

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 24th, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXIV. 17-27: Paul's defence before Felix.
1 SAMUEL II. 19-36: The iniquities of the sons of Eli.

Recite—ISAIAH XLIX. 9, 10.

Sunday, January 31st, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXIV. 17-27: Paul's defence before Felix.
1 SAMUEL II. 19-36: The iniquities of the sons of Eli.

Recite—ISAIAH XLIX. 9, 10.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle No. 44.

When Sodom and Gomorrah's plains
In ashes soon must lie;
God brought forth LOT out from their midst
His power to testify.

Good ORADIAH safe did keep
The prophets of the Lord;
Concealed and fed them in a cave,
To shield them from the sword.

Ahasuerus, drunk with wine,
A royal banquet made;
Bade VANHI come—but she refus'd,
And wisely disobeyed.

Hannah earnestly did plead
That God would hear her prayer;
Eli the priest mistook her case,
Then, bade her blessings share.
She went "in peace"—the blessing came.
ELKANAH was her husband's name.

These prove that I the answer right did find,
LOVE is a name of God most precious to mankind.

Canning.

M.

* Gen. 19, 29. † 1 Kings 18, 13. ‡ Esther 1, 11, 12.
§ 1 Sam. 1, 8.

Scripture Puzzle No. 45.

Who dared to put the living God to scorn?
What judge had thirty sons and daughters born?

What murderer tried to hide a brother's blood?
What woman gave her infant son to God?
What patriarch was deceived when nearly blind?

With whom could David no reception find?
Who trembling still deterr'd the day of grace?
Who wished to hide from the Almighty's face?
What son of Saul did wicked servant's slay?
And where did men die the bones of Joshua lay?
Who trusting in the Lord his living rock?
Awaited calmly every earthly shock?

If initials be taken from persons and place
A part of a text will appear,
Describing a principle wrought out by grace,
Which in life's hours of sadness will cheer.

J. W. V.

AN INCIDENT.—A beautiful instance of a child's apprehension of spiritual truth occurred amongst the children in St. Luke's Hospital, recently. A boy, between seven and eight years of age, for several months past an inmate of the hospital, suddenly bent forward, as he sat up in his little bed, and impressed a kiss upon the air.

"Who is that for?" asked a child lying next him.

"For God," was the reply.

"But God won't stoop down to get it."

"No," he answered, "but Jesus will give it to him for me."

These are the exact words of the children.

A DREAM BOOK.—The Tract Journal says that a colored servant lately called at the Tract House in Boston, and said to the clerk that she was looking for a Dream Book for her mistress. He handed her a copy of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," which she took, after expressing a little fear that it "wasn't exactly what her mistress wanted." The following day she again appeared, saying she thought she "would step in and say that the lady liked the book very much." The Pilgrim's Progress is the Prince of Dream Books.

RIPPETS.—Mr. Mair, a Scotch minister, was rather short-tempered, and had a wife named Rebecca, whom, for brevity's sake, he addressed as "Becky." He kept a diary, and among other entries this one was very frequent: "Becky and I had a rippet, for which I desire to be humble." A gentleman who had been on a visit to the minister went to Edinburgh, and told the story to a minister and his wife there, when the lady replied, "Weel, he must have been an excellent man, Mr. Mair. My husband and I sometimes, too, have 'rippets,' but catch him if he's ever humble!"

THE TWO HEAPS.—"I see in this world," said the Rev. John Newton, "two heaps—one of human happiness and one of misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from the second heap, and add to the first, I carry a point. If as I go home a child has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad indeed, to do great things, but I will not neglect such little ones as these."

THE TWO ADVERTISEMENTS.

Early on Saturday evening the report of guns at three or four intervals, and at different points on the river, announced to whom it might concern in that busy port, that the gallant steamship next due from the western world had outstripped her usual speed, and arrived before she was expected.

Among the passengers who were not in extreme haste to get on shore, stood a pleasant-looking man, apparently under forty years of age, amusing himself with the scenes which often gladden the hearts of the homeward bound. He had no friends to meet him; for though this was his native land, his home was now on a foreign shore, and his object was exclusively one of business with the firm he had for some years past represented there. He was somewhat surprised, therefore, to hear his own name vociferated by a young man who was looking about him, after being in formed by the steward that the object of his search was on board.

