

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 25th, 1864.

Read—LUKE xi. 45-54: Christ rebukes the law  
yers. 1 SAMUEL xxviii.: The witch of Endor.  
Recite—1 COR. xiii. 1-3.

Sunday, January 1st, 1865.

Read—LUKE xii. 1-12: Christ teaches the particu-  
lar providence of God. 1 SAMUEL xxix.: The  
jealousy of the lords of the Philistines.  
Recite—PSALM i.

Kitty's rebellion.—A true story.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

One sultry summer's afternoon, some seventeen  
years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play  
for a drink of the cool lemonade which stood  
on the table.

"Please, mamma," said her mother, as she  
turned the glass.

"Kitty can't say please," replied the little  
maid.

Now Kitty had said "please," a hundred times,  
and usually delighted in saying everything she  
was told. She quite revelled in conversational  
powers for a year-and-a-half-old. For the first  
time in her short life she had taken a notion  
that she would not do as she was bid. So her  
mother set the glass down again untasted, and  
the child ran back to her doorstep as  
thirsty as before. But it was very warm, and  
presently the little feet came pattering back,  
and the thirsty red lips were put again for a  
drink.

"Kitty say please."  
"Tan't say please." So the baby went away  
thirsty again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps a  
dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at  
first playfully as it seemed, but as the wee  
rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst  
rather than say "please," it became a rather  
serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Pet ran to her high  
chair.

"Mamma, lift Kitty up!"  
"Please, mamma, lift Kitty," said the moth-  
er, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby  
shook her head—muttered "tan't say please,"  
and turned away. Her father and mother and  
the rest of the children sat down to the table,  
but who could eat supper while that poor little  
outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with  
hunger and thirst! The mother yearned to  
take her in her arms and give her food and  
drink; but how could she? The little one  
knew that one dutiful word would bring her all  
she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The  
question was fairly at issue—should the child  
obey the parents, or the parents submit to the  
child? It is an old and common dilemma, and  
in thousands of households the child carries the  
day, but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant  
that to be the order of the world. So she took  
her baby to her room, and set before her very  
tenderly and seriously her naughty behavior.  
She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to  
make her good and obedient; but after it all,  
Kitty could not "say please," any better than  
before. At length distressed and tired out and  
fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had  
not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to  
her father and begged him to take the case in  
hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young  
culprit, playfully, nothing doubting he should  
soon bring her round. He gave her a great  
many words to speak, which she did all very  
readily till fatal please came along; that she  
couldn't do. Year-and-a-half understood very  
well that to say that was to submit. So he  
grew serious, and told her that he should have  
to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty  
and whipping were two things never thought  
of in the same breath before. She had always  
been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child,  
and nobody had ever guessed how much grit  
was latent in that soft little bosom. Nothing  
else would avail, however, and the whipping had  
to come. Still the baby remained stout-hearted,  
and far from righteousness.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips  
crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak  
the little word which would bring it, she was  
put to bed in her crib. All through the warm  
night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet  
sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even  
then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she  
would only sob, "Tan't say please," when the  
water came near. For the father and mother,  
that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, re-  
lieved only by prayer. They really began to  
fear that the child would sooner die than give  
up.

"Oh pshaw! never mind the please; give  
her drink," many a father would have said.  
"Poor little thing; I must let the minding go  
till another time," most mothers would have  
thought, but Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not see it  
so. If it was like death for a will to yield after  
eighteen months growth, what would it be after  
months and years of indulgence? God had  
committed to them this soul of His creating, to  
be trained for Himself; if she could not be  
made to obey her father whom she had seen,  
how should she become obedient to her Father  
in heaven whom she hath not seen? The very  
fact that her will was strong, made it the more  
imperative to their minds that it should be  
brought under the control of her conscience;  
they saw what a cruel tyrant it would prove  
if left to hold sway. The longer the struggle

was protracted, the more likely it seemed that  
the result would be a final one, and the more  
important that it should be right. Then the  
other children who had been watching this new  
phase of family history with a kind of solemn  
dread—should they learn that the authority  
they had been taught to revere, could after all  
be trodden under the feet of a baby? It would  
not do. It had been clearly explained to the  
little one that it was her heavenly Father's com-  
mand that she should obey her parents and that  
she was resisting His will; the father and  
mother felt that they had no right to annul  
His law. So the night wore away, and the  
morning broke; but it brought no peace to the  
household, weighed down by the perverseness  
of its young rebel. She woke worn and al-  
most sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will indeed! What a grand awful mys-  
tery it is! How, shrouded in a dainty delicate  
morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the  
world! Terrible agent of evil! Glorious  
worker of good! Kingliest power in creation!  
—a sovereign human will! What wonder heav-  
en and earth contended for little Kitty's will.  
So they do for every one. Happy the child  
whose parents standfastly keep the right side in  
the conflict!

