

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22ND, 1862.

Read—JOHN vi. 35-52: Christ the bread of Life.
Deut. vii.: Union with idolatrous nations forbidden.

Recite—JOHN vi. 27-29.

SUNDAY, JUNE 29TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN vi. 53-71: Peter's confession. **DEUT. viii.**: An exhortation to obedience.
Recite—JOHN vi. 35-40.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

153. What instances can you find in the Bible of miraculous darkness?
154. What instances can you find in the Bible of miraculous light?

Answers to questions given last week:—

151. 1 Kings xvii. 22. 2 Kings iv. 34: xiii. 21.
152. Matt. ix. 25: xxvii. 52-53. Luke vii. 11-15. John xi. Acts ix. 40: xx. 9.

Little Jerry and his Dog.

THE TWO WATCHERS.—A couple of discontented cows came down the hill pasture to a little patch of corn, and looked over. It was grandmother Muggins' corn, and it was fenced round. The cows had all the pasture on all the hill, east, west, north, and south, besides a little brook. But it did not satisfy them, for you know that some it is impossible to satisfy; for the more they have the more they want, which was the case with these cows, else why should they look into grandmother Muggins' little patch? They pushed their noses between the rails, and sniffed the growing corn. What if they should use their crumpled horns, hook off a rail, and walk in? This is what grandmother Muggins thought; therefore, "Little Jerry," said she, "I am going to carry a basket of clean clothes to the hospital; you and Wagtail watch the cows, and don't let them break into the corn."

Wagtail, hearing his name called, began to wag his tail. "I will keep the cows out," answered Jerry with a consequential air; "it takes me to look after the corn," and Jerry strutted away with Wagtail at his heels. "Wagtail," said he, "you might as well go with the clean clothes; I can look after the cows and the corn."

Can you? wagged Wagtail humbly. Little Jerry was tired with his long tramp from the school house. Wagtail had been in the forest hunting a wood chuck, and he was tired. So they both sat down on the flat rock. The cows from beyond the fence eyed the little boy, and the little boy eyed the cows. Jerry shook his fist, and the cows shook their heads. At length Jerry nodded, and he nodded till he fell asleep, and the cows taking the advantage, began to pry the rails with their crumpled horns. Wagtail had his ears pricked. He sat up as alert as a soldier. He sleep! not he; and no sooner did the cows show their designs upon the corn, than he ran down and barked, and he barked and he barked till grandmother Muggins came home and found—little Jerry fast asleep.

"Trust him who makes no boasts," said grandmother Muggins, patting the faithful Wagtail on the head.—*Child's Paper.*

An Incident with a Moral.

A chaplain in one of the regiments on the Potomac narrates the case of a sick soldier, which strikingly illustrates the reasoning of many men in the camp, and out of it. Some one had mentioned to the soldier the case of the Vermont soldier who was sentenced to be shot, for sleeping on his post. During the evening following the sick man imagined he was the one to be shot. The surgeon being called, the following conversation ensued:—

"Doctor, I am to be shot in the morning, and wish you to send for the chaplain. I desire to make all necessary preparations for my end."

"They shall not shoot you; I'll take care of you. Whoever comes to take you from here, I shall have them arrested, and put under guard."

"Will you, dear doctor? Thank you, thank you—well then, you need not send for the chaplain just yet."

Not Bad.

Wills Brown, or "Box" Brown, as he is usually called, a bright mulatto, who stole himself from slavery some years ago, made a capital speech last week. The following is a specimen of his answer to some of the objections to the abolition of slavery:

But they tell us, "If the slaves are emancipated, we won't receive them upon an equality." Why, every man must make equality for himself. No society, no government, can make this equality. I do not expect the slave of the South to jump into equality; all I claim for him is, that he may be allowed to jump into liberty, and let him make equality for himself (loud applause.) I have got some white neighbors around me; they are not very intellectual; they don't associate with my family, (laughter and applause;) but whenever they shall improve themselves, and bring themselves up by their own intellectual and moral worth, I shall not object to their coming into my society, (renewed merriment.)

Speaking after death.

