

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 1st, 1865.

Read—LUKE xii. 1-12: Christ teaches the particular providence of God. I SAMUEL xxix.: The jealousy of the lords of the Philistines.

Recite—PSALM i.

Sunday, January 8th, 1865.

Read—LUKE xii. 13-40: The over-ruling Providence of God. I SAMUEL xxx. 1-25: David's victory the Amalekites.

Recite—LUKE xii. 4-9.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

'Tis Christmas-eve! the tireless clock is tolling the hours away,
And my household all are sleeping, dreaming of Christmas-day.
My countless varying duties are finish'd one by one,
Still, there's always something left—my work is never done;
So I sit down by the cradle, my little one to rock,
And while I sing a lullaby, I knit for him a sock.

I've filled some little stockings with candy and with toys,
And hung them by the chimney-place, to please my darling boys.
There sleeping sweetly in their cribs, I've tucked the clothes in tight,
I've heard them say their evening prayer; and kiss'd them both good-night.
I know, that ere the daylight shall through the curtain peep,
Their Merry Christmas wishes will wake me from my sleep.

I've many, many thoughts to-night, and they are sad to me:
Two stockings only hang, this year, where three were wont to be:
The tears are falling thickly as I think of the day
When I laid that little stocking forevermore away;

For the happy one that hung it there but one short year ago
In yonder graveyard quietly sleepeth 'neath the snow.

How many little stockings, that on last Christmas-day
Were fill'd by darling little ones, have since been put away!
How many smiling faces, that to our nursery door
Came wishing "Merry Christmas," will come again no more!
Their waxen hands are folded upon each quiet breast,
And the Shepherd God has gather'd those little lambs to rest.

How many pleasant visions, and, oh what sad ones too,
With each succeeding Christmas-eve come vividly to view!
I see again my childhood's home, and every loved one's face;
The stockings hanging, as of yore, around the chimney-place,
From the wee red of baby's to grandpa's sock of gray—
Each in its own accustomed place, not even one away.

But the pleasant vision passes, and one of darker shade
Reveals how many changes each Christmas-eve has made:
For those whose stockings hung there so closely side by side,
In happy days of childhood, are scatter'd far and wide!
A few still linger here to see this Christmas-eve pass by,
But many, many more to-night within the churchyard lie.

The baby's sock is finish'd—'tis sprinkled o'er with tears:
Where will his tiny footsteps wander in future years?
Perhaps this innocent will live to see, as I have done,
The Christmas-eves of childhood steal onward one by one;
But, whether a life of sorrow, or whether a life of joy,
I feel that I can trust with God my much-loved baby boy.

The clock has struck the hour of twelve! I've put the sock away.
And by the baby's cradle I now kneel down to pray—
To ask that loving Saviour who on Christmas morn was given
To save our souls from sin and death, and fit us all for Heaven,
That He would guide our footsteps, and fill us with his love,
That we may sing together a Christmas hymn above.

There are nearly 110,000 words now in the English language, originally belonging to, borrowed and imported. Of these not more than 10,000 are in ordinary use.

THE LITTLE BOY'S INQUIRY.

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

Oh! what is heaven? I want to know,
And what is passing there;
Do gentle rivers brightly flow,
And flowers perfume the air?

Yes, there are flowers which never fade,
And streams that never dry;
And there is known no evening shade,
To dim the glorious sky.

Oh! what is heaven? I want to know;
Are children playing there?
And do they thirst and hunger now,
And need a parent's care?

No, never do they hunger there,
Nor precious moments waste;
But, beauteous as the angels, are
With Christ's own image graced.

Oh! what is heaven? I want to know
If the field flowers bloom on high,
And in meadows green, like those below,
Do birds and insects fly?

I cannot tell, my dearest boy,
It aught like these there be;
But every one is full of joy,
And loveliest sights they see.

