

Young's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 15TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS ii. 14-36: Peter's sermon on the Day of Pentecost. JOSHUA viii. 18-35: Joshua sacrifices to the Lord.

Recite—ACTS ii. 1-4.

SUNDAY, MARCH 22ND, 1863.

Read—ACTS ii. 37-57: The effects of Peter's sermon. JOSHUA ix. 1-14: The kings combine against Israel.

Recite—ACTS ii. 22-24.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answer to the following question.

10. What were the weapons of warfare used by the armies mentioned in Scripture?

Answer to question given last week:—

9. Gold and brass, Exodus xxx. 3: xxxix. 39. Bath and unhewn stone, Deut. xxvii. 5, were used. Hewn stone and brick were forbidden. Exodus xx. 25. Isaiah lxx. 3.

The Avalanche.

AN ALPINE STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

(Translated from the French.)

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."

"Open the window, René, my dear son," said the grandmother with a faint voice. "The sun shines beautifully in the valley, and the air must be soft and mild. I long for a breath of fresh air."

"I will gladly do anything you say, grandmother dear; but that nasty cough of yours! The air is not so mild as you think; the wind blows cold enough from the mountains."

The grandmother smiled faintly, and raised herself a little in the bed. "You need not be afraid, dear boy," said she. "I feel that my end is near; nothing can do me much harm just now. Open the window! My chest feels oppressed; my heart beats slowly, and as if something were trying to stop it. René, dearest child! my old eyes will not see much more sunlight upon earth. I feel that they will soon—very soon—be closed forever. You will be glad, my darling, that you no longer have to watch over and wait upon a poor, helpless old woman, who can be nothing but a burden to you."

"Grandmother! O dear grandmother! don't talk so!" exclaimed the boy, bursting into tears, and kneeling beside the bed. The exhausted old woman put out her hand; he clasped it in both of his. "You break my heart when you talk so. You know I love you dearly, grandmother; don't you? Oh! no, no! you will live a good while yet, to let me show you how much I love you!"

Old Greta looked into the fresh, open, honest face of the handsome boy, who had just completed his twelfth year. It was the freshness and open honesty of look that made him handsome. "Not for a world, my dear boy," said she, "would I distress you. How could I, after the years of true and loving care that you have given me? But I feel—I feel sure—I can't tell why or how—but I feel sure that my end is near; and who will take care of you, my boy, when I am gone? But I am wrong to ask that; God will. I have prayed for you, René—prayed earnestly—and I know that God has heard me. Don't cry, my child! Dry up your tears. You have comforted my declining years; don't embitter my last moments."

The child tried to choke down his sobs. "But I can't quite help it, grandmother. When you are gone, I shall be all alone; not one in the whole world to love me! And I do love you so much!"

"No, no, dear child!" said the old woman, "not all alone. You have a Father up in heaven! Give him your heart, my son. Raise your eyes and your hands to him, and you will soon find that you are not forsaken. Be honest, truthful, and industrious, as you have always been, and his eye will look upon you in love. He will bless, guard, and keep you. Now open the window, my son."

René got up and did as he was told. Cool and refreshing, the wind from the Alps blew into the room, and seemed to breathe new life into that old and feeble frame. She inhaled it with delight.

"Oh! how delightful it is, René!" said she with a faint smile. "Now draw back the ivy branches that hang before the window. I want to take one more look at my dear native valley. Oh! how beautiful the dear God has made it! See!" and she pointed out to him the snow upon the mountains glittering in the sunshine, the broad ice-fields upon their sides, the rushing, roaring river that poured down the cleft, the sun-tipped summit of Mt. Blanc, towering above all, and the flocks feeding so peacefully beside the wild streams. At last she drew her breath. "That's enough," said she. "Now bring the stool, and sit here beside me." The boy obeyed.

Taking his hands in hers, she told him that she was dying; that her death would leave him all alone; and she wanted him to promise that, all his life long, he would keep God before his eyes, try as far as he was able to obey all his commands, and to do nothing contrary to them. The boy promised, and added, as the tears rolled down his cheeks: "And I will never forget, dear grandmother, what you have taught me."

"I hope not, I hope not," said old Greta earnestly. "And remember, René, God has

heard your promise now. Don't forget my dying words!"

