

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 4th, 1864.

Read—LUKE VII. 18-35; Christ's testimony to John's ministry. 1 SAMUEL XIX. 1-11; Jonathan's love to David.

Recite—REVELATION V. 11-14.

Sunday, September 11th, 1864.

CONCERT: or review of the past two month's subjects and lessons.

"It will hurt my father."

Some boys and girls will mind what their parents say when they are in their sight; but they do not obey when their parents are not looking at them. Two little boys were at play in a garden where there was a tree full of ripe cherries. "O. Frank," said one of them, "let us pick some of these red cherries; look, how fine they are!" "No, Willie," said the other, "we must not touch them. You know we were told not to pick one of them."

Now, young reader, what can you say for yourself? Do you at all times obey your parents? Is there no bad temper or ugly frown seen in you? No naughty word spoken by you? Have you not disobeyed, and shown that you have got an evil heart within? A tree is known by its fruits, so is a child by his doings. Will you not, then, ask God to look upon you with love, and for the sake of Jesus Christ to forgive you all your sins? And will you not ask him for his grace, that your hearts may be right in his sight? Then we may hope to see you among those children who try to make their parents happy.

A Caution for the Credulous.

The following extracts from a pastor's diary show up several things in a way which gives timely admonition to several classes of people: A new light has appeared in our midst. I was preparing for church last Sunday morning, when I heard the door-bell ring, and immediately after Hetty came in search of me.

"Who has come?" I questioned her. "One of those strolling good folks, papa." Hetty, as well as her mother, has a particular dislike to entertaining religious strollers, and she seems to recognize a member of the class intuitively.

"What makes you think so?" I asked. "O, he is so sociable, and he looks hungry, and—and he wears a white cravat. He's come to stay, I guess."

"Well, tell him I will be down directly." I found that Hetty had guessed very correctly in regard to our visitor. It is impossible to give an idea of the condescending cordiality with which he received me. My natural reserve, which often repels the advances of strangers, did not affect him in the least. He was quite at home, and seemed amiably desirous to make me so.

"Fine morning, sir. Happy to meet you. This is a very pleasant location. How long have you been here, may I ask?"

"Seven or eight months."

"Your first year, then. Well, in many respects the first year's residence of the itinerant in a place must be the pleasantest. Moving-time is so far distant that you scarcely dread it. How many inhabitants are there in this village?"

"I do not know."

"In passing up the street this morning I was exceedingly pleased with the order and thrift manifested. So neat and tasteful a factory village is a rarity. Many foreigners?"

"No sir."

"Ah, that accounts for it. How many churches are there?"

"Seven."

"And which is the largest denomination?"

"The Baptists and Methodists number nearly the same, and are the most numerous."

"That is gratifying, very. I like to see all churches prosper, but the two churches you have mentioned lie nearest my heart. I was brought up a Baptist, but I became a Methodist after my conversion. I began to preach among the Methodists, and that brings them still nearer; and since I have been a travelling evangelist, I have always found a home in the houses of my brethren in the ministry."

I made no reply to this appeal to my hospitality, and went on:

"I have been laboring during the autumn among my Baptist brethren in New Hampshire, and have not only been flattered by the intense interest manifested by them in my labors, but gratified by seeing the rich fruits of my ministry."

Another pause, during which he attempted to caress Mrs. Dean's cat, which lay sleeping on the window sill, and got scratched for his pains.

"I am preaching now in various places," he recommenced, "to aid the Bible cause. My health is poor, and I find that travelling suits me. I pursue a regular method in my labors,

and so far the results have been most satisfactory. I sell tracts and Testaments at prices that do not pay the cost of printing."

I was still silent, and Mary, who began to fidget over my unusual want of courtesy, asked pleasantly:

"What is your method?"

He turned with alacrity to reply to her.

"Well, Madam, I first introduce myself to the acquaintance of the people by preaching to them, as I hope your husband will permit me to do to-day. Then I spend a week or two, or more, visiting them in their homes, talking to them, praying with them, and disposing of religious reading suited to the different cases I find."

