Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 26th, 1865.

JOHN v. 1-16: The Jews persecute Jesus for healing on the Sabbath. 1 KINGS ii. 13-25: Solomon reigns. His kingdom is strengthened.

Recite—MALACHI iv. 2, 3.

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Sunday, December 3rd, 1865.

JOHN v. 17-31: Christs answer to the Jews. 1 KINGS ii. 26-34: Joab is slain by Solomon's command.

Recite—PSALM xciii.

Harry's Sermon.

"Eddie," said Harry, "let's go to church; and I'll be the minister, and preach you a sermon." "Well," said Eddie, "and I'll be the peoples." So Harry led him away, and they went up stairs together. He set an old fire-screen in front of him, by way of pulpit, and thus began:

My text is a very short and easy one: "*Be kind.*" There are some little texts in the Bible on purpose for little children; and this is one of them. These are the heads of my sermon:

Firstly. Be kind to papa, and don't make a noise when he has a headache. I don't believe you known what a headache is, but I do. I had one once, and I didn't want to hear any one speak a word.

Secondly. Be kind to mamma, and don't make her tell you to do a thing more than once. It is very tiresome to say, "It is time for you to go to bed,' half a dozen times over.

Thirdly. Be kind to baby.

"You have leaved out, Be kind to Harry," interrupted Eddie.

"Yes," said Harry; "I didn't mean to mention my own name in my sermon. I was saying, be kind to little Minnie; and let her have your red soldier to play with, when she wants it.

Fourthly. Be kind to Jane, and don't scream and kick when she washes and dresses you.

Here Eddie looked a little ashamed, and said:

"But she pulled my hair with the comb."

"People mustn't talk in meeting," said Harry.

Fifthly. Be kind to kitty. Do what will make her purr, and don't do what will make her cry.

"Isn't the sermon most done?" asked Eddie; "I want to sing;' and without waiting for Harry to finish his discourse, or give out a hymn, he began to sing; and so Harry had to stop; but it was a very good sermon. Don't you think so?—*Freeman's Journal.*

Ida's Fall.

A STORY FOR VERY LITTLE GIRLS.

"You wasn't ever a sweet little girl like me, was you, mamma?" said Ida Lowe, suddenly looking away from her doll, which had kept her quiet for nearly ten minutes, and up into her mother's face.

"Who told you that you were sweet, Ida?" said Mrs. Lowe.

"'Twas Bridget told me so, when I was a eatin' the sugar and 'reserved fruit. She said she knowed I was the sweetest little girl that ever did be."

"I am afraid that I was never very sweet, then," said her mother, laughing; "although I was certainly very little, once—for I was sick so much that I had very few sweetmeats given to me."

"Did you have the croof, like me, mamma, and have to stay in bed and take medicine, and then couldn't ever do anything you wanted to, so you shouldn't take cold?"

"I never had the croup, dear; but I was often sick, and I was not nearly as strong as my little Ida."

"Did you uset to cry 'mamma,' and wisht you wasn't sick so much?"

"No, I didn't cry a great deal; I think I was a pretty happy child, after all—for I had a great many kind friends to amuse me."

"And how did they 'muse you?"

"O, in a great many ways. They dressed my doll's for me, they read to me, and told me stories, and—"

"There, mamma, that's just what I want you to do this minute. Please tell me a story."

"A story, Ida! what shall it be about? Shall I tell you one about myself?'

"No; I don't want you to. I want to hear a story about a fairy, that was all dressed in yellow gorse, with a silver wand, and—"

"Silver wand, dear."

"Yes, silver wand; and she changed a naughty little girl into a good little girl, and then put wings onto her, and she went right up to the sky."

"Why, Ida," said her mamma, "I don't know any such story as that."

"Well, then, I'll tell you about it. There was a little girl, and she had a mother; but she didn't mind her mother; and so she went right off into a big woods, but there wasn't any bears there, only she saw a buteful lady, and she said—"

Here Ida suddenly interrupted herself by exclaiming, "O, look! there's dear Uncle Frank coming into my gate, and my splendid Aunt Mary, too! How glad I am, mamma! I shall run right down and see them."

"No, darling, not this minute," said her mother. "Si still, while I go and see if baby is sleeping quietly; and then I will smooth your hair, so that you may look fit to be seen, and we will go down."

