

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, June 30th, 1861.

Read—MATTHEW xiv. 1-14: Death of John the Baptist.
DANIEL ii. 1-23: Nebuchadnezzar and the Chaldeans.

Recite—MATTHEW xiii. 45-46.

Sunday, July 7th, 1861.

Read—MATTHEW xiv. 15-36: Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes. GENESIS i. The Creation of the World.
Recite—MATTHEW xiv. 1-2.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

51. From the history of the Hebrews, give several examples of great magnanimity.
52. What passage intimates that Solomon composed more works than our Bible exhibits?

Answers to questions given last week:—

49. Gabriel and Michael.
50. In Psalm cix. 10.

A Story for a Child.

BY HAYARD TAYLOR.

Little one, come to my knee!
Hark! how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night;
And the wind in the woods is roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
Then pay for the story with kisses;
Father was lost in the pitch-black night.
In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains.
Where the wild men watched and waited;
Wolves in the forest, and bears in the bush,
And I on my path belated.

Then rain and the night together
Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
Stunned, and bruised and blinded—
Crept to a fir with thick-set boughs,
And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
Crouching, I sought to hide me:
Something rustled, two green eyes shown,
And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:
I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me;
Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt in the stormy dark,
That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding-place
Forth in the wild wet morning.

Darling, kiss me payment!
Hark, how the wind is roaring,
Father's house is a better place
When the stormy rain is pouring!

Noble Resolution.

The Hervey Islands are a group in the North Pacific, which have been greatly blessed by the labors of missionaries, and the whole Bible, translated into their tongue, has just been printed in England, and sent to them. The joy of the natives was very great when the first arrived. As they brought the cases from the sea-side to the mission-houses, they sang in their own language:

"The word has come,
The volume complete;
Let us learn the good word;
Our joy is great.
The whole word is come—
The whole word is come."

At a public meeting held on the occasion, one of the natives arose and said:

"My brethren and sisters, this is my resolution: The dust shall never cover my Bible; the moths shall never eat it; the mildew shall never rot it; my light and my joy." And this resolution of a poor pagan, just come to the light of the blessed Gospel, many a Christian youth would do well to adopt.—*Bible Advocate.*

Knowledge is a tree. We must plant it when we are young, if we would enjoy its fruit and shadow when we grow old. It requires a life long growth to reach its full maturity and its richest fruits. Besides, the germ flourishes best and grows fastest in the virgin soil of the young mind.

All the Messiahs of the gospel are for "Whoever will." Are you willing? then they are for you. Believe this, and what becomes of all your doubts and fears?

Prayer is more powerful than preaching. It is prayer that gives preaching all its power.

Florida Mosquitoes.

A Memphis paper consoled itself, after hearing of the reinforcement of Fort Pickens, by saying that the mosquitoes would soon conquer and put to flight a garrison too powerful for Gen. Bragg's squadrons to overcome. The following letter from a Florida correspondent of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* would seem to show that there is some little foundation for the Memphis editor's hope. Writing from New Smyrna, Fla., he says:

"As an offset to the chilblains and rheumatism of the North, the South has mosquitoes. Florida was named from the flowers which covered it, and the inlet at the mouth of the river here was named 'Mosquito Bar,' from the mosquitoes that covered it. The person giving the name certainly took the first thing that came to hand. When we go out fishing, we take an iron pot and some chips with us, so that in case the breeze should die away we can make a smudge to drive off the mosquitoes and sand-flies that almost cloud the air when the wind is down. We light the chips in the pot and set it so that the smoke covers us, and then take our sport. Also when the breeze dies we make a smudge before the piazza, and sit in the light smoke and have our social chat. This place is certainly one of the most delightful in Florida, and has only its times of these annoyances. A fresh breeze is blowing nearly all the time, so we are not annoyed, but some places further south of us, by all accounts, are awful. I have no doubt that mosquitoes have retarded the settlement of Florida as much as the Indians; the latter can be eradicated, the former never. Many fine places are actually uninhabitable from them. Down Indian river they calculate mosquitoes at 'two bushels to the square inch of land.'"

"A gentleman with whom I am acquainted started an orange grove with good success. They were not annoyed for some time, but one evening, while sitting in his hall enjoying the coolness, he heard a sound like the rustling of the tops of the trees and supposed a westerly breeze had sprung up, but upon the instant learned what was the cause of the commotion, for down came a cloud of mosquitoes upon the house, filling hall, doors, windows and every room. They jumped up as quickly as possible and each ran to his bed and got under his mosquito bar. For to stay elsewhere was impossible. After the animals had subsided the next day, they attempted to go on as usual, but, to no effect, the mosquitoes were so numerous that every plan was frustrated;—they would light a pot full of mangrove chips—which chips make the most pungent smoke—and place it under their table when they attempted to eat, the smoke would roll up from under the table completely blinding them and filling the room with darkness, and even at that they would have to snatch their food in their hands and run for their nets and finish their supper in bed.

