

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, April 7th, 1861.

Read—MATT. ix. 1-17: Sabbath Miracles. 2 KINGS vi. 19-33: The Famine in Samaria.
Recite—M. THREW vii. 23-27.

Sunday, April 14th, 1861.

Read—MATT. ix. 18-38: Miraculous cure of the ruler's daughter. 2 KINGS vii. 1-20: The Samaritans abundantly supplied.
Recite—MATTHEW ix. 10-13.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

27. Give the name of a person represented in Scripture as a great builder and reformer.
28. When was a want of reverence in the execution of the ministerial office punished with death?

Answers to questions given last week:—

25. There is no record from that time, until God said unto Noah, when all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth, "The end of all flesh is come before me." Gen. vi. 12, 13.
26. Babylon. Jeremiah i. 23.

SOMETHING ABOUT A DOG.—A touching incident occurred on the banks of the Thames near Richmond, early on Thursday last, which is stated to us by a lady of title, who strolling near the spot, was an eye witness. A young gentleman possessed of a fine dog but for some unexplained cause wishing to get rid of him, took a punt into which he put the animal, rowed to the middle of the stream, and threw the dog into it with the intention of drowning him. The poor animal tried several times, till almost wearied, to climb up the perpendicular sides of the boat, but his owner as often pushed him back, when overbalancing himself, he fell overboard; as soon as the faithful dog saw his master in the water, he ceased his efforts to save himself, seized him by the clothes, and in that position held him till assistance was rendered by means of which the life of the unrelenting master was saved.—*Court Circular.*

THE TWO RIVERS.—In Switzerland there are two rivers which mingle their waters and form one river. The water of the one is turbid, the other very clear. When they first meet, the waters refuse to mingle. The clean and muddy flow along, forming one river; but you can clearly distinguish the one from the other. By degrees the clear, bright waters of the one become united with those of the other, and the clearness is lost forever.

Virtuous and vicious persons can associate for a time, keeping their characters distinct. But if the association be continued, the virtuous, pure character will become soiled by the vicious. No one can associate freely with the wicked without becoming in some measure like them.

A SHORT SERMON ON MANLINESS.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the perils of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed unto him by the breath of fashion.—*Sydney Smith.*

Paragraphs.

Remember what a world of gossip would be prevented if it was only remembered that a person who tells you of the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults!

"Heroine" is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language; the first two letters of it are a male, the first three a female, the first four a brave man and the whole word a brave woman.

A cobweb marriage is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries: "Married, last week, John Cob to Miss Kate Webb."

Nothing betrays so much weakness of understanding, as not to perceive the misery of man without God. Nothing is a surer token of extreme baseness of spirit, than not to wish for the reality of eternal promises. No man is so truly a coward, as he that acts brave against heaven.

When the Scriptures speak of the Messiah as great and glorious, it is evident they refer to his judging the world, and not to his redeeming it.

How delightful it is to behold, with the eye of faith, Darius, Cyrus, Alexander, the Romans, Pompey, and Herod, all conspiring, without knowing it, to promote the glory of the Gospel!

He is the true God to us men; that is, to miserable and sinful creatures; He is the centre of all, and the object of all. He who knows not him knows nothing either in the order of the world, or in himself. For not only do we know nothing of God but by Jesus Christ, but we know nothing of ourselves also, but by Jesus Christ alone.—*Pascal.*

An Angel in the Stone.

It is related of Michael Angelo, that while walking with some friends through an obscure street in the city of Florence, he discovered a fine block of marble lying neglected in a yard, and half buried in dirt and rubbish. Regardless of his holiday attire, he at once fell to work upon it, clearing away its filth, and striving to lift it from the slime and mire in which it lay. His companions asked in astonishment what he was doing, and what he wanted with that worthless piece of rock? "O, there's an angel in the stone," was the answer, "and I must get it out." An angel in the stone! Strange home for an angel! To common observers, there was nothing there but a shapeless mass, jagged, unsightly, and crusted all over with nauseous deposits. But the trained eye of the artist detected its capabilities at a glance, and saw, beneath its repulsive surface, the pure and sparkling material from which skill and labor might call forth a form of celestial beauty. Full of this prophetic feeling, he had the block removed to his studio, and, after freeing it from mud and weather stains, commenced, with mallet and chisel, to let the angel out. Long and patiently he toiled. For months, years almost, he only could see the angel. But as stroke after stroke beat upon the walls of his prison, faint glimpses began to appear, now of the face; now of the limbs, now of the drapery; till, at last, the enveloping barriers fell off, and the perfect angel stood forth, the Glory of Art, and the Wonder of the world.

