

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 22ND, 1863.

Read—ACTS xx. 1-16 : Eutychus raised to life. JUDGES xvi. 1-17 : Samson betrayed by Delilah. Recite—ACTS xix. 21-23.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 29TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS xx. 17-38 : Paul's Address to the Elders of Ephesus. JUDGES xvi. 18-31 : The death of Samson. Recite—ACTS xx. 1-3.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

45. Was Cain the first murderer?

Answer to question given last week:—

44. By fasting forty days and forty nights.

Thirty seconds too late.

The Rev. Mr. Bell was always punctual.—Whoever might be late at meeting, at the funeral or anywhere else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. He was called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the door-step and his hand on the bell-handle when the clock was striking the hour. It was, at first, quite annoying to his flock to go according to their old habits to a funeral, and meet it on the way to the grave, or to a wedding and find it all over before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Slow waited on the minister to ask him why "he was always in such a hurry, and so afraid of being too late?"

"Well, my good friend, I will tell you, and if after hearing me, you do not think I am at fault in this thing, I will try to alter."

"That's surely fair," slowly said Mr. Slow, as if afraid to commit himself.

"When I was a young man, and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant mountain town and preach to a destitute people. I went for some weeks, and then returned home for a few days, promising to be back without fail the next Sabbath. Well, I had a pleasant week among my kind relatives, and was so much engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties till Saturday returned, and then my sister, and a beautiful friend of hers, persuaded me to go out a little while in the little white boat Cinderella, on our beautiful lake.—The day was fine, Cinderella spun and darted under my arms as if a thing of life. When we got ashore, I found it two o'clock, and I knew the cars started in fifteen minutes! I left the ladies and ran home and caught up my carpet-bag, and ran for the depot. I saw that the cars had arrived. I heard the bell ring. With all my strength I ran. I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts, and got within fifteen feet of the cars! Oh, for thirty seconds more! Thirty seconds too late! No more!

"The next day was a fair, still, sweet Sabbath. My mountain-people gathering, coming down from the glens and following the rills filled the house of worship. But there was no minister, and the hungry sheep had no shepherd to feed them! He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a poor old blind man who lived four miles from the church, and seldom could get to meeting. That day he ate his breakfast early and his little grand-daughter led him all the way down the mountain to the church. How weary and sad and disappointed he was! There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a sick child up one of the glens of the mountain, and she had been inquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him and have him pray with her. How she hailed the Sabbath, when he would be there! But no! he was not there.

"The poor old blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble and never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!

"That little girl was dead before I got back, and I could only shed tears over her cold corpse I had been thirty seconds too late!

"On my bended knees, I asked God's forgiveness, and promised him, that, if possible, I would never be thirty seconds too late again!

"And now, Mr. Slow, am I not about right in my punctuality?"

"Well, I guess it don't look quite so unreasonable as it might!"

The sunshiny member.

Let us try to be like the sunshiny member of the family, who has the inestimable art of making all duty seem pleasant, all self-denial and exertion easy and desirable—even disappointment not so blank and crushing; who is like a bracing, crispy, frosty atmosphere throughout the home, without a suspicion of the element that chills and pinches. You have known people within whose influence you felt cheerful, amiable, hopeful, equal to anything! O, for that blessed power, and for God's grace to exercise it rightly! I do not know a more enviable gift than the energy to sway others to good—to diffuse around us an atmosphere of cheerfulness, piety, trethfulness, generosity, magnanimity. It is not a matter of great talent—not entirely a matter of great energy; but rather of earnestness and honesty, and of that quiet, constant energy which is like soft rain gently penetrating the soil. It is rather a grace than a gift; and we all know where all grace is to be had freely for the asking.

Difficult to answer.

