

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVII. 1-10: Death of Judas. Exodus XVIII. 13-27: Jethro's counsel to Moses.
Recite—MATTHEW XXVI. 64-66.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 16TH, 1862.

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

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

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

115. What were the five kinds of animals accepted as sacrifices by the Mosaic law.
116. Which is the only animal specified by name in the account of the creation?

Answers to questions given last week:—

113. Shimei. On his return he was consigned to the sword of Beniahah. 1 Kings ii. 36-46.
114. "He that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." Deut. xxiv. 7. Stealing,—selling,—holding;—for either, the penalty was DEATH.

Redeem the time.

Death worketh,
Let me work too;
Death undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as Death my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Time worketh,
Let me work too;
Time undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as time my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

Sin worketh,
Let me work too;
Sin undoeth,
Let me do.

Busy as sin my work I ply,
Till I rest in the rest of eternity.

My last birthday at home.

One morning, while sitting at my window, and wishing I could go out and enjoy the fresh morning air, I heard two little feet come pattering along the floor of the entry, and soon two bright, happy little eyes were looking in upon me, and they looked as if they would like to come into my room, so I said:

"Come, in Matty."

She came in and threw her arms about my neck, and said:

"It's my birthday, and I'm so glad of it."

"Well, I am glad too, for I used to be glad when my birthdays came."

"Why! do you have birthdays, and have lots of presents, like I?"

"I have the birthdays minus the presents; but I used to have presents."

"Oh, please tell me about your birthdays. I'll be real good, and not ask any questions till you are done."

I will tell you about my last birthday at home. It was just like all my birthdays, and just like the other children's too. You know I have four sisters, and three brothers, and we used to spend very happy birthdays. My last at home was when I was fifteen. About a week before my birthday the children were very mysterious little faces, and would all get together and talk so low and in whispers, but if I made my appearance, I could hear them say, 'She's coming,' or 'Oh, she'll hear.' I knew what it was all about but I pretended not to know anything at all. The day came at last, and early in the morning the little ones showed their faces in my room, and said,

"Good morning, sister, you mustn't get up yet 'cause," and then they would jump up and clap their hands, "cause" you see we are going to fix something, for somebody, and we shan't tell you; and away they all scampered down stairs. But before a great while the 'something' was fixed, and I was allowed to get up. Then we all went down stairs to dear mamma's room, and she took the Bible and read a few verses, and then we all knelt, and she first prayed for me, and each of the other children, from the eldest sister to the darling little brother who could not speak plain, but prayed such a beautiful little prayer. Then they all kissed me fifteen times, for I was fifteen years old, you know, and then we all went so happily to the breakfast-table, where I saw that 'something' to be fixed was a kind of a throne instead of the common chair—however, the throne was nothing more or less than the chair covered with cushions. After being duly seated on my throne they brought me my presents. They were not so costly as yours are, but they were just as precious to me; for I knew all the little pennies which had been given them, or which they had earned, had been carefully saved, so that they could buy them with their own money, and not have to ask father for it. And some of the presents were made by dear mother's hands, and some by the older sisters. After breakfast, father took the Bible and read, then we all sang a hymn about the birthday of the soul, and father then prayed so earnestly for us all, but especially for me. The day was a holiday, and we spent it in play and reading stories. After the younger children

had gone to bed, father and mother talked with me, for they knew on my next birthday they would be far away with the heathen. I never can forget my last birthday at home.

Little Matty saw the tears in my eyes, and she said, "Oh, I'm so sorry, but you shall have some of my presents." And she slid off my lap, and ran to tell her mother about it.—*Congregationalist*.

Stranger still.

A city missionary said recently in the Fulton street prayer meeting, that there was nothing which taught a man how to pray as well as being in earnest to do something for the souls of men. He said he had lately heard of a man of great intelligence, who built his house in the city when there was not another house in sight, and now he was in a most densely populated neighborhood, all built up around him, in one of the fashionable avenues. He determined he would visit this man, get his confidence and try to do his soul good, for he had learned that he neglected all the means of grace.

He visited him often: talked with him about his business; interested himself in the things which occupied the artist's mind. One day the conversation turned upon the beauty of flowers. The artist said:

"It is strange that there can live a man who does not love flowers or who sees no beauty in them."

The missionary said: "There is one thing more strange than that."

What is that?" inquired the artist. "I do not know what can be more strange than that a man should not love and see the beauty of them. What can be more strange than that?"

"One thing is more strange," answered the missionary. "It is this—that there can be a man who does not look beyond the flowers and love and see the beauty of Him who formed them."

The man was surprised and, at the same time, smitten. This little sentence was evidently an arrow in his heart. After a few minutes the artist said:

"I never thought of that. Where do you go to prayer meeting?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Because I wish to go with you."

I put him off a little, and at last he said: "I must go with you when you go next to your prayer meeting."

