

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 30TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN i. 15-34: Testimony of John the Baptist.
 EXODUS xxxiv. 1-29: The two Tables renewed.
 Recite—JOHN i. 1-5.

SUNDAY, APRIL 6TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN i. 35-51: Calling of the disciples. Ex-
 ODUS xxxv. 1-29: Free contributions for the Tab-
 ernacle.
 Recite—JOHN i. 15-17.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

129. What inscription, on an altar, afforded an
 apostle a happy occasion of proclaiming the gospel.
 130. Who first disfigured Solomon's molten sea,
 and what eventually became of it?

Answers to questions given last week:—

127. "And the earth brought forth grass, and herb
 yielding seed after his kind, and the tree yielding fruit,
 whose seed was in itself, after his kind." Gen. i. 12.

128. After the plague of Baal-peor, Eleazar, the
 son of Aaron, numbered the tribes. Joseph was the
 strongest, having 85,200 men above twenty years of
 age; Judah had 76,500; Simeon had only 22,000.
 Numbers xxvi.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

The following Riddle, from a London publica-
 tion, has puzzled thousands of boys and girls, and
 probably not a few men and women. We shall
 give our youthful readers two weeks to ransack
 their acquaintance with Bible History before we
 give them the Answer. They will find it true,
 we believe, in every particular.

Come and commiserate
 One who was blind,
 Helpless and desolate,
 Void of a mind?
 Guileless, deceiving,
 Though unbelieving;
 Free from all sin—
 Still I ignored
 The world I was in.
 Kings', Ptolemys', Caesars',
 Birthdays are shown,
 Wise men—astrologers
 All are acknowledged:
 Mine is unknown.
 I ne'er had a father,
 Or brother, or rather,
 If I had either
 They were neither
 Alive at my birth.
 Lodged in a palace,
 Hunted by malice,
 I did not inherit,
 By lineage or merit,
 A spot on the earth.
 Nursed among Pagans
 No one baptized me,
 A sponsor I had
 Who ne'er catechized me,
 She gave me the name
 To her heart that was dearest.
 She gave me the place
 To her bosom was nearest.
 But one look of kindness
 She cast on me never,
 Nor a word in my blindness
 I heard from her ever.
 Compassed by dangers,
 Nothing could harm me.
 I saved, I destroyed,
 I blest, I alloyed;
 Kept a crown for a Prince,
 But had none of my own.
 Filled the place for a King,
 But ne'er sat on a throne.
 Rescued a warrior,
 Baffled a plot—
 Was what I seemed not,
 Seemed what I was not.
 Devoted to slaughter,
 A price on my head,
 A king's lovely daughter
 Watched by my bed.
 Though gently she dressed me
 Fainting with fear,
 She never carress'd me,
 Nor wiped off a tear.
 Never moistened my lips,
 Though parching and dry,
 No wonder a blight
 Should pursue till she die.
 'Twas royalty nursed me,
 Wretched and poor,
 'Twas royalty cursed me
 In secret I'm sure.
 I live not—I died not.
 But tell you I must
 That ages have passed
 Since I first turned to dust.
 This paradox whence,
 This equalizer splendour?
 Say was I a king,
 Or a silly pretender?
 Fathom the mystery
 Deep in my history.
 Was I a man?
 An angel, supernal?
 Or demon in ernal?
 Solve it who can.

There are but two states in the world which
 may be pronounced happy—either that of the
 man who rejoices in the light of God's coun-
 tenance, or that of him who mourns after it.

Encouragement to Mothers.

The influence of a loving mother is felt by
 her absent children as well as by those at home.
 The memory of her tenderness, her counsel and
 her example is often a safeguard against tem-
 ptation, and her words of advice often guide into
 the right way, against the impulses of passion
 and the wayward desires of the heart. At one
 of the recent Fulton Street prayer-meetings a
 young man arose and said:

"I wanted to tell you a little of my own story
 —how the Lord led me to this meeting. It was by
 the means of a praying mother three thousand
 miles away. She, of course, has never been in
 this meeting; but away in her island home, she
 has heard and read of the wonderful answers to
 prayer which are bestowed here. Hearing this,
 and reading the reports of this meeting, she, a
 godly, praying mother, wrote to me, living here
 in New York, telling me what she had heard of
 the Fulton Street prayer-meeting, and begging
 me to go to it. I kept that request by me some
 time before I paid any attention to it. I cared
 nothing about religion, and since leaving home,
 had greatly neglected the means of grace. At
 length I thought of writing to my mother, and I
 thought I would like to tell her that I had been
 into the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. Accord-
 ingly, on last Christmas day I came here for the
 first time. I entered these doors for no other
 purpose than to be able to say I had been here,
 to my poor, praying mother. I expected that
 would be the end of it, and coming here once
 would satisfy her and me.