But where is heaven? Oh! is it far
Above the ground I tread?
Or is it fixed in yonder star,
Whose beams shine mildly red?

No: 'tis the Saviour's smiling face
That makes the heaven above;
And would we reach that happy place,
We here His name must love.

'Tis in His word that we are told
Of bliss beyond the sky—
And to gain a crown of gold,
All glorious, when we die.

Dear Jesus, may I now be Thine,
And have my sins forgiven;
Along with saints and angels shine
With Thee—for that is heaven.

JEWELS FROM THE LIPS.

Grace had been wishing all the afternoon to ask her mother something; but several friends had spent the Sabbath with the family, and her mother was so much occupied that she had to wait until bedtime. Her mother was accustomed, after gently arranging the pillows and making everything pleasant for the night's rest of her little girl, to sit a few moments at the bedside, and have their "little talk," as Grace called it.

"The longed-for opportunity came at last. 'Now, mamma, I want you to tell me if you ever saw a little girl that had jewels dropping from her lips when she spoke? I know there is a fairy story about it, and you have told me fairy stories are not true; but to-day, in the Sabbath-school, Mr. Ellis said he had seen more than one little girl and boy who had something worth more than jewels, that dropped from their lips when they spoke. He said he had heard them fall. How could it be, mamma? Mr. Ellis would not tell a lie; and he said if we didn't find out about these jewels before next Sabbath, he would tell us them.'

"You have been a good little daughter this afternoon," said her mother, "and I shall be glad to answer you. A jewel is always something very precious, but the word does not always mean that which is to be worn as a part of the dress. I might call you my 'jewel,' because you are my darling child. But Mr. Ellis told you he had heard them fall from the lips of children. So have I."

"Why, mamma?"
"Yes, I have indeed. One day last week I was passing the park, and I heard a company of school boys on the other side shouting across, 'Ragged Dick, hallo! Ragged Dick, how's your father?' Two boys were just before me, and I know the shouts were meant for one of them. They were good little Willie Fernald, and Richard Lane, ragged enough to be sure, poor boys. His father is a drunkard. As I went by them I noticed that tears were falling from Richard's eyes, but jewels were dropping from Willie's lips."

Grace opened her eyes wide, and looked wonderingly at her mother.

"These were the jewels: 'Never mind, Dick, I love you. Don't you care about them, nor mind what they say. We shall have a pleasant time up at my house. We can play in the yard; and then I've got a new book that father gave me, full of pictures, and we can look it over together,' and I noticed that Dick wiped the tears away and was comforted."

"Yesterday, as I was going through the hall, near a certain nursery door, I heard a little girl talking very pleasantly to her baby brother, who had begun to cry. I know he was quite uneasy, for his mother had been out some time; but his sister was so gentle, and her words and voice so sweet and free from all anger, that he soon became quiet again. He heard the jewels fall from her lips."

Grace's cheeks were glowing, and her eyes glistened, for that little patient girl was herself. Mr. Ellis's strange remark was explained. Kind words were the jewels. As her mother bent over to kiss her, she said, "I hope such jewels will fall from your lips every day, dear little Grace. Jesus will always help you to speak thus if you ask him."

Chicago—the City of great expectations.

In 1830 there was no Chicago. Where now stands the fourth city of the Union, there stood, in 1830, one little wooden fort, and three little wooden shanties! The first person who was born on these streets has not passed the meridian of life. Where now, in 1864, there surges the tumult of the people in the fierce drive of commerce, trade, science, art and enterprise less than forty years ago an utter silence reigned.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled oak,
The moping owl did to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near the secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

An old Indian chief, in his speech to the Sunday school the other day, said he saw Chicago before there was anything to see of Chicago, and when it was composed of a group of temporary Indian huts.

In 1837—only seven and twenty years ago—the population of Chicago was about four thousand, and its income from taxes less than six thousand dollars. To-day its population is hard upon 200,000, and its present income from taxes is about one million, while the valuation of its property is nearly fifty millions! Let us take breath!