Now, said the missionary, I ask you to pray for that man. He is in great anxiety about the plague of his soul.

How to disarm an enemy.

It is said that bees and wasps will not sting a person whose skin is imbued with honey. Hence those who are much exposed to the venom of these little creatures, when they have occasion to live bees, or to take a nest of wasps, smear their faces and hands with honey, which is found to be the best preservative. When we are annoyed with insult, persecution, and opposition from perverse and malignant men, the defence against their venom is to have our spirit bathed in honey. Let every part be saturated with meekness, gentleness, forbearance, and patience; and the most spiteful enemy will be disappointed in his endeavors to inflict a sting. We shall remain uninjured while his venom returns to corrode his own malignant bosom; or, what is far better, the honey with which he comes in to contact will neutralize his gall; the coals of forgiving love will dissolve his hatred, and the good returned for evil will overcome evil with good.—*Golden Rule*.

My first prayer.

Nineteen years, old, but never prayed! I had said prayers, but I had never prayed. My heart had closed its door, and though at times there were some signs of life without, all was silent and dead within.

But a good messenger came, and I promised to pray. It was night. God was there, and heard and bore witness. I was to pray that God would make me a Christian. How solemn the moment, and O! how sweet the memory now!

The hour of prayer came. How well I remember my feelings and regrets. I was sad that I had made such a promise. Satan suggested that I had done unwisely, and that a bad promise was better broken than kept. But it was made to God and I could not break it; no, I must pray. I bowed down upon my knees. I thought the devil was near me, making light of my devotions, and I wept. He suggested that I was a hypocrite, and that I did not wish to be a Christian. I could only say: "O God; have mercy on me, and give me a better heart!" Weeks passed before I felt peace in believing. But it came at last; yes, it came at last! Reader, have you prayed yet? God loves the first prayer of repenting sinners.—*Journal and Messenger*.

Dying Words.

Dr. Gordon, a physician in Hull, who died in 1848, on his death-bed, said:—"I have sought the Saviour. I have asked him to forgive my sins, and he has done so. He will present me to the Almighty. I am going a very delightful journey to a very happy home, where I shall meet only with the wise and good, and to be with Jesus! I would not change my condition for all the wealth of the world."

Sir Henry Havelock, a little before his death said to Sir James Outram:—"For more than forty years I have so ruled my life, that when

death comes I might face it without fear." And to his eldest son he said, "Come, my son, and see how a Christian can die;" and then expired.

Dr. Payson wrote from his death-bed:—"The celestial city is full in view. Its glorious beams upon me; its breezes fan me; its odors are wafted to me; its music strikes upon my ear, and its spirit breathes into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears as a narrow rill, which may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission."

A girl of twelve years of age, a fair flower, whom God was about to transplant to the garden above, would often say to her friends:—"You know I am going home to be with Jesus. I know I have sinned; but Jesus is my Saviour. He has washed all my sins away. I have not one fear, one doubt, for Jesus will be with me. The valley of death is only just the way home. Why should I be afraid to die? Just think what a glorious thing it will be to be forever in heaven, and to have no sin, no sorrow! What a wonder that every one does not long to be there!"

Venice.

A city of marble did I say? Nay, rather a golden city, paved with emerald. For truly, every pinnacle and turret gleamed or glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens! from foot to brow, all noble walked her knights; the low bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantles. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sat her senate. In hope and honor, lulled by flowing of wave around their isles of sacred sand, each with his name written, and the cross graven at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather, itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters, no larger, as the captains saw it from their masts at evening than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power, it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, nor tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled, or fell, beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage, nor straw-built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting of stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flowers, so neither the thorn nor the thistle, could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of Alps, dreaming, vanishing, in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Paduan hill, poised in the golden west. Above free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and morning clear in the limitless light of arched heaven and circling sea.

Such was Giorgione's school, such Titian's home.—*Ruskin*.

Where are the Stars?

I was walking out one evening, just after sunset, with a child a few years old by my side, who asked me, "Where are the stars? I don't see any." I said to her, "Wait till it is a little darker, and you will see them."

We continued our walk, she clinging fast to my hand. The shades of evening deepened; one by one the stars appeared, and soon, in the darkness of night, the whole sky was covered with their light and beauty.