Influence is more than a creature of time. Men speak after they are dead. Of others than Abel the declaration is appropriate, "He being dead, yet speaketh." The pious and good are the salt of the earth and the light of the world; they are way-marks and stars that direct and attract others in the right way. So is now the Christian surrounded by a cloud of witnesses, who stimulate him by their example to be good and do good. This influence does not cease with this life. In many instances unquestionably the influence of the good upon the living is greater after than before their death.

The fame of some authors has been greater, and their influence greater, in succeeding ages than in their own. This is eminently true of John Milton, Richard Baxter, John Bunyan, and many others whose names any reader can recall. Instead of dying out, their influence is flowing on in ever widening circles; and this fact ought to stimulate the living to cast forth a good influence; if we are to continue to speak after we are dead. What an argument is this for a correct life, and what a dissuasive against a perversion of the talents with which God has endowed men!—We have had cases in which infidel writers, in their last moments, have wished to destroy their writings, that these should not propagate error after their death. But the wish has been in vain; it was too late to amend the wrong. It is a sad fact, that infidel books continue to lead others astray, whose doctrines their authors repented of, on their dying beds.

The living build monuments in a great many ways, by which they speak after death.—One does not need to erect literally a temple, church or chapel, construct a mausoleum, pyramid, or asylum, to perpetuate his memory, when he is gone. *Be good and do good, and your name shall live in human hearts; you shall speak from generation to generation; and your record shall be on high.* This opportunity have all they that love and serve God.—*Morning Star.*

Antiquity of Loafers.

It may be consoling to some busy people, who groan over the losses of time occasioned by the visits of idlers, to know that similar feelings have been experienced ages ago, as is revealed by a curious inscription discovered among the ruins at Pompeii:

The excavations at the buried cities of Pompeii, Herculaneum, Pozzerol and Capua are going on with renewed vigor, under the stimulus of an appropriation of money for the purpose from the Italian government. Heretofore Naples had the work under its exclusive care and control. At Pompeii new frescoes have been discovered, and there is an inscription on the wall of what was probably a workshop of some kind, as follows:—"Otiosus hic locus non est. *Discede, Morator.*" This may be translated, "This place is not for the lazy. Loafers, depart." This inscription is as good for industrial establishments of modern times, as it was for those of ancient Pompeii. Its discovery is interesting, from the fact that it shows that human nature was the same eighteen centuries ago in Italy, as it is now in America; that there were lazy folks and loafers who would intrude into workshops, and waste the time or divert the attention of the workmen; and that it became necessary to put up inscriptions, giving a general warning to all such to depart.—*Eve. Bulletin.*

Noble Answer of a Martyr.

"Do you love your wife and your children, and will you not recant for all these?" said an inquisitor, in the time of the Netherlands persecution, to a poor school-master, who had been arrested for Bible-reading. "God knows," answered the poor school-master, "that were the earth a globe of gold, and the stars all pearls, and they my own, I would give them all to have my wife and children with me, though I must live on bread and water, and in bondage; yet neither for life, nor wife, nor earth, nor stars, can I renounce Jesus, my Redeemer." Was the heart of the inquisitor moved? No! He only racked his victim till he died.

The Beech Tree.

The beech tree is said to be a non-conductor of lightning. So notorious is the fact, that the Indians, whenever the sky wears the appearance of a thunder storm, leave their pursuits and take refuge under the nearest beech tree. In Tennessee the people consider it complete protection. Dr. Beeton, in a letter to Mr. Mitchell states that the beech tree is never known to be struck by atmospheric electricity, while other trees are often shattered into splinters. May not a knowledge of this afford protection to many when exposed?

God a Sun.

The sunlight makes the violet blossom. No surgeon's instrument can make flowers bloom, and no hammer can drive them forth. But the sweet, persuading sun can call them out. A seed is planted. The sun looks, and kisses the place, and a root starts. It looks again, and kisses the place again, and a green plant appears above the ground! It looks once more, and a beautiful white blossom unfolds itself! And thus it is with the soul. No logic can pry out these things. No philosophy can drive them forth. But let God's sweet, persuading Spirit rest upon ours awhile, and they come up and blossom. The soul is the garden of the Lord.

The right motive.

I once had occasion to present a certain charity to a prosperous mechanic. He seemed not much inclined to help it; but, after listening to my representations awhile, he at length suddenly gave way, and made a handsome subscription.

