

Wool's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVII. 11-25: Christ condemned. Exodus XIX.: The Israelites come to Sinai.
Recite—MATTHEW XXVII. 1, 2.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVII. 26-38: The Crucifixion. Exodus XX.: The Ten Commandments.
Recite—MATTHEW XXVII. 24, 25.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

117. How many persons does the Bible mention by the name of SIMON? Distinguish them.
118. Name the first miracle wrought by a prophet.

Answers to questions given last week:—

115. Bullocks, sheep, goats, turtle-doves, and young pigeons.
116. The whale. Gen. i. 21.

Christ and the little ones.

"The Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"He is healing the people who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say.
And now I shall carry the children,
Little Rachel, and Simeon, and John;
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly,
But he shook his head, and smiled;
"Now, who but a doating mother
Would think of a thing so wild?
If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel—"

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care:
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there.
If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So, over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between;
Among the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees list'ning,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
See'st not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth and healeth disease?"
Then Christ said: "Forbid not the children,
Permit them to come unto Me!"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he sat on his knee;

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted as earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love;
As he said of the babes in his bosom,
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

—Julia Gill, in *Little Pilgrim*.

What a Testament did.

It used to make me shudder to her Willie H—
pass the house, he was so profane. Many times
I have called my little ones from their play, when
I have seen Willie passing the house, as he drove
a neighbor's cows to and from the pasture. Such
vulgar and profane language I had never heard
from the lips of a child. One day a lady called
him to her.

"Do you go to a school, Willie?"
A gruff "No," was the only reply.
"Can you read?"
"No, not much; and don't want to."
The lady pitied the boy. He had no encourage-
ment or instruction at home. His parents
were very poor, and what is far worse, vicious,
and the people with whom he lived saw little to
encourage them to instruct him. After a few
kind inquiries,

"Will you call a minute as you go back,
Willie?"
He assented, with a look of wonder, and she
procured a nice New Testament, and wrote his
name in it. In due time he called, seemed pleas-
ed at the interest the lady felt in him, and pro-
mised her that he would try to pick out at least
one verse a day in his New Testament, and that
he would go to meeting the next Sabbath.

Now, a year passed. Among those who steady-
ly worship at yonder sanctuary, there is not a
more punctual or attentive worshipper than
Willie H—. I love to watch him, as he sits
with his eyes riveted on the minister, seeming to
drink in every word he utters. The same little
Testament-reader, is seen in the Sabbath-school
as often as the week comes round, with his les-
son well learned, and his hair neatly brushed
back from a fine open brow, and his clean "go-
to-meeting suit." You would not recognize him
as the ragged, rough, vulgar boy of a year ago.

He still passes my house with his daily errand,
but the children are no longer called away at
his approach. He is as modest and respectful
as he was formerly rude and profane.

The sympathy of Jesus.

Christians often fail to understand the con-
solations flowing from the humanity of Christ.
He took our nature to be one with us in all re-
spects but sin, and the heart, when bowed in trou-
ble or apprehension, finds a strong support in
His sympathy, from a personal experience of its
own troubles. The following good remarks we
find in an exchange:

Jesus suffered. He suffered that He might
experimentally and personally know what His
people have to endure and pass through. He
wished to know all about us—to be as nearly like
us as He could. He now knows not only what
we feel, but how we feel. No angel in heaven
knows this; no angel can, for an angel never
suffered. The tenderness of Jesus, is far beyond
the tenderness of an angel; yea, of all the an-
gels in heaven. He knows what bodily pains
are; and He knows what mental agitation, de-
jection and agony mean. His nerves were shaken.
His soul was troubled. His body suffered
from hunger, thirst, cold, weariness and wounds.
He suffered in every part, and from every pos-
sible cause. He knows, therefore, the strength
necessary to bear, and the comfort needful to
sustain. He feels for us. More, He feels with
us. He is our Head, and we are His members.
The sympathy of the head with the members is
quick, constant, tender, perfect. Such is the
sympathy of Jesus. Suffering one, Christ alone
can suitably sympathize with thee; because He
alone can so sympathize as to sustain, sanctify
sufferings, and certainly and honorably deliver
thee. Jesus always has His eye upon thee; nor
does He look on unaffected, for His eye affecteth
His heart. He is touched, tenderly affected,
with the feeling of your infirmities. He will
not lay on you more than you can bear, nor will
He allow any one else to do so. His mercy is
exquisitely tender, and His compassions fail not.
Look to Jesus under all your sorrows, sufferings
and pains, and draw comfort from this—Jesus
feels with me.

