

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 26th, 1864.

Read—LUKE IV. 1-15: The temptations of Christ.  
1 SAMUEL XV. 1-15: Saul destroys the Amalekites.  
Recite—JOHN XI. 25, 26.

Sunday, July 3rd, 1864.

Read—LUKE IV. 16-32: Christ at Nazareth. 1 SAMUEL XV. 16-31: Saul is rejected for disobedience.  
Recite—LUKE IV. 8-12.

## REMARKABLE SAGACITY.

**CATS AND DOGS.**—The following instances of animal intelligence are from French journals.

In *Le Nord*, it is related that a cook was recently greatly perplexed by the disappearance, day after day, of a cutlet or a steak from the kitchen-table when she was preparing the dinner. In each day's tale there was a deficiency of one. At last it occurred to her that, as the bell was rung every day while she was preparing dinner, and when she went to the door there was nobody there, there must be some connection between the two occurrences. Once this idea had entered her mind, she determined to satisfy herself on the point. The bell rang at the usual time, but instead of answering it, she hid herself in a cupboard. She had hardly done so, before a cat rushed into the kitchen, sprang on the table, seized a cutlet in its mouth, and vanished. Her mistress was made acquainted with this felonious act on the part of the animal, and it was determined to set a watch to see who it was that had trained it to this mode of robbery. The discovery was soon made. At the usual time, when the cook had her dishes arranged for the stove, the concealed watcher saw the cat creep stealthily towards the bell-wire, hook her claws in it, give a furious pull, and then rush away kitchenwards.

The *Patrie* is the authority for the following: At one of the cafes on the Boulevards they had a dog, which was a universal favorite. He was accustomed to fetch and carry, and one of his duties was to go with a basket to the baker's shop every morning for the rolls. One morning the mistress of the cafe found that a roll was wanting. The same thing occurred the next morning, and the attention of the baker was called to the error. As the deficiency continued, the baker unhesitatingly asserted that it must be the dog that stole it. A waiter was sent to follow the dog from the shop home; but the dog, instead of returning direct, took his way down a by-street, and entered a passage leading to a stable. Here he placed his basket on the ground, drew the cloth aside, and taking out a roll, he approached a closed kennel, from which the nose of another dog was protruding. His imprisoned friend took the roll in a quiet, unobtrusive way, as though it were a thing to which she was accustomed, and the dog picked up his basket and trotted home. The waiter made some inquiries of the porter, and learned that the animal for whose sake the dog had committed petty larceny, had had maternal duties to perform towards three pups from the day when the first roll was missing. The landlady was so much interested in the matter that she would not allow the dog to be interfered with, and he continued to abstract the roll daily till his friend was in a condition to do without it, when he resumed his former probity.

## OVEREATING.

All men agree that a glutton and a drunkard are odious and ignominious. All men join in deprecating them and inveighing against them; and we are perhaps not in danger of becoming drunkards and gluttons. But there are excesses from overeating this side of gluttony, and excesses from overdrinking this side of drunkenness. There are many men who eat beyond the necessities of nature. They obscure their minds. You must take your choice between your brain and your stomach. The two together cannot be populous. If you fill the one, you must relieve the other. If you will work your head, you must carry temperance into your diet. Full-feeding and full-thinking never go hand in hand. There are hundreds of men, who, being of a vigorous physical frame, and of an active appetite, unconsciously eat to repletion, and then, through fever and indigestion, and the disturbed functions of their whole system, they labor through the day to discharge their duties, toiling, fretting and troubled, and do not know that the cause of the mischief is a slight excess in eating. There are many men who, by this simple act of taking too much food, twice or thrice a day repeated, keep all their feelings upon an edge, so that they are irritable and quick, or make themselves stupid and slow. There are many persons who, by mere overeating, take from sleep its refreshment, and from their waking hours their peace, by the gnawing of the worm of appetite.

This is a little thing. Your physician does not say much about it. Your parents hardly ever speak of it. It is a thing for every man to consider for himself. But it is a serious fact that two-thirds of the men who live a sedentary life impair their strength by the simple act of injudicious feeding—overeating.

If the world can move us from our religion, it may be sure of this—we shall do the world but little good.

