

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 12th, 1864.

Read—LUKE iii. 1-14: John's ministry. 1 SAMUEL xiv. 16-35: Jonathan's miraculous success.
Recite—JOHN iii. 14-17.

Sunday, June 19th, 1864.

Read—LUKE iii. 15-23: Christ's Baptism. 1 SAMUEL xiv. 36-52: Saul's imprudent abjuration.
Recite—JOHN vi. 35-37.

THE TWO APPRENTICES.

Two boys were in a carpenter's shop. One determined to make himself a thorough workman; the other "did n't care." One read and studied, and got books that would help him understand the principles of his trade. He spent his evenings at home, reading. The other liked fun best. He went off with other boys to have "good times." "Come," he often said to his shop-mate, "leave your old books; go with us. What's the use of all this reading?" "If I waste these golden moments," was the answer, "I shall lose what I can never, never make up."

While the boys were still apprentices an offer of two thousand dollars appeared through the newspapers for the best plan for a state-house, to be built in one of the eastern states. The studious boy saw the advertisement, and determined to try for it. After careful study he drew his plans, and sent them to the committee. I suppose he did not really expect to gain the prize; still there is nothing like trying.

It was not long before a committee of gentlemen arrived at the carpenter's shop, and asked if an architect by the name—mentioning the boy's name—lived there. "No," said the carpenter, "no architect. We've got an apprentice by that name." "Let's see him," said the committee. The young man was called, and sure enough his plan had been accepted, and the two thousand dollars were his.

The committee then said he must put up the building; and the employer was so proud of his success, that he willingly gave him his time and let him go.

This studious carpenter's boy became one of the first architects of our country. He made a fortune, and stands high in the esteem of everybody; while his fellow-apprentice can hardly earn by his daily labor daily bread for himself and his family.

Who loses a youth of improvement, loses the best beginning which a boy can make in life.—*Child's Paper.*

A DOG IN THE CHURCH.—Some months ago a dog was shut in the chapel after meeting, and remained there unnoticed until next meeting; and as the sexton opened the door, he pushed out, and escaped from his prison unhurt. But, when the sexton went in, he found that the dog had not been idle while there, for he had bitten and torn the Bibles, Testaments, and hymn books, and scattered them over the floor, so that they could not be placed together again as they were. But there are other kinds of dogs that get into the church, and they come in various ways and forms, of which we need not mention all. We find them sometimes in the shape of a hireling, who seeth the wolf coming, and fleeth, and the wolf scattereth the sheep, as the leaves of the books were scattered by the dog. But there are still worse dogs than that: there are envious and quarrelsome persons, and tale-bearers, and liars, that get in the church, and bite, and tear those brothers and sisters who had been bound together in love, and scatter them as the dog did the books, and they cannot be replaced. The mischief-makers, when the door is open, escape unhurt, and leave the church to mourn.—*Canadian Baptist.*

A COLORED SENTINEL.—A colored sentinel was recently marching on his beat in the streets of Norfolk, Va., when a white man, passing by, shouldered him insolently off the sidewalk, quite into the street. The soldier, on recovering himself, called out:

"White man, halt!"

The white man, Southern-like, went straight on. The sentinel brought his musket to a present, cocked it, and hailed again:

"White man, halt, or I'll fire!"

The white man, hearing *shoot* in the tone, halted, and faced about.

"White man," continued the sentry, peremptorily, "come here!"

He did so.

"White man," said the soldier, again, "no care one cent 'bout this particular Cuffee; but white man bound to respect this uniform (striking his breast). White man, move on!"

THOUGHTS OF LIFE AND DEATH.—Think of death as a thing thou must meet with, and of this life as a thing thou must part with; and love not too well that life that keeps thee from a better, nor fear that death that leads thee to a better life.—This life is a journey; and the world an uneasy horse, that, with much jolting and some falls, brings thee to thy home; and why art thou unwilling to alight?

THE INSTRUCTION OF SORROW.—Has it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for instruction, as we darken the cage of birds when we wish to teach them to sing?—*Jean Paul.*

CARE OF THE FEET.