A little golden-haired, blue-eyed fairy of about three summers, was one morning greatly surprised and delighted to find in the nursery two baby rose-buds, fast asleep, one in the nurse's arms, the other, the tenant of a certain little cradle, but lately the three year old's undisputed possession. Little Bessie's eyes fairly danced with joy! She gravely watched their small faces, glancing rapidly from one to the other, as if the advent of the two was quite beyond her limited comprehension. Surely she had never seen two babies in any family where she was accustomed to visit! Thought was busy in that juvenile brain. Presently the rosy lips quivered, and big tears rolled down the maiden's cheeks! What strife of feeling was there! Both babies were lovely, one quite as attractive as the other, and her warm heart opened lovingly to both the tender nurslings. Would every body feel so? Did mother? Did nurse? O, dear, dear she had never been allowed to keep but one kitten! and preference had always been given to some real or fancied superiority; but here, both were beautiful; eyes, lips, tiny hands and feet,—surely there could be no choice. Still she must know, and creeping softly to her mother's bedside she sobbed out,

"O, mamma, which you going to drown?"—W. & R.

"Pray and pump."

In a seaman's prayer-meeting lately in New York, one of the speakers thanked God that he had been a sailor. He had been in some tight places at sea, but he never hid his religion, or lost his confidence in God. He had learned to call on God in trouble, and had not been disappointed. But, then, faith must be joined with practice. Praying only, with us using effort, is not enough.

"We were once," said he, "driven to great straits in a gale. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, and our ship sprung a leak. It seemed as if we must go to the bottom in a few minutes. Our men worked hard at the pumps. The water gained on us. Death stared us in the face. I ran down below, and on my knees asked Jesus to save us, and give me a token. I opened my Bible, lying before me, and Isaiah xli. 10, met my eyes. The words are these, and the first I saw: 'Fear not thou, for I am with thee. Be not thou dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'"

"That was enough. I ran on deck and told the men. I said, 'Men, we are going somewhere, but we are not going down.' I reported to them what I had asked of the Lord, and how he had answered me.

"Now," said I, "men, pump and pray, and pray and pump." And they did it with a will. And we pumped and prayed our vessel into Cork as I believe, in answer to prayer and promise. But what is the use of praying with a leak in the ship without pumping! It must ever be work and pray, and pray and work."

When the year was up.

Of one of the Western presiding elders, the following story is told:—In early life he was sent to a circuit in the woods. At one of his appointments he was compelled to put up at a tavern. On his first call, as he was about to leave, he asked the landlord what was his bill; to which the reply was, "Never mind now; wait till your year is up." This was said in such a manner that the preacher inferred there would be nothing to pay, and every succeeding visit confirmed this impression. The year closed, the preacher had received and counted carefully the balance of his yearly wages of a hundred dollars, and as he made his last call at the tavern he enquired as a matter of form what his bill was. "I will see," said the landlord. So, taking his book, he began to draw off his accounts as follows: 18—, Sept. 6th, horse feed, 12½ cents; supper, 25 cents, night's lodging, 12½ cents; breakfast 25 cents, etc., down a very large sheet of cap paper, which footed up a very considerable sum. Few could describe the feeling of disappointment and horror which the poor young preacher realized as he felt over the little balance of yearly wages in his pocket, to see whether it would cancel the claim. "Now," said the landlord, "we will see what is to your credit," so he put down on the opposite page 18—, Sept. 6th, saying grace, full, 15 cents; evening prayer short, 20 cents; 7th, saying grace, short, 18 cents; morning prayer, long, 30 cents, etc., down the page. Then striking the balance he said: "I owe you just 62½ cents. Here it is; we will balance the books."

WHAT IS CONSCIENCE.—"A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field, home. A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of the redora, caught my attention, and I lifted my stick to strike it, when a voice within me said, 'It is wrong.' I stood with uplifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till redora and the tortoise vanished from my sight.

"I hastened home and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong.

Wiping a tear from her eye, and taking me in her arms, she said, 'Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer, and always guide you out right. But if you turn a deaf ear, or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you in the dark without a guide.'"

Icy.

