

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, September 15th, 1861.

Read—Matt. xx. 1-16; Parable of the vineyard.
GENESIS xv.: God's covenant with Abraham.

Recite—MATTHEW xix. 23-26.

Sunday, September 22nd, 1861.

Read—Matt. xx. 17-34; Ambition corrected. GEN-
ESIS xxii.: God's command to sacrifice Isaac.

Recite—MATTHEW xx. 1, 2.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

73. How many instances are recorded of our Lord raising the dead?

74. Did Joseph on any occasion improperly yield to the fashion or custom of Egypt?

Answers to questions given last week:—

71. When Elath was retaken by Rezin, king of Syria.—2 Kings xvi.

72. Jehoiada: who was so highly respected that they buried him in the sepulchres of the kings of Judah.

Little Pilgrims.

The way to heaven is narrow,
And its blessed entrance strait;
But how safe the little pilgrims,
Who get within the gate!

The sunbeams of the morning
Make the narrow path so fair,
And these early little pilgrims
Find dewy blessings there.

They pass o'er rugged mountains,
But they climb them with a song;
For these early little pilgrims
Have sandals new and strong.

They do not greatly tremble
When the shadows night foretell,
For these early little pilgrims
Have tried the path so well.

They know it leads to heaven,
With its bright and open gates,
Where for happy little pilgrims
A Saviour's welcome waits.

The Lock of Hair.

"Do you see this lock of hair?" said an old man to me.

"Yes; but what of it? It is, I suppose, the curl from the head of a dear child long since gone to God."

"It is not. It is a lock of my own hair; and it is now nearly seventy years since it was cut from this head."

"But why do you prize a lock of your own hair so much?"

"It has a history belonging to it, and a strange one. I keep it thus with care, because it speaks to me more of God, and of his special care, than anything else I possess."

I was a little child of four years old, with long curly locks, which, in sun, or rain, or wind, hung down cheeks uncovered. One day my father went into the woods to cut up a log, and I went with him. I was standing a little way behind him, or rather at his side, watching with interest the stroke of the heavy axe, as it went up and came down upon the wood, sending off splinters with every stroke, in all directions. Some of the splinters fell at my feet, and I eagerly stooped to pick them up. In doing so I stumbled forward, and in a moment my curly head lay upon the log. I had fallen just at the moment when the axe was coming down with all its force. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the axe, I screamed, and my father fell to the ground in terror. He could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness which the sudden horror caused, he thought he had killed his boy. We soon recovered; I from my fright, and he from his terror. He caught me in his arms, and looked at me from head to foot, to find out the deadly wound which he was sure he had inflicted. Not a drop of blood, nor a scar was to be seen. He knelt upon the grass, and gave thanks to a gracious God. Having done so, he took up his axe, and found a few hairs upon its edge. He turned to the log he had been splitting and there was a single curl of his boy's hair, sharply cut through, and laid upon the wood. How great the escape! It was as if an angel had turned aside the edge at the moment when it was descending on my head. With renewed thanks upon his lips he took up the curl, and went home with me in his arms.

That lock he kept all his days, as a memorial of God's care and love. That lock he left me on his death-bed. I kept it with care. It rebukes unbelief and alarm. It bids me trust him forever. I have had many tokens of fatherly love, in my three score years and ten; but somehow this speaks most to my heart. It is the oldest, and perhaps most striking. It used to speak to my father's heart; it now speaks to mine."

What say you, my dear young readers? Is not this an instance of delivering mercy on the part of our gracious God. And this God is the same kind Being who gave you life, and has watched over and cared for you until now. Do your love and put your trust in him?—Look over your past lives, and think of the many times he has watched over you and delivered you in times of danger. When sick, and your parents thought you would die, he has spared your life, and re-

stored you to health; and in various other ways has he shown his love and care. Yes, his love is great, for he has so loved the world as to give his only beloved Son to die, so that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life. Children, love him with all your hearts, and in your youthful days devote your lives to his service. He alone has a right to it. Delay not to render it. Time is short; to-morrow may be too late.

Romance in real Life.

