

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 7th, 1867.

ACTS XI. 1-25: Herod's death. 2 Kings XII. J. hoash directs the temple to be repaired. Recite—HEBREWS XIII. 1-3.

Sunday, April 14th, 1867.

ACTS XIII. 1-15: Paul and Barnabas chosen to go to the Gentiles. 2 Kings XIII. Death of Elisha. Recite—JAMES III. 17-18.

Trust in God.

"Then you must leave the house; I cannot afford to let people live in my tenements who are always in arrears."

This was the answer given by John Jones to Mary Stevens on a cold December morning, in 1857.

Mary Stevens's husband—Robert, had, by strenuous exertions on his part, succeeded in obtaining a collegiate education, and soon after was ordained and entered upon the profession for which he had fitted himself: that of a minister of the gospel.

The church at Rossville extended to him an invitation to accept the pastoral charge; and there he settled. The salary was small, but Robert's heart being in the work of his Master, he did not stop to count how much he could make, in a worldly point of view, but rather besied his mind in studying how many souls he could win from the path of darkness and woe, into the fold of Christ.

At Rossville he was instrumental in doing a vast amount of good, and succeeded in gaining the affections of all the residents of the place.

Among those who were most attentive at the church, was Adam Porter and his niece Mary. Adam was a wealthy farmer, and as such, enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived. He was not a member of the church but was willing to contribute his share towards any object which had for its end the good of his fellow man.

Mary had been left, by the sudden death of her parents, to his care, and he had fulfilled his trust nobly. She had received an excellent education, and had never known what it was to have a wish denied.

With all his goodness of heart, Adam did not like to be thwarted in any of his plans. He had for years been looking forward to the day when his niece would be the wife of some one who could support her in a style similar to that in which he had raised her. But when Robert Stevens had begun to preach in Rossville, and Mary would talk so enthusiastically of him, Adam shook his head. Still he knew that it was useless to say anything, and when Robert visited his house he always treated him kindly.

At length the intimacy between Robert and Mary grew into something warmer, and after a year's time they were married. Adam did not object. All he said was "God bless you both."

Soon after they were married, Robert was attacked with a disease of the throat, and was finally compelled to resign his charge. They moved to the city of New York, and there he opened a school. At this he was enabled to earn a respectable income, on which to support himself and his wife. Years rolled on, and his family had been increased. Three bright, beautiful children had been given them, and in their proper tuition and rearing did both father and mother fulfil their duties.

But the financial troubles of 1857, came with unrelenting hand, and the poor were made to bear the heaviest part of the burden. Robert had never been able to save anything; and with the ruin of that year, he found many of his most profitable scholars withdrawn. He economized in every way possible, but still he could not make his income meet his expenses. The house they had occupied was given up and a cheaper one taken. Thrice had they moved, and with each removal matters had become worse. His scholars had left him, and all that he could now do was to use his pen in writing for the different journals. But this kind of labor is irksome and poorly paid; and as a last resort, one little luxury after another had been parted with to supply food.

Mary had written to her uncle, but he never answered her letter; and Robert had told her that it was useless to worry; that the Father above would provide some way for them.

It was nearly Christmas now; but a sad one it promised to be to them. The landlord had notified them to move; and where they were to go to was more than they could tell. Robert had been busy for a week, preparing some manuscripts for sale, and after the departure of the landlord he reexamined them, and laid them aside. Then the Bible was taken from its accustomed place, and the evening lesson read, after which the prayers were offered, and the children were put to bed.

In the morning Robert started to sell his manuscript, but had not been gone many hours, when he was brought back, having fallen on the ice and broken his thigh. It was a painful job to reduce the fracture, but this was successfully performed. In sorrow Mary prepared the little supper she was able to spread, and after it was eaten, with her children seated herself at the bedside of her husband.

Various were the plans devised, as to what course they should pursue. Mary insisted on going to her uncle and imploring his assistance, but to this Robert would not give his consent. His spirit was too proud, even in his sore affliction, to bear the thought of his wife being a

beggar. At last she said she would try to get something to do.

"I will do something, mother," said little Adam. "I saw some boys carrying parcels for the travellers at the steamboats. To-morrow I will go and see if I cannot earn a few pennies."