I came into the meeting, and got into this cor-
 ner where I now am, or near here, and took
 my seat to sit out the hour. But what an hour
 that was to me! God smote my heart, which
 was as hard as a rock, just here. The meeting
 was not half out, before I was overwhelmed with
 such a sense of sin that I did not know what to
 do. The next day I came again, and the next,
 and so on. I could not stay away. I was in
 extreme anguish of mind, and had no rest night
 or day. I said nothing to any one of my feel-
 ings. I have no one among my friends to whom
 I could open my heart. Here I came, and sat
 down in this corner, day after day; and no one
 but God knew what a load of sin and guilt lay
 on my soul.

One day I came in here, and it seemed as if I
 felt that nothing could do me any good, and here
 in this corner, I sought the Lord, and He heard me
 and delivered me out of all my trouble, and put
 a new song into my mouth, even praise to the
 living God. Jesus I laid hold of by faith, as my
 Saviour; and I gave myself up to Him, and was
 soon lost in wonder, love, and praise.

In my distress, I had forgotten all about writ-
 ing to my dear mother. But when the Lord
 had mercy upon me, and forgave me all my sin,
 I felt that I must send a winged messenger to my
 mother; and I told her all about my coming
 here, and the great change which had come over
 me. What news that was to send back to my
 praying mother—that a careless prayerless young
 man—a wanderer, neglecting all the means of
 grace—had found salvation here, in and through
 the Lord Jesus Christ!

I am a happy man. I do not often come here
 but I am in some prayer-meeting nearly every
 day, and I thank God that He gives me grace to
 stand up for Him, and speak of His mercy to
 me.

Now, I want to say one word to the many
 mothers who are here, to encourage them to pray
 and believe for their children that God is a co-
 venant-keeping God, and He will hear and an-
 swer your prayers. The answer may come late.
 It may come long after you may be asleep in
 death. But if you will believe God, it will come.
 I stand here a monument of God's mercy and
 grace, because I had a mother who prayed for
 me, and who believed as well as prayed. "O, if
 I could encourage one mother to have more faith
 in God, my object in coming here to-day to tell
 you something of my story is accomplished. I
 want you to have confidence in God, and believe
 that He will fulfill all His promises."

There was a peculiar unction and earnestness
 in this young man's words, which cannot be de-
 scribed, the power of which could be seen in the
 glistening tears which fell from many eyes.—W.
 S. R.

Feeding from an empty spoon.

A young minister, somewhat self-conceited
 was curious to know what was thought of the
 first sermon he preached. As he was walking
 by the house of a godly family, humble in con-
 dition but always in their place in the house
 of prayer, he overheard a voice as of some one
 talking, and he paused a moment to listen. It
 was the old patriarch, offering up the evening
 sacrifice of prayer and praise. With a pecu-
 liarity quite becoming such a service, thanks
 were expressed for the privileges of the day,
 and "especially that we have the Divine oracles
 in our own hands, and now find therein the food
 we need for our hungry souls, for thou knowest,
 O Lord! that we have been fed this day out of
 an empty spoon."

It would perhaps, surprise some of us to find
 how many empty spoons are put to the lips of
 our Sunday-school children, even where the pro-
 vision is abundant enough to satisfy the largest
 desire.—Sunday School World.

A deputation from the departments of Meuse
 and the Vosges waited lately on the Prince Im-
 perial to offer him bonbons and confits, for which
 those departments are famous. The persons who
 brought the offering were exceedingly well re-
 ceived by the Prince, and they ventured to ask
 what they should say respecting the sweetmeats
 to the parties represented. "Tell them," said
 the Prince, "that I am forbidden to eat any!"

House-mates.

Looking over the inscriptions on tombs, read-
 ing memoirs, reading the letters of complimen-
 tary friends to each other; and seeing people in
 their go-to-meeting or go-to-party temper, are
 calculated to give one an idea that human nature
 is very amiable and lovely. But reading the
 Bible and living with people very materially
 change one's opinion.