In due time he paid it cheerfully and said, "Do you know what carried the point with me that day when you made the application?"

"No," I replied.

"Well, I'll tell you. I was not much moved by anything you said, till you came to mention that fact about the Israelites: 'He that gathered much had nothing over; and he that gathered little had no lack.' Thinks I, that's just my own history. Once, I was a poor, hard-working young man. Now I've got a good deal of property; but as for real comfort and use, I get no more out of it than I did then. Now, when I gather much, I have nothing over; and then, when I gathered little, I had no lack. That came so pat to my case that I gave up at once."

I had, without knowing it, "touched him in the right spot." And that point will touch many a man in the right spot. What thoughtful man, who has passed through various conditions, has had his ups and downs, as the saying is, does not know that abundance can yield a man no more than simple competency; that compensating weights are somehow put in—both sides of the scales which pretty nearly equalize our different conditions. Why, the heathen knew it long ago. Hesiod and Horace have expressed it with a beauty not to be surpassed. And the wisest and wisest observer of human life has told us, that "when goods increase, they are increased that eat them; and what good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding of them with their eyes?"

John Jacob Astor was once complimented on the enormous wealth which he had accumulated. "Would you be willing," said he to the person who made the remark, "to take care of all this property for a maintenance?"

"No," said the other. "I would think myself entitled to better commission than that." "Well," said Mr. Astor, "that's all that I get out of it."

That's all that any man can get out of the largest heaps of worldly accumulation, except as he "shakes the superfluous" to holy and charitable objects, and turns the mere unused surplus of his wealth into its most solid and enduring part, treasuring it up in "bags which wax not old," and converting it into a "treasure in the heavens, which faileth not."

Self-Importance.

I have sometimes witnessed a curious manifestation of this vain sense of self-importance. Did you ever, my reader, chance upon such a spectacle as this:—A very common-place man, and even a very great blockhead, standing in a drawing-room where a large party of people is assembled, with a grin of self-complacent superiority upon his unmeaning face? I am sure you understand the thing I mean. I mean a look which conveyed that, in virtue of some hidden store of genius or power, he could survey with a calm, cynical loftiness, the little conversation and interests of ordinary mortals. You know the kind of interest with which a human being would survey the distant approaches to reason of an intelligent dog, or a colony of ants. I have seen this expression on the face of one or two of the great blockheads I ever knew. I have seen such a one wear it while clever men were carrying on a conversation in which he could not have joined to have saved his life. Yet you could see that (who can tell how?) the poor creature had somehow persuaded himself that he occupied a position from which he could look down on his fellow-men in general. Or was it rather that the poor creature knew he was a fool, and fancied that thus he could disguise the fact? I dare say there was a mixture of both feelings.—*Country Parson.*

MR. BEECHER ON NEWSPAPERS.—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in the course of his sermon at the Plymouth Church last night, made an eloquent plea for newspapers, speaking of them as one of the most potent elements of our civilization. "There is," said he, "a common vulgar objection about newspapers that 'they lie'; so they don't lie any more than you do. Man is naturally a lying creature. Truth is a gift from Heaven, and very few of us possess it before they get there. The newspaper gives both fact and rumors, and they would be blamed if they did not do so. It is for the reader to judge of these rumors. The last economy should be in regard to newspapers. It is better to deprive the body of some ribbon or jewel or garment, than to deprive the mind of its sustenance."

THE GRACE OF GOOD NATURE.—Good nature is the best feature in the finest face. Wit may raise admiration, judgment may command respect, and knowledge attention; beauty may inflame the heart with love, but good nature has a more powerful effect; it adds a thousand attractions to the charms of beauty, and gives an air of beneficence to the most homely face.

If the spirit, and example, and precepts of Jesus Christ have not taught us to love our fellow-creatures, we have no title whatever to the name and hope of Christians.—*Channing.*

Giving is a test of receiving. The unfilled cistern cannot overflow. A man, seeking to impart grace to the souls of others, has at least some proof that he has received grace for his own.

Stray Leaves.—No. 3.

A LEAF OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Poor miserable hypocrite! if the Lord wanted you in his vineyard, he would show it by blessing your labors. Now, just be honest and stop! you are only imposing on the people, deceiving yourself, and mocking God." Thus Satan, in his garb of religious monitor, often speaks, tempting God's servants, trying their faith, and disturbing their peace.