"Oh! no, no! not dying!" exclaimed René in alarm. "You will not die yet, grandmother!" "Very soon, very soon, my child," said she feebly, and even as she spoke, she sank back pale and exhausted upon her pillow. "God bless you. I can say—no more. God—"

The words died upon her lips, her eyes closed, and she breathed so faintly that René thought she was gone. Sobbing aloud, he dropped on his knees beside the bed, took her old and wrinkled hand, and covered it with tears and kisses. But suddenly, with a strength that was supernatural, she sat erect, and in a clear, firm tone cried out: "Boy! René! my child! Fly! There is danger at hand! There is danger at hand! A cloud is hanging over our house! Danger is approaching! Fly! fly! I hear thunder in the mountains! Hark! a crash, too! It is coming nearer! Quick! Fly! fly! or you are lost! God help you! my child! my child!"

Wondering and astonished, the boy sprang to his feet. A new hope filled his heart—his grandmother had received new strength. Poor child! it was but for a moment. One look of unutterable love, one smile, and again she closed her eyes as she sank back upon the pillow. She was dead he could no longer doubt.

The child was now, as he himself had said, "alone in the world." His parents had died long before, and he had not, as far as he knew, a relative on the earth. He sat down on the side of the bed, the tears rolling down his cheeks, and the last words of his grandmother passing through his mind. Then he got up to go to the pastor of the village church—the father as well as the minister of his people. He must ask his help to bury the dead. But his steps were arrested by a strange sound—a fearful roll of thunder among the mountains. Then there came a crash—a crash that shook the hut, and made the window-frame rattle. Then the sun was darkened by a storm-cloud that rolled down the sides of the mountains; and there came a thick darkness over the whole valley. Nearer, nearer, thunder, and crash, and darkness, and storm-cloud, all came on together.

"An avalanche!" exclaimed the terrified child, clasping his hands. "Dear God, save me! Dear, dear grandmother! that was what you were warning me of! You heard it coming! How strange! God, take care of me! I cannot fly now!"

Louder and yet more fearful came the mighty mass of snow in its thundering load. He heard it approach; he heard the roof crash beneath it; he heard the glass splinter into fragments; he gave one cry, and, paralyzed by fear, full senseless upon the floor.

It must have been for hours that he laid there; when he opened his eyes, he was in thick darkness, and everything was still as death. He could not see, but he humbly thanked God that he lived.

"How strange!" he murmured. What a mercy it is that I am saved! The roof crushed in, everything about me crushed and broken, and I saved! Ah! you dear good grandmother! It was for your prayers for me that the good God did it!"

Raising himself, he felt around him as far as his hand would reach; but all was a mass of ruin. The broken roof, the fallen rafters had formed a sort of shed over him, which kept off the snow. He felt his way to the bed. He took the cold hand of his grandmother, and kissed it, and then lay down on the floor beside her, for the whole room was clear of snow.

He said to himself: "Well, if I must die here, it will be with her; and if the good people of the village—if any of them are left—ever come to look for us, they will put us both in the same grave. That will be a comfort."

He was not at all frightened or anxious. He thought quietly over the past, and made plans for the future, if he should get out. Most strange of all, it seemed to him that his grandmother should have known of its coming so long before, for it was nearly an hour. "Truly," he thought, "it is even as the good pastor said the other day: 'The dying see things we do not dream of.' And she warned me, too! Dear, good grandmother! But I didn't understand her, so it was of no use. May be God will make the neighbors think of me, and come to help me—that is, if the avalanche has not buried them all."

Again he lay still for a long time; then he began to feel hungry. He groped his way to the place where the cupboard had stood; it was shattered, and so was everything in it. But he found a bit of bread and a jug of milk. With these he refreshed himself, then went back and lay down on the floor again beside the bed. Soon he fell asleep, and slept as peacefully as though nothing had happened.

He was awakened by a tumult over his head. "There!" said he, after listening a moment. "The neighbours have come to help me. I thought they would! Grandmother said that God would never leave me in trouble. Oh! I am so glad! Now she will have a decent grave!"

The noise over his head increased; soon he heard voices. Then he heard the clergyman say: "Here it is, my children. We have hit on the right spot. See, here are the rafters. Now, courage! Perhaps we may find the living." "Yes, sir!" cried the little boy as loudly as he could. "God has saved me! I am not even hurt!" A cry of joy through the air.