There's an angel in the stone. Aye, in religion even more than in sculpture it is so. As the artist beheld the angel of his thought sleeping in the marble, so may the Christian see, imbedded in the darkest minds around him, capacities out of which angels may grow. True it is, that man, in his present abnormal state, is deeply depraved, destitute of holy affections, sunk in guilt and ruin. But his moral faculties, though paralyzed and dormant, are not destroyed. He has still the power of being enlightened by truth—the power of being regenerated by the Spirit—the power of being saved by God's grace. Though sin has killed the angel that dwelt first in his soul, another may spring up from its ashes, fairer, mightier, and deathless. There are none so imbruted, none so steeped in pollution, none so lost to all that is good, that they may not be raised from their debasement, and transformed into glorified ones! Go to the foulest dens of vice, where the lawless and desperate herd together, where lust and brutality hold carnival, where crime glares upon you in all its hideous varieties, and the last spark of whatever is noble in humanity seems drowned in bestial riot, or trampled out under the heel of violence. Go among the crowds of untaught, unblest children in our large towns and cities, the orphans with no parental hand to lead them, the worse than orphans whose parents are leading them to perdition, the newsboys, the rag-pickers, the crossing-sweepers, the desolate, the homeless, walking life's journey arm in arm with hunger and guilt. Go to the rudest miner, the roughest frontiersman, the most ignorant slave, the wildest savage, the most besotted pagan—go where you will, up and down this sin-blighted world—there are angels in the stones. You may not perceive them. The stones may appear to you hard, insensate, soulless, may so offend your taste, that you may recoil from them, and tread elsewhere. But in each of these stones, over which you daily step, or which you thrust thoughtlessly from your path, there lies hidden a jewel that, under the touch of the Divine Lapidary, may yet sparkle in the diadem of heaven.

There's an angel in that stone. How shall it be brought out? Mere human agencies can never do it. Education may set up her model, law ply its hammer, and punishment its chisel; but no angel will be developed. The stone may in this way be hewn, polished, made square or round—and that is all. He alone who created the soul can restore its lost holiness, and form it anew in the likeness of the pure dwellers above. And for this He has made all needful provision. He has sent His Son into the world to bring Life and Immortality to light; and to offer on the Cross an expiation for sin, through which the most depraved and miserable may return to God, and obtain eternal happiness. And the publication of this Gospel—the bringing it, with all its promises, and hopes, and terrors, into direct contact with the consciences and hearts of men—is the instrument which, when wielded by the quickening Spirit, can make the dull granite of their nature breathe and glow seraphic life and loveliness.

Here, then, is your work—here the means for achieving it—appointed by the great Master Builder. Would you evoke from the rugged rock of humanity ethereal forms more glorious than sculptor ever graved, or poet ever dreamed? Bear the message of salvation to the darkling and perishing. Seek out the friendless, the wandering, the lost. Pour the sunlight of Hope into the drear abodes where Want and Despair shiver and cower. Gather the outcasts to the sanctuary. Lead the neglected child into the Sabbath school. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, succor the tempted, lift up the fallen. Carry with you as your talisman—your Word of Power—the love of Christ to sinners; and at that word, spoken in faith and prayer, the rocks will open, and bright angels come forth. Shrink not from labor; faint not at delay. The brave Italian wrought hard and long before the stubborn marble gave back his idea. Be patient. Follow up your work with blow on blow, effort after effort, and your success shall be certain as his, and infinitely more rewarding. His angel, even after he had done for it all that mind and hands could do, was only a dead angel, cold, silent, unconscious. No answering look, no kindling sympathy, no grateful affection repaid his toil. It was a stone still. But the angels, which you may be instru-

mental in forming, will be *live* angels, warm with love to the Saviour and to you; angels moving by your side, feeling what you feel, speaking as you speak—helpers in the ministry of mercy here, partners in the recompense of glory hereafter.