"I *shall* go now," muttered Ida to herself, as her mother left the room. "I know mamma will stay as much as fifteen minutes, and Uncle Frank nor Aunt Mary won't never think of notussin' my hair; besides, I've went down stairs all sole alone, only papa kind of looked at me once in a while."

And so Ida, knowing that she was doing wrong, ran out of the room. She felt very sure that she could go down stairs safely; but in her eagar haste, as she reached the head of the stairs, her foot slipped, and she rolled over and over, down, down, in dreadful dismay, and screaming, of course, with all her might.

Her uncle's kind arms were ready to receive her at the foot of the stairs, and plenty of caresses from both uncle and aunt for the poor little child, who was much more frightened than hurt. Then her mother came; and after a good deal more petting from these three loving friends, Ida, who was quite worn out, fell fast asleep.

"Can you tell me, Ida," said Mrs. Lowe, the next day, "where to find that good fairy who makes little children mind their mothers? I shall need her, if my little girl is going to disobey me any more, as she did yesterday."

Ida hung her head, and looked very much ashamed; then she jumped up into her mother's lap, and put her arms around her neck.

"I shan't ever be naughty any more, mamma, not a single speck; for you are the bestest little mother that ever lived to this world, and I don't want no old fairies here."

After this, Ida's mamma talked to her a long time about the sin of disobedience, and told her to try and be a good little girl always, so that she might be one of the lambs of the dear Saviour's fold.—*Congregationalist.*

Polish of Manners.

What are we to do for the polish of our manners? Just what we must do for the polish of our style. Take off: do not put on. Polish away this rudeness, that awkardness. Correct everything self-assertive, which includes nine-tenths of all vulgarity. Imitate no one's behaviour; that is to paint. Do not think about yourself; that is to varnish. Put what is wrong right, and what is in you will show itself in harmonious behaviour.

But no one can go far in this track without discovering that true polish reaches much deeper; that the outward exists but for the sake of the inward; and that the manners, as they depend on the morals, must be forgotten in the morals of which they are but the revelation. Look at the high-shouldered, ungainly child in the corner: his mother tells him to go to his book, and he wants to go to his play. Regard the swollen lips, the skin tightened over the nose, the distortion of his shape, the angularity of his whole appearance. Yet he is not an awkward child by nature. Look at him again the moment after he has given in and kissed his mother. His shoulders have dropped to their place; his limbs are free from the fetters that bound them; his motions are graceful, and the one blends harmoniously with the other. He is no longer thinking of himself. He has given up his own way. The true childhood comes to the surface, and you see what the boy is meant to be always. Look at the jerkiness of the conceited man. Look at the quiet *fluency* of motion in the modest man. Look how anger itself which forgets self, which is unhating and righteous, will elevate the carriage and ennoble the movements.

But how far can the same rule of *omission* or *rejection* be applied with safety to his deeper character—the manners of the spirit?

It seems to me that in morals too the main thing is to avoid doing wrong; for then the active spirit of life in us will drive us on to the right. But on such a momentous question I would not be dogmatic. Only as far as regards the feeling I would say: it is of no use to try to make ourselves feel thus or thus. Let us fight with our wrong feelings; let us polish away the rough ugly distortions of feeling. Then the real and good will come of themselves. Or rather, to keep to my figure, they will then show themselves as the natural home-produce, the indwelling facts of our deepest—that is, our divine nature.

Here I find that I am sinking through my subject into another and deeper—a truth, namely, which should, however, be the foundation of all our building, the background of all our representations; that life is at work in us—the sacred Spirit of God travailing in us. That Spirit has gained one end of his labor—at which he can begin to do yet more for us—when he has brought us to beg for the help which he has been giving us all the time.—*Good Words.*

Parson Bumpus on Smokers.

In giving Rev. Mr. Bumpus a hearing in our columns, we will preface his article with an anecdote: A sailor who was converted on board the United States receiving ship North Carolina, at New York, when relating his religious experience, made in substance the following statement:—"When the Holy Spirit cast light on me so that I saw what a sinner I was, I began to leave off my bad habits. I left off swearing pretty easy; it was harder to stop my grog; but when I came to tobacco, I hesitated. I didn't think it was just right to use it, yet I found no good reason for giving it up, until this thought came to me: If the beloved John had been an old smoker, Jesus would not have allowed him to lean on his bosom. That settled the question with me."