When my professional duties called me to Birmingham, I was sitting at my hotel after dinner, moodily sipping my wine, in a lonely spirit (for there is nothing so lonesome as being in a large populous town where you know nobody, and nobody cares for you), when the landlord entered the private room in which I was sitting, and after apologising for the intrusion, said, "There is a young fellow down stairs in the bar wishes to see you; he does not know your name, but asked if any legal gentleman was staying in my house during the assize, and begged of me to introduce him, if such was the case. The fact is, sir," continued my host, "he is a clever man, who has seen better days, and now obtains a little money by singing and reciting in various public-house bars; he doubtless wishes to amuse you, and benefit himself pecuniarily as well, and if you are not otherwise engaged you will find him excellent company." "Quite a godsend," I thought to myself, as I immediately requested the landlord to ask the stranger upstairs, and invited him to return himself and bring up another bottle of his old port. He presently returned, bringing up a young man, pale and haggard, whose apparel savoured of the shabby genteel, without the slightest pretensions to linen of any sort; no one could look in his face without observing that intellect was not one of his wants, though its "devil-may-care" expression, together with his attire, suggested that he had not applied that intellect to the best advantage. He entered on his business at once; "Sir," said he, "I am destitute, in fact, in plain English, 'hard up.' I wish to give imitations of celebrated barristers on the home-circuit; if I cause you amusement, you may pay me for it, and if I don't you can order me to withdraw." I liked his bluntness, and falling in with his humour, told him to give us an immediate specimen of his powers. He did commence, and for two hours I and the delighted landlord listened in rapt attention; his imitations were magnificent, his voice was a rich basso, and as he went from pathetic to gay in an imaginary breach of promise case, in which he introduced imitations of the most celebrated pleaders of the day, I felt that he was in possession of talents which ought to make him a great man. From the "bar" he went to the "stage," imitating the leading actors and actresses admirably. I invited him to supper, during which he surprised me with the diversity of his information, his knowledge seemed universal, and he spoke of the private affairs of many public men as if he was in their confidence. I tried to obtain some knowledge of his past life but upon this point, at least, he was totally silent. After supper he sang comic songs with a comicality which sent the landlord into convulsions, but when the small hours warned us of the time of departure his dejection returned, and in reply to my question whether I should see him again before my departure, he said he did not know, he was a rolling stone, a poor devil whose prospects were a blank; he thanked me earnestly and gratefully for the two sovereigns which I placed in his hand and bade me a good night. I had looked upon this circumstance as a remembrance of the past, when, four years afterwards, I entered a music saloon at Liverpool, to while away an hour, and as I entered, a singer on the stage was treating the audience to the comic performance of "Tippetiwichet." The voice and manner were familiar; the comic singer was my quondam acquaintance of a night. I sent my card to him behind the scenes, and in a few minutes out he came, and knew me directly. "I should have known you anywhere," said he, as he shook hands; you must sup with me to-night, when I will tell you my history for the last four years; I'm 'going on again' to sing another song, and then I've done for the night." When he had left amidst a furore of applause, we went into another part of the house and ordered supper. "Well," said I, after some ordinary conversation, "how much do you get for this job?" "Get? why I'm the proprietor, and get what I can; I only wish I was servant instead of the master; I've nearly lost all I started with, which was not much, and I fear I shall have to leave Liverpool in a hurry." During supper he told me his career between my seeing him at Birmingham and the present time. He had been a local preacher, and was doing prosperously, but his reckless conduct would not allow him to stick to anything long. During his ministry, the eldest daughter of a tallow chandler and the daughter of a rich baker, members of his congregation, fell in love with him, and worked him as many slippers, and smoking caps as would stock a bazaar. While, however, the two ladies were anxiously waiting for a proposal, our hero quietly walked off with an old sweet-heart, and threw away the white clerical tie in disgust. Eighteen months after this found him again in Birmingham, very poor, and trying to gain a livelihood by teaching bad writers to write well in six lessons. He had a little room in a low neighborhood, the walls of which were covered with "specimens of my handwriting before and after six lessons." After this he gained a living more in the "strolling vagrant line" than anything else, until the possession of a little ready money bought him the proprietorship of the music saloon in Liverpool. A short time after I left him on this second occasion, I heard of him leaving Liverpool, as he said, in a hurry, deeply re-