Do not encase your prayer-meetings in the straight-jacket of over-precise proprieties. A systematic prayer-meeting, as the Morning Star suggests, is likely to be but an icy affair. "How it kills all the warmth and freedom of the soul! He that can pass through one without feeling his spiritual teeth chatter has a wonderful vitality. The thing runs after this wise: All in their seats; the minister reads a long hymn; the chorister carefully searches his tune book for a piece exactly agreeing in style and movement with the hymn; at last he finds the object of his search and prepares to begin the song; his tuning-fork is sought, and by-and-by the key note is precisely hit, and the music begins. Then a chapter is read, a prayer offered; another hymn performed in the same careful, precise manner, and the meeting is 'open.' Deacon A. is next asked to pray, Mr. B. to follow, and so on—all done to order." This statement, though not altogether a travesty of facts that we have witnessed. Better some crudities of fervor, than this method of doing things "decently and in order."—Christian Secretary.

Scientific.

Sickness not causeless.

There never can be disease without a cause; and almost always the cause is in the person who is ill; he has either done something which he ought not to have done, or he has omitted something which he should have attended to.

Another important item is that sickness does not, as a general thing, come on suddenly; as seldom does it thus come, as a house becomes enveloped in flames on the instant of the fire first breaking out. There is generally a spark, a tiny flame, a trifling blaze. It is so with disease, and promptitude is always an important element of safety and deliverance. A little child wakes up in the night with a disturbing cough, but which, after a while, passes off, and the parents feel relieved; the second night the cough is more decided; the third, it is croup, and in a few hours more, the darling is dead!

Had that child been kept warm in bed the whole of the day after the first coughing was noticed, had fed lightly, and got abundant, warm sleep, it would have had no cough the second night, and the day after would have been well.

An incalculable amount of human suffering and many lives would be saved every year, if two things were done uniformly. First, when any uncomfortable feeling is noticed, begin at once, trace the cause of it, and avoid that cause ever after. Second, use means at once to remove the symptom; and among these, the best, those which are most universally available and applicable, are rest, warmth, abstinence, a clean person, and a pure air. When animals are ill, they follow nature's instinct, and lie down to rest. Many a valuable life has been lost by the unwise efforts of the patient to "keep up," when the most fitting place was a warm bed and a quiet apartment.

Some persons attempt to "harden their constitutions" by exposing themselves to the cause which induced their sufferings, as if they could, by so doing, get accustomed to the exposure, and ever thereafter endure it with impunity. A good constitution, like a good garment, lasts the longer by its being taken care of. If a finger has been burned by putting it in the fire, and is cured never so well, it will be burned again as often as it is put in the fire, such a result is inevitable. There is no such thing as hardening one's self against the causes of disease. What gives a man a cold to-day will give him a cold to-morrow, and the next day, and the next. What lies in the stomach like a heavy weight to-day will do the same to-morrow; not in a less degree, but a greater; and as we get older, or get more under the influence of disease, lesser causes have greater ill effects; so that the older we get, the greater need is there for increased efforts to favor ourselves, to avoid hardships and exposures, and be more prompt in rectifying any "symptom," by rest, warmth, and abstinence.—Hail's Journal.

Ice for Diphtheria.

The affection, which comprises those known under the various names of bad sore-throat, angina, croup, and the French *angine couenneuse*, has hitherto been considered one of the most difficult to cure. We some time back gave an account of Dr. Trudeau's method, which consists in administering stoxar under the form of a syrup; but we now find in the *Revue Thérapeutique* a paper by Dr. A. De Grand, Boulogne, late French Vice-Consul at Havana, in which he mentions ice as an infallible specific. As this, from its extreme simplicity, would, if effective, be far superior to any yet tried, we cannot refrain from quoting the cases mentioned by the author, who had published this remedy as far back as February, 1860, and consequently complains (not without reason, if its efficacy is such as he describes it) of the inexcusable negligence of practitioners in not taking notice of it, and thereby allowing many valuable lives to be lost. The following cases came under his observation after that date. In March and April, 1861, the disease in question broke out under an epidemic form, and chiefly attacked adults with such virulence that in one week three young women died in a single house.