It is amazing, not to say distressing, to reflect
 upon the very small number of persons with
 whom it is more agreeable to live than it is to be
 utterly alone. Even one's own relatives some-
 times make you so uncomfortable as to cause the
 wish that you had been born an orphan, with-
 out kith or kin in the world. You meet with
 hundreds of persons who attract you, and per-
 haps you are foolish enough to believe that if
 you could only live with them, or they with you
 there would be no jarring between you.

How amusing is the talk of "congenial spirits,"
 "electric sympathies," and "elective affinities,"
 that is often heard between persons who would
 fly asunder like parts of a torpedo, before they
 had been house mates a month. No matter how
 good-natured, patient and considerate you may
 be, you may go on a pilgrimage about this world
 and you will not find one in a dozen men or
 women, with whom you could live without hav-
 ing frequent cause for wishing yourself some-
 where else.—W. S. R.

A baked Bible.

There is a Bible in Lucas county, Ohio, which
 was once baked in a loaf of bread; it now be-
 longs to Mr. Schebolt, a worthy member of the
 United Brethren church, who resides near Man-
 nee City. Mr. S. is a native of Bohemia, and
 the baked Bible was originally the property of
 his grandfather, who was a faithful Protestant
 Christian in the times which tried men's souls.
 During one of the cruel persecutions which have
 been so common in Bohemia, an edict was passed
 that every Bible in the hands of the peasants
 should be delivered up to the authorities and
 destroyed. Various expedients were resorted
 to by the Bible-loving Protestants to preserve
 the precious Word of Life. Mrs. Schebolt,
 grandmother of the present owner, placed hers
 in the centre of a batch of dough, which was
 ready for the oven, and baked it. The house
 was carefully searched, but no Bible was found;
 and when the tools of priestly tyranny had de-
 parted, and the danger was passed, the Bible
 was taken uninjured from the loaf. It was
 printed 150 years ago.—Religious Telegraph.

Only your living.

John Jacob Astor was once complimented
 on the enormous wealth he had accumulated.
 "Would you be willing," said he to the person
 who made the remark, "to take care of all this
 property just for a maintenance?" "No," said
 the other; "I should think myself entitled to a
 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 accumulations: except
 as he "shakes the superfluous" to holy and chari-
 table objects, and so turns the mere unusual
 surplus of his wealth into its most solid and en-
 during part, treasuring it up in "bags which
 wax not old," and converting it into "a treasure
 in the heavens, which faileth not."—Tract Jour-
 nal.

The average Piety.

"I am not as good as I should be, but I have
 as much religion as the generality of church-
 members," said one, on whom a Christian friend
 was urging a higher standard of Christian at-
 tainment.

It is to be feared that that man was the repre-
 sentative of a large class. They are in some
 measure satisfied with themselves, because they
 come up to the general average of piety. Such
 persons should remember two things:

1. It is nowhere said in the Bible that those
 who come up to the general average shall be saved.
 A very different standard is held up in the
 Bible.

2. Those who are content with the minimum
 of piety consistent with salvation, have every
 reason to believe that their hope will be as a
 spider's web when God shall take away the
 soul.

There is abundance.

Are you embarrassed in your affairs? That
 is as much a matter of God's concern as yours.
 Do you not know where the bread of to-mor-
 row is coming from? It is coming from God's
 loaf. And where does He keep His loaf? He
 does not let you know. We do not always tell
 our children where we keep our good things.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."
 One of the petitions of the Lord's Prayer is,
 "Give us this day our daily bread." When
 that withers, and there is no more blood in it,
 then God will be dead; but until God is dead,
 that petition, being touched, will yield food and
 raiment. Do not be afraid. O ye of little faith
 can ye not trust that God who has administered
 to you so abundantly?—H. W. Beecher.

Happiness must arise from our own temper
 and actions, and not immediately from any ex-
 ternal conditions.

The little and short sayings of wise and ex-
 cellent men are of great value—like the dust of
 gold or the least sparks of diamonds.

Agriculture, &c.

AN EPICUREAN ANTI-VEGETARIAN DITTY.

Though by some 'tis contended that man was designed
 To feed like sheep, oxen and asses,
 I can't in the Holy Book anywhere find,
 God made him to diet on grasses.

If, as Christians believe, the Old Testament's true—
 And the New One, its blessed successor—
 Then a full "course of sprouts" should no man be put
 through,
 Save for crime (here see Nebuchadnezzar).

I'm aware that some millions in Asia won't touch
 A beef-steak—'tis the creed of the Brahmin;
 But they're undersized fellows, who look pretty much
 Like the lineal descendants of Famine.