"I thought all that was the work of their regular pastor," remarked Mary, quietly.

"Yes; I only co-operate with him. After a week or two I commence extra meetings, and when the preacher in charge cordially works with me, and I see the usual fruits, these extra means are continued indefinitely."

"Indeed!"

"I am but a poor, humble servant of the Lord, Madam; but he deigns to use me in promoting his work. I suppose, sir," turning to me, "you will not object to my preaching for you to-day?"

"Have you any papers to show that you are regularly authorized to preach the gospel?"

"No, sir. I get my commission from a higher authority than man. I am called of God to the work."

"Nevertheless, as you come a stranger to us, I have no means of judging of your heavenly calling, and shall decidedly decline your help in my pulpit and parish. As it is nearly time for our morning service, excuse me for wishing you good morning."

I had scarcely entered the parlor, when brother Lester came tip-toeing up the aisle to inform me that there was a clergyman in the house—in brother Lee's pew. Glancing in that direction, I was not surprised to see my morning visitor; but I must own that the peculiar sanctimonious look which he had put on for the occasion was truly amazing. I told brother Lester that I had already seen him, and considered him a humbug.

I think I did not have my usual liberty in preaching. I felt a little harassed by the incident of the morning, and also by the presence of my unwelcome guest. His frequent responses to my remarks were anything but animating to me. They came with a suddenness and sharpness that startled me.

I soon found that he was attracting more attention than myself. The young people exchanged amused smiles and expressive looks, while some of the children giggled outright, and got a wholesome shaking from their parents in consequence. This who was disposed to listen to the sermon were not able to do so, and the entire service appeared to be a barren and fruitless occasion to all concerned. When he joined his deep nasal base to the music of the choir, a little dog who was curled up in the broad aisle by his master's pew, started up and howled terrifically.

In the afternoon it was worse yet, with this difference, that he grew devout and noisy just in proportion to the coldness and insensibility that crept over me. There were large additions to the audience from the young people of the other churches, who, according to Hetty, came to see the fun. It was anything but sport to me. I was conscious that my effort to preach was a failure, and that I was totally eclipsed by the new light.

In the evening prayer meeting he availed himself of the liberty of speech accorded to all christians, and succeeded in introducing both himself and his mission. I had been undergoing a hardening process all day, and could have borne this new success on his part with equanimity, but the eager interest taken in him by many of the church members puzzled and confounded me. "Surely," I thought, "they cannot help knowing that his whole course is a studied insult to their pastor." It humbled me in the dust to know that they were capable of encouraging him. Not that they intended anything of the sort—let me do them justice—but their childish delight in the novelty of the affair rendered them absolutely blind to its inconsistencies.

Persons who had never manifested the least concern for the prosperity of the church since my coming among them, engaged readily in the prayers and exhortations, and in warm and fluent language told of their longing to see a "good, old-fashioned revival." Even brother Luton, who had neglected the class-room and the Lord's Supper for years, because of Tom Blair, became so animated that he arose and gave the always-faithful, patient old church members a rousing exhortation to shake off their slothful habits, and do a little for the Master before it was too late. "Your opportunities for usefulness are fast slipping by," he said, earnestly. "They will soon be gone forever. There is no such thing as recalling the past; but, O brethren, remember that there is no chance to work for God in the grave to which you are hastening."

I rubbed my eyes and looked at the speaker. There was no mistake: it was brother Luton. It was quite a sight after the meeting closed to see the brethren crowding round the stranger, shaking hands, and pressing upon his acceptance the hospitalities of their homes.

"He's booked for a long stay," said Mary, as she hung her cloak on the rack after arriving at home.

FEBRUARY 10.—For some time after writing last, I felt that my trust in the good providence of God was being most severely tried. Mr. Sharpley continued to usurp my place, and I heard of no objection to the new arrangement. If I attended a prayer-meeting or class-meeting,

he was there before me, and often did not deem it necessary to await my coming to commence the exercises. If I called on the sick, I was told of brother Sharpley's blessed ministrations by the bedside. He crossed my path everywhere. In church, on the Sabbath, he sat in the altar beneath the pulpit with the resigned air of a martyr ready for the stake.

