

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 18th, 1864.

Read—LUKE vii. 36-50: The penitent woman. 1 SAMUEL xix. 12-24: David's escape from Saul.
Recite—JEREMIAH ix. 23, 24.

Sunday, September 25th, 1864.

Read—LUKE viii. 1-18: The Parable of the Sower. 1 SAMUEL xx. 1-23: Jonathan's covenant with David.
Recite—PHILIPPIANS ii. 5-8.

The poor boy's Mite.

Quite an interesting incident occurred at the Quarry Mission School, on the Wissahickon, last Sabbath, which, though simple in itself, is perhaps, worthy of notice.

Toward the close of the school, Mr. Elmes, the Superintendent, requested that if any of the scholars had any missionary money to give, they would be so kind as to bring it up to the desk. One little boy, about eight years old, and bare-footed, left his seat, and approaching the desk, said: "This, sir, is all I have to give," and drew from his pocket three small shells.

This excited quite a good deal of mirth in the school, but a gentleman visitor present was so much pleased with the act that he offered to purchase the shells, although they were of no value in themselves. The little fellow consented, the superintendent had no objections, and the gentleman gave a sum of money for them which was greater than the whole school had given for one month.

The money was contributed to the cause of missions. Boys, you can all do something for Christ.

Original Identity.

Professor C., of one of the flourishing New England colleges, was an able man, but unfortunately had a hobby, which he rode in season, and out of season, much to the annoyance of the students. His was an exceedingly fine-spun metaphysical theory, to the effect that the original identity of a substance is never lost by any transmutation or change which may take place in respect to the substance itself.

One lecture evening, after the worthy professor had expatiated at some length on his favorite topic, an irreverent student asked leave to propose a question, when the following colloquy ensued:

Student.—You see this knife which I hold in my hand?

Professor.—Certainly.

Student.—If I should lose the blade, and have a new one put in its place, would it be the same knife afterwards?

Professor.—Most assuredly.

Student.—Then, if I should subsequently lose the handle, and get it replaced, would it be the same knife?

Professor.—Certainly.

Student.—Then, if some one should find the original blade and handle, and put them together, what knife would that be?

The answer of the Professor is not reported.

The Perplexed Housekeeper.

I wish I had a dozen pair
Of hands, this very minute;
I'd soon put all these things to rights—
I believe the witch is in it.

Here's a big washing to be done,
One pair of hands to do it;
Sheets, shirts, and stockings, coats and pants;
How shall I e'er get through it?

Dinner to get for six or more;
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live—
He's always so on Monday.

And there's the cream, tis getting sour,
And must forthwith be churning,
And here's Bob wants a button on—
Which way shall I be turning?

'Tis time the meat was in the pot,
The bread has worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby's waking.

Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
I wish he'd sleep a little,
'Till I could go and get some wood
To hurry up that kettle.

Oh, dear! If W—comes home,
And finds things in this pother,
He'll just begin to tell me all
About his tidy mother!

How nice HER kitchen used to be,
HER dinner always ready;
Exactly when the noon-bell rung—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy.

And then will come some hasty word,
Right out before I'm thinking—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.

Now, isn't that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always smile so winning?

When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble;
Had clothes, and pocket-money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

I never dreamed of SUCH a fate,
When I, A Lass! was courted—
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, house-
keeper, chamber-maid, laundress, dairy-
woman, and SCRUB generally, doing the
work of six,
For the sake of—being supported.

A Trip in a Fire Balloon.

