

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 3rd, 1865.

JOHN V. 17-31: Christ's answer to the Jews. 1 KINGS II. 26-34: Joab is slain by Solomon's command.

Recite—PSALM XCIII.

Sunday, December 10th, 1865.

JOHN V. 32-47: Christ's testimony concerning himself. 1 KINGS II. 35-46: Shimei is put to death.

Recite—ISAIAH IX. 6, 7.

A Lesson for the Boys.

Some twelve years ago a beautiful little child made his appearance in a certain city. His eyes were very bright, his hair black and shining, and his features very regular.

At an early age, with book in hand, he could be seen wending his way, with light and elastic step, to the school-room, where with joyful glee he joined his little companions in study and play.

Then the disease took a more alarming form, baffling the skill of the physicians, and confining him to his bed. For weeks at a time he lay in one position, and then he could be moved only under the influence of chloroform, which rendered him insensible to the suffering it occasioned.

Put after more than two years of suffering, and months of longing for a release, feeling, as he expressed it, that he was almost in heaven, nature yielded to the conflict, and his pure spirit, we doubt not, was wafted by angels to the mansions of everlasting rest.

And now, my dear boys, allow me to tell you that it is feared this suffering was occasioned in part, at least, by a blow upon the back, given by a playmate, playfully perhaps, but none the less injurious.

"I am the Door."

It was a rainy Sabbath, too wet for little Johnnie to go to church, and so father and mother left Allan at home to take care of him.

"Allan," he said, "I wish I could just go and look into my box of playthings. I won't take out one. I just want to look at them; that would n't be breaking the Sabbath, would it?"

"Come," said Allan, "I'll preach you a little sermon."

"Well," said Johnnie, "I'll listen." So Allan took the great Bible, and found this text, which was so easy that Johnnie could read it himself: "I am the door."

"Here is a little text for a little boy who is four years old," said Allan, "for it has just four words in it, one for every year."

"The first word is 'I.' That has only one letter in it. This 'I' means the Lord Jesus, the good Saviour who loves little children."

"The second word is 'am.' That has two letters in it. When Jesus says, 'I am the door,' of course he does n't mean that he is a door like that you shut just now; but this little sermon is to show you how he is like a door."

"The third word is 'the,' which has three letters. Jesus says, 'the' door, because there is only one door into heaven."

"The fourth word is 'door,' which has four letters in it. A door lets people into the house; and if there were no door, they could n't get in. So the Lord Jesus lets his people into heaven; and if it were not for him, they could not get in at all. A door keeps out the rain, and the dogs and thieves; and so Jesus keeps away all evil and hurtful things out of his beautiful heaven."

"Now when you want to get into a house, you go straight to the door; and so if we want to go to heaven, we must go to Jesus and ask him to let us in."

So Allan knelt down, and little Johnnie by him, and they prayed to the dear Lord Jesus to make them his own good children, so that they might go into his beautiful city when they died.

The Rev. J. P. Chown on America.

The Rev. J. P. Chown, of Bradford, recently delivered a lecture in Exeter Hall, entitled, "A Summer Furlough across the Atlantic." The Hall was well filled, whilst the orchestra was occupied by 600 children, selected from Metropolitan Bands of Hope, who very pleasingly sang the various pieces lately given at the Temperance fete at the Crystal Palace.

I wish to give you one other illustration of this part of the subject. This is connected with the present war. It took place at the battle of Gettysburg, in our own State, two summers ago. In one of the regiments of the rebel army was a company of soldiers from North Carolina. In this company was a person who belonged to the religious society of Friends, sometimes called Quakers. He had been forced to join the army against his own will. He protested against it, and said he was opposed, on conscientious principles, to fighting, under any circumstances; that he could not fight, and would not fight. But nobody would mind him; he was forced to shoulder his musket and march.

The regiment to which he belonged joined Gen. Lee's army in the invasion of Pennsylvania. But it was never called into action till they came to Gettysburg. There it was soon known that a great battle was to be fought. Just before the battle began, this Friend went to the colonel of his regiment and said he could not go into the fight. The colonel said he must. He said he could not and would not. "Then," said the colonel, "I'll have you shot."

The colonel had him led out into an open space, and ordered a squad of soldiers to shoot him. While the soldiers were making ready, taking aim, and waiting the command to "fire!" the man stood calmly there, and, lifting up his face to heaven, said, in a loud, clear voice, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" The men threw down their arms, and said they would not shoot such a man.

Another squad was called out, and the same thing occurred with them. The colonel was very angry. He swore a dreadful oath, declaring he would trample the man to death. He put spurs to his horse, and galloped up to him to ride him down. But when the horse came up to the man, he reared up on his hind legs and turned away. This was repeated two or three times with the same result. Then the trumpet sounded to battle. The colonel had to hasten away and lead his men into the fight, and, in one of the first volleys fired by our army, he fell, mortally wounded. The Quaker soldier was taken prisoner by our men. He was brought to this city, and was afterwards discharged by President Lincoln, and released from doing military duty. This man "trusted in the Lord, and happy was he."—W. & R.

A Quaker soldier.

We heard frequently during the war of the difficulty experienced in North Carolina in conscripting for the army among the Quakers of that State. Some of them were unflinching in adhering to their principles, and suffered imprisonment and fines for their tenacity.

The following incident, told by Dr. Newton, of Philadelphia, in a sermon to children, is very touching. I wish to give you one other illustration of this part of the subject. This is connected with the present war. It took place at the battle of Gettysburg, in our own State, two summers ago.