The article of Bro. Bumpus was originally addressed to another paper, a fact which will explain the opening sentence:—

MR. EDITOR:—A leading article in your journal was devoted to tobacco, and in the course of your remarks you made the statement that the *clergy* are among "the classes which smoke least." You are right, sir. It is but here and there that you will find a minister of the gospel with a cigar in his mouth. Now and then, it is true, I have had a brother visit me, who has asked, as we sat down by ourselves in my study after the family have retired, "Do you smoke, brother Bumpus?" But when I have retorted, in undisguished disgust, as I invariably do, "No, my dear sir! *that* is a depth of degradation to which I never sunk,—no, not even in my college days!" nothing farther is said upon the subject, I assure you. And yet it has often seemed to me as though I was depriving a poor brother—such was his seeming anguish—of something as dear to him as his soul's salvation, by not incontinently producing a bunch of cigars, or a pipe and a paper of tobacco, and I have sincerely pitied the good man accordingly. But where a principle is at stake Calvin Bumpus never yielded yet! In one case that now comes up in my mind, a brother clergyman had come to preach for me,—he was from Boston,—and hardly had he taken off his hat and coat, and got seated in the parlor,—ay, sir! *in the parlor!*—ere he takes from his pocket a case of cigars, and simply observing, "You smoke, I presume, Brother Bumpus?" proceeds, without more ado, to light a match, by drawing it across one of the ends of the cigar-case. Entirely losing command of myself for the moment, and forgetting what was due from me as the host, and he entitled to as a guest, I abruptly seized his arm, exclaiming, "What, sir, do you mistake the parlor of Mrs. Bumpus for a village tap room?" He never forgot the impetuosity, not to say rudeness, I displayed on the occasion, from that day to this. Indeed, I have been informed that he carries his feelings of resentment to so high a pitch, that rather than again pass through this town where I am settled, he has been known to ride many miles out of his way, that—to use his own words—"a reminiscence of a certain evening passed with Brother Bumpus may not be revived in his mind." Well, now sir, it does seem to me that this is nothing more nor less than downright insanity, and I maintain that if the habit of smoking can, by any possibility, get such a hold as this upon a man, who in every other was as free from all reproach, and fit, indeed, for a bishopric,—it is high time the community awakened to the importance of establishing a Home for the victim of of Tobacco, as well as spending their energies for the inebriate of the land.

I would sooner see a son of mine in his coffin than to behold him, even for a moment, with a lighted cigar or pipe in his mouth. It is true I am childish, and ever have been as for that matter; but had I a dozen boys, and were each of them as precious to me as the apple of my eye, my sentiments would be the same.

Unfinished Christians.

Some men are like unfinished statues. The model is all good, and no special fault can be found with the material, but they are only partly hewn out. Enough is done to show us the idea of the sculptor, and charm us with a vision of beauty and grace; but the mallet and the chisel have not yet finished their work. Their christian character is taking shape, but this feature and that are yet in the rough. Their peculiar danger, their peculiar weakness, the sin that so easily besets, is not wholly overcome, and it not only makes its power felt in the hidden warfares of the heart, but shows itself upon the surface. One man is by nature impulsive, ready to resent what he deems an injury, and on small provocation kindling to a flame; and men call him passionate, and want to know if such as he are fit to belong to the church. The native weakness of another is undue love of the world and men call him avaricious. A third is otherwise not subject to censure, but he is so intent on his business pursuits that he can give God and the church only so much of his time as will suffice to hear a sermon Sunday morning; and in regard to the religious and benevolent enterprises of the church, he is about valueless. Some men, and women too, are blameless abroad, and peevish, selfwilled, hard to please at home, thorns in the flesh to those around them.

Children do not sift out these various elements of character, and attribute the good to divine grace, and the bad to natural depravity. They are very apt to take things in the mass, and undervalue a piety whose faults are visible, but of whose secret repentings they know nothing. Let christians therefore take heed unto themselves. Let them aim to be, through grace, "blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke." Let them imitate Goldsmith's Village Pastor:

> "And as a bird each fond endearment tries
> To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
> He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
> Allured to brighter worlds and *led the way.*"

—*Sunday School Times.*

A KING'S DAUGHTER.—A poor, but very pious woman, once called to see two rich ladies. They too loved the Lord. Without regard to her mean appearance, they received her with great kindness into their splendid drawing-room, and sat down to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus engaged, their brother entered the room. He was a gay, proud, thoughtless youth, and looked much astonished at their unusual guest. One of them rose up with dignity and said, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, only she has not got her fine clothes on."

Agriculture, etc.

Horticulture in Greece.