## LITTLE SORROWFUL.

"And Jabez was more honourable than his brethren; and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, Because I bore him with sorrow." Through this little passage, as through a lens, we look back and see a sorrow-stricken Hebrew mother, yet pale and weak from child-bearing, with a new-come infant in her arms. She puts the mark of her grief on the brow of her boy in the name she gave him. She calls him Jabez, which signifies "sorrowful." Why, we know not. Whether it was that she brought him into the world with no common anguish, and at the peril of her own life—or whether the time of his birth was the time of her own widowhood, so that he had no father living to welcome him—or whatever the disaster that darkened her lot, so it was that she put the gloom of her own heart on the name of her darling. She called him Sorrowful, and he kept the name to his dying hour.

Short-sighted mother! While she thought of her child as born in sorrow to bring her new anxieties and cares, lo! this very object of her grief and solicitude becomes the ornament of her house! He lives to outstrip all his brethren. The prayer recorded of him in the fourth chapter of the Chronicles is one of the most beautiful in the whole Bible. God answered it all. His after career was so lofty and so beneficent that people must have wondered how he came to bear so doleful a name. None so happy—none so prosperous—none so honoured—as poor Little Sorrowful! His history is like the April shower, that begins in clouds and tears, but ends in brilliant sun-bursts, and in rainbows painted on the sky.

Now, we are all of us just as short-sighted as this Hebrew mother, who named her boy from her fears and not from her faith, and at last found God better to her than she expected. We persist in naming things sorrows which prove to be blessings in disguise. We often congratulate people on receiving what turns out to be their ruin. We quite as often condole with them over a lot which is fraught to them with blessings above all price. Let us be careful how we condole with those who are under the merciful discipline of a loving God. We may make worse mistakes than was made by the mother of Jabez. Be careful how you condole with a man who has lost his fortune, or has been disappointed in his ambitious schemes. While his purse is becoming empty, his soul may be filling full with God's grace; while he is walking through the vale of humiliation, he may be getting more of the "herb called heart-ease" into his bosom than he knew while on the giddy heights of prosperity. Many a man has been bankrupted into heavenly riches. Be careful how you tell a sick friend that his sickness is an affliction—when it may be sent him to melt his heart, to alarm him into reflection, and to bring him to repentance. Many a man's sickness has given him an eternal health; and his room of suffering has been the vestibule to Christ's favour, and to the inheritance of the saints.

Let us be careful, too, in what terms we condole with the weeping mother whose darling child has just found his angel-wings, and flown away to paradise. If we wish to sorrow for any parent, let it be for her whose living child is debased into an idol, or a frivolous over-dressed toy, or a hard, cunning, self-seeker, or a self-indulgent tyrant, who shall yet break the heart of her who bore him. A thousand times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow, than I have pitied the mother of a departed joy. Parents! spare your tears for those whom you have laid down to sleep in their narrow earth-beds, with the now withered rosebud on their breasts. They are safe; Christ has them in his sinless school, where lessons of celestial wisdom are learned by eyes that never weep. Save your tears for your living children, if they are yet living in their sins, untouched by repentance, unfeeling, and unconverted. Those of your family whom God considers dead are those who are yet dead in trespasses and guilt—alive to the world and the devil, but dead to the voice of Christ.

How often do we cover our best blessings with a pall, while we decorate with garlands our temptations, or the sources of our saddest sorrows or our spiritual shame! Any one who had looked in upon the old patriarch Jacob on that gloomy evening while he was bewailing the absence of his sons in Egypt, would have heard the querulous complaint, "All these things are against me." He is rather a Jabez than a Jacob, then. Joseph is not; Simeon is not; and they have carried away Benjamin, too, who bore in his boyish face the photograph of Rachel, whom he had laid to her sleep by the wayside of Bethlehem. He calls his lot a sad one. But just at the door are the returning caravan, who are bringing to him the sacks from Egypt's granaries, and the joyful invitation to go up and see his long-lost Joseph in Egypt's imperial palace. His dark hour is just before the day. His trial proves his deliverance. God is better to him than his fears. What he called a "sorrow" his grown into a mercy too big for words.