Little Adam was about twelve years of age, being the oldest of the children. He had been named after his mother's uncle, and oftentimes had he stood by her side and listened with delight, as she would relate to him the beauties of Rossville, and the wonders of his uncle Adam's farm, and horses, and cows, and poultry and growing crops. Many a time had he longed to go there; but his mother would sigh and say:

"No, no; we cannot go."

Robert and Mary yielded a reluctant consent to their son's entreaty to be allowed to try to do something, and when he arose on the next day, he brushed his threadbare clothing and blacked his shoes, and then started off. He reached the wharf just as the boat was coming in, and taking a position, waited for the passengers to come off.

There was a large crowd of rude men and boys, who jostled him about, and he had asked almost every one to let him carry their packages, but none were willing to trust him. He was about to leave the place, when he saw an elderly gentleman, who had lingered behind the rest of the passengers, approaching him, having a large bundle in his hand.

"Please sir, let me carry that for you," said little Adam.

"Yes youngster, if you think you can."

Through narrow and crowded streets they travelled, until they reached the destination of the gentleman: when taking the bundle from the boy, the traveller handed him a silver coin and asking him his name.

"Adam Stevens, sir."

"The traveller started."

"Where do you live?"

"In—street."

"And what made you attempt this kind of work?"

"Oh sir, father broke his thigh yesterday, and the landlord warned us out of the house; so I thought I would try to do something to help mother. Father and mother used to live at Rossville, and mother's uncle lives there now. He is very rich; but he never comes to see us. How I wish I was a man, I would go to see him, and get him to come and take us to his home. But I must go sir, mother will be uneasy about me."

"Hold on boy. Would you like to see your uncle?"

"Yes sir."

"And do you think your father and mother would like to see him?"

"Yes sir."

"Then carry this bundle. I am Adam Porter, your uncle. I will go home with you, and then you will all go home with me."

Little Adam opened his eyes wider than ever before, and together they started. Great was the joy at the house of Robert Stevens that night. Uncle Adam fulfilled his promise to his grand nephew, and as soon as his father was able, took the whole family home to live with him.

Years have passed since that day. The old farm house at Rossville is the home of a happy family. Often does Uncle Adam talk about the boy who carried his bundle, and say "the hand of the Lord guided him that day."—National Baptist.

"Get thee hence, Satan!"

A little girl sat upon the large stone door-step of her father's house, and beside her was a boy of about the same age. He had been eating a fresh, rosy apple, and had thrown the core into the gutter beyond the walk, and watched it as the muddy water carried it from his sight; then, turning back to his playmate, who seemed absorbed in the pictures of a new book, he asked—

"Give me a bite of your apple, Clara; mine's all gone."

"Not now; wait till I eat it," was the abstracted reply; but the voracious little fellow, not quite content to wait, took the apple up, turned it round and round, smelled of it a little, and then began to toss it lightly in his hands, each time catching it again. I expected to see his teeth go into it; but he was too honest for that. At last, in an unlucky moment, it dropped from his chubby hands, and rolled across the walk into the filthy gutter, and was borne away.

His exclamation brought the large eyes of the little girl upon him. The rich blood mounted to her brow; and with a spring she was upon her feet, with one hand raised, apparently to strike the shrinking form beside her; but it did not fall, and as she stood, her hair thrown back, the white hand poised in the air, the whole face and form showing a struggle within, I prayed that she might not be too strongly tempted. A moment more, and the clear, triumphant tones of her voice fell on my ear—

"Get thee hence, Satan! get thee hence!"

The mother within the door heard the sound too, and, coming to them, asked the meaning. Again a blush mantled the noble brow of the child, but it was humility and shame that caused it, while with slightly drooping head, she answered, "Satan wanted me to strike Freddie; but I didn't."

The mother drew her within her arms, and kissed her, saying, "That is right, my child; resist him, and he will flee from you."

Would that all might learn in childhood to resist the power of temptation with the Holy Spirit's help! Truly the world would be better for it.—Christian Banner.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

APRIL.

1. Monday. Arise ye, and depart, Micah ii. 10.

Christian, meditate much on heaven, it will help thee to forget the toil of the way. The vale of tears is but the pathway to the better country. The message will soon come, Arise and take thy last journey.