gretted by a large number of creditors. I next heard of him being in Nottingham, getting a subsistence by reading the newspaper to the company who attended the "Sir Isaac Newton" public-house in Glasshouse-street. About this time, 1839, Serjeant Wilde, afterwards Lord Truro, contested Newark (until this time considered a close borough in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle), against the Tory candidate, Mr. Thesiger, afterwards Sir Frederick Thesiger, Attorney-General, Lord High Chancellor, and now Lord Chelmsford. Our hero won the election for Wilde in this way.—Much excitement subsisted throughout the country regarding the slave trade; and as a means of bringing unpopularity on the Conservative candidate he got a lot of blackguards blacked and chained, himself included, to march through the town, to illustrate the horrors of slavery, calling attention to the cruelty of the candidate who would tolerate such a state of things. This, and other dodges invented by my acquaintance, won Wilde's election by a majority of nine, he having been defeated in 1832 by Gladstone and Handley, by a majority of seventy-four. Serjeant Wilde, after the election, gave him 50*l.*, which was spent in riotous dissipation. But our friend was never to look back from this point. Serjeant Wilde, who had observed the genius of his election dodger promised to aid him on one condition, that that he should study for the bar, and enter himself in the Temple. The offer was accepted; the paper reader, the Shaksperian reciter, the comic singer, the saloon comedian, the penman, the man about town, the election dodger, became a barrister, was patron paying all his fees until he obtained his first brief. He commenced to defend pickpockets at the Old Bailey, and such was the acuteness of his mind, that he could detect a flaw in the evidence sooner than men better versed in the law. He thus obtained the acquittal of more thieves than any criminal lawyer of his age; his cross-examinations were terrible; he could frighten a witness until he scarcely knew what he said.

I saw him once again during this part of his career; it was at Nottingham, in the assize court, during the trial of a young woman for child murder. When the counsel for the prisoner rose, I gazed upon the unmistakable head and face of the *ci-devant* local preacher. In a few leading questions he elicited from an unwilling witness the fact that the uncle of the prisoner had died in a lunatic asylum, that her father was confined in one for two years, and eventually obtained a verdict of "not guilty," on the ground of insanity. I saw by the black patch on the top of his wig that he was now a serjeant-at-law. His power as an advocate was known to be such that he was often retained and received his fees for cases in which he never appeared at all, and was never intended to appear, the fees being paid for the purpose of keeping him out of the way of the other side. From this time until his death his income averaged £10,000 a year, but his extravagance kept him always in debt; he had a house in town, sumptuously furnished, and another which he built himself at Kensington, and used to drive tandem to and fro, at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. One Friday morning, in the year 1856, the learned serjeant was taken ill through exhaustion while pleading in the court of assize at —, and, being removed, died at his residence about three weeks afterwards. He had already been engaged by Mr. Smith, of Birmingham, for the defence of Palmer, at the Old Bailey, on the charge of murdering Cooke, but, in consequence of his death, the brief was given to Serjeant Shee. I merely give these facts illustrative of the genius of a man who lacked principle and stability. I think he is buried at Kensal Green Cemetery, and that Baron Martin paid his funeral expenses. I know that a benefit took place at the Haymarket Theatre, on behalf of his widow. His name was Charles Wilkins.—*Nottingham Athenæum.*

Make the sacrifice.

To obey the law of right—to follow out the law of love, is only difficult because we feel, in every instance of being called upon so to do, that we are called upon to make some sacrifice of ourselves. It is an error—a mistaken feeling. We are called upon to sacrifice, not ourselves, but a present inclination, which self suggests. Make the sacrifice—obey, fulfil the law that makes the claim upon you, and you have relinquished a fallacious for a real good. Follow the false inclination, and you will find that instead of enthroning yourselves, in despite of Heaven's King, you have begun to descend steps of endless descent.

A LARGE ORGAN.—The English correspondent of the *Methodist* writers as follows:

The new organ which has been erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, in connection with the recent fitting up of the building for special services, requires eight strong men, exerting all their strength, to supply it with wind. The bellows, nevertheless, are said to be not sufficiently powerful for the magnificent instrument, and a competent critic suggests that it should be replaced by a larger one to be blown by steam. I know not what our mediaevalists will say to such a proposed innovation; but it seems to me that the idea of getting up steam for an anthem is not more strange and uncanonical than that of lighting up a church with gas.