There are a hundred lessons to be learned from the brief passage about Jabez and his short-sighted mother; it is a bough that if well shaken will rain down golden fruit. We learn from it not to be frightened by present fears, or cast down by present troubles. We learn from it that many of life's best things—yes, the life of heaven-seeking piety itself—begin in tears and griefs for sin, in oppositions and sharp conflicts of the soul. We learn not to lose heart in labours of love for Christ and humanity, because the infant enterprise had to be "brought forth in sorrow" like the Hebrew mother's son. The very labours that cost us the most anxiety and self-denial and toil, often,

like Jabez, "enlarge their borders" and grow into the most honourable and useful of all our undertakings. Never despair of a good work. Never despair of the cause of Right. Never despair of a child. The one you weep the most for at the mercy seat may fill your heart with the sweetest joys. Never despair of a soul. And never call either your children or your good enterprises "sorrowful," until you know how they probably will turn out, and what an All-wise and All-merciful God means to do with them.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

## EVERY-DAY TOPICS.

## "PUTTING ON."

"The style is too perfect for me; it is too respectful, too deferential to be sincere. All that is putting on."

No such thing! Pardon my plainness, if you don't like it; but I want to be plain; I take this occasion for the very purpose of being plain. I saw the lady at the time you speak of, and her manners were simply those of a cultivated Christian, or, as I might better say, those of a Christian. The "putting on" was only of that beautiful charity which "is kind"—a garment which I would were universally worn—a "putting on" recommended by the best of preachers, and enjoined by the infallible Teacher.

I am very much afraid, sir, that you feel like that unaccountably large class who stigmatize all that is lovely in manner as "put on;" all that is gentle, as affectation; all that is respectful, as flattery. Your comments, made practical, would reduce all the civilization of the world to the tent style of the aboriginal fathers—to the barbarous standard of the literal "first families" of the globe. You are inconsistent, sir; you send your son to school that he may acquire knowledge, and that, as I heard you say, "he may learn manners." You buy a book on agriculture, that you may learn to improve the quality of your crops; you believe, after an indefinite kind of fashion, in general cultivation; and yet, when you meet a person of really cultivated manners, you speak of her with opprobrium instead of approbation.

Now let me tell you something about the lady in question. She has always tried to cultivate a spirit of kindness, of meekness, of sincerity—and, not without many a battle with natural pride, I dare say, she has taught herself to appreciate and acknowledge the brotherhood of the race. She therefore treats all as having real claims to respect. An aristocratic friend of hers was chiding her the other day for recognizing a rough man on the street, and for the respectful manner in which she addressed him, kindly enquiring after his family, whom she had assisted. Her reply was as unhesitating as admirable:

"I cannot feel as you do," she said, "when I remember that God created him—when I see that in the whole magnificent plan of my Father's benevolence, temporal and eternal, he is a participator—when I think of the infinite pains taken to secure for him also a heavenly inheritance. In truth, I sometimes feel a sort of awe, when I stand in the presence of the poor and lowly, thinking how the 'Lord of all' was called of their number when among men, and of his tender care and remembrance of them, as shown by his words."

You would not doubt the sincerity of her respect for any human being, had you seen the expression of her face then; and I am afraid, sir, could you have looked into her heart as she spoke with you yesterday, you would have found that she had a much higher estimate of your worth than it deserves. Of course, feeling as she does, I need not say that she is sincere; and I recommend you to let your manners become so, by becoming so in heart. Feel as she does about all your human fellows, cultivate a respect for every type of humanity, and learn to do so by treating them as she does. There is no better outward aid to the attainment of kindness and sincerity, than the adoption of a kind, respectful address to all, and there is perhaps no social influence so elevating to those addressed—a consideration worthy of all Christian attention. So practicing, though halting and imperfect at first—as the singer, though unable to make the full, perfect tone at once, soon finds himself in possession of the coveted ring—your manner will at last become that of the sincere Christian gentleman. After that, my friend, you too will appreciate the fact that such a mode of action is not affectation—that gentleness need not be too perfect to be sincere.

Now, do begin. Every right principle will aid you in such "putting on"—every right heart will commend it. Don't fall into the heresy that a man may behave as he pleases, nor into that more heathenish error, that the more rough the more manly one is.

It is not optional with you to be a boor or a gentleman. Your language, your manner must not be such as to shock the pure, the true, the refined. Professing to follow the great Model, you have no choice but to be all that is kind, all that is gentle, all that is true.

Remember the instruction of the ultimate Teacher, and practice, therefore, only "whatsoever things are true whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report"—*Examiner.*

## "BUILD HIGHER."

An invalid was sitting by his window in a pleasant spring morning, watching the robins building their nest on a low bough near him. Patiently and joyously they labored, and as the invalid looked kindly and lovingly at them, he almost unconsciously exclaimed, "Build higher, build higher, foolish creatures; I wish you could

understand me. Your nest is so low, the cat will destroy it. You are laboring in vain, and spending your strength for nought."