The pain and inconvenience of corns, bunions, &c., on the feet, are well known to many; but few know how to prevent their recurrence, or how to remove them when they appear. Washing the feet often in warm soap and water, immediately before retiring at night, and scraping and wiping off the dead and hardened skin, (that accumulates on the feet if not daily washed) will prevent the appearance of corns and prove highly conducive to health and comfort.

The intelligent nurse—the humane physician—look well to the condition of the feet of the invalid. In all cases of indisposition whatever, due regard ought to be paid to the condition of the feet. If dry and husky, let them be bathed in warm soap and water, the scurf well scraped off, then vigorously rubbed with a crash towel, wiped dry, and wrapped in warm flannels, with something warm placed to the feet, to assist in equalizing the circulation of the blood through the whole system. This will greatly relieve and aid in the restoration of the patient.

When the patient cannot sit up a sufficient length of time, or from any other cause the feet cannot be bathed, let them be wrapped in cloths wrung out of warm, clean suds, for a few minutes, or until the dryness of them will wipe off with a dry, harsh cloth. This ought to be done often in all kinds of fevers, &c.

To prevent corns, bunions, &c. To keep the feet warm and in a healthy state, they must often be well washed in warm soap and water, the dry scurf on the soles well scraped off, so that they can exude through their pores the impurities they were designed to cast off.

When from neglect, corns and other hardened substances have formed on the feet, they may be eased by bathing the parts affected in warm, weak lye, which will often loosen the corn from its attachments so that it may be peeled off. But sometimes it will only loosen a little till it is thus bathed several times. Patience and perseverance may often effect a cure of corns in this way, without any of the injurious effects that arise from using corn salves or poisonous nostrums.

To preserve the health of the system, the feet ought always to be kept warm and dry. Boots and shoes ought not to be tight, as they prevent a healthy circulation, injure the whole system, and crowd the bones out of place, causing much pain and discomfort. The foot is so formed as to admit of a great variety of motions. These motions are hindered when the foot is encased in tight shoes or boots. The many bones—the variety of muscles and tendons of which the foot is composed, prove that it ought to have the freest motion and room for play. It is a law of the living economy that muscular health and development can only be secured by allowing the muscles full room for action. Tight shoes often crowd one toe over the other in such a manner as to cause great pain and inconvenience in walking. Some times they produce painful ulcers, causing the severest suffering. When this painful disease occurs, soaking in warm and cold water and water dressings will give relief, and if the person's blood is not too impure, effect a cure if faithfully applied.

The covering of the feet should be loose, and such as will keep the feet dry and warm. As a covering of the feet, India rubber is detrimental to health, except where a person has to wade in mud and cold water for a length of time. Its use confines the perspiration of the feet, makes them damp, cold and tender.

Varicose veins, weak and lame ankles, are often caused by wearing shoes with india-rubber springs at the sides.

Cleanliness, dryness, warmth and free action to all the muscles, tendons and bones of the feet are necessary to secure the health and comfort of the whole system, else fatal diseases may arise in other parts of the system, which might have been prevented by due care and the attention recommended in this short article.

A GREAT SERMON LOST AND FOUND.

Many of our readers are aware that a sermon of Dr. Beecher against duelling exerted a powerful influence in turning the public opinion of the North against that false code of honor to which so many valuable lives have been sacrificed. The history of that sermon is a very curious one, as given by Dr. Beecher in his Autobiography, published by the Harpers:

There never was such a sensation produced in the whole country, as when Aaron Burr fought a duel with Alexander Hamilton and killed him. When I read about it in the paper a feeling of indignation was roused within me, I kept thinking and thinking, and my indignation did not go to sleep. It kept working and working, and finally I began to write. No human being knew what I was thinking and feeling, nor had any agency in setting me at work. It was the duel, and myself, and God that produced that sermon.

I worked at it, off and on, for six months, and when it was done, without consultation or advice, I preached it to my own people, and in obscure villages on the north side of the island, to see how it would sound. Finally, I preached it before the Presbytery at Aquapogue, April 16, 1806.

The brethren all stated that I should venture on such a subject in such a place, but they eulogized the discussion, and thought it should be printed. So I felt to work fitting it for the press. But, after all, it came nigh not being printed, for, wanting some one to criticize it, and having no literary man in my congregation but John Lyon Gardiner, I sent it over to Gardiner's island for him to read and criticize. A fortnight after, I went over. When I went into the house and came up to the fire I met Mrs. Gardiner. Her husband was away.