"See there, Ernest."

I followed her glance, and had the privilege of seeing Mr. Sharpley taken into custody by two police detective-officers from New-York. They had been in the meeting, and though they occupied a shaded corner by the stove, I had observed their interest in the strange proceedings.

"Sorry to take him away," said one of the men in reply to some remonstrances of brother Lester. "Fear it will break up your revival."

Both the men laughed aloud.

"There must be some mistake," said brother Lester.

"No mistake at all. He knows better than that. He's a keen one. We have been working up his case more'n a month, and should have missed him now if Bill here hadn't remembered that he was a Millerite preacher once. So we took up that thread and followed it, and here he is."

"But what has he done?" asked several voices in chorus.

"He's troubled with a short memory, that's all. Forgot all about his first dear wife, and her children, till she made him a call while he was snugly keeping house with his second love. One of the finest young ladies going. Rich, too."

Brother Luton, who had stood by the culprit, as in duty bound, considering that he was soon expecting to receive him into his family as a son-in-law, now suddenly turned away, and seizing his daughter by the arm, marched her off towards home with great speed, as if he feared she might become the third Mrs. Sharpley unawares.

The officers conducted the prisoner to the hotel, after giving him an opportunity to take leave of his friends, which he did not improve. I did not join in Mary's expressions of triumph, but I did not, as I ought, try to temper their warmth. For once I have had the pleasure of seeing the Millerites thoroughly ashamed of themselves. I hope it may last, for "before honor is humility."

Profanity rebuked.

A man, in an agricultural district, who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen, not working to suit him, he began to whip them severely, at the same time uttering a volley of most horrid blasphemous oaths. The oxen breaking loose from their burden, ran to the house, while the owner in a passion pursued them, and coming up with them at the house, began to whip them again; and to swear as dreadful as before. His little boy, at this time just old enough to talk, began to prattle his profane oaths after him. No sooner did the father hear this than his feelings were wrought up to a lively sensibility. He paused for a moment, dropped his whip, and sat down and wept bitterly. A flood of keen reflections at once rushed upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect, that he found no rest to his mind, day nor night, until his sins were forgiven, which took place a few weeks afterward.

Discontent.

Herodotus tells us of a people in Africa, who live in the neighborhood of Mount Atlas, whose daily custom was to curse the sun, when risen high in the heavens, because his excessive heat scorched and tormented them. We have always thought this a fine illustration of discontent, which overlooks blessings and dwells upon evils. Did they forget that to the sun they cursed they were indebted for light, for food, for the fertility of the country, for ten thousand blessings, without which their continued existence had been impossible? Did they think what their condition would have been, had the sun they cursed left the ungrateful complainers for a month in darkness? His absence for but half that time would have made them pray for his return as their benefactor, as heartily even as they cursed him for their tormentor.

GREATNESS.—There is a greatness before which every other shrinks into nothing—one which, when clearly seen in its true dignity, produces a most thrilling emotion of the heart. It is moral greatness—that undeviating rectitude of action, that love of virtue which leads men to seek the best interest of others, that integrity of the soul which binds man under every circumstance to truth and duty, and rears for him a monument encircled by that eternal radiance which issues from the throne of God.

The Book of Psalms is a chamber of holy voices, echo answering echo, deep calling unto deep, with the enthusiasm and rapture of adoring ecstasy and fearful love.

DUTY AND CHOICE.—The last instruction which Mary Lyon ever gave to her scholars at Mt. Holyoke contained this characteristic sentence:—"There is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fear to do it." To her pupils she was wont to say:—"When you choose your field of labor, go where no one else is willing to go."

Agriculture, etc.

A SAFE DISINFECTANT.

At this time of the year when the weather is sultry and the atmosphere close and stifling, vegetable and animal matter decomposes with great rapidity, filling the air with noxious mephitic vapors, which readily induce fever.