There's a devil in the stone. Alas, no labor is needed to bring him out. He comes out of himself. He is the spontaneous growth of human depravity. And all the ungodly influences of the world conspire to aid in his development. Literature, politics, fashion, amusements, dram-shops, theatres, irreligious associations, corrupting examples—these, directly or indirectly, separate or combined, are working constantly and powerfully to educate the devil in our nature. Let all the forces of the Gospel be marshalled to oppose and counteract the endeavor. Let the church of Christ throw herself, with all her resources, into the battle with iniquity. God, and God's purposes, are on her side, and her triumph is sure. Satan shall be expelled from his throne in human hearts. And then, over the whole earth, through all the tribes of our once ruined race, shall be seen the angel that man may be, in place of the Devil that man is.—*W. & R.*

From Zion's Advocate.

Who Killed the Prayer-meeting?

No. 6.

What a singular question that is! "Who killed the prayer meeting?" Why, the meeting was but just alive when it commenced; so it seemed to me one evening, when I went to fill my seat in such a meeting as usual. It was easy to perceive that it was in a dying state before the first quarter of an hour had passed. The introductory hymn was sung in such a low dragging manner, that it reminded one of the end of all things, at least of some good things. And some of the other services corresponded with this, and I was meditating, and I think weeping, over the closing scene. The prayer meeting had been like a kind friend to me. It had been my comforter in hours of sorrow, and a source of strength in a dying state, and my soul was full of grief. Oh how desolate everything appeared to me then, and I said with the lamenting prophet, "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed!" But just then a member of the church who had not attended such meetings for a long time, and who had been in a cold backsliden state, said "Let us pray." He knelt down, and began in earnest to confess his sins and the sins of others, implored forgiveness, expressed a determination to live differently, and asked God to help him perform his duty, and help all the church to "wake out of sleep" and be more devoted. There was something in the spirit of the prayer that betrayed a want of humility and meekness, but still it was fervent in tone and language, and coming from one whose voice had not been heard there for a long time, it produced an effect on all present. The meeting seemed to revive somewhat and I said to myself, "Well, I am glad that the brother has waked up, for he has been asleep some time." One or two others pruned or spoke immediately after with increased animation, and the signs of life were increasing. But, at length, that brother who had been asleep so long, and whose spiritual inactivity had been a source of much grief to the pastor and all the faithful ones in the church, got up and commenced exhortation. He said but little about himself or his past indifference but lectured most thoroughly the other members of the church for being in such a cold inactive state. As he proceeded, his feelings became more intense, and for about five minutes before he closed, he appeared to be fairly scolding at those around him. After he sat down my heart involuntarily gave a sigh, and I said again to myself "Well, I am glad you have waked, but then I was sorry that he had waked up cross."

It was to me a very bad symptom in the case. For I had noticed previously that when persons waked up in that way, one of two things generally followed. They either after blistering and scolding for little time went to sleep again, or they went off into some heresy and excitement where mere feeling or fanaticism is made the test of religion. I was glad that the brother had waked up, but sorry that he waked up cross.

I need not say how that meeting closed. The revival which it seemed at one time to have, was only the precursor of death. The spirit departed, while the brother was speaking, and the form was disposed of in the usual manner.

One word to those professors of religion who are asleep. It is now high time that you awake out of sleep, but pray God, that for your own sake, and the sake of others, that you may not wake up cross, and scold at those who have been working and praying all the time you have been asleep.

BUNYAN.

A Secure Investment.

Says the Baltimore *Christian Advocate*:—Once, we were in the counting-house of an old gentleman, whose prudence and success in business made him a desirable adviser in the management of money. A clergyman came in and said, "I have some money, and I want to ask advice about an investment. I want something secure." A twinkle played about the old gentleman's eye, and then he indulged in a hearty laugh at the innocence of the good parson, and replied, "If you want a secure investment you must seek it out of this world, for I know of none in it." The remark was undoubtedly just.

A little thing comforts us, because a little thing afflicts us.

Agriculture, &c.

Horse Taming.