The modern Greeks fall far behind their ancestors in skill in gardening, if the following sketch from *Chambers' Journal* is not too highly colored:

Experience proves what might otherwise be attributed to the fancy, that the soil of Attica is so sweet that every thing planted in it acquires an additional delicacy of flavor. Thus, pear trees transplanted from Malta to the gardens of Maronsi, a village about six miles from Athens, not only produce more delicious pears, but begin to bear the very first season. If such be the case now, when gardening can hardly be said to be studied at all in the dominions of the young Danish king, what must it have been of old, when the most practiced, skilful and studious of gardeners exhausted their ingenuity in the attempt to please the palates of their fastidious countrymen. We have said that the grounds of an Athenian gentleman were devoted partly to flowers, partly to vegetables, and partly to trees; but there was a peculiar order in the arrangement, by which what was beautiful was brought immediately under the eye, while that which merely ministered to utility was fenced off, and screened from observation by copse of agnus, cactus, or the rhododendrons, or myrtle, or oleander, which, at the proper periods of the year, extended a blaze of blossoms between the kitchen garden and the floral department. Among the citizens of the "fierce democracy," something of oriental tastes and manners continued to prevail down to a very late period; the windows of the female apartments were usually turned towards the garden, so that, shaded by amber or purple hangings, they could lean on the sills of marble or carved cedar and gaze forth in the cool of the broad waves of pear, apple and pomegranate blossoms, which led the eye towards the foot of Hymettus, the home of the Attic bee, or down to the banks of Illissus, shaded by plane trees, and dotted at intervals by cupolas of white marble, which glittered like newly carved alabaster in the sun. And here we may as well notice a trait of Athenian manners, which will be thought to reflect some credit on the enterprising and grasping Demas, as the men of Dorion blood were wont to denominate it. So little fear had gentlemen that their gardens would be plundered by the people, that footpaths often traversed their orchards, their vineyards, and their kitchen gardens. One man's grounds were, moreover, separated from another's, not by high walls and insurmountable fences, but by rows of olive or plane trees, thirty or forty feet apart; or by loose hedges of the fragrant phillyrea, wild with frequent gaps and banks studied with flowers. It was even customary among the mere opulent and noble citizens to invite the people not only to stroll at will through their grounds, but whenever they thought proper, to pluck and eat the fruit; and there is no instance on record of his liberty having been abused.

SELECTING COWS.

First, I get a broadside view of the animal, at a distance of about two rods, as I have noticed for years that there was a great similarity in the general proportions of all first class milkers; being very small in girth just back of their forward legs as compared with the girth just forward of their hips. I have never known a first rate milker, of any breed, not thus proportioned; so that if this form is wanting in an animal I have recommended to me, I do not care to look at her more, unless I want a breeder for some other purpose than the dairy. For breeding *ozen* I should want a cow of reverse proportions. *i.e.*, larger girth forward.

I next feel the size of the "milk veins," and trace them to their entrance into the chest, which, in superior cows, are large, admitting the ball of the largest finger; if divided, or subdivided, as is sometimes the case, I judge of the size of each orifice, as I care less for the size of the vein itself, than the orifice. Next, I examine, by sight and touch, the udder or bag, which must be capacious in order to hold much milk, with teats wide apart and free from large seed warts or sores of any kind; I then inquire how long she goes dry before calving, as I don't want a family cow to give milk less than 46 weeks out of every 52; and to close, I milk her with my own hands.—*A Vermonter in Rural American.*

FEEDING STOCK.—Little and often is the rule. How little and how often, may be asked. So little that the stock will eat up clean what is given them morning, noon and night; and in the long, cold nights of winter, a feed just before bed time, say about 9 o'clock, is advisable. This we call often; that is, four times a day. Though the quantity should be such as to be eaten up clean; yet it should be enough to keep the stock in good, thrifty condition. No starving or half feeding them. This does not pay.—*Rural American.*

ONIONS AND MEAT FOR POULTRY.

Onions are said to be an admirable food for fowls, or rather an adjunct to their ordinary food. If given regularly, it is said that they will prevent attacks of the more ordinary diseases of poultry.

Meat is said by some authorities to be an essential food for poultry, especially in the winter, when they cannot get the worms they pick up in summer.—*Mark Lane Express.*

H. Young, Springfield, Bradford County, Pa., says:—"If you tap maple trees as soon as the ground begins to freeze in autumn, the sap will run as freely as in spring."