As we walked on, I fell a musing, and when we returned home, the musing still went on, as I repeated to my heart—"Wait till it is a little darker, and the light will come." Often have we heard that "Man's extremity is God's opportunity; that 'When He has humbled us, He will exalt us;'" that "He will cause light to rise out of obscurity; and that 'the darkest time is just before day.'" And many a poor, weary, troubled soul, has found in his own experience, that from the verge of despair the blessedness of hope has sprung. When all other help has failed him, God has been his help and Saviour. But we are very slow to get the comforts of these promises and proverbs in advance. After the stars have come out bright, and the sky is radiant with glory, we admire it, and wonder at our own want of faith before. Like the child who did not know where the stars were when she could not see them, we do not know where light and peace and joy are to come from when we are in trouble. Well, we must wait till it is a little darker. We have not had trial enough yet.—We must fret and worry about the future; we must see the country and our business and our property going to ruin; we must be perplexed and distressed on every side, and cast down and nearly destroyed; perhaps we must actually suffer by hunger, and nakedness, and the sword; but when it is a little darker, the stars will appear. The day-star will arise on our hearts.—The Lord will provide. Our food and raiment will come. Our country will be saved. The voice of the turtle will be heard in the land.—Zion will arise and shine. And the days of our mourning will be ended.

Anxious brother, troubled sister, wait till it is a little darker, and you will see the stars.—*New York Observer*.

A Column for Sunday-School Teachers.

HUMILITY BEFORE HONOR.

If any one has true ability, he will be sure to make it known. He may be content to bide his time, and though overlooked, and placed in subordinate positions, his turn for climbing to higher rounds of the ladder is certain to come. Humility is never out of place, but is a good stepping-stone to promotion. The following incident is in point:

Dr. Morrison was a distinguished missionary in China. As his labor was great, and almost too much for one man, for he translated the whole Bible into Chinese, he sent home to the society in England to send out a young missionary to help him. When they got his letter, they set to work to inquire among their friends for the right kind of a young man to go to China as a missionary to help Dr. Morrison. After a while a young man from the country—a pious young man, who loved Jesus Christ—came and offered himself. He was poor; had poor clothes on, and looked like a country man, rough and unpolished. He was introduced to the gentlemen of the society, and had a talk with them. They then said he might go out of the room, till they consulted with each other about him. When his back was turned, they said they were afraid the young man would never do to help Dr. Morrison; that it would not do to send him as a missionary as he was but a rough countryman. Finally, they said to one of their number, Dr. Phillips:

"Doctor, you go out and tell the man that the gentlemen do not think him fit to be a missionary; but if he would like to go out as a servant to a missionary, we will send him."

The Doctor did not quite like to do it, but he told the young man they thought he had not education enough, and lacked a great many other things necessary to a missionary; but if he would go as a servant, they would send him out. He quickly said:

"Very well, sir if they don't think me fit to be a missionary, I will go as a servant. I am willing to be a hewer of wood, or a drawer of water, or do anything to advance the cause of my Heavenly Master."

He was sent as a servant. But he did not stay one. After a while, he got to do what he longed to do, to preach the gospel; and he became the Rev. Dr. Milne, one of the best and greatest missionaries that ever went to any country.

What a beautiful lesson!

PUNCTUALITY.

The S. S. Times gives the following good advice to superintendents and ministers:—

First of all, be punctual. Open exactly at the time agreed upon. Not fifteen minutes after the time, not ten minutes after, nor five minutes, nor three minutes after, nor one minute, but exactly at the moment. If there are not half a dozen persons in the room besides yourself, still begin. Waiting a few minutes for stragglers to come in is only an inducement to stragglers to continue in their bad habits. It is, moreover, a wrong done to those who come early and who want to use all their time. If your school begins professedly at nine, and it gets to be understood that you begin your services in all cases exactly at the stroke of the clock, you will have just as many present then as you would have a quarter of an hour later, if it is found that you usually wait a quarter of an hour for laggards to come in. There is a certain percentage of every school or congregation who may be relied on as coming in late under all circumstances. You will not diminish that percentage by habitually waiting. On the contrary, by the degree of uncertainty produced, you will increase it. No opening services are so little disturbed by laggardism as those which are known to begin exactly at the moment agreed upon.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Suppose we perceive a number of children playing together in the street, we could not without previous knowledge, determine who are their parents, or where are their homes. But let one of them receive an injury, or get into any trouble, and we learn who are his parents for he immediately runs to them for relief. Thus it is with the Christian and the man of the world. While we observe them together, pursuing the same employments, and placed in the same circumstances, we may not always be able at once to distinguish them. But let afflictions come upon them, and we are no longer at a loss. The man of the world seeks relief in earthly comforts, while the Christian flies to his heavenly Father, his refuge and support in the day of trouble. Do you know anything of this my reader?

TEXTS AS SUPPORTS.

How often have I found a text of Scripture prove a word in season to my heart! How often I dashed away a tear with this thought—"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," 2 Tim. ii. 3. Every Zion bound pilgrim should have his wallet well stored with Scripture precepts and promises, for they will be meat and drink to him on his journey homeward.

When asked how he got out of prison, a witty rogue replied:

"I got out of my cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out of the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning-rod with rapidity, walked out of the town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of liberty!"

What is beauty? asked a child.
Pretty is that pretty does, was the reply.