Again; the city that in 1830 was not, in 1864 casts a vote exceeding that of any city of the United States with only three exceptions—New-York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia! And when we bear in mind that Brooklyn is in no sense an independent city, being simply the elegant suburban chapel and dormitory of Gotham, and that no person is so well versed in geography as to set out for Philadelphia without consulting the guide-book, we are ready for the slightly astounding intelligence that the capital of the Northwest is virtually, and to all commercial intents and purposes, the second city of the Union! Let us take breath!

Again; the city, the number of whose years on the earth is scarcely more than the number of your fingers and toes, now takes a foremost part in the world's drama of commerce! The city that stands now, where a score and fourteen years ago, stood the bear and panther unmolested, is the first grain market of the world! The city that was unborn in 1830, in 1864 leads the cities of the whole earth's surface in lumber, in breadstuffs, and in pork! Let us take breath again!

The city that had not reached the map when the chief cities of the West were large, and old, and thrifty, has now reached the grand pre-eminence of the Western capital. Chicago halves it with Cincinnati in the resources of Ohio, has more of the trade of Indiana than Indianapolis, more of the trade of Michigan than Detroit, more of the trade of Wisconsin than Milwaukee, more of the trade of Kentucky than Louisville, and more of the trade of Missouri than St. Louis, and carries Illinois in one vest pocket, and the two commonwealths of Iowa and Minnesota in the other. She is at the head of lake navigation, is the gateway of the great Northwest, mistress of the commerce of Mississippi Valley, the head, hands and heart, the bowels and brains of the ever widening dominion of the sceptre of the West.

And so you will own, I think, that there is no page of truthful history, ancient or modern, which has a more fabulous or romantic sound, than that wherein is chronicled the rise and progress of Chicago.

And Chicago is going still at the same rate of speed with which she has been striding forward for the last quarter of a century. Her population has increased some thirty odd thousand since the commencement of the war, although she has filled, and more than filled, every demand made upon her by the Government for men. And since the fall of Sumter, the material progress of this city has been swift and splendid. It is ten millions of dollars richer to-day than it was on the day of the declaration of hostilities in the spring of '61, while in architecture, secular and sacred, it has made strides during its two last revolutions around the sun, utterly unparalleled among American cities, and incredible to all but eye-witnesses of the same.

Chicago laid herself out to be the first city west of the Alleghanies in commerce and commercial enterprise. That end she has achieved without having half tried. She now proposes to be the second city in the Union for population, and to be equal to the first on the planet in hard streets and handsome houses. The drive and scene on Michigan Avenue (once an unfathomable quicksand) is already compared to the Rialto; while the Chamber of Commerce, now rapidly rising on marble wings in the heart of the metropolis, will, when completed, have no rival in dimensions, beauty of exterior, and convenience of contrivance, on this side of the great water. Having secured, beyond a peradventure, a magnificent commercial fame, Chicago is now about to put the capstone on that fame in those embellishments of architecture and of art that draw the admiration of the tasteful traveller. With a boundless prairie to build upon, and an ocean of a lake to gaze and to traffic upon; with a location that must eventually command the commerce of the country straight west of us, stretching from Mississippi to the Pacific, as it now does that of the teeming territory straight east of us, reaching from the Mississippi to the Hudson; with the capital and the energy equal to the erection of a Pacific Railroad of her own, if one is not located to her mind—what is to hinder the city of Chicago from becoming the peer, in splendor and renown, of the most renowned and splendid cities of the present age?—KEYNOTE, in the Examiner.

One angry word sometimes raises a storm that time itself cannot allay.

Position while Sleeping.