The idea of fire-balloons has generally been connected with some pretty toys sent up into the air for the purpose of amusing children at a rustic fête. Few ever dared to think that men could be daring enough to ascend half a mile by similar means. But such a feat was accomplished on Wednesday evening, and the details of the voyage, as recorded in *The Telegraph* by one of the occupants of the car, exceed in exciting interest even eloquent descriptions which have been written of Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher's aerial journeys. The ascent was made from Cremorne. The balloon was four times as large as that "Mammoth" which was lately torn to pieces by a brutal mob at Leicester; but few who had not been "posted up" in recent aerostatics were prepared to find that the balloon was really a very awe-inspiring piece of machinery, with mysterious furnaces, strange funnels, bewildering air holes, and a whole host of perplexing accessories. Of course to an engineer all this was simple enough. There was a cylinder with a furnace, there were air-holes, into this furnace trusses of straw, carried up in the balloon, were to be thrown; the fire was to be kept briskly up when it was intended to ascend; it was to be lowered when a descent was contemplated; to break a sudden fall there was a pretty parachute; and the whole thing was ingenious and elaborate, but, to an ordinary mind, rather unintelligible than otherwise. The adventurous spirits who early in the afternoon pushed their way in under the canvas folds, and gazed at the central machinery, simply carried away the idea that the passengers would have to sit down with their backs to a raging funnel: and the demand for seats in this exceptional conveyance accordingly fell off. At seven o'clock six passengers, who had all been up in the air before, took their seats, and the balloon began to rise. Strange were the new sensations occasioned by the new system—and they are as difficult to describe as they were strange. Let the reader, however, imagine that he has been riding in the engine of an express train; let him then conceive that this engine, with the fire roaring in the furnace, has suddenly leaped into the air, and he will get some faint notion of the situation. As the balloon rose—not with a swift, steady bound, like that of an athlete, but rather with a feverish, hesitating, uncertain movement—the men who were "on board" had quite enough to do to pass the bundles of straw to the aeronaut, who was very properly crying out for "more." It was not a nice commencement of a dangerous journey. The elevating power of the balloon seemed scarcely sufficient for the occasion; and whilst the crowd swayed to and fro beneath, the huge machine drove against some of the decorations of Cremorne, and knocked them about at its pleasure. Still fresh bundles of straw were flung in; the necessary impetus was gained; the "Eagle" cleared the obstacles; and as it soared into the air M. Godard sounded a cheery note upon his little trumpet and waved his cap to the cheering crowd. There was not much wind; and the balloon, slowly rising, took its course to the south-eastward of London. At times, it seemed becalmed; and during these intervals of quiet those who looked out over the panorama of London owned that the sight was well worth the risk. The whole expanse of the mighty city was visible; dense clouds curtained it in, and covered it with a mysterious haze; slowly sank the great red sun, slowly rose the great white moon; away over the open fields gathered the mists of the night; the wonderful roar of London rose up through the evening air, like the passionate clamor—impatient, querulous, irresistible—of the sea; and behind each gazer, close to his back, was the roaring and the raging of the furnace. The red light glared out, and was seen afar; the heat was almost painful; but the sight was worth the peril, and neither amongst Englishmen nor Frenchmen was a murmur heard as, steadily, one after one, the trusses of straw were passed into the fire. The long lines of the bridges, the dim outlines of familiar buildings, and of all the open spaces in which London takes its pleasure, rose upon the view. At no time did the balloon ascend much above half a mile, and at no time did that ugly, roaring, crackling clamour cease; but M. Godard was bland and brave, his fellow-countrymen were courteous and courageous; and the Englishmen held their tongues. At length, after crossing and re-crossing the river, it was determined to descend—a feat which was not accomplished without much difficulty and some danger, for fire-balloons are naturally not so easily managed as their companions of the air. Instead of opening a trap-door and throwing out ballast, burning fiery furnaces have to be regulated, and in this case 460,000 cubic feet of rarified air had to be overpowered. However, the voyagers were not novices, and they got off with nothing worse than a few bumps.—*English paper.*

WELL may God suffer thee to lose thy locks
When thou dar'st willfully to lay thy head in
the lap of temptation.

A Singing Machine.

One of the latest applications of mechanical science is certainly that involved in the production of the Anthropoglossos. Eyes were made which lacked only the quality of seeing, but which are undistinguishable from the natural organ; artificial legs, and hands, and arms, and teeth, which answer almost all the purposes of those provided by nature; but hitherto a "human tongue," and with well-trained vocal organs has been wanting. This last difficulty of mechanical science has now been overcome, as any person may see for himself, who will visit St. James's Hall, where the Anthropoglossos is exhibited. Here they will see a large waxen head, not unlike in its general appearance that of the late M. Jullien, with a silver tunnel in its mouth. The head is not supported upon any body or pedestal, but hangs suspended by gilt chains from the ceiling. Beneath the bust, or what may be called the neck of the singing-machine, there is a small glass case, containing some very delicately-constructed mechanism, which may be taken to represent the glottis, and the means of producing vocal expression. This mechanism, like that of a musical box, is wound up by a key, and forthwith a pair of small bellows are seen to work, and from the small silver trumpet there issues forth a voice singing as distinctly and as accurately as human flesh and blood. The mechanical vocalist has a repertoire of six songs, and the National Anthem, with which it winds up the entertainment. Some other heads of a similar character are to be seen in the room, but we understand that they are not yet completely trained to their musical duties. The articulation of the words is so clear, and the notes so musical, that it induces the suspicion of something more than mere mechanical appliances. Unlike other singing-machines, there is nothing harsh or mechanical about the notes, and the deception of introducing a human voice, if it exists, is very cleverly carried out, for the most careful examination fails to detect any mode by which the voice of a human singer could be brought so cleverly out of the mouth of the waxen head. Some years ago there was an exhibition of the vocal performance of what was termed the "Invisible Girl," who answered questions and sang songs from a box suspended in the room; but in that case there was no attempt to show that the results were produced by mechanism. But in these days of table-turning and spiritualism there is no knowing what may not be accomplished by natural means, and he would be a rash man who would assert that it was impossible to imitate as perfectly as the Anthropoglossos does the sounds of the human voice.—*Observer.*

Agriculture, etc.

TO MAKE FARMING PROFITABLE.

Every beginner in farming, by securing the following essentials, will succeed:

Buy no more land than there is capital enough to pay for with one third more for surplus. A small farm free from debt, with plenty of means to stock it, and carry on its work, will yield more than a larger one encumbered with debt, conducted feebly in every part, with bad fences, poor implements, bony animals, weedy fields, and thin crops.