"Quick, my friends, quick!" said the good pastor eagerly. "That was René's voice. Noble boy! God be thanked for this blessing on our work!"

The men redoubled their toil. Snow and beams and rubbish were thrown aside, and a ray of light streamed in upon the child. A moment more, and he sprang into the extended arms of the dear old pastor.

"Oh! thank you! thank you all!" said he. "I wasn't at all afraid. I knew you would come as soon as you could."

"But your grandmother, René?" asked the pastor. "Is she killed?" "No, sir," said the boy. "Not by the avalanche. She died a little before it came, I was just coming to you when it stopped me. My dear, dear grandmother! All help is too late for her!"

"Poor, poor child!" said the old man with tears of pity. "It is hard to lose all at one blow—parent, house, land, everything! But take comfort. God has taken; he will restore. God will not forget you, my child!"

"Oh! I know he won't!" replied René. "My grandmother told me so with her last breath, so I am not at all anxious; but I'm sorry, very sorry!"

The good pastor looked at him with surprise; such faith in one so young! He thought the child did not realize his situation; but he found he did fully. He knew well that he was not only alone in the world, but very poor. His house was in ruins, and his field and garden desolate and worthless. But he had formed his plans, with a full and childlike confidence that God would take care of him just as his grandmother had done. He said that he was poor, to be sure; but God was very rich, and was he not God's child?

He proposed, in full reliance upon the clergyman's kindness, too, to stay with him until he had seen his grandmother buried, and then to go to Paris, or some other large city, and find work. His father had done so, he said. He had worked hard, lived sparingly, and saved carefully, and so had gathered money enough to buy that land and build the hut on it. That was what he meant to do.

The worthy clergyman told him he was too young to bear all that, and offered him a home, at least until he was older. But René gratefully declined the offer. The pastor was not rich, he said, and, besides his own children, had to give to all the poor and sick of the town. Besides, if he waited, it would be losing time, for there was no work to be had there.

"But," said the pastor, "it will not all come out of my pocket; the whole town will help." To that René again objected. He said that the people were poor; they had to send away their own children because they could not support them, and he had no better claim. He was quite right, and the pastor told him so; but bade him come and stay with him as long as he remained there.

René would stay only until he had seen his grandmother buried; nor would he go home with the pastor until he had seen her taken out of the ruins. At a sign from him, therefore, the kind-hearted men again went to work, and soon the bed and its occupant were lifted carefully out.

Poor René, first thanking them, knelt beside it and wept bitterly; and at another sign from their clergyman, they all went away and left him alone. Just then, an elegant travelling-carriage passing that way stopped, and a gentleman, followed by a little girl five or six years old, got out. In answer to his inquiries as to what was the matter, the venerable pastor told the story of the avalanche, the old woman's death, and poor little René's situation.

"Poor little boy!" said the child. "You will do something for him, won't you, papa?"

"Certainly, my pet!" replied the father, and taking out a well-filled purse, gave it to the pastor, telling him to pay from it the funeral expenses, and then, if any was left, to use it for René. Then he turned to go away, but the little girl begged him to wait just one minute. She ran to René, and putting her arm softly round his neck, told him how sorry she was, but that she felt sure that God would take care of him.

René had been so much engaged with his thoughts, that he had not seen the strangers arrive. He looked up at her in surprise. "Are you an angel," asked he, "that the dear God has sent to comfort me?"

"O! no, no," said the child. "I am not an angel; I am only little Fleurette." She took off a ring and put it on his hand, telling him to think of her every time he looked at it; then bidding him good-by, ran back to her father, and they drove off.

Even the good pastor had hard work to persuade René that the little Fleurette was not an angel. "Though she is not," replied the boy, "she will be one to me; for with her ring on my hand, I shall never dare to do a bad act with it." He was most grateful for the purse, because now his grandmother could be respectfully buried; but he never once thought of himself.

The kind neighbors now took up the bed, and carried it to the next house, where they carefully secured it until it could be buried. Then they went away, and the pastor, followed by René came out, locked the door, and went home, too. On their way, René said:

"O sir! how very kind—how very good every one is! I see well sir, that I am quite right in trusting everything to the good God. See how he helps people out of trouble before they well get in it. As long as I live sir, I will try and do just what I think will please him; and every time I say my prayers, I will ask him to bless that gentleman and little Fleurette, and the kind people of this valley."