In a time of coldness this temptation is a common one. It probably has most force, however, on those who have but recently entered on the work of the Christian ministry. For the encouragement of such I will relate an incident of my first pastorate.

I began—as beginners will—with a large share of enthusiasm. I studied hard, preached often and earnestly—visited from house to house, but, alas! I found "Old Adam" to be too strong for young Melancthon." No fruits! No converts! Now the thought flashed through my mind, "You are in the wrong place—this is not your work—this is evident, for your labors are not blessed." It became to me a dread pall of darkness shutting out much of my comfort, and often having a sickening and disheartening effect. At times I endeavored to combat it, by pleading that the congregation was increasing—the people heard attentively—saints were edified, and I trusted that souls would yet be saved. God's time would come. I was comforted for the present. But as months rolled on, and still no change, my heart sunk within me. I besought the Lord with tears that he would condescend to vindicate the truth, and recognize me as his servant, by giving me at least one soul for my hire, so that Satan's chain—with which he had bound me might be broken, and that the people (whom to add to my sorrow, had begun to be impatient,) might see that I was indeed sent of God. Light at length dawned—my prayer was answered.—Thus I discovered it.

One afternoon I called at a house at which I had never called before. A lady received me whom I remembered to have seen occasionally at meeting. We entered into conversation; I found her in the possession of a newly-born hope.

"Sir," said she, "do you remember preaching from Num. x. 29?" "Yes; I well remember it, for it was one of my darkest and least enjoyed seasons." "Under that sermon, Sir, the Lord in his mercy met me, and now I am anxious to follow him in his appointed way.—She was accepted by the church as a candidate for baptism. A few days before the time appointed she came to me in sorrow. Her husband, an irreligious man, opposed her baptism. What must she do? I advised her to let nothing deter her from the performance of her duty, to the Saviour. The day came—her husband was prevailed upon to go with her to the chapel. That morning's sermon was blessed to his conversion. The persecutor became a believer, and he too was baptized. Husband and wife received the hand of fellowship together, and this was the commencement of a good work in that place. Thus God, in his mercy, shattered this temptation of the adversary, and it has never never had much power over me since.

Neither let it have power over you, my brother. Remember that God's promises are sure. He is never slack concerning them—never a moment beyond the appointed season. To your view he may appear to delay, because you are ignorant of His time, and fix your own; but fulfillment will come, probably when you least expect it. You know that often God had promised Abraham a son, that patriarch went childless for years, yet, in due time—that is God's time—Isaac was born.

The realization of the prophetic dreams of Joseph seemed to be afar off, when that virtuous youth lay in the Egyptian dungeon, yet from that very prison he came to bear almost regal sway. Answers to our prayers and results of our labors are often withheld for a season, from wise motives, doubtless.

Perhaps, my brother, you have need to be taught how to patiently wait—how to "stand still and see God's salvation." The time of waiting is undoubtedly trying when you so earnestly desire the blessing, and are ready to cry with God's ancient servant, "Has God forgotten to be gracious?" Yet it is good to wait patiently His time. Everything is beautiful in its season. That fruit is the richest and most wholesome which is fully ripe. Be not impatient, then, and seek to pluck the fruit whilst it is green. Be content to let it ripen. Let patience possess your soul. Let that heavenly grace have perfect work. Be certain that He who hath promised is sure; that He cannot fail, and that you will not wait in vain.

Now, when this temptation of which I have spoken assails you, or any of a kindred character, just remember the source whence it comes—straight from Satan: his object in sending it is to annoy you if he cannot spoil you; to hinder the work of God if he cannot stop it. "Resist the devil, and he will flee from you." And as you have sufficient evidence that the Lord did call you to this work, by placing a "woe" within you "if you preached not this gospel," then, in the strength that God supplies, go on in your work boldly, valiantly, earnestly, and prayerfully, leaving results to Him who hath said, "It is not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit." In due time you shall reap if you faint not.—*Canada Baptist.*

Solomon says, "The words of the pure are pleasant words," or words of pleasantness.

Never turn a blessing round to see if it has a dark side to it.

A word fitly spoken or written will often prove as a nail in a sure place.