

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, June 26th, 1865.

LUKE XX. 19-47: Of giving tribute. 2 SAMUEL XIV. 1-21: Widow of Tekoah entreats the king to bring back Absalom.

Recite—1 CORINTHIANS XII. 1-3.

Sunday, July 2nd, 1865.

LUKE XX. 19-38: Of paying taxes to sustain governments. 2 SAMUEL XIV. 21-33: Absalom.

Recite—MATTHEW XXI. 42-44.

What money cannot buy.

Ellen's home in the city is one of luxury and beauty. There is everything to charm the eye and please the taste. Costly furniture, rare ornaments, valuable books, and fine paintings, bespeak the wealth of the owner. There also are happiness and peace, and the bright faces of children, without which no home seems complete.

Ellen has a bright, handsome face, but, not a happy one. Rarely, if ever, does a smile light up its beauty, or any soft emotion give it that charm which makes even a homely face attractive. She soon wearies of every pleasure, and forgets to be grateful to those who have sacrificed their own comfort, perhaps, for her gratification. She would like to be in a continual state of excitement, and "What shall I do now?" is the frequent cry, demanding a change of programme. In the winter she wishes it was summer, and in the summer she longs to be back in the city. So you see it would be impossible to satisfy her; and I don't suppose it ever enters her head that she interferes with any one's comfort.

The same restless disposition shows itself in whatever she undertakes. Everything new has a special charm, and mats, breakfast shawls, and sofa cushions in endless variety are commenced. If you could open her bureau drawer you would form some idea of the fickleness of her fancy, and her disregard of order. "I hadn't patience to finish it," is the only excuse for such a waste of material.

If she was allowed to do just exactly as she liked, I have no doubt she would be extremely good-natured; and everybody else might be miserable, if they chose; it wouldn't surely be her fault.

You have seen the waves come in on a rocky shore; one, your eye rests on, comes rolling so gracefully along, when right in front of it rises a monstrous rock, against which it dashes, and seems to say: "Now, what did you get in my way for, when I was going along so nicely?"

Last summer Ellen's parents rented a cottage near the Sound, where the waters made continual music, and boating, fishing, and bathing added to the attractions of the place. Ellen enjoyed these aquatic sports until the novelty had worn off; then they were dull and stupid enough.

One day she wished to go on the Sound. The water was rough, and the boat in need of repair, so her mother would not give her consent.

I never saw Ellen cry; she was of too hard a nature for that, but of all disagreeable fits any mortal ever had, Ellen's "sulks" were the worst. The "blues" are bad enough, but "ugly sulks" are, in my opinion, a far more dangerous disease. You might talk, and coax, and reason, with about as much effect on Ellen, as if you attempted to move the statue of Washington with a hand-spike.

"Such a horrid hole as this is!" said Ellen. "I wish I'd never come here. Nothing in the world to do! Always some opposition to all my plans!"

"It's just to be cross; she can't bear to see me happy, I shall just write to grandma," she said spitefully. "She wants me to pay her a visit, and she's always putting herrell out to please me."

"Well, there it is, Ellen. Somebody has got to put herself out, and why shouldn't it be you as well as your grandmother, who is old and feeble?"

While Ellen was doing her best to be as provoking as possible, her mother would be troubling herself for fear she had been too severe. Her love for the child, and desire to give her pleasure, often caused her to be indulgent to her various whims and caprices. Her peculiar disposition needed peculiar management, and it was frequently the cause of serious discussion whether the right course was being pursued or not.

You will think, as you read this, that there was no excuse for Ellen's conduct. A beautiful home, indulgent parents, loving brothers and sisters—what more could she want in order to be cheerful and happy?

Try to cultivate what she did not possess—a cheerful and contented disposition—for all the money in the world cannot buy it, and without it you are poor indeed.

The two Clocks.

Two clocks stood on the mantel. One was large and somewhat old-fashioned, and had a regular orthodox tick. It seldom got out of order, but performed its duty like a veritable time-server as it was.

One day, a smaller clock, which had got into very bad habits, and was altogether unreliable, was placed by the large one to be regulated. The pendulum was adjusted, the hands set to correspond with its neighbor's, and then it was

wound up. Such a time as it made! Tick-tick, tick-tick, just as fast as it could go. It really seemed as though it must be trying to get ahead of time. But for all it made such a fuss, it didn't really accomplish any more work than its less demonstrative neighbor. The hands worked around just the same on one as they did on the other, and pointed exactly to the hour on each.

"Now what's the use of your making such a todo? You can't accomplish any more work than old Slow and Easy, who travels on his regular beat, and only asks to be wound up once a week."