At a recent exhibition in Boston of the wonderful power Mr. Rarey has over the horse, the third one introduced was a wild horse from South America, whose numerous antics on entering, made very evident the statement of Mr. Rarey that "he had never been broke except to the halter." But before the nimble mustang left he was thoroughly "broke" in every sense of the word, and had effectually learned the lesson which the tamer impresses upon every horse which comes under his influence, that "man is the master." In less than fifteen minutes time, this rampant little nag had become the very pattern of gentleness and humility. So there was no further use for him, and he was led away bestowing, as he disappeared, a remarkably meek look upon the audience, as much as to say, "I'm a used up horse." After the exhibition of two diminutive Shetland ponies, a magnificent stallion was led in by the attendants, who were careful to keep at a good distance from him, using all the latitude the ropes allowed of. He was indeed a magnificent specimen of horse flesh, with an eye betokening almost human intelligence, and which excited a murmur of approbation from the whole audience. A most vicious beast, for four years he had been entirely unmanageable, having killed two keepers, and injured several others. He kicked, struck with his fore feet, and repeatedly endeavored to bite the tamer, through his heavy muzzle. But it was all labor lost; he fared no better than his predecessors, and in a short time was so thoroughly subjugated as to allow Mr. Rarey to sit upon his back, handle his fore and hind feet, even lay them on his face, pull him about the stage while stretched on his back, and most surprising of all, to remove the muzzle and thrust his hand, and then his arm, into the animal's mouth.

In this subduing process, the first end to be attained by the subduer is a thorough understanding between himself and the horse. The animal must be convinced by a certain course of humane treatment, he never can be by ill-usage—that man is his master, and by quiet submission no harm or suffering will come to him; make this impression upon him, and he yields himself completely to your power. To accomplish this, Mr. Rarey, with a skilful manœuvre, manages to take away the use of one leg by attaching a strap to the fetlock, which is then drawn up through the girth or belly-band, and fastened short enough to remove the foot from the floor. After the lapse of a few moments the other fore leg is treated in the same manner, and the horse is thrown upon his knee-joints. In this condition he is powerless, yet does not give up. But seeing that his exertions to rise or to injure the tamer are futile, in a few moments he rolls over upon his side thoroughly conquered. The principal object is accomplished, and now that he is in his power, the tamer caresses him, strokes his mane, lies by his side with his arm encircling his neck, and thus convinces the animal that he would not harm him on any account. He perceives no ill disposition in the master, and he will manifest none himself. A feeling of sympathy has been established between man and beast. This constitutes the whole secret of Mr. Rarey's wonderful power over horses. A single lesson will not suffice, as is generally supposed, but four or five days are required to accomplish the complete subjugation of an animal. Besides proving so clearly this general principle, which should be followed by horse managers, Mr. Rarey has presented some most valuable suggestions as to the best method of lifting a horse's foot from the ground, mounting the saddle, and stopping the animal when attempting to run away.

I have often, said he, been angry with farriers for the bawling and careless way in which they took hold of a hoof, when about to shoe it. There is a right and wrong way. Don't grab at it, as if it was a roasted apple in a furnace, but begin thus—pat the horse's neck, pat his shoulder, lean yourself familiarly against the upper part of his leg, run your hand gently and soothingly down to his foot, and then easily, steadily (not steady by jerks) take it up—all motive for resistance being absent, the foot will lie peacefully in the hand, the nerves are relaxed, and you can throw it up, and up, and there will be no trouble.

In mounting a horse, many people go to work with the wrong end first, as indeed they do about everything. It's as simple as possible. You don't want to have all of your weight come on one side of the horse; if you do, the saddle is drawn on one side, and it is not easy for the horse to sustain it, but you should now place your hand on his neck, bearing thereon so that the hand shall balance the foot, then spring lightly in. You can do this as well when the saddle is ungirded as when tightly fastened.

In the head the horse has immense power. No man can ever hope to hold in a running horse by pulling evenly upon the bit; he might as well try to lift himself over a fence by pulling at his boot-strap; it can't be done. When a horse's head is turned to one side he is compelled to so arrange his legs that they will properly balance him—he cannot run forward—therefore my advice would be, if a horse is running away, or if he refuses to go, to pull tightly as I now do upon the right rein, and force the horse to describe a circle for an indefinite period of time, after which, you may depend upon it, he will not attempt the same trick.

I see no greater difficulty in believing the resurrection of the dead, or the conception of the Virgin, than the creation of the world. Is it less easy to reproduce a human body than it was to produce it at first?