"Have you found your sermon?" said she. "Found it?" said I, thunderstruck at the question; "I did not know it had been lost." "No?" said she; "but it is, though." And then she told me that her brother John had been over about a week ago, and they sent it by him; but he gave it to a neighbor to take over, who put it in his pea-jacket pocket. In the middle of the bay, being warm with rowing, he threw off his coat, and the sermon fell into the water. He heard something splash, as he afterwards recollected, but did not notice it at the time.

So there I was. I supposed all was gone. I had all my rough sheets, and should have tried to regain it, but it was a doleful prospect, after working over it so long, and reading all the finishing off to Roxana, and Esther, and Mary Hubbard. So I went to Gardiner's hands—he had some five hundred acres of the island farm, and thirty or forty men—and engaged them to watch the beach and see if any thing came ashore, offering five dollars to the one that found it.

One day, a month after, I was at home cutting wood, when I spied a fellow running toward me, swinging something in the air and grinning so that I could see his teeth fifteen rods off. There was my sermon, like Moses from the bulrushes. They had wrapped it in paper, and wound it round with yarn so closely that it was dry inside. As Providence had ordered it, a heavy storm and high tide had set in the same night when it was lost, and lodged it high and dry about a hundred rods from our landing place, above high water mark. So I had it printed.

IDLY WISHING.

Of all fruitless employments none is so injurious as that of idly wishing—always wishing for something not possessed, often for what is unattainable. How often do we meet with representatives of this class. In the morning they wish for noonday, at noonday for evening, and then for morning again. One would think that they were in haste for old age to come on, so rapidly would they speed the pinions of time were their wishes granted. Sometimes, however, their fancy takes a retrospective view, and we hear them wishing that they were children again. We have even heard them wish fervently that they were in heaven; but never do we hear such persons wish for grace and strength to do the duties of the present.

How weak and shameful is such a life! The "Giver of all good gifts" has given us time and talents, and with them a work to perform, which requires each moment and every power. Wishes never do our labor for us, and each day brings its own task. A wasted day is an eternal loss, for its lesson is the key by which to open that of to-morrow.

Were we to be as diligent as we ought, there would be no time to indulge useless wishes and vain regrets. Each day is a part of the glorious whole of our lives, and the perfection of the whole is but the complete development of the moments and hours which we would so lightly fling away.

To wish for childhood again is not only sinful but foolish. Experience has taught us many useful lessons. Maturity has brought us many pure joys. Do we wish to go backward and leave these? Oh, no. We would like to be rid of the next duties in our pathway, and, in our idle longings for change, forget that each backward step is a removal from some of the pleasures into which we have grown. What if the sturdy oak should shrink back into the acorn? It would lose the bright warmth of the upper sunlight into which it has mounted. It would lose its giant strength, and a careless footstep might crush out its life. From the monarch of the forest it would go back to a mere germ, and must repeat all the processes of germination and growth—and for what? It must be subjected to fierce changes of heat and cold, to pelting rains and rocking winds, to all the agencies by which Nature tries and perfects her work. This must ensue if it goes back over the life it has once lived. Were the noble oak conscious and intelligent, could we for an instant imagine it to utter such a wish, so weak, so distrustful of the future?

How can we be so unwise? Our life thus far has been a development which was necessary to insure our present and future good. The lessons which we learned yesterday we have needed to-day; those of to-day we shall need to-morrow, and the whole shall fit us for that ceaseless day above, when we shall have passed through all our appointed trials upon earth.—*Zion's Advocate.*

THE SAVIOUR.—Men may be insane for opinions; but who can be insane for facts? The coming of Christ was prophesied a thousand years before. From the beginning of his ministry he lived wholly before the eyes of mankind. His life corresponds with the prophecies in circumstances totally beyond the ability of conjecture, contrivance, or power. The virgin mother, the village in which he was born, the lowliness of his cradle, the worship paid to him there, the hazard of his life, all were predicted. Could the infant have shaped the accomplishment of those predictions? The death that he should die, the hands by which it was to be inflicted, even the draught that he should drink, the raiment that he should be clothed in, the sepulchre in which he should be laid, were predicted. Could the man have shaped their accomplishment? The time of his resting in the tomb, his resurrection, his ascent to heaven, the sending of the Holy Spirit after he was gone, all were predicted. All were beyond human collusion, human power, even beyond human thought. All were accomplished! Is not here the finger of God?