A year has passed away, and spring has come again. The robins too are here, singing as they toil; but the dear patient invalid who sat by the window one year ago, watching them and listening to them, and so anxious for their welfare, is not here. He has taken his flight to a more genial clime where winter will never come.

Perhaps amid the glorious companionships and lofty employments of his new home, he now and then looks down upon us as he did upon the robins one year ago; and seeing us engrossed with trifles, setting our affections on anything below the sun, building our nests too low, within reach of the destroyer, he says to us as to the birds, "Build higher; Oh, build higher."

"He builds too low that builds beneath the skies."

—*Am. Messenger.*

**THE FREEDMAN'S PRAYER.**—As an instance of fervent piety as well as of sound theology among the freedman, Rev. Mr. Hatfield, of New York, writing from the army of the Potomac, quotes the following sentence from a prayer which he recently heard from one of them:

"O Lord, 'pears to us we are on de edge of ruin. We looks dis way and dat way, to de front and to de rare; and, 'less you helps us, we must be destroy'd. Please, Lord, to save us. We knows dat we are poor and bad; but we neber thought you blessed us 'cause we was wise and good, but just 'cause you love us."

As remarked by the *Independent*, we should not know where to look for a better creed.

## MARRIAGE PORTIONS FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

A custom of some antiquity was observed on Monday May 1st, in the parish of St. George's-in-the-East. Mr. Raine, a benevolent brewer, who died upwards of a century ago, established and endowed a charity for the education and maintenance of a large number of poor children of both sexes. Once a year—in fact, every May-day—several young women of marriageable age draw for a prize of 100*l.*, and on the next anniversary the fortunate winner receives the money as a marriage gift, and, at the same time, takes to herself a husband. Thus the fair drawer of last year was married on Monday morning, the church bells being rung and a sermon preached in her honour. On Monday evening, after the trustees and friends of the charity had partaken of the inevitable dinner, a hundred sovereigns were presented to the bride in a silken purse.

## Agriculture, etc.

**WATER.**—The extent to which water mingles with bodies apparently the most solid is very wonderful. The glittering opal, which beauty wears as an ornament, is only flint and water. Of every 1,200 tons of earth which a landholder had in his estate, 400 are water. The snow-capped summits of Snowdon and Ben-Nevis have many million tons of water in a solidified form. In every plaster-of-Paris state which an Italian carries through our streets for sale, there is one pound of water to every four pounds of chalk.

The air we breathe contains five grains of water to each cubic foot of its bulk. The potatoes and the turnips which are boiled for our dinner, have, in their raw state, the one 5 per cent., the other 60 per cent. of water. If you weigh ten stones were squeezed flat in a hydraulic press, seven and a half stone of water would run out, and only two and a half dry residue remain. A man is, chemically speaking, forty-five pounds of carbon and nitrogen, diffused through five and a half pailful of water.

In plants we find water thus mingling less wonderfully. A sunflower evaporates in a quarter pint of water a day, and a cabbage about the same quantity. A wheat pat exhales, in 172 days, about 100,000 gins of water. An acre of growing wheat, on its calculation, draws and passes out about tons of water per day. The sap of plants is a medium through which that mass of fluid is conveyed. It forms a delicate pump, up which the watery particles run with the rapidity of a swift stream. By the action of the sun, various properties may be communicated to the growing plant. Timber in France is, for instance, dyed by various colors being mixed with water, and poured over the root of the tree. Dahlias are also colored by a similar process.—*Vermont Chron.*

**DEPTH OF MILK.**—The largest quantity of cream rises, and consequently, the greatest quantity of butter is made when the milk is one and a quarter inches in depth in howeather, and an inch and a half in cool weath, seven or eight quarts pans, thus contain but two and a half quarts for the first named, and three quarts for the latter. The temperature is kept, as nearly as possible to 62°, though in warm weather it may run up 65°, and, in extreme cases, 70°.

**BAD NEWS FOR THE CATERPILARS.**—A French gardener has discovered a simple manner of ridding a garden of caterpillars. A piece of woolen stuff having been lodged in a tree by the wind, was found to have been covered with those insects. The man seeing the result, placed several other pieces on different trees; and the caterpillars settling on them in the night, he was able to destroy a quity every morning.