2. Tuesday. He was numbered with the transgressors, Isa. liii. 12.

Who can be afraid of one who is written in the same list with us. All our estate of sin and misery Jesus has taken, and all that Jesus has comes to us.

3. Wednesday. There shall be showers of blessing, Ezek. xxxiv. 26.

All kinds of blessing God will send, not drops but showers. Look up to-day, O parched plant, and open thy leaves and flowers for a heavenly watering.

4. Thursday. Salvation is of the Lord, Jonah ii. 9.

Whatever we have, all is of the Lord alone, we do nothing whatever towards our own preservation except what God Himself first does in us. Not I, but Christ who liveth in me.

5. Friday. Beloved, now are we the sons of God, 1 John iii. 2.

If we consider who we were and what we feel ourselves to be when corruption is powerful within us, we may well wonder at our adoption.

6. Saturday. To Him be glory both now and for ever, 2 Peter iii. 18.

O Lord, help me to think of Thee. Thou hast placed me in the world for something. Show me what it is, and help me to work out my life purpose. Enable me to glorify Thee in all I say and do.

7. Sunday. I have learned in whatsoever state I am, there-with to be content, Phil. iv. 11.

Contentment is one of the flowers of heaven, and if we would have it, it must be cultivated; it will not grow in us by nature.

8. Monday. With loving-kindness have I drawn thee, Jer. xxxi. 3.

The thunders of the law and the terrors of judgment are all used to bring us to Christ; but the final victory is effected by loving kindness.

9. Tuesday. And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where He was, Mark ii. 4.

O Lord, make us quick to suggest methods of reaching thy poor sin-sick ones, and bold to carry them out at all hazards.

10. Wednesday. From me is thy fruit found, Hos. xiv. 8.

Prize above rubies, O Christian, this precious union to Christ for it must be the source of all the fruitfulness thou canst hope to know.

11. Thursday. I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, Jer. xxxiii. 3.

Prevailing prayer takes the Christian to Carmel, and enables him to over heaven with clouds of blessing, and earth with floods of mercy.

12. Friday. And He goeth up into a mountain, and calleth unto him whom He would, Mark iii. 13.

Impatient spirits may fret and fume because they are not called to occupy the highest places; but let it ours to rejoice, that Jesus calleth whom He wills.

13. Saturday. Her sins, which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much, Luke vii. 47.

The conviction which spring from Divine illumination always causes the subjects of it to consider themselves as the chief of sinners; but when a sense of forgiveness is realized, love is proportioned to the degree of their humiliation.

Anecdote of Hogarth.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments, he proposed to his matchless pencil the work he had entitled a "Tail Piece"—the first idea of which is said to have been started in company while the convivial glass was in circulation round his own table.

"My next undertaking," said Hogarth "shall be the 'End of all Things.'"

"If that is the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end to the painter."

"There will be so," answered Hogarth, sighing heavily, "and therefore the sooner my work is done, the better."

Accordingly he began the next day, and continued his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate that he would not live till he completed it. This, however he did in the most ingenious manner, by grouping everything which denotes the end of all things; a broken bottle; an old broom worn to the stump; the butt end of an old fire lock; a cracked bell; a bow unstung; a crown tumbling in pieces; towers in ruin; the sign post of a tavern called the "World's End," tumbling; the moon in her wane; the map of the globe burning; a gibbet falling down; Phœbus and his horse dead in the clouds; a vessel wrecked; Time, with his hour-glass and scythe broken; a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, a play book open, with "excut omnes" stamped in the corner; an empty purse, and a statue of bankruptcy taken out against nature.

"So far so good," cried Hogarth, "nothing remains but this," taking his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury, and dashing off the similitude of a painter's palette broken; "finis!" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done, all is over."

It is a remarkable and well known fact that he never again took the palette in hand. It is a circumstance less known, perhaps, that he died about a year after he had finished this extraordinary tail piece.

Agriculture, &c.

When will Winter pass away!

Softly fall's the feathery snow  
Over the valley and on to the hills,  
Into the silent lake below,  
As the delicate shower the wide air fills,  
Dropping so gently without a sound,  
And lying so white on the frozen ground!