"When He saw the multitudes, He was moved
with compassions on them, because they faint-
ed and were scattered abroad," or, were tired
and lay down, "as sheep having no shepherd."
—Matt. 9: 36.—W. & R.

Keeping a Diary.

If a man keeps no diary, the path crumbles
away behind him as his feet leave it; and days
gone by are but little more than a blank, broken
by a few distorted shadows. His life is all con-
fined within this limits of to-day. Who does not
know how imperfect a thing memory is? It not
merely forgets; it misleads. Things in memory
do not merely fade away, preserving as they fade
their own lineaments so long as they can be seen,
they change their aspect, they change their
place, they turn to something quite different
from the fact. In the picture of the past, which
memory unaided by any written record sets be-
fore us, the perspective is entirely wrong. How
expressively some events seem quite recent,
which the diary shows are really far away; and
how unaccountably many things look far away,
which in truth, are not left many weeks behind
us! A man might almost as well not have lived
at all as entirely forget that he has lived, and en-
tirely forget what he did on those departed days.
But I think that almost every person would feel
a great interest in looking back, day by day,
upon what he did and thought upon that day
twelve months, that day three or five years. The
trouble of writing the diary is very small. A
few lines, a few words written at the time, suf-
fice, when you look at them, to bring all (what
the Yankees call) the surroundings of that sea-
son before you. Many little things come up
again, which you know quite well you never
would have thought of again, but for your glance
at those words, and still which you feel you would
be sorry to have forgotten. There must be a
richness about the life of a person who keeps a
diary, unknown to other men. And a million
more little links, and ties must bind him to the
members of his family circle, and to all among
whom he lives. Life, to him looking back, is not
a bare line, strung together by his personal iden-
tity; it is surrounded, intertwined, entangled
with thousands and thousands of slight incidents,
which give it beauty, kindness, reality. Some
folks' life is like an oak walking-stick, straight
and varnished; useful, but hard and bare. Other
men's life (and such may yours and mine, kind-
reader, ever be) is like that oak when it was not
a stick, but a branch, and waved, leaf-enveloped,
and with lots of little twigs growing out of it,
upon the summer tree. And yet more precious
than the power of the diary to call up again a
host of little circumstances and facts, is its power
to bring back the indescribable but keenly-felt
atmosphere of those departed days. The old
time comes over you. It is not merely a collec-
tion, an aggregate of facts, that comes back; it is
something far more excellent than that—it is the
soul of days long ago; it is the dear *Auld lang-
syne* itself! The perfume of hawthorn hedges is
there; the breath of breezes that fanned our
gray hair when it made sunny curls, often
smoothed down by hands that are gone; the sun-
shine on the grass where these old fingers made
daisy-chains; and snatches of music, compared
with which anything you hear at the opera is ex-
tremely poor. Therefore keep you a diary, my
friend.—*London Magazine*.

A child of God had rather ten thousand times
suffer for Christ, than that Christ should suffer
by him.

Show and Substance.

We suppose it is useless to tell those who have
little money to spend, and have worked day and
night to get that little, to think twice before
they make an outlay of their hard earnings; but
we can't refrain from saying "What a pity!"
when we see the children of parents in very mod-
erate circumstances tricked out in flimsy finery,
when good substantial clothing might have been
procured for half the money, in which they
would have looked much prettier, and much
more respectable. We often say "What a pity!"
when we see a working girl flaunting a showy
dress-bonnet, that ill assort with her gown or
shawl. We often say "What a pity!" when
we see a clerk dressed more extravagantly than
his employer, or putting into the hire of a dash-
ing carriage all the earning of a week, or sport-
ing the equipage on the promise of doing so
without any expectation of performing that
promise. The rainy day of disaster that is sure
to follow all this sunshine of folly they will not
see, though disgrace and sickness, and a work-
house bed, and a nameless grave, loom up in the
future for many of them. "We can be young
but once," is capable of more than one inter-
pretation, as they seem to forget. None but the
fool looks to reap the harvest in sowing time;
and none but the fool expects when harvesting
comes to reap wheat where only tares have been
sown.