"To attempt to go out of doors unprotected was folly; they had veils tied over their hats and faces and wore gloves. A deer of large size was once feeding back of his house; he watched him and every few minutes the animal would start as if mad, run a few rods, jump into a clump of bushes and tear through it to get off the mosquitoes, which were upon him, then feed awhile, and repeat the same thing. His friend shot the deer and went out to cut his throat, he had just time to do it and turn and run, the mosquitoes were so thick. They then lit a smudge of mangrove, and one held it before the other while they went out for the deer, one shouldered it while the other went beside him holding the smudge, so that he was enveloped with smoke, and so they manage to get it. It bled but a quart; it was sucked so dry, and the meat was so blue that it was thought unfit to eat, and so thrown away. The place became so bad at length that they were obliged to give it up altogether and desert it, and he declares if trees bore gold dollars he would not live there a month for a year's crop.

"A great many cattle in some localities are killed by mosquitoes and flies, actually losing their lives from these torments, and the quality of all the stock is much impaired by them. Where I am stopping, in summer, they make in the farm yard a big smoke, and the cattle from the woods all about during the day come up to the house and stand in the smoke, and at evening when the flies and mosquitoes are less numerous start off for the woods to feed, but every day return very knowingly to this protection of the smoke. Negroes will sometimes run away and take to the bush to avoid a whipping, but come back at last, driven in from their hiding places by the mosquitoes. No preventive seems yet to have been discovered for these pests. The man who can at last hit upon some successful remedy can make a limitless fortune, and do his country and the world a benefit. Grease rubbed over the exposed portions of the body is sometimes used, but it is said to be a very uncomfortable application. Whiskey is also used, but though serving well while it is on, it soon evaporates and then they are as bad as ever."

Voices that call to us.

On the shores of the Adriatic it is the custom of the wives and children of the fisherman to come down to the sea-side at sunset, and sing their national songs. After the first stanza has been sung, they listen awhile for an answering melody from the water. If such a response is not heard they continue to sing, and listen until the well-known voices of brothers and friends are borne over the waves telling them that the loved ones are returning, and then the mingling music of happy voices grows into a glad chorus of welcome, sweetening and strengthening the ties that bind together these humble dwellers by the sea.

But it is not always sunshine even in Italy, and sometimes when the tempest howls around the vexed Tyrolean coast, the poor children of the fisherman gather in the blinding spray upon the shore. Their song is changed into a wail of despair, and the welcome that was meant for returning fathers and brothers is breathed out in complaints to the unheeding storm.

We have often thought that if our dull senses were only awake to the realities of the spirit-world, we should continually hear such songs of welcome, words of warning from the better land. Though unheeded, these voices may be ever singing to us from beyond the great deeps of life,—"still small voices" it may be, little noticed which are borne to us from the land of ultimate blessedness and rest.

It is true that these voices from the better land are as yet often veiled and mysterious. Sometimes it is memory of some friend that is "fallen asleep,"—music that comes to us floating through the years, recalling a mother's gentle presence—a holy hymn of childhood returning to us from the past—all the sweeter that it is echoed from heavenly mansions, and that she who sang it first is now at rest beyond the river of death. Sometimes it is the ripple of tender harmonies from a long silent sister's lips that call to us out of the great darkness,—memories vibrant with the pulses of past happiness, and rich with promises of coming bliss—"home songs" from the better land that thrill us with a tremulous tenderness, as of some half-remember strain of music, and touch our half-awakened senses with holy pleading for a higher life.

But these voices are not always joyous. If there are "ministering spirits" who are permitted to still watch over us, and who wait to welcome us upon the shining shore, they must be sometimes painfully sensible of the perils of the voyage which we are still so hazardously prosecuting. How many a mother must look out into the blinding storm in which her child is involved, and see temptation after temptation weakening the safeguards of virtue, until that child makes shipwreck of character, and sinks in a whirlpool of sin! How many a sister must there be watching with more than human interest, the drifting back of some brother, insensible to the peril that threatens to engulf him, and who is too deaf to warnings, and too blind to danger to heed the sorrowing voice that cries to him from the heavenly shore! If there are spirits that rejoice over repenting sinners, who shall say that they do not mourn also with the holy grief of angelhood over lost ones that do not repent?

There is a deep significance in these songs of welcome, and voices of warning that come to us from the rest that remains for the people of God. Though they can only be spiritually discerned, and fall for the most part on unheeding ears, they are nevertheless, eminently fitted to inspire the Christian in his wearisome journey. As the Tyrolean fisherman leans forward with redoubled strength upon his oar, when sweet answering voices come rippling over the waters from loved ones who stand waiting upon the shore, so should our spiritual strength be quickened and our energies renewed at the thought of those who have gone home before, and whose welcome awaits us in the better land. And so in the perils and temptations of life, the thought that the wise and the good of all ages may be watching us, and sainted hearts interested in our success should inspire us with redoubled zeal. We should remember that these still whispers of welcome, or of warning, that comes to us from another world, freighted with as helpful lessons, and as holy hopes as are the noisy voices that touch and teach us here.—*N. Y. Chron.*

How to be miserable.

Think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth or in heaven either.