We never heard of any harm arising from the use of the good old disinfectant (chloride of lime) the only difficulty is in its ready application. Now, we have contrived a little apparatus which any one can put together, which will give off gentle streams of disinfecting chlorine, and which can be removed from room to room, or placed in any needed situation.

We take an ordinary flower-pot of earthenware, and stop the hole in the bottom with a cork; we then fill it three parts full with chloride of lime, and set it in a deep soap-plate, containing good strong vinegar. The acid, gradually percolating the porous flower-pot, reaches the chloride of lime, and setting free the chloride, it rises to purify the air. In large houses one can be placed in the passages, when the chlorine will slightly impregnate the whole air of the house, as the current passes to the various rooms. Of course, care must be taken that too much gas be not evolved, which can be told by the smell, or the metallic furniture of the house would tarnish. But we have found it most useful and efficacious, fulfilling all the purposes of other disinfectors sold under fanciful names, and at high prices. Cover the whole with a saucer, and the escape of the gas into the room will be stopped.

Again, for cottage visitors the following pocket disinfectant may be used. In a strong four ounce bottle fitted well with ground glass stopper, and contained in a case of turned wood, put two ounces of oxide of manganese, in coarse powder; pour upon this two drachms of hydrochloric acid, and two drachms of nitric acid. On removing the stopper for a few seconds, a puff or two of chloride will be admitted to the room. When the power of the ingredients is exhausted, they may be renewed. Those whose duty it is constantly to visit the sick rooms of the poor will value this.

CLEAN YOUR CELLARS.

Twice each month throughout the year, the cellar should be purified. Don't allow a piece of cabbage, potato, or other vegetable, as large as the end of your finger, to decay in your cellar. It will be worse for the health of your household than to allow the carcass of a dead horse to putrify at your back door. The emanations from decaying vegetable matter are a thousand times more poisonous than those from decaying animal matter. No one, unless he has given patient attention to the subject, can imagine how much sickness is produced by foul cellars. The hoe should be used in the corners, and with the assistance of the broom, every part is to be made clean, and then wherever there is a damp or apparently foul place, the chloride of lime should be freely used. Whitewashing the walls and joists overhead is likewise important, and I think it should be done four or six times every year. If the floor and walls of a cellar be thoroughly cemented, it is a great gain, and obviates the necessity of such frequent cleansing. Unless a cellar be kept clean and pure, it is an ingenious contrivance for generating deadly poisons which by the close cellar walls are kept from escape in the open air and carefully conducted up into the rooms overhead, where they are sure to reach the lungs of the persons there breathing.—Lewitt's Gymnastics.

WORTH KNOWING.—Green copperas dissolved in water will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells, and if placed under a bed in hospitals and sick rooms will render the atmosphere free and pure. For butcher's stalls, fish markets, sinks, and wherever there is offensive, putrid gases, dissolved copperas sprinkled about will, in a day or two, purify the atmosphere, and an application once a week will keep it sweet and healthy.

Professor Tyndal says: "If after the stoppage of its motion the earth should fall into the sun, as it assuredly would, the amount of heat generated by the blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5000 worlds of solid carbon."

HINDOOS WORSHIPPING ENGLISH STATUES.—In the city of Kolapoor are 252 idol temples, and but one building for the worship of the true God, just erected. An American missionary writes that "the statue of Lord Cornwallis, in the Town-hall, is worshipped by the ignorant classes of Hindoos with as much reverence as is paid by them to the images of Bram or Shive!" This superstitious practice has lately extended itself to the Mohammedans. The worshippers are mostly women, and on an average no less than fifteen or twenty cocoa-nuts are broken daily on the base of the statue." Other cases are mentioned in which persons recently deceased have been deified, and worship is paid to their statues.

JUVENILE ECONOMY.—A little chubby-faced boy, who, being taken and suited to a new jacket and pants by his father, made the following remark as they were about to take the cars for home: "Now, father, you have spent so much money on me to-day that I can't bear to have you spend any more, so you just jump in the car and ride home, and I'll trot along on the sidewalk and save you three cents." There was thoughtfulness for an eight-year old!

When do 2 and 2 not make 4? When they are 22.