Testimony of dying Welsh Min- isters.

Christmas Evans, coming down the pulpit stairs
at Swansea said, "This is my last sermon!" and
it was so. Very soon afterwards, such was his
infirmity that his brethren were gathered round
him, and he feebly said to them, "Brethren,
preach Christ to the people. Look at me, in my-
self a ruin, in Christ salvation." He then repeated
four lines of a Welsh hymn, and said a few more
words to the people, and then, using a most re-
markable and characteristic expression, he said,
"Good bye, drive on," and died.

John Rees, the Welsh minister, of Crown
Street chapel, was a very popular man, because
of his earnestness and zeal. "I heard that he
was dying, and went to him, and said, "Do you
know me, sir?"

"Yes," he replied.

"And now, my dear friend, what is your
hope?"

He signified a wish to be raised up in his bed,
and, being propped up by his pillow, he looked
at me in the most serious and solemn manner,
and with lifted eye and outstretched arm he said
these words, which I took down immediately af-
terwards:—"Christ, in the Divinity of His na-
ture; Christ, in the perfection of His atone-
ment; Christ, in the prevalence of His inter-
cession; and Christ, in the love of His heart,
and in the power of His arm, is the rock on
which I rest; and now, Death, do your worst."

LIVING FOREVER.—I must live forever—
not this body, but I. The body may be consign-
ed to the flames and reduced to ashes; or it
may lie down in the old family burying-ground
andoulder back to its original dust with the
dead ones who have gone before. Still I must
live. I must live, when the names of Alexander,
Washington, Wellington are forgotten. When
the memory of Waterloo, Solferino, and the re-
bellion of '61 shall have perished; when the
morning stars that sang together at creation's
birth shall have sung earth's requiem, I shall
live. Nay, when the stars themselves shall
have been blotted out, I shall only have begun
to live; and I must live forever and ever. A
fearful trust is committed to me, which I can
never lay down.

When God wanted sponges and oysters, he
made them, and put one on the rock and the
other in the mud. When he made man, he did
not make him to be a sponge or an oyster; he
made him with feet, hands, and head; and heart
and vital blood, and a place to use them, and
said to him, Go to work!

But, I tell you, if a man has come to that point
where he is content, he ought to be put in his
coffin, for a contented man is a sham! If a man
has come to that state in which he says, "I do
not want to know any more, or do any more, or
be any more," he is in a state in which he had
ought to be changed into a mummy! Of all
hideous things mummies are the most hideous;
and of mummies, those are the most hideous
that are running about the streets and talking.
—Beecher.

AN ARAB'S MODE OF CURSING.—A French-
man, residing in one of the oriental cities, while
once watering some flowers in the window, ac-
cidentally filled the pots too profusely, so that a
quantity of water happened to fall on an Arab
who was below basking in the sun. The man
started up, shook his clothes, and then gave vent
to his feelings respecting the offender: "If it is
an old man who has done this, I despise him; if
it is an old woman, I forgive her; if it is a young
man, I curse him; if it is a young woman, I thank
her." The young Frenchman, who had managed
to keep out of sight, laughed heartily on hearing
the malediction that fell to his share for his care-
lessness.

Faith will make a man endeavor to be good,
yea, to be best at everything he undertakes. It
is not leaves, but fruit; not words, but works
that God expects; and if we cross his expecta-
tion, we frustrate our own salvation, we further
our own condemnation.

An Infidel's conversion.

An interesting account of an infidel's conver-
sion was recently given in a daily prayer-meet-
ing in Chicago. It is said that the man, while on his
way to take the cars for the East, heard a little
Irish boy, who was sitting on the door-step sing-
ing—

"There'll be no sorrow there!
There'll be no sorrow there!"