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A wo-  
man who occupied the adjoining tenement, hav-  
ing learned the state of things from the children,  
came in to plead for her. She assured Mrs.  
Hart that she was killing the child; that it was  
downright cruelty to treat her so; that if she  
had a little girl, she would never see her suffer  
when she could help it. All this fell on a sore  
and aching heart. The mother had already  
been tormented with fears that the heat, and  
thirst and excitement would really be the death  
of her poor dear naughty little darling. She  
tried to think up some compromise by which  
Kitty could be relieved without a sacrifice of  
parental government. At last she quietly  
placed a mug of milk in a low chair, and left  
the little girl alone in the room, while her father  
and mother watched her unsee.

They saw her come up to the mug and press  
her hot little hands against its cool sides and be-  
gin to raise it to her thirsty lips; then suddenly  
she set it down with a piteous look, and went  
away moaning. It was a cruel battle between  
Desire and Honor, for such a little heart.  
Again and again the little creature would come  
up and look wistfully into the mug full of white  
milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn a-  
way. Kitty would not slink out of the difficul-  
ty, though her parents would let her; she or  
they must openly surrender. This little display  
of character made them clearer than ever that  
they should do the child a cruel wrong in help-  
ing her to break down the demands of her own  
conscience.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Hart was  
relieved to see the family physician drive up to  
the door. She hastened to tell him the whole  
story, and ask whether she was risking too much.  
He advised her to "put it through; the little  
thing couldn't stand out much longer." More-  
over the good doctor straightway conceived a  
little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It  
was a great treat for any of the children to ride  
with him, and one to which Kitty had never yet  
arrived; so that when he proposed to take her  
this morning, she flushed up with delight, and  
began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run ask your mother to please put on your  
hat then," said the Doctor.  
Instantly the bright little face faded, she had  
lost all desire to go if there was a "please" to  
it. So that expedient failed.

It was getting toward noon; nearly twenty-  
four hours during which Kitty had not tasted  
food or drink. Persuasion and authority had  
been exhausted upon her, and still she wander-  
ed about the house, a wan, disconsolate little ob-  
ject, often crying, but obstinate as ever. Al-  
most heart-broken to see her so, the mother took  
her in her arms once more and carried her to  
her chamber. Once again she showed the little  
girl who wretched her wilfulness was making  
herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving  
the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with  
strong crying and tears implored that blessed  
Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the  
stubborn will. Suddenly baby threw her arms  
around her neck and burst out:

"Please, please, please, please!"  
The grateful mother covered her with tears  
and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-  
room where she sprang into her father's arms  
crying, "Please, please, please," as if she never  
would be done. Now she was all radiant with  
love and peace. The other children came run-  
ning in to hear how Kitty could say please.  
She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The  
whole family stood around laughing and crying,  
to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly  
able to let her alone long enough to do it.  
The house was full of joy. The battle was  
ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a  
terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from  
that day to this, Kitty Hart has shown no dis-  
position to resist rightful authority. Her will  
was not "broken"—that is an ugly phrase—it  
is a good will yet; but it was brought under  
her conscience. It was rescued from being  
mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make  
their child understand that to resist them, was to  
disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was  
the head and front of her offending. As time  
went on, they found, to their thankful surprise,  
reason to believe that she had understood it so  
well that in yielding to them at last she had  
also submitted herself to Him. Mature years  
and new experience deepened and developed  
her Christian life, but it never seemed necessary  
for Kitty to be converted after she was a year  
and a half old. It appeared that the Redeemer  
had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and  
ended that long contest by changing the heart

of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending his  
Spirit into it crying, Abba Father!  
Ah, these crises in child-hearts mean more  
than we think! Eternal issues are pending  
when we little dream of it.—Congregationalist

Some employments may be better than others;  
but there is no employment so bad as the hav-  
ing none at all; the mind will contract a rust,  
and an unfitness for every good thing; and a  
man must either fill up his time with good, or  
at least innocent business, or it will run to the  
worst sort of waste, to sin and vice.