"My name is Gaspard B—," said the traveller.

"Mr. W—sends his compliments, sir," said the young man, "and hopes to see you at the office as early as convenient to you on Monday morning, on important business. He was obliged to go out of town yesterday, or would have met you himself; but he left this message in case you should arrive."

"Very well, I shall be there," said Mr. Gaspard B—coldly. "Pretty sharp, that," he thought—"but every one for himself here, as elsewhere, I suppose; it is his own business and not my safety that is the important thing to him, of course." So he drove to a hotel, where he would make himself comfortable until Monday morning. On Sunday he "took things easy," read the papers, and finally asked if any popular preacher were within a short distance. There was, and in the evening he went, intending to hear him, but the seats were filled, and the aisles too; and so, not thinking it worth while to stay, where probably he might hear nothing but what he knew quite as well as the preacher, he returned to his room, and smoked his cigar, which he thought decidedly preferable to standing in a crowded church merely because it happened to be Sunday. No doubt it was, for God seeks not the external homage of the formalist, and he alone is a worshipper who worships "in spirit and in truth."

As Mr. Gaspard B—did not hurry himself at all on Monday morning, Mr. W—, after waiting some time, was obliged to go out to fulfil some other engagement, leaving a message to the effect that his agent would be so good as await his return.

Mr. B—looked about in the private office, where he was introduced, for a newspaper; the only one visible lay under a bronze paw, apparently for some particular information it contained, for it was a month old, and Mr. B—was about to replace it, when he remembered that it was new to him, as he had been that time on his journey, and had not seen any paper until the last two days. So he sat down to read it, and after glancing at leaders and speeches, and miscellaneous intelligence, he turned lastly to the advertisements, some of which are often curious enough. Presently he started, his eyes fastened on a paragraph which he read and re-read with nervous eagerness. Was it possible? Could it be true?

"Any person who can give information concerning a Mr. Gaspard B—, who is supposed to have left England some years ago, will oblige by communicating with Messrs. —, solicitors, London, who are empowered to act in the affairs of the late Gaspard B—, Esq., of — Park, for his nearest of kin."

Mr. B—clutched the precious paper, got up, walked about like one in a dream, then sat down and spelt it all over again. It must be so, there could be but one meaning to it. His father's second cousin was a rich man, but he had a family when B—senior died, and B—junior went abroad. No doubt those children had all died too, and the next heir was wanted. This heir must be himself! Could anything be plainer? This then was the reason of Mr. —'s message. But why did he not come in? Did he not know that such a pressing matter required instant attention? Surely people were duller and slower in the old country than they used to be.

When his patience seemed at its last gasp, Mr. W—walked in. "Ah, you have anticipated me, I see," said he, shaking hands warmly and glancing at the paper; "let me congratulate you on that interesting advertisement."

"Thank you, thank you, my dear sir; but to business, if you please, at once, for this affair requires some attention, and may have been neglected too long."

"Not so, I assure you," said Mr. W—, kindly. "I wrote as soon as it appeared, to state that I knew Mr. Gaspard B—, and expected that he was already on his way to England on business, and would probably be here within a month. Let our affairs stand by for a few days. You must get the necessary proofs as to your identity at once; so be off, if you like, forthwith. I would have left this news for you on Saturday had I expected the ship, but she seldom arrives until late on Sunday night, or early on Monday morning."

Mr. B—was really grateful for this considerate kindness, and scrupled not to avail himself of it. A few days, and he had seen not only the solicitors but the estate also, and had the gratification of finding his hopes far exceeded by the reality.

Quite as soon as could reasonably be expected, Mr. B—again presented himself in the office of his friend and principal, Mr. W—. He was writing a letter, and the late agent, begging he might not interrupt him, seated himself and looked for a newspaper. Not one was to be

seen, but a little book lay near him on the table. Mr. B—took it up, smiled slightly as he turned over a few leaves, and laid it down again; then he went to the window that over looked the busy street, pushed his hands into his pockets, and began to calculate over again the income to be derived from the various sources of his newly acquired property.