Lay out the fields in good order, so as to give ready access to every field at all times, without passing through other fields.

Provide good fences and necessary gates, and valuable time will not be lost in driving out intruding animals nor crops lost by their depredations.

Furnish good farm buildings to secure properly the crops, and to afford shelter to animals.

Select the best animals and the best implements that can be secured for a reasonable price.

Bring the soil into good condition by manuring and draining, and keep it so by a judicious rotation.

Effect a clear and systematic arrangement of all the work, so that there shall be no clashing or confusion.

Employ diligence and energy, and adopt careful management.

THE TOMATO AS FOOD.

Dr. Bennet, a professor of some celebrity, considered the tomato an invaluable article of diet, and ascribes to it very important properties:

"First, that the tomato is one of the most powerful aperients of the liver and other organs; where calomel is indicated, it is probably one of the most effective and least harmful remedial agents known to the profession. Secondly, that a chemical extract will be obtained from it that will supersede the use of calomel in the cure of disease. Third, that he has successfully treated diarrhoea with this article alone. Fourth, that when used as an article of diet it is almost sovereign for dyspepsia and indigestion. Fifth, that it should be used for daily food; either cooked, raw or in any form of catsup, it is the most healthy article now in use."

Recent letters from Melbourne announce a most distinguished birth that has lately occurred there. In the middle of May the first salmon was born in Australia. The *Argus* paper, we are told, had a leader on the illustrious young stranger. This first happy arrival has been succeeded by 150 other metamorphoses from eggs to fish, and as all the latter are stated to be lusty and healthy, the introduction of the king fish into Australia may be regarded as an accomplished fact.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

CHAPTER III.

CONVERSION, AND ENTRANCE ON THE MINISTRY.

(No. 20.)

As the expiration of the time for which I had engaged to teach school drew nigh, it became specially necessary for me to decide the important question, Shall I devote my life to the work of the Christian Ministry? I was led, therefore, to consider the subject prayerfully and attentively, and to examine myself strictly with reference to the motives which might influence me. It was evident that I could not be actuated by a desire to accumulate wealth; as devotion to the work of the ministry, under existing circumstances, would necessarily exclude all opportunity for this. It could not be for the love of ease; for manual labor was congenial to my disposition; and the course on which I thought to enter was likely to subject me to greater toils and hardships than either that of school-teaching would. There did not appear to be any prospect of attaining to eminence or fame, especially as there are usually many who are disposed, if possible, to blast the reputation of a faithful minister of Christ. (In these respects, however, I may truly say, now in the seventy-first year of my age, that though I have only a moderate share of property, have often endured much fatigue and exposure to cold and storms, and have not wholly escaped the lash of tongues and pens, yet my lot has been more favored than I at first anticipated.) I was aware that an awful responsibility would rest upon me; and that many severe trials might be reasonably expected. So far, however, as my leading motives could be ascertained by me, a sincere and fervent desire that God might be glorified, that the Redeemer's kingdom might be extended, and that precious and undying souls might be saved, rendered me willing to be subjected to all the toils, privations, anxieties, reproaches, and afflictions of every kind that might attend a course of ministerial labor. Aware, also, that my venerated Pastor, Rev. Edward Manning, and other discerning eminent Christians, regarded me as called of God to the work, I was led to decide the momentous question in the affirmative.

When, therefore, I had completed my engagement with my employers in Lower Aylesford, about the middle of March, and enjoyed the satisfaction of receiving from them an expression of their hearty approval of my services as a teacher, I took an affectionate leave of them, and returned to Cornwallis, with the intention of devoting myself henceforth unreservedly to the work of the Lord.

Lord's day, March 24th, 1816, was a memorable epoch in the history of my life. On it I stood up before a congregation to attempt, for the first time, to preach from a particular text. This appeared to be "crossing the Rubicon," in other words, committing myself to the work of the gospel ministry, and excluding all opportunity to go back, or to select any other occupation. My decision was thus openly avowed. The venerable Elder Manning—a person of keen and deep discernment—was present, as were also a number of other experienced Christians. My parents and several of my brothers and sisters were in the congregation. My discourse was founded on Eph. ii. 1. "And you hath He quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." A sense of the Divine presence, graciously afforded, tended to dissipate the fear of man, and to enable me speak with freedom. Moreover, the assurance that I was surrounded by Christian friends who approved of my course, whose sympathies were with me, and whose earnest desires were ascending to Heaven on my behalf, afforded me encouragement in my arduous undertaking.

It had been my expectation that Elder Manning would preach in the evening. After meeting, however, he stated to me, that, owing to physical indisposition endured by him, it would be necessary for me to preach again. The thought of having to come so soon before the same assembly to deliver a set discourse, contrary to my expectations, gave me some disquietude. This induced me to retire into a grove, and seek Divine guidance and aid. My thoughts were directed to another portion of the Lord's word (Eccles. viii. 11-15) which presented a different theme for discourse; and