What can I not bear with the help of God?  
What can I do or suffer without it?

A Temperance Fable

The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to  
devise some method of safety, in getting the bait  
from a small trap which lay near, having seen  
numbers of their friends and relations snatched  
from them by its merciless jaws. After many  
speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate  
but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect,  
said:

"It is my opinion that, if with one paw we  
can keep down the spring, we can safely take  
the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats present loudly squeaked assent,  
and slapped their tails in applause. The meet-  
ing adjourned, and the rats retired to their  
homes; but the devastations of the trap being  
by no means diminished, the rats were forced to  
call another "convention." The elders, just as-  
sembled, had commenced their deliberations,  
when all were startled by a faint voice, and a  
poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the  
ring, stood up to speak. All were instantly  
silent; stretching out the bleeding remains of  
his leg, he said:

"My friends, I have tried the method, and  
you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan  
to escape the trap: Do not touch it!"

Pumpkins for the Pastor.

A Western Minister communicates the fol-  
lowing to the Boston Recorder:—

My brethren, carry pumpkins to your minis-  
ters. Do not think, that because they are so  
cheap that you feed them to your cows, or boil  
them for your pigs, that they are beneath his ac-  
ceptance. Instinct teaches the cow that they  
are good for her, and the pig thrives on them.  
They might help to feed the minister. True,  
what is found inside of them is not brain, but  
the pulp beneath the rind, will, when properly  
prepared, repair the waste and wear of brain.

Pumpkins contain sugar, in a shape much  
more healthy for children than candy. Grow-  
ing children must have sugar. If your minister  
has a large family of small children, roll in the  
pumpkins by the dozen into his yard. Roll in  
the big, yellow, jolly fellows till the little ones  
shout again, and the mother stands in mute amazement.

There is work in preparing pumpkins for hu-  
man food, and ministers' children are sometimes  
in worse business. Pater familias (Pater paro-  
chie) comes out of his study to cut the spher-  
es into rings. And while mother and her elder  
daughters are busy with their needles, patching,  
darning, or making smaller garments out of  
larger, all the rest that can wield a knife, pare  
and cut, and the merry pot receives the pieces,  
chuckling merrily the while. At length the  
last piece is "in and disintegrated by steam."  
The cover is then taken off, the pudding-stick  
is put in, and it is stirred and stewed, hissing  
not resentfully the while, till it has lost more  
than half its weight, and concentrated its sweets.

This pulchreous mass can be used otherwise  
than in making pies. Added to bread and milk  
it ekes out whichever may be scant; it is milk to  
the bread or bread to the milk. And even as  
sauce, or a healthy substitute for preserves it is  
not to be despised. Children, one with another,  
can dispose of one pumpkin each per week. Do  
you know how many children your minister has?  
Count their noses and roll out the pumpkins.  
Better still, saturate the family with this Yan-  
kee esculent. But one thing they are not good  
for. Do not, my dear brethren, do not try to  
pay your "subscriptions" with pumpkins.

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.—I hold it to be a  
sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be,  
if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to  
the little joys and endearments of a family; to  
the affection of relations, to the fidelity of  
domestics. Next to being well with his own  
conscience, the friendship and attachment of a  
man's family and dependents seems to me one of  
the most comfortable circumstances of his lot.  
His situation, with regard to either, forms that  
sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks  
close to him at times and seasons, and which,  
though he may now and then forget it, amidst  
the bustle of public or the hurry of active life,  
will resume its place in his thoughts and its per-  
manent effects on his happiness, at every pause  
of ambition or business.—Bishop Horne.

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is  
the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that  
are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and  
whose chief delight is in such things. The other  
is the kind that appears best at home—the girls  
that are useful in the dining-room, the sick-  
room, and all the precincts of home. They dif-  
fer widely in character. One is often a tor-  
ment at home—the other a blessing; one is a  
moth, consuming everything about her—the  
other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness  
all along her pathway. The right education  
will modify both a little, and unite good qual-  
ities in one.

Some employments may be better than others;  
but there is no employment so bad as the hav-  
ing none at all; the mind will contract a rust,  
and an unfitness for every good thing; and a  
man must either fill up his time with good, or  
at least innocent business, or it will run to the  
worst sort of waste, to sin and vice.

What can I not bear with the help of God?  
What can I do or suffer without it?

Agriculture, etc.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to Enquiry.