Our Ben Franklin once fed for a while upon greens,
 But his stomach they much disappointed;
 So he wisely went back to the fats and the leans,
 And from joints ne'er again was disappointed.

There was Graham, a patron of squashes and braus—
 He whose given name was Sylvester—
 He was pale, slight and dry, quite a grayless man,
 Was this fanatic roast-beef detester.

He delighted in biscuit, he doted on rice,
 And all meats did forever aside throw,
 And insisted carnivorous tastes were a vice—
 In the midst of his triumph he died though.

He who gave us our palates, and stomach, and teeth,
 Gave us meat—then no airs let us put on;
 But thanks having offered, our incisors let's sheathe
 In roast turkey, roast beef, or roast mutton.

IMPERIAL SKATING AT PARIS

Such sweet pretty stories are told of the Em-
 press skating on the ice, in the woods of Boulogne
 near Paris. She usually skates holding the hands
 of two gentlemen, also skating of her suite, and
 thus skims along the ice at a great pace and seem-
 ingly with much pleasure to herself. In her
 pretty costume, and with the abundant color pro-
 duced by exercise, in her cheeks, Her Majesty is
 scarcely recognizable and passes almost unheeded
 amongst the surrounding groups. She ap-
 pears to take great delight in the amusement,
 and when the short daylight falls, and it is time
 to depart, exclaims, "Won't you wait for me
 while I take one little turn more! and off goes
 her pretty Majesty and her two aides, for what
 she calls "un petit tour de plus!" The Emperor
 skates as well as he does most things, and every
 now and then, chooses a lady from the suite, or
 god naturally recognises one standing among
 the lookers on, invites her to take a ride, fetches
 a chair, and whirls her away before him at a great
 pace. The people behave remarkably well,
 there is no crowding or pushing around the great
 folks, who are left to move at their ease, and en-
 joy themselves just like other persons. Louis
 Napoleon has somehow or other managed to live
 down all opposition and the people look on and
 behave to him, as if they liked him, and took an
 interest in whatever he was doing, though it
 were only skating!—Paris Correspondence.

SWIMMING.—A MINISTERIAL QUALIFICATION.

In a Western Conference one circuit sent in
 a petition for a minister, but said nothing about
 any characteristics as a preacher or disciplinarian.
 One quality, however, he must have:—
 "Be sure and send a good swimmer," said the
 petitioners. Of course, every one was puzzled,
 and none more so than the Bishop. On enquiry
 it turned out that the circuit was situated in a
 region of wide and bridgeless streams, where the
 itinerant, in keeping his appointments, would
 have to rely upon his own powers of aquatic
 locomotion; in fact one minister had been drown-
 ed on the circuit, because of his deficiency in
 this respect.

FRESH MAPLE MOLASSES.

A correspondent of Field Notes gives the fol-
 lowing. Maple molasses well made and put up
 in cans right from the kettle, and hermetically
 sealed, as you would can and seal fruits, will
 keep as fresh as when first boiled from the sap,
 and this is decidedly the best plan for keeping, as
 when made in cakes, if exposed to the air, it will
 lose somewhat of the peculiarly delightful flavor
 for which it is so prized, and is often injured by
 insects. All this is obviated by canning while
 hot. To many families who do not make on a
 large scale, this need be but little expense, as the
 cans that have been emptied through the winter
 can be used until autumn fruits demand them
 again. Put up your best in this way. Where
 large quantities are made for market, the buy-
 ers must select and can for themselves.

GRAFTING THE TOMATO ON THE POTATO.

"Horticola," in the Horticulturist, states that
 he succeeded, perfectly, in grafting a scion of the
 tomato upon the potato vine. He cut about one-
 third of the potato shoot off, just above a leaf,
 taking care not to injure the bud at its base.—
 The scion, being shielded from the sun, was
 every day sprinkled with a little water, and it
 took readily. In the fall the tomato was loaded
 with ripe and unripe fruit, and had grown to
 a large size.

CLEANING SILK.

The following is said to be an excellent recipe
 for cleaning silks: Pare three potatoes,
 cut them into thin slices, and wash them well.
 Pour on them half a pint of boiling water, and
 let it stand till cold; strain the water and add
 to it an equal quantity of alcohol. Sponge the
 silk on the right, and when half dry, iron it on
 the wrong side. The most delicate colored silk
 may be cleaned by this process, which is equally
 applicable to cloth, velvet or crape.