A COLUMN FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

ORATORICAL GENERALSHIP AMONG CHILDREN.

In skirmishing with boys and girls by way of question and answer, it requires considerable skill to avoid a surprise. In their unsophisticated minds, thoughts lie in a much more natural order than in ours. While we deliberately plot our questions with a view to connect them with certain answers, they are expected to reply off-hand; and sometimes, in our eagerness to carry one point, we leave another unguarded, and are out-generalled.

In addressing a Sunday-school of colored children, the orator was desirous to impress upon his hearers the very limited knowledge of the wisest of men. "Some of you know more than the rest, but that is very little, and what do I know?" he exclaimed, with considerable emphasis, when a score of voices replied: "Nothing, sir!"

In a recent magazine, it was related of a temperance orator, in one of our Western towns, that in addressing an assembly of boys, he said:

"Now, boys, when I ask you a question you mustn't be afraid to speak right out and answer me. When you look around and see all these fine houses, farms, and cattle, do you ever think who owns them all now? Your fathers own them, do they not?"

"Yes sir!" shouted a hundred voices.

"Well, where will your fathers be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" shouted the boys.

"That's right. And who will own all this property then?"

"Us boys!" shouted the urchins.

"Right. Now, tell me—did you ever, in going along the streets, notice the drunkards lounging around the saloon-doors, waiting for somebody to treat them?"

"Yes, sir; lots of them!"

"Well, where will they be in twenty years from now?"

"Dead!" exclaimed the boys.

"And who will be the drunkards then?"

"Us boys!"

This was the most natural reply in the world, as it followed right on in the order of the questions. The orator proved himself to be a bad general by not sending a skirmisher forward before he put his last question, to see what the reply might possibly be.—*Sunday-school World.*

BEAR WITH THEM.

There is a great deal to do in the Sunday school; there is almost as much to bear. It is a good place to test one's patience, and faith, and love—perhaps especially patience. For, indeed, in the tempers and behavior of the children the teacher finds plenty to bear with. They, with their restless limbs and noisy tongues, little know how much their friend at the head of the class has to put up with.

Yet, bear with them, teachers. They will repay you for all hereafter. If not, you are working for a Master who is not a hard task-master, but a loving, interested Friend. And the children, when they grow up in long years to come, will give to the faithful teacher, loving, grateful thoughts, which, if he could know them, would be priceless treasures.

Bear with them. It shall not be in vain. Do not give up, when the next effort may be successful. Try again. Curb the hasty temper, repress the flash of the scornful eye. Be pitiful for Jesus' sake. Think how he would lay his hands upon those young heads and bless them. Think how he bore with unbelief, ingratitude, neglect. And, O Christian, dost thou not esteem it an honor to be like him?

Bear with them. Many a child has been rescued from evil in the last few attempts—many a young spirit gladdened by efforts made when all seemed lost. Pity and love the children. Do not give them up. Who will teach them when your tongue is silent.

Bear with them, though the head aches and the whole frame is weary on the day which to others is a day of rest. Go again next Sunday, praying and trusting still. For "in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

READING ALOUD IN THE FAMILY.

Books and periodicals should be angels in every household. They are urns to bring us the golden fruits of thought and experience from other minds and other lands. As the fruits of the trees of the earth's soil are most enjoyed around the family board, so should those that mature upon mental and moral boughs be gathered around by the entire household. No home exercise could be more appropriate and pleasing than for one member to read aloud for the benefit of all. An author's ideas are energized by the confidence and love of the tender family affections, and every heart is open to the truth like the unfolded rose to receive the gathering dews. The ties of love between parents and children, and brothers and sisters are thus cemented yet more and more, and varied charms and pleasures are constantly open through this medium to make a home a very paradise. If parents would introduce this exercise in their families, they would soon see the levity and giddiness that make up the conversation of too many circles giving way to refinement and chaste dignity. Read to your children, and encourage them to read to you, instead of reading your papers and books in silence, and in silence laying them away.

He that hopes to look back with satisfaction upon past years must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.