It is better to go to sleep on the right side for then the stomach is very much in the position of a bottle turned upside down, and the contents of it are aided in passing out by gravitation. If one goes to sleep on the left side, the operation of emptying its contents is more like drawing water from a well. After going to sleep, let the body take its own position. If you sleep on your back, especially soon after a hearty meal, the weight of the digestive organs, and that of the food, resting on the great vein of the body near the back bone, compresses it, and arrests the flow of blood more or less.

If the arrest is partial, the sleep is disturbed and there are unpleasant dreams. If the meal has been hearty, the arrest is more decided; and the various sensations, such as falling over a precipice, or the pursuit of a wild beast, or other impending danger, and the desperate effort to get rid of it, arouses us, and sends on the stagnation of blood, and we wake in a fright, or trembling, or perspiration, or state of exhaustion according to the degree of stagnation and the length and strength of the efforts made to escape the danger. But when we are not able to escape the danger, when we fall over the precipice, when the tumbling building crushes us, what then? That is death!

That is the death of those of whom it is said, when found lifeless in the morning, "that they were as well as they ever were, the day before;" and often it is added, "and ate heartier than common!" This last, as a frequent cause of death to those who have gone to bed to wake no more, we give merely as a private opinion. The possibility of its truth is enough to deter any rational man from a late and hearty meal. This we do know, with certainty, that waking up in the night with painful diarrhoea, cholera, or bilious colic, ending in death in a very short time, is properly traceable to a late large meal. The truly wise will take the safe side. For persons who eat three times a day, it is amply sufficient to make the last meal of old bread and butter, and a cup of some warm drink. No one can starve on it, while a perseverance in the habit soon begets a vigorous appetite for breakfast, so promising a day of comfort.

A NEW HORSE-SHOE.—Mr. Fowler, of steam-plough celebrity, has just patented a horse-shoe. In this invention the important object, it is said, has been obtained, of introducing a spring under the horse's foot in such a manner as to lessen the blow so fatal to the soundness of horses which have to travel over hard stones instead of their natural pathway—the turf. If any elastic material is introduced between an ordinary shoe and the hoof, the rebound of the spring tears the shoe from the foot. To obviate this difficulty, Mr. Fowler uses a double shoe, and places the elastic between them. The second shoe is connected with the first by means of rivets, which hold it firmly, but allows the necessary movement for the spring to act.

IMPERIAL DESPATCH,
On the Confederation Scheme.

From the Gazette Extraordinary, of Thursday Evening, Dec 22nd.

A copy of the following Despatch, addressed by the Right Hon. E. Cardwell, M. P., Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State, to His Excellency Viscount Monck, Governor General, was this day received by His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, and, by his command, is published for the information of the inhabitants of the Province.

By command,
CHARLES-TUPPER
Provincial Secretary

22nd December, 1864.

(COPY.)

Canada—No. 93.

DOWNING STREET,
3rd December, 1864.

MY LORD.—

Her Majesty's Government have received with the most cordial satisfaction Your Lordship's Despatch of the 7th ultimo, transmitting for their consideration the Resolutions adopted by the Representatives of the several Provinces of British North America, which were assembled at Quebec.

With the sanction of the Crown, and upon the invitation of the Governor General, men of every Province, chosen by the respective Lieutenant Governors without distinction of party, assembled to consider questions of the utmost interest to every subject of the Queen, of whatever race or faith, resident in those Provinces, and have arrived at a conclusion destined to exercise a most important influence upon the future welfare of the whole community.

Animated by the warmest sentiments of loyalty and devotion to their Sovereign,—earnestly desirous to secure for their posterity throughout all future time the advantages which they enjoy as subjects of the British Crown,—steadfastly attached to the institutions under which they live, they have conducted their deliberations with patient sagacity, and have arrived at unanimous conclusions on questions involving many difficulties, and calculated, under less favorable auspices, to have given rise to many differences of opinion.

Such an event is in the highest degree honorable to those who have taken part in these deliberations. It must inspire confidence in the men by whose judgment and temper this result has been attained, and will ever remain on record as an evidence of the salutary influence