"Now then, my friend," said Mr. W—, "I am ready to talk with you; but how is it that my little book has proved so uninteresting? You did not put down the newspaper the other day with the same indifference, I conclude."

"Assuredly not," said Mr. B—, smiling, "for I found something about myself in it."

"And that discovery excited and sustained your interest?"

"Undoubtedly. You do not consider that wrong, I hope?"

"Far from it; it was inevitable and right, and the subject deserved and demanded immediate attention. And the reason my little book does not possess the same attraction is that you do not believe it contains anything about yourself."

"Well, I am not sure that I should deny that it contains some general statement, in which I may be concerned some time or other, but they are not, I own, so very attractive as to make me desire to study them, particularly at present. Your newspaper announced a most agreeable change in my circumstances, rendering me independent of the world and comfortable for life."

"And my book only announces a way to secure that change in a man's circumstances which will make him independent of the world in a better sense, and comfortable to all eternity."

"But the Bible obliges a man to think about the time when he must give up everything here; and the idea is not always pleasant."

"Certainly not, unless his faith enable him to perceive that the exchange is of things perishable and disappointing, for those of enduring and satisfying enjoyment. I have seen poverty and what is called misfortune made useful and blessed to many; but wealth and earthly distinction do not often seem to soften the heart towards God, nor open it to the reception of his truth. Do not, then, be pained if I venture to remind you of the solemn warnings addressed to the rich—'It is easier,' said the Son of God, 'who knew what is in man, for a camel to go through a needle's eye, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.'"

"But I have no intention of living so as to be excluded at last, my good friend," said Mr. B—; "and your little book will have its interest for me in due time, no doubt."

"Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," said Mr. W—, "and that life is not worth living which is uncheered by such food and unconsecrated by such communion. I would not intrude a mere matter of opinion upon you at such a time, my prosperous friend; but the remarkable fact of your finding on my table the first announcement of your earthly inheritance, seems to constrain me to remind you of this greater and better advertisement: to all mankind, of the inheritance 'reserved in heaven' for every sinner who will confidently take his title at the hand of Christ."

"Well, well, but you know there is a time for everything, and time for this will come some day."

"I do not know of any time but the present," replied Mr. W—. "The Bible is God's message now, and he who will duly attend to the terms of it cannot fail to discover his identity with the lost ones it describes, and he will not rest until he has presented himself the lawful recipient of its blessings, and has felt what it is to be 'an heir of God, a joint heir with Christ,' of 'an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'"

"My dear sir," said Mr. B—, looking earnestly at the speaker, "I do appreciate your faithfulness, whatever may be its further effect, for you must know for yourself that which you can so strongly commend to another."

"It is now nearly twenty years ago," said Mr. W—, "that I carelessly took up a Bible as you did just now, but in a few minutes I found what you found in my newspaper, something about myself. Amazed and confounded, I examined and sought without delay, and rested not until by the mercy of God I could—"

Read my title clear

To mansions in the skies.

I was made independent of the world by being no longer 'of the world,' and comfortable for eternity by the love and sufferings of Jesus Christ. If men would only remember that the Bible is not a mere record or a proclamation, in general terms, to a class or community, but God's voice to each man's individual heart and conscience, it would not be so easily thrown aside, or its study deferred to a more convenient season. Believe me it contains the most pointed solemn news about ourselves that thought can conceive or words convey."—Church Journal.

DANCING.—The U. S. Presbyterians of California at their last Synod gave a deliverance on the subject of dancing in which they maintain "that no member of our Church can, in any way, encourage promiscuous dancing without compromising his Christian character, and violating most sacred and solemn obligations."

ABOUT HEAVEN.—How shall we feel and act in heaven, meeting angels at every turn, and great and good men? and having the Saviour look in upon us, and the cloud, as it were, descending and resting at the door of our mansion? O to live so here, by faith.

Prayer is the key to open the day, and the bolt to shut in the night.

Agriculture etc.