In heaven either. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell, for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory—(so, at least, wise men say)—that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will and do God's will, like the other angels. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be a master himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so, when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found that he had made a hell. When he wanted to be a little god for himself, he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore he saw God no more, and learned to hate Him whose name is love.—*Kingsley's Sermons.*

Why Christ left no Image.

Four men who loved Christ with a love stronger than death, wrote His life, but left no hint of His height, complexion, features, or any point that could help the mind to a personal image.

Others wrote long epistles, of which He was the Alpha and Omega; but His form is hidden by the Almighty in an undiscovered grave. The Christians' tombs and relics of the first centuries show no attempt to make an image of Christ. Too deep a sense of the divine rested upon the early church to permit of any attempt to paint the human as it appeared in Him.—*Rev. Wm. Arthur.*

Remedies for Dyspepsia.

Hall's Journal of Health says:

There are some general principles of cure applicable to all, and which will seldom fail of high advantages.

1. The entire body should be washed once a week with soap, hot water and a stiff brush.
2. Wear woollen next the skin the year round, during the day-time only.
3. By means of ripe fruits and berries, coarse bread and other coarse food, keep the bowels acting freely once in twenty-four hours.
4. Under all circumstances, keep the feet always clean, dry and warm.
5. It is most indispensable to have the fullest plenty of sound, regular, connected and refreshing sleep, in a clean, light, well-aired chamber, with windows facing the sun.
6. Spend two or three hours of every forenoon, and one or two of every afternoon, rain or shine, in the open air, in some form of interesting, exhilarating and unwearying exercise. Walking with a cheerful and entertaining companion is the very best.
7. Eat at regular times, and always slowly.
8. That food is best for each which is most relished, and is followed by the least discomfort. What has benefited or injured one is no rule for another. This eighth item is of universal application.
9. Take but a teaspoonful of any kind of drink at one meal, and let that be hot.
10. Confine yourself to coarse bread of corn, rye or wheat—to ripe, fresh, perfect fruits and berries in their natural state—and to fresh, lean meats, broiled or roasted, as meat is easier of digestion than vegetables. Milk, gravies, pastries, heavy hot bread, farinas, starches, and greasy food in general, aggravate dyspepsia by their constipating tendencies.
11. It is better to eat at regular times as often as hungry, but so little as to occasion no discomfort whatever.
12. Constantly aim to divert the mind from the bodily condition, in pleasant ways; that is half the cure in many cases.

A Touching Incident.

In the midst of the general uproar and jollity among the members of the Seventh Regiment, while in Philadelphia, (writes the special correspondent of the *Tribune*), a clean-looking, respectable old lady made her appearance, luggage a huge market-basket on each arm, and making diligent inquiry for "some of the officers." One of the sergeants was sent to inquire her business, which she stated thus: "I heard that some of you soldier men hadn't got anything to eat, and specially that you was out o' bread. Now, I've brought you some that is real good, home-made bread—some of it I made myself, and some of it a neighbour made for me. Here, take it, you are welcome to it. I want to find some one to give it to." Some of the men, of course, proposed to pay her for it, but she positively declined, saying: "No, no—I want to give it to you. I had a boy once who was a soldier in the regular army; he was all through the Mexican war, and he was killed in battle. I always feel as if I couldn't ever do too much for the soldiers. I can't give you much, boys," continued she, wiping away the tears that would come at the thought of her own "boy," "but here's my bread, and I hope some of you may like it. There's a plate of nice fresh butter there, too, and you may have the basket, and the plates, and everything. May be my boy has wanted some bread some time, and I hope some mother gave him some." Here the old lady, after a minute's struggle, broke entirely down, and with the words, "My poor boy—my dear Alfred!" she hurried away, leaving her baskets behind her.

A Mis'able Nigger.

My friend asked Anthony Box, a superb engine driver on the Ohio river, how he came to get free? "why, Massa Vincent, my heart was berry bad when I was in Kentucky; I couldn't do no kind of work; I was berry feeble; 'twas jes as much as I could do to hoe my own garden and eat the sass; and de missis what owned me see dat I was a mis'able nigger—one ob de mis'ablest kind. So I said to her, 'Missus, I am a mis'able nigger, and I ain't worth nothing, and I tink you'd better sell me, I'm such a mis'able nigger.' Now, Massa Vincent, I was such a poor nigger, that missus' greed to me for a hundred dollars, and I 'greed to try to work and earn de money to pay her, and I did, and my health has been gotten better eber since, and I specks I made 'bout nine hundred dollars dat time out of dat nigger.—*American Paper.*

When a great man stoops or trips the small men around him suddenly become greater.

Men who think that everything can be bought with their own wealth, have been bought themselves first.

Worldly joy is a sunflower, which shuts when the gleam of prosperity is over; spiritual joy is an evergreen—an unfading plant.

The ladies of Naples have prepared a magnificently decorated tent for presentation to Victor Emanuel.

It is said that Juan de Bourbon, the Spanish Pretender, has sailed from England with his suite for the purpose of seizing the Spanish throne.

An exchange says that, "In the absence of both editors the publisher had succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper that week."