A lazy Christian will always want four things—comfort, content, confidence, and assurance. Assurance and joy are choice donatives that Christ gives to laborious Christians only. The lazy Christian has his mouth full of complaints, when the active Christian has his heart full of comforts.—*Spurgeon.*

Agriculture, &c.

God send a goodly Harvest.

The tall corn bends its weighty ear
Before the playful wind,
And tiny children thither run,
The poppy flower to find!
The mower far afield looks up
And wipes his swarthy brow,
And murmurs to his comrade by,
"The wheat is ripening now,
God send a goodly harvest!"

We catch his words with heart and soul,
We echo them again;
God send our every garner soon
Be filled with golden grain!
That city-reared and village born,
When wintry winds may blow,
From toddling babe to tottering age,
No want of bread may know—
God send a goodly harvest!

Now blessings on the hands that work
To till the fruitful soil,
And blessings on the hands that aid
To gather up the spoil!
But woe upon forestalling knaves,
Who selfishly have thriven
By plundering the poor man's child
Of food its God hath given—
There'll be a final harvest!

Agricultural Prospects.

From the sources of information at our command, we are inclined to believe that the agricultural prospects of our country—the free portion of it at least—are of a most satisfactory character. In Maine, and we presume throughout New England, the crops may thus far be regarded, on the whole, as quite promising. The hay crop, one of the most important, is abundant and of an excellent quality, and so far as we are aware, has been well secured. Perhaps the recent heavy rains may have injured a portion of the crop in some places while in process of curing, but we think not to any serious extent. Although the season was backward, and the corn and some other crops suffered from the wet and cold spring, they are now looking well, and the farmers feel hopeful of a good corn and potato harvest. The weather of the past few days being warm and wet may have some injurious effect upon the potatoes—indeed, we have already noticed a few instances of blight affecting the tops of the late planted crop—but we do not learn that the evil is very extensive or general. The grain crops—wheat, rye, barley and oats—are doing excellently well. There will be a fair average crop of apples raised in Maine, as compared with other portions of New England, where the fruit was partially cut off by the frosts while the yield of small fruits has been astonishingly abundant. On the whole, the farmers of Maine have cause for congratulation in view of the promise of successful results from their labors, and for the ready markets and remunerating prices which the productions of the soil will command.

In New York and the Middle States the season has also turned out much better than was anticipated. The winter wheat will be a fair average yield, and there was so much larger a breadth sown last fall than usual that a crop fully equal to last year is expected. Spring wheat is reported as everywhere looking well. The nearest to a failure is said to be the corn crop, which will not be more than half the usual average. The hay crop will be fair. Oats are looking well, and upon the whole it is thought that there will be ample forage to winter the stock, and bread enough to feed the people, with the usual amount of coarse grains to spare.

Throughout the Northwest a full average wheat crop is expected, and unless frost sets in unusually early, a very large crop. The season also in Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas has been favorable, and good crops are anticipated. The crop of winter wheat in Iowa is reported to be of excellent quality, and will average full twenty bushels to the acre. Gen. Wilson, the Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, estimates the product of beef and pork to yield a revenue of more than eight millions of dollars to the Iowa farmers, beyond the amount required for home consumption. The prospects of the corn are said not to be so promising in that State, owing to the want of rain.

It is not yet time to state with certainty the agricultural prospects of the country for the season, but we can safely say that they are of fair average promise, and that there will be a good demand, growing out of the necessities of our army in the field, and the condition of Europe, for all its surplus productions.—*Maine Farmer.*

GOOD CORN BREAD.—One quart of corn meal, one pint of wheat flour, two eggs, and a little salt, with sour butter-milk sufficient to make a very stiff batter. Mix thoroughly, and then add one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a very little hot water. Stir this in and pour into well-greased pans, sufficient to be one and a half or two inches thick when cooked. Place in a hot oven, and bake till done, say half an hour, and carry to table hot.

PUMPKINS.—Pumpkins may be kept for a long time, (the Hubbard squash until spring), if free from frost, and in a dry place. If kept in a cellar they should be laid single on shelves or racks suspended, and not piled in a corner. They will keep well spread on the potato bin, on top of the potatoes.