THE BLACKBIRD'S TUNES.—When a blackbird once learns a tune, he never forgets it, nor any part of it. I once knew a bird that could whistle "Polly Hopkins" with wonderful accuracy. His owner scold him, at the same time making the purchaser acquainted with the bird's favorite tune. As soon as the gentleman got him home, he at once hung up the blackbird, and going to the piano, struck up, "My Hopkins." The bird's new master, however, introduced parts into the tune that he had never heard before; so after listening awhile, he began hissing, fluttering his wings, and otherwise signifying his distaste of the whole performance. Much surprised, the gentleman left it playing, and the blackbird opened his throat and favored his new master with his versatile "Polly Hopkins," nor would he ever listen with any patience to any other version. This the blackbird, after staying in the service of the above mentioned gentleman for two years, was adopted by a serious family, where "Polly Hopkins" and all such profanity were sedulously avoided. Whenever poor "Joe" (the blackbird's name) attempted to strike up the old tune, a cat was thrown over his cage; he was silent. The family consisted of an old lady and her two daughters, and every night, at seven o'clock, prayers were read, and the "Evening Hymn" sung; and Joe, who was an obedient bird, and anxious to conform to the habits of the household, speedily learned the tune, and regularly hissed it, while the old lady and her daughters sang it. This went on for six or seven years, when the mother died, and the daughters separated, and Joe, now an aged blackbird, fell into new hands; but to his dying day he ever gave up the "Evening Hymn." Punctually as the clock struck seven he tun'd up, and went straight through it with the gravity of a parish clerk.

REPRODUCTIVE POWERS OF PLANTS.—In the propagation of the fuchsia, or any other plant, we observe that the buds of plants have the power of developing roots if removed from the parent, and may thus form a completely independent structure. It is by separating the buds, and placing them in circumstances favorable to their growth, that any particular variety of plant may be propagated more certainly than by seeds. The limits which have been set by the Creator, to the duration of the life of each being that exists at any one time in the surface of the globe, would cause the earth to be speedily unpeopled were not a compensation provided in the faculty of reproduction, or of the formation of a new being similar to itself possessed by every kind of plant. The power of creating, as it were, a living structure, with all its wondrous mechanism, seems most extraordinary and mysterious than any which we elsewhere witness; yet it is not so perhaps in reality. The processes which are constantly taking place during the life of each being, and which are necessary to the maintenance of its own existence, are no less wonderful and no less removed from anything we witness in the world of dead matter. When the tree unfolds its leaves with the returning warmth of spring, there is as much to interest and astonish in the beautiful structure and important uses of these parts as there is in the expansion of its more gay and variegated blossoms; and when it puts forth new buds which by their extension prolong its branches over a part of the ground previously unshaded by its foliage, the process is in itself as wonderful as the formation of the seed that is to propagate its race in some distant spot.—Hibberd's Gardeners' Magazine.

WONDERFUL LEAVES.—Almost everybody has heard of the wonderful walking leaves of Australia. For a long time after the discovery of that island many people really believed that the leaves of a certain tree which flourishes there could walk about the ground. The story arose in this way:

Some English sailors landed upon the coast one day, and, after rambling about until they were tired, they sat down under a tree to rest. A puff of wind came along, and blew off a shower of leaves, which, after turning over and over in the air as leaves generally do, finally rested on the ground. As it was midsummer, and everything appeared quite green, the circumstances puzzled the sailors considerably; but their surprise was much greater, as you may well suppose, when, after a short time, they saw the leaves crawling along upon the ground toward the trunk of the tree. They ran at once for their vessel, without stopping to inquire into the matter at all, and set sail from the land where everything seemed to be bewitched. One of the sailors said that he "expected every moment to see the trees set to dance a jig." Subsequent explorations of Australia have taught us that these walking leaves are insects. They live upon the trees. Their bodies look very thin and flat, their wings forming large leaf-like organs. When they are disturbed, their legs are folded away under their bodies, leaving the shape exactly like a leaf, with its stem and all complete. They are of a bright green color in the summer, but they gradually change in the fall with the leaves to the brown of a frost-bitten vegetation. When shaken from the tree, they lie for a few minutes upon the ground, as though they were dead; but presently they begin to crawl along toward the tree, which they mount again. They rarely use their wings, although they are pretty well supplied in this respect. The Australian continent is remarkable for many singular peculiarities, both of vegetable and animal life, but this is one of the most wonderful.