One of Dr. De Grand's patients afflicted with blepharitis was seized with it, and as he could not immediately attend, owing to the severity of the case, another physician was called in, who ordered red emetics and aluminous gargles,

which produced no effect. At length Dr. De Grand came, and found the tonsils greatly swollen, and a false membrane covering them. He immediately administered small pieces of ice, and by the following morning the tumefaction of the tonsils had diminished by half, and the false membrane had nearly disappeared. That very evening she was enabled to take food. Profiting by this example, a few days after her brother was seized with sore throat, presenting the same preliminary symptoms as those of his sister; but he, without waiting for the doctor, at once took ice, and was rid of his sore throat in a few hours. Some days later, Dr. De Grand was summoned to a young lady who had been laboring under the disease for the last forty-eight hours; all remedies had failed, and the parents, relations, and friends of the family were plunged in the deepest sorrow.

When Dr. De Grand ordered ice, a general cry of astonishment was uttered by all present. Ice for a sore throat! Impossible! it was sheer murder! Dr. De Grand maintained his ground, and after much expostulation, during which much time was lost, he obtained his end. Before twenty-four hours were over the patient was in full convalescence. Being at Vera Cruz on a mission, he was requested to see a young man who was attacked with malignant sore throat, and had been treated without effect by cauterizations with hydrochloric acid and astringent gargles. Here again he had to battle with the prejudices of the family, but was at length allowed to administer ice. The young man recovered in the course of the following day. Dr. De Grand has now been using this remedy for the last twelve years, without having met with a single failure. This is what he says, but even if only half of what he says were true, the method should be tried by others. Cold gargles have been employed with success by Dr. Blanc, of Strasburg; why not ice?—Galignani.

FIVE FOLLIES.—1. To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

2. To believe that the more hours children study at school the faster they learn.

3. To conclude that if exercise is good for the health, the more violent and aud. exhausting it is, the more good is done.

4. To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

5. To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

TAKE CARE OF THE MINUTES.—Let us recollect the admonition of a famous man, that the humblest persons are bound to give an account of their leisure; and, in the midst of solitude, let us be of some use to society. The spare minutes of a year are mighty laborers if kept to their word. They overthrow and build up; dig or empty. There is a tradition in Barbary that the sea was once absorbed by ants.

It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily, quiet virtues of life. The Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all, that good is to be done.

"Notes of a Visit to the Lower Provinces."

Under the above title, Professor Leitch, on his return to Canada, gave the readers of the *Canada Presbyterian* some of the results of his observation while in these provinces in the summer. Meeting with the Kirk Synod, in Prince Edward Island, he remarks concerning Dalhousie College:—

June 26th. The Dalhousie College was the chief subject of discussion to-day. This College is situated at Halifax, and has always been a failure notwithstanding the many attempts to raise it to importance as an educational institution. One chief cause of its failure was that it did not engage the sympathy of any of the leading denominations. An Act was passed last session of Parliament, re-organizing the College on an entirely new basis; and the members of the Synod of the Church of Scotland took an active part in bringing about this new arrangement. According to this Act any denomination is entitled to endow professorships, and for every professor they are entitled to appoint a member of the governing body. The endowment must be a capital sum yielding at least £300 yearly. The Synod expects to endow one chair, and the other Presbyterians of the Province two chairs. Other chairs will be endowed from the present revenues of the College. It is hoped that the number of chairs in the Arts department will be, in all, six. The Presbyterian Church is to merge its present College, which has now received a University charter. The members of the Synod cordially sympathize with the efforts of the Synod of Canada to get her licentiates recognized by the Mother Church, and will not be satisfied unless the curriculum at Dalhousie be such as can be recognized at home. The constitution of the College is novel, as in no other University that I am aware of, is the appointment of professors and governors in the hands of different denominations acting in their denominational capacity.

The various parties, however, enter into the arrangement with the hope that by mutual forbearance, sectarian asperities will not be allowed to interfere with the working of the institution, and that one denomination will not seek to bias the students of another. In the Scotch College, the professors belong to various denominations,