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St. Paul a tentmaker.

No higher example can be found of the possibility of combining diligent labor in the common things of life with the utmost spirituality of mind. Those who might have visited Aquila at Corinth in the working hours, would have found St. Paul quietly occupied with the same task as his fellow-laborers.

Though he knew the gospel to be a matter of life and death to the soul, he gave himself to an ordinary trade with as much zeal as though he had no other occupation. It is the duty of every man to maintain an honorable independence; and this he felt, was peculiarly incumbent on him, for the sake of the gospel he came to proclaim.

A CURIOUS REQUEST.

The following notice was lately posted on the doors of the parish church at Holsworthy, Devon:—"Extract from the Will of the late Rev. Thomas Meyrick:—I give and bequeath the sum of one hundred pounds in trust to pay the dividends annually to the churchwardens of the parish of Holsworthy, who shall openly give 2l. 10s. to the young single woman resident in that parish, who is under thirty years of age, and generally esteemed by the young as the most deserving and most handsome, and the most noted for her quietness and attendance in church; and on the next day shall openly give the remainder of the dividend to any spinster not under sixty years of age, and noted for the like virtues, and not receiving parochial relief. The churchwardens will be glad to receive the names of any persons who consider themselves entitled to either of the above bounties before the 19th inst."

A CHILD'S HISTORY.—The gospel involves no conditions that a child cannot fulfil; it imposes no requirements that a child cannot meet. A child may trust its promises, realize its blessings, and anticipate its rewards. The death of Jesus is the child's plea; the grace of Jesus is the child's strength; pleasing Jesus is the child's easiest rule of right, and going to be with Jesus is the child's best thought of heaven.—Rev. S. Coley.

Agriculture, etc.

A NEW HORTICULTURAL THEORY.

The Texas correspondent of the New York Tribune writing from Castorville, tells the following singular story about planting water-melons: When we had stopped to feed ourselves and water our horses, about noon, on the first, and about five miles from Austin, a superannuated negro man, old enough to be mossy, came down to the fence, and, after regarding us over the top rail for a minute, enquired if we would buy some "millions" (watermelons). Several of us went with him to his "patch," which was about half an acre in extent. His melons were the largest I had ever seen, but there was one monster that loomed up among its fellows like an elephant among oxen.

THE MAN WITH THE WHITE HAT.

The Mark Lane Express relates the following amusing incident:—"At an agricultural dinner held in Lincolnshire a few days since, Mr. W. North, whilst proposing 'The Town and Trade of Boston,' begged permission of the chairman to exercise a privilege conceded to him by the stewards—that of awarding a judge's prize, which the official judges had overlooked. It would be fresh in the recollection of many present that at the last annual meeting he had the distinguished honour to receive a white hat (roars of laughter) as a prize for the worst stacking and the most slovenly stack-yard. He had carefully preserved the prize; and having made an inspection of a great many farmsteads, he had met with one that he considered fairly entitled its owner to be the holder of the hat for the ensuing twelve months, and having brought the hat with him to the meeting, he had very great pleasure in awarding it to the gentleman he had just alluded to, and that was the vice-chairman, Mr. W. Welsh (roars of laughter). Mr. North said the hat had never fitted him (laughter), and therefore he could very cheerfully part from it. He then, amid the convulsive laughter of the company, handed the hat and box over to Mr. Welsh, and resumed his seat."

NATIONAL IMPORTANCE OF AGRICULTURE.

"Agriculture is to a nation what the mainspring is to a watch; it is its life, its grand moving power, it gives energy and action to all the varied interests of a people, and as Daniel Webster truthfully and forcibly said, 'without it we could not have manufactures and we should not have commerce.' The three stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest in the centre and that largest is agriculture. There is no period—and there can be none—in the history of any nation when this great interest is not to be fostered and promoted, and none when it is not looked to as the main bulwark of a nation's strength and hope. In times of peace, as well as in times of war this is alike true, and all nations of any importance have found it true. Not only are those countries the most prosperous in cycles of peace which are mainly agricultural countries, but in periods of war (whether foreign or domestic), the record of history has been that they have uniformly fought the best, achieved the greatest victories, and established the most enduring and satisfactory peace."—Maine Farmer.

BENEFIT OF BONES.

There is nothing that the farmer wastes that is so valuable as bones. The phosphorus contained in them is of the richest matter for farming purposes. They should never be thrown away. Save them always. Either break them up as fine as you can, and apply to the soil, or burn and pulverize them. Treated in this way, or reduced by acid or alkalis, they are the most direct stimulants the soil can have. They rank among the superphosphates. At least save your bones, and give them to your gardens in some form or other. They will tell in any form.—Rural World.

A DELICATE DESSERT.

A housewife who has tried it sends the following receipt:—"Lay half a dozen crackers in a tureen, pour on enough boiling water to cover them. In a few minutes they will be swollen to three or four times their original size. Now grate loaf sugar and a little nutmeg over them, and dip on enough cream to make a nice sauce, and you will have a simple and delicious dessert that will rest lightly on the stomach, and it is easily prepared. Leave out the cream, and it is a valuable recipe for sick room cookery."

CHARCOAL put to the roots of dandelions, and either flowering plants will retain them rigidly; flowers nearly white being thus turned to a deep red, sometimes altogether, and sometimes mixed with the lighter hue in a half dozen varieties, from one and the same root.