"Where?" inquired the skeptic, whose mind
was impressed by the words—"Where is it
there'll be no sorrow?" The boy answered,

"In heaven above,
Where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there."

The infidel hastened on to take his seat in the
cars; but the simple words of that hymn or
chorus had found a lodgment in his mind. He
could not drive them from his thoughts. They
were fixed. A world where is no sorrow! This
was the great idea that filled his mind. He
dwelt upon it—revolved it over in his thoughts.
It was the message by which the Spirit led him to
the Saviour, who delivers the lost and ruined
from sin here, and raises them to that world of
joy and glory where sin and sorrow are un-
known.

An Indian Funeral.

A Fort Riley correspondent of the Pittsburgh
Despatch gives a description of an Indian fune-
ral, a ceremony which is only witnessed now in
the Far West:—

There was a procession of wagons, drawn
mostly by small Indian horses, called ponies.
The first wagon contained a rough coffin and
six old squaws, three on each side of the coffin,
all kneeling, with heads bowed in mournful
silence. The horses, also, walked slowly along,
with their heads near the ground, as if conscious
that their last sad duties were being performed
for another of the native sons of the soil. The
second, third, and fourth wagons contained chil-
dren (the youngest in front), all silent, some
with downcast eyes, and others gazing at the
scene in wonder. Then followed quite a num-
ber of the Indians on their ponies, all in single
file, no two riding abreast. In the rear were
several old Indians on foot, tottering along as if
they, too, had nearly blossomed for the grave.
They came to the entrance of the graveyard;
the coffin was carried to the grave, a ring was
formed around it, all kneeling, and as it descend-
ed, a low moaning sound was commenced, which
seemed to swell until it became sweet, but mourn-
ful to the ear, then it died away in the same low
sounds with which it began; all arose, and one
by one left, a few of the near relatives of the
deceased remaining to ponder over his untimely
death.

Lost—Somewhere between sunrise and sun-
set, two golden hours, each set with sixty dia-
mond minutes. No reward offered, for they are
lost forever!

If a righteous cause brings you into suffering,
a righteous God will bring you out of suffering.

Agriculture, &c.

THE PREMIUM RECIPE.

The following is the recipe, out of three
hundred offered, which received the prize offer-
ed by Mr. Orange Judd, as the best method of
making corn bread, that should be made wholly
of corn meal, or contain not more than one part
of wheat flour to five parts of meal; that should
be of fair size for family use; of moderate cost;
with crusts not too thick or hard. To two quarts
of meal, add one pint of bread-sponge; water
sufficient to wet the whole; add one-half a pint
of flour, and a table-spoonful of salt; let it rise;
then knead well for the second time, and
place the dough in the oven, and allow it to bake
an hour and a half.

HOW TO IMPROVE CANDLES.

Steep the cotton-wick in water, in which has
been dissolved a considerable quantity of nitrate
of potash (chlorate of potash answers still better,
but it is too expensive for common practice—you
can get either at a druggist's). By these means
a purer flame and superior light are secured;
a more perfect combustion is insured; snuffing
is rendered nearly as superfluous as in wax can-
dles. The wicks must be thoroughly dried be-
fore the tallow is put to them.

VENTILATION OF THE APPLE BARREL.

By this we mean the boring of holes in the
head of staves of barrels that will allow the es-
cape of the moisture that is constantly passing
off from the newly gathered fruit. We hazard
nothing in the statement that one half the fruit
sent to market this season, so far, has been
materially injured from this cause. The effect
of confined vapor upon the apple is not at once
apparent. The fruit appears uncommonly bright
on the first opening but as the surface dries off,
the apple begins to grow dull looking, and if a
light skinned apple, in a day or two will present
the appearance of half baked fruit.

But this steaming from confinement, not only
injures the sale of the fruit, but to the great dis-
appointment of the consumer, his fruit does not
keep as he supposed it would, and as the variety
of apple he purchased led him to suppose it
would. Premature decay is sure to follow as a
consequence of this want of ventilation.—*Chica-
go Fruit Dealer*.