the members of a very large and respectable family who boast that they "mind their own business," did make severe criticisms on Mrs. Kindly, and say that "she had better mind hers." Did she not mind it? Was it not her business to help the needy, to bless the stranger, as well as to provide for and nurture the children of her own bosom? Whatever God would have her do, that was her business; that she must do, without questioning or waiting.

Seven years have passed since the bottles stood out of place over the Sabbath in Mrs. Kindly's house. The young Irishman holds an important place in the very book-store where the compassionate woman then found him employment; and scores of our citizens have been

benefitted by his kindness, promptness and faithfulness, who never dreamed that they were in any way indebted to her. Blame her who will that she was not a better housekeeper, that her Saturday's work was once left undone; the blessing of him that was ready to perish rests upon her.—*W. & K.*

THE DEACON AND THE WASPS.—A worthy deacon in a town of Maine was remarkable for the facility which he quoted Scripture on all occasions. The Divine Word was ever at his tongue's end, and all the trivial as well as important occurrences of life furnished occasion for quoting the language of the Bible. What was better, however, the exemplary man always made his quotations the standard of action.

One hot day he was engaged mowing with his hired man, who was leading off, the deacon following in his swath, coming his apt quotations, when the man suddenly sprang from his place, leaving his swath just in time to escape a wasp's nest.

"What is the matter?" hurriedly inquired the deacon.

"Wasps," was the laconic reply.

"Pooh!" said the deacon, "The wicked flee when no man pursueth; but the righteous are bold as a lion," and taking the workman's swath he moved but a step when a swarm of brisk insects settled about his ears, and he was forced to retreat, with many a painful sting, and in great discomfort.

"Ah!" shouted the other, with a chuckle—"The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself, but the simple pass on and are punished."

The good deacon had found his equal in making applications of the sacred writings, and thereafter was not known to quote Scripture on trivial occasions.

CURIOSITIES.

If a small boy is called a lad, is it proper to call a bigger boy a ladder?

What writer would have been the best angler? The judicious Hooker.

Why is a horse the most miserable of creatures? Because the most welcome sound to him is "wo," and his thoughts are always on the rack.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who by honest industry had realized a considerable independence, being called upon at a society meeting for a toast, gave—"Success to forgery."

A "no Injun" having strayed from the camp, found himself lost on trying to return to it. After looking about, he drew himself up and exclaimed, "Injun lost!" but recovering himself, and feeling unwilling to acknowledge such shortsightedness, continued, "No, Injun no lost—wigwam lost; (striking his breast) "Injun here!"

"I don't see," said Mrs. Partington, as Ike came home from school and threw his books into one chair, and jacket into another, and his cap on the floor, saying that he didn't get the medal; "I don't see, dear, why you didn't get the medal, for a more meddlesome boy I never knew. But no matter, when the adversary comes around again you will get it."

Said an Irishman to the telegraph operator: "Do you ever charge anybody for the address in a message?" "No," said the operator. "And do ye charge for signing his name, sir?" "No sir." "Well, then, will the you please send this? I just want my brother to know that I am here," handing the following: "To John McFlinn—At New York—Patrick McFlinn." It was sent, as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

CAN A MAN MARRY HIMSELF?—The Bishop of Carlisle is credited with a joke. It is said that a young clergyman, not far from Penrith, being on the eve of marriage, and not wishing to trouble any of his brethren, wrote to the bishop, inquiring, as he had already published banns from his own pulpit, could he marry himself? His lordship made no long appeal to laws ecclesiastical, but at once capped the query with another, "Could you bury yourself?"

President Lincoln is rather vain of his height, but one day a young man called on him who was certainly three inches taller than the former; he was like the mathematical definition of the straight line—length without breadth. "Really," said Mr. Lincoln, "I must look up to you; if you ever get in a deep place you ought to be able to wade out." That reminds us of the story told of Mr. Lincoln somewhere when a crowd called him out. He came out on the balcony with his wife (who is somewhere below medium height), and made the following "brief remark": "Here I am, and here is Mrs. Lincoln. That's the long and short of it."

THE MUSIC OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—The influence of temper upon the tone of the human voice and human actions deserves much consideration. Habits of querulousness or ill-nature will communicate a cat-like quality to the singing as infallibly as they give a quality to the speaking voice. That there really exist amiable tones is not an unfounded opinion. In the voice there is no deception; it is to many an index to the mind, denoting moral qualities; and it may be remarked that the low, soft tones of gentle and amiable beings, whatever their musical endowments, seldom fail to please; besides which the singing of ladies indicates the cultivation of their taste generally, and the embellishment of their mind.