René must have kept his word, for the prayer appears to have been answered.

DELIGHT OF RECTITUDE.—There is an exhilaration, a hope, a joy, springing up within us when we will with power what we see to be good, when we are conscious of treading under foot the low principles and interests which would part us from God and duty, when we sacrifice firmly and unreservedly selfish desires or the world's favor to the claims of christian rectitude.

"Grace Truman."

The writer lately saw the account of a young man's conversion to Baptist views by reading Grace Truman. He was studying for the Congregational ministry. The writer has also had the privilege of receiving four similar converts to the Baptist church in — "Grace" was providentially placed in their hands, and speedily her work was done. People are grossly ignorant of Baptist views. A pastor in a city church in Wisconsin was asked if he had read Grace or Theodosia. He said he had not. He also told how many Pedobaptists were in his congregation who had never heard him preach a sermon on baptism, and would be offended if he did so. If he would only purchase two or three copies of each and kindly request these friends to peruse them, the result would be gratifying. The want of tact betrayed by many churches is deplorable. We are ready enough to repel persons who have scruples about our seeming exclusiveness, but how rarely do we exercise the wisdom which is commendable. Our views need only to be understood in order to commend themselves to candid Christians. Young converts need instruction, and these two works will furnish it in the most pleasing and effective form. I beseech Baptist ministers and people, to buy these books and keep them circulating.—*Christian Times*.

Receipt for keeping sober.

In a rural district, in the North of England, the following dialogue lately took place between a friend and a shoemaker who had signed the temperance pledge:

"Well, William, how are you?" "Oh, pretty well. I had only eighteenpence and an old hen when I signed, and a few old scores; but now I have about ten pounds in the bank, and my wife and I have lived through the summer without getting into debt. But as I am only thirty weeks old yet, (so he styled himself) I cannot be strong yet, my friend."

"How is it you never signed before?" "I did sign; but I keep it different now to what I did before, friend."

"How is this?" "Why, I gae doon on my knees and pray." Better informed persons might learn a lesson in this respect, by applying to the source of strength now possessed by William, the shoemaker.

Agriculture, &c.

MANGERS DANGEROUS TO HORSES.

"S. D. G." Norwich, Connecticut, writes that the manger for a horse should be boarded down to the floor, to prevent the possibility of injury to the animal by getting his head underneath it. The lack of such a precaution cost him the eye of a valuable horse, and three of his neighbors had their horses' heads caught fast under the manger.—*American Agriculturist*.

SPLITTING WOOD.

S. Parsons says the boys engaged in splitting the year's fuel can make it easier and lessen the danger of cutting their feet by the following arrangement: "Take a large block of hard wood, say two feet or more in diameter, and of convenient length; set it up endwise, and in the middle dig out a hole seven or eight inches in diameter and about six inches deep. This will hold the sticks upright, and they can be split into several pieces without handling. The hole can be easily made in a very little time with an auger and chisel.—*Id.*

THE FATE OF HORSES IN AUSTRALIA.

Talk of the nobility of the horse! Why, we learn from reliable authority that Mr. Atkinson, of Spohienburg, has taken a contract to boil down two thousand horses. There is no sale for those animals; and the owner wants to sell their oil, hides, and hoofs, and thus get as much for them as possible. The fate of Dibdin's high-mettled racer was illustrious, compared with the ignoble doom which awaits the horse stock of the interior. The wild charger of Australia's burning plains may well envy the European donkey his thistle.—*Illawarra (Australian) Express*.

WASHING WOOLENS.

If you do not wish to have white woollens shrink when washed, make a good suds of hard soap, and wash the flannels in it. Do not rub woollens like cotton cloth, but simply squeeze them between the hands, or slightly pound them with a clothes pounder. The suds used should be strong, and the woollens should be rinsed in warm water. By rubbing flannels on a board, and rinsing them in cold water, they soon become very thick.

PRESERVING BUTTER.—Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of sugar and one part of salt-peter, and blend the whole completely. Take one ounce of this composition for sixteen ounces of butter, work it well into a mass and close it up for use. Butter thus cured requires to stand three weeks or a month before it is used.

The Animal Protection Society at Frankfurt has placed nest-boxes upon the large trees of the gardens of that city, in order to promote the increase of birds. In many other public places also, and especially in parks and private gardens in the neighborhood, similar measures have been taken with the same view.