

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 1st, 1864.

Read—LUKE 1. 39-56: Mary's song of praise. 1 SAMUEL XL: The Ammorites utterly routed by Saul.

Recite—ISAIAH LXI. 1-3.

Sunday, May 8th, 1864.

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

HONORING THE HOARY HEAD.

There was to be a lecture in the town hall, in the village of G—. The lecturer was a man of reputation, and a crowd was expected.

"You may get one, but you will be turned out of it before the lecture begins. More than likely there will be women enough to fill all the seats," said one.

"Say ladies, not women," said another. "I said women instead of ladies, because all the women that come are not ladies. At the last lecture there was an old man sitting in one of the chairs and a woman came along and said to him: 'Will you give a lady a seat?'"

"I saw a young lady offer the old man her seat."

"That is very likely." In the afternoon, John employed himself in making a camp-stool that could be folded up in a very small compass.

As the time drew near he put it under his arm and went to the hall. No one could tell from its appearance what kind of a bundle he had under his arm.

The seats were at length filled. Here and there a gentleman had a seat, being surrounded and defended in the possession of it by female friends.

He had comfortably seated himself, when he saw an aged man with white locks standing in the aisle, leaning on his cane.

John remembered the command to honor the hoary head. His inclinations and his duty coincided. He arose and went to the old man, led him forward, and gave him his seat.

FOR "TWENTY YEARS."

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

"Here!" said a clear, manly, though I thought hurried voice behind me. I was sitting in the court-room with my face toward the judge.

"Three days of solitary confinement, and twenty years in the state prison."

Not another word was said. The officer turned, and the young man followed him—to his long, long imprisonment! I saw him go out of the door, and I knew that I should never see him again.

Has he a father to bend and fall under the blow? Has he a mother to weep over his doom? How long will they live? They will die and leave their child in prison! "Twenty years!" Suppose he should live through the sentence and come out, his youth gone, his friends all gone, the world changed, he will feel like a piece of drift-wood on the great waters!

"Twenty years!" He will have grey hairs then. He cannot then begin life for this world. He may live to come out; but the blood of his fellow-soldier will still be on him. He cannot leave his guilt in the prison. Nothing but the blood of Christ can remove sin and take away guilt.

Was that poor fellow ever in a Sabbath-school? Did he ever have a teacher who loved him, and taught him, and prayed for him? Alas! I understand not. Was there no teacher who might have led him to the school? Was there no little boy who might have invited him?

"Twenty years!" Before he comes out, the hand that writes these lines will most likely be still in the grave. So may the hand that holds the paper and the eye that reads these words. Shall we be with Jesus then, or in a prison out of which there is no coming in "twenty years?"

EATING AND SLEEPING.

BY DR. HUNTINGTON.

Make it a matter of moral principle not to eat too fast, one of the cardinal sins of Americans and of the nineteenth century. Count it no loss, in the end, to take ample time for your meals. Health is one of the forms of wealth, and what is far better, it is one of the noblest conditions of human service. Endeavor always to have agreeable companionship in eating.

My next point is sleep. A great many young men, without the least idea of what they are doing, are planting the seeds of disease in their constitutions by not knowing how to sleep. Sleep collects and treasures up vital power. To deprive one's self of it is to hasten consumption.

Who can estimate the number of little children already in the New Jerusalem? One half of all that are born die under five years of age. Since the death of the first, at least fifteen thousand millions have thus been gathered by the Saviour in His Father's house of many mansions.

attainment that you acquire by defrauding the just claims of sleep is robbery. Too much has been written in praise of "midnight oil;" that oil is as fatal as the oil of tansy.

Little Children in Heaven.

In a select religious circle of gentlemen and ladies the conversation turned upon Heaven as the home of the Christian. After an exchange of views upon various questions relating to the place, the society and the employments, it was proposed that every one present should mention, briefly, the particular element of blessedness which made Heaven to him or her especially interesting and desirable.

"I find," said an eminent philanthropist "special satisfaction in thinking of heaven as a place of perfect love." A man devoted to science said he was "accustomed to anticipate Heaven as a place where knowledge can be easily and rapidly acquired."

As we count up the mercies that contribute to the happiness of the present life, are we aware how much depends upon the presence of little children? How illuminated is a home to which a child is introduced! How darkened when that child is removed!

What a desolation was that, when, by the order of Herod, all the little ones in Bethlehem were massacred—"Rachel weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted, because they were not!"

There is a tender, beautiful significance in the picture drawn by the prophet Zechariah of Jerusalem when she should be replenished with inhabitants, and be eminently prosperous.

Who can estimate the number of little children already in the New Jerusalem? One half of all that are born die under five years of age. Since the death of the first, at least fifteen thousand millions have thus been gathered by the Saviour in His Father's house of many mansions.

"Lift your heads, ye golden gates, Let the little travellers in."

Of those who have been there thousands of years we can speak with certainty as to what they are relatively; but who can show reason why all who enter Heaven young may not continue young, and as such be forever objects of interest to one another and to all the adult inhabitants?

the feelings. As our friends pass on before us to that blissful home, do we not ever afterwards think of them as at the same age as when they disappeared from our view? Can we otherwise conceive of them? They have done with the succession of time. All with them is eternity. Is not the period of their earth life their age forever?

The prevailing views as to the recognition of friends in Heaven seem to require that there should be this element of their condition. Will your little daughter be so altered as to make an introduction necessary to your knowing her among the happy myriads? You expect to see her, though it may be thirty years hence, still the little one, as young, as small, as interesting as when Jesus took her out of your arms into His own, and bore her away that He might draw you after her.

An Indian mother, when near her end, replied to all endeavors to prolong her life, "No! no! my four children call me. I see them by the side of the Great Spirit. They stretch out their arms to me, and are astonished that I do not join them."

I hear the tuneful chime Of spirit voices!—'tis my infant band Calling the mourner from this darkened land To joy's unclouded chime.

My beautiful, my blest! I see them there by the Great Spirit's throne; With winning words and tones, beseeching tones They woo me to my rest.

Primitive religion—which was not clothed in fine linen, nor fared sumptuously every day preached in hovels and by the wayside more than in kings' houses, and lived not in word only—was everywhere attended with revival influence, and the word of the Lord grew mightily.

STRAWS IN THE WIND.—The following advertisement is taken verbatim from a late number of the London Church Times:—Wanted, a Priest, with some experience in receiving confessions, and an earnest preacher (extempore preferred) for the Senior Curacy of a London Church.

The reader will notice the words "experience in receiving confessions." Just above it stands an advertisement, asking for 40,000l. required by the English Order of St. Benedict!

There is a great want about Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance. All the wounds of Christ sent out sweetness; all the sorrows of Christians do the same.

What more glorious truth can possibly remain concealed in the Scriptures, now that the seals have been broken, and the stone is rolled from the door of the sepulchre, and this transcendent mystery has gone forth—Christ, the Son of God, became a man, God is Three in One, Christ has suffered for us, and will reign for us forever and ever?

Lord Alfred Paget writes to the Times to describe the pitiable condition of the inhabitants of the villages destroyed by the Bradfield inundation. He believes that £2,000,000 will not restore the damage done by this catastrophe, and the sum of £20,000 already subscribed will not nearly compensate the poorer sufferers.

"There are some members of a community," said the sagacious and witty Thomas Bradbury, "that are like a crumb in the throat; if they go the right way they afford but little nourishment; but if they happen to go the wrong way, they give a great deal of trouble."

Warm thyself at the fire of the wise, but do not let their coals burn you.