Mr. Editor,—

For the information of "Subscriber," in your  
last issue, I would say that I can furnish Straw-  
berry plants, of some approved kinds for this  
Country—and if he, or any other person in like  
circumstances, will communicate with the  
"Fruit Growers' Association," the remainder of  
the questions may be satisfactorily answered.  
It would be necessary to state locality, soil, ex-  
posure &c.;—and I would let me beg leave to  
bring the above named Association to the favor-  
able notice of your readers—Its Officers and  
Members would be happy to give any informa-  
tion, on Horticultural subjects, that may be in  
their power. Address

GEO. V. RAND,  
Secy. F. G. Association.  
Wolfville, Dec. 10th, 1864.

MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.

The farmer who does not return to his fields a  
dressing more than equivalent to the crops  
gathered therefrom, is as unwise and thoughtless  
as he who would neglect to feed the horse that  
was to carry him on a journey. In both cases it  
is diminishing the ability of a faithful servant  
to minister to his wants.

In all cases keep the best products of your  
farm, whether of grain or stock, for your own  
use, that improvement in each may result there-  
from. If three poor sheep will bring as much  
as one good one, keep the one and sell the three.  
Do not permit the remains of animal or  
vegetable substances to decay about your dwell-  
ing, but incorporate them with the soil or the  
compost heap, thereby securing the comfort and  
health of your family and adding to the attrac-  
tiveness of your home.

Having things "near enough," often causes  
much trouble. The head-board to farmer A's  
cart was a little too short, but it was "near  
enough," consequently it came out in passing  
over a jolt, and with it half the potatoes. The  
keys to Mr. B's waggon thills were rather small,  
but they were "near enough"—so they worked  
loose, the thills came out and waggon and horse  
got wrecked together in going down hill. The  
bar to Capt. C's cow pasture was too short,  
and yet he thought it "near enough"—but it  
dropped out one day, and the cattle got through  
and destroyed his grain. It is better and cheap-  
er in the end, even if it does take a little more  
time; to have things just right.—Maine Farmer.

THE BEST SOUP.

Liebig, in his *Researches on Food*, says:—  
When one pound of lean beef, free from fat, in  
the finely chopped state in which it is used for  
beef sausages or mince-meat, is uniformly mixed  
with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated  
to boiling, and the liquid, after boiling briskly  
for a minute or two, is strained through a  
towel from the coagulated albumen and the fi-  
brine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an  
equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such  
strength, as cannot be obtained, even by boiling  
for hours, from a piece of flesh. When mixed  
with salt and the other usual additions by which  
soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat  
darker by means of roasted onions or burnt  
sugar, it forms the best soup which can in any  
way be prepared from one pound of flesh.

CLEANING GRANARIES.

A prudent farmer will never fill his bins with  
the new threshed grain, without first having giv-  
en them a thorough cleaning. In order to do  
this we would recommend either of the follow-  
ing modes:—Having formed a bed of sand upon  
the granary floor, place earthen vessels of pow-  
dered brimstone upon it, to which set fire,  
after having closed the doors, and crevices if  
there be any. This fumigation, it is said,  
will prevent the existence of the weevil, or  
other insects, in the grain. Or first sweep the  
ceiling and sides of the granary, and lastly  
the floor. Carry out the dust, being sure to  
burn it. Then wash all the interior of the  
granary with a strong lye mixture, and when  
done, finish by giving the whole a good coat  
of whitewash.—Dollar Newspaper

ANECDOTE OF A SHARK.

In the United States Service Museum—  
Whatehall-yard, New Zealand—are exhibited  
the "jaws of a shark," wide open and inclosing  
a tin box. The history of this strange exhibi-  
tion is as follows:  
A king's ship on her way to the West Indies  
fell in with and chased a suspicious looking craft,  
which had all the appearance of a slaver. Dur-  
ing the pursuit the vessel chased threw some-  
thing overboard. She was subsequently cap-  
tured, and taken to Port Royal to be tried as a  
slaver. In the absence of the ship's papers  
and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a  
fair way to escape condemnation, but her cap-  
tain was anticipating the recovery of damages  
against his captor for illegal detention. While  
the subject was under discussion, a vessel came  
into port which had followed closely the track  
of the chase above described. She had caught  
a shark; and in its stomach was found a tin box  
which contained the ship's papers. Upon the  
strength of this evidence the slaver was con-  
demned. The written account is attached to  
the box.—New Zealand paper.