Pure and beautiful seems the snow,  
Falling so noiselessly out of the sky;  
But I long for the Winter days to go,  
For the barren months to hasten by,  
And bring me the Summer, flowers and green,  
When the woods are hung with their leafy screen.

Close to me there will the wild bee hum  
His drowsy tune in the meadow grass,  
And the wandering wind will go and come,  
Gently fanning my face as they pass;  
Then haste, sweet Summer! my whole heart  
For the beautiful flowers and the birds' gay songs.

Oh, glorious Queen of the heleyen year!  
By vernal paths of the joyous Spring,  
On rosy foot-prints, my horse draw near;  
Oh, haste, sweet Summer! hasten and bring  
The warmth that lives in the sun-beam's light,  
And the dew, which drop from thy lids at night.

Oh, hasten with shower of silver rain,  
Bright flashing rain, from the skies above,  
To ripen the fields of bearded grain,  
And teach us the lesson of God's great love!  
Oh, glorious Summer, Queen of the year,  
On the viewless pinions of Time draw near!

With crimson and gold will the sunsets burn  
Far down in the west at the close of day,  
Oh, haste, sweet Summer, haste to return!  
Ah, when will the Winter pass away?  
My heart with a passionate yearning longs  
For the beautiful flowers and the birds' gay songs.

—Harper's Monthly.

WINDOW FLOWER GARDENS.

Air Purified by Plants.—There is with many persons a prejudice against having plants in a bedroom, under the erroneous impression that they poison the atmosphere. The very reverse is the case. The leaves of plants purify the air, filtering all the poisonous matter out of it, and appropriating that poisonous matter to their own growth. The same remark does not, however, apply to cut flowers. These, beautiful as they may be, do to some extent add to the impurity, and consequently ought always to be removed from a sleeping apartment at night. I mention these facts for the reason that a bedroom window is generally better adapted for the growth of plants than a kitchen window, owing to the atmosphere being less hot and dry.

Effects of Frost.—A word now as to frost—the arch-enemy of floriculture. When it is at all severe, the plants should be removed from the window ledge, either to a warmer room, or, failing that, to the warmest and furthest removed corner of the window. As soon as you see those beautiful crystals form on the glass, you may be sure that it will not be long before the frost makes itself felt in the inside. Should this precaution not be taken, and the soil and plants become frozen, let them thaw gradually; and the most effectual way to do this is to place them in a dark cupboard (not a warm one), and sprinkle them well overhead with cold water.

Ventilation.—A word now about ventilation. Let the window be open as much as possible during the day, especially if there be a fire in the room, and at night, when it would be impracticable to have the window open, place the plants on the floor, where they will be coolest. Above all things avoid putting them on a high shelf for the oft repeated reason that "they are nicely out of the way,"—such a course would lead to their being very soon out of the way altogether.—Canadian Farmer.

IN QUEST OF FOOD.—The Council of the Society of Arts have passed a resolution that a committee be appointed to inquire and report respecting the food of the people, especially but not exclusively of the working classes of the people. The Board of Trade have promised a vast amount of valuable information. The Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, the Colonies, and India, are to be asked to circulate questions about food, or modes of preparing it, among foreign ministers, consuls, and governors. The methods of drying and preserving meat, and milk and fish, the introduction of new descriptions of food, the teaching of economical cooking, the issue of medals and prizes, will successively occupy the committee's attention. Our London meat and milk supply are insufficient, so that we have not the materials to give healthy flesh, and bone, and muscle to the rising generation. Scientific men are dining in the public ear that this state of things cannot last. The generation that is rising must be feebler than that which is at work; and the generation born of the feebler one must be still less endowed with vital force. The gravity of the question has forced it upon the attention, at length, of public men of various parties, and we find on the committee just appointed under the auspices of the Society of Arts political men of all shades of opinion. We shall watch their labors with the greatest interest.—Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper.

CLEANING TAINTED MEAT BARRELS.—Fill the barrel nearly full of well cured clover hay. Herdgrass or timothy will do in the absence of clover. Then fill the barrel part full of boiling water, and cover up and let it stand until cold, when the barrel will be found clean and sweet.—Cor. Co. Gent.