"But I'm so little," said Fast and Furious; "it takes me longer to go over the ground, and if I didn't travel as fast as possible I should always be behind time." So away he worked, with the most irritating tick, tick, tick, tick, that ever was heard, until we were obliged to have it removed to another room, where our ears and nerves would not be annoyed by it.

I couldn't help thinking of my friend Nellie. It is such a pleasure to visit her. She keeps no servant, but everything about the house is in such complete order you might easily imagine that several pair of hands had been at work. Step into her garden; it is her especial pride, and she has every reason to be proud of it, for it bears evidence of care and culture. You will remain to supper, of course. Nellie leaves you for a few moments. Although the kitchen is close at hand, you hear no sound of preparation, and have already made up your mind, perhaps, to partake of a frugal repast. The bell rings just as you are in the midst of an animated discussion with Nellie's husband, and you enter the dining-room. Hot biscuit, delicious cake, preserved and canned fruit, with delicate slices of smoked tongue, look quite attractive to a hungry man. But Nellie's face is not flushed; and she appears so calm, it does stagger your credulity somewhat to believe that no fairy has assisted her in her culinary preparations.

A perfect contrast to this is my friend Mary. She is constantly in a flutter herself, and makes everybody else feel in a sort of "springy" state. Everything she does seems to be an exertion, and if you should hear her tell all she had to do, or had succeeded in accomplishing, you might imagine her a modern Mrs. Hercules.

And such trouble as she has with servants! Why, no woman was ever so persecuted, and lived. If she sits beside you to sew, she jerks her needle through with such violence, and fidgets so unmercifully, that you feel as though you were doing the work yourself, and losing your breath by the operation. Mary always makes me feel tired when I am with her. She is like the little clock. She puts herself in a flutter, and everybody else, and after all don't accomplish such a great amount of work as you might imagine.

Swearing for the family.

A returned Chinese missionary relates the following anecdote, showing the caution of the Chinese. He says:

During one of our examinations of candidates for baptism at Ngukang I observed that one woman and some three or four young people had the same surname. This circumstance led to the following conversation between myself and one of the young men:

"I observe you all have the same surname. Are you members of the same family?" I inquired.

"Yes," one replied; "this is mother, and these are my brothers."

"Where is your father?" I continued.

"He is at home, attending to his business."

"Does he approve of your embracing Christianity?"

"Yes; he is entirely willing."

"Why does not your father himself become a Christian?"

"He says it would not do for all the family to embrace Christianity."

"And why," I asked, with some curiosity, "does he think so?"

"He says that if we all become Christians our heathen neighbors will take advantage of that circumstance to impose upon us."

"How will they do that?" I inquired.

"Christians are not allowed to swear or fight, and father says that when our wicked neighbors ascertain that we have embraced Christianity they will proceed at once to curse us and maltreat us. Hence, father says to us, 'You may all become Christians, but I must remain a heathen, so as to retaliate on our bad neighbors. You can go to meeting and worship, but I must stay at home to do the cursing and fighting for the family.'"

The "desirable" pew.

Would that what is here somewhat lightly said were soberly realized concerning all pews in all Christian sanctuaries:

A pew in the meeting-house is thus advertised for sale in the *Amberst Express*: "A pew in the meeting-house of the first parish in Amberst. The man that owns the pew owns the right of a space just as long as the pew is, from the bottom of the meeting-house to the top of the roof, and he can go as much higher as he can get. If a man will buy my pew and sit in it on Sundays, and repent and be a good man, he will go to heaven, and my pew is as good a place to start from as any pew in the meeting-house."

CONTENTMENT.—A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if, in the present life, his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

For Sabbath School Teachers.

JESUS WITH A CHILD.

A little boy about eight years old, having jumped off the car from the rear platform, ran forward to get on the front, and by accident slipped and fell so that the heavily loaded car passed over his leg, crushing it in a frightful manner. In the first excitement of feeling, the passengers, horrified at witnessing such a scene, cried out, "hang the conductor—he ought to be hung;" when the little boy, though quivering in agony, exclaimed, "don't hurt him; I was to blame." Poor child! Brave, just, thoughtful of others, even in the sudden presence of death. While he was lying on some straw by the roadside, previous to being taken to the hospital, a little girl picked up his cap, and, having ascertained from him his name and residence, ran with it to his home. The mother opened the door, when the child exclaimed, "here is the cap of the little boy who has just been run over by the railroad car." What words to reach a mother's ear! What wonder that, with frantic speed, she should have rushed to the fatal spot, thence to track him by his blood to the hospital. There she was at first denied access to her boy, least her excessive agitation should hasten his death. A few moments, and the mother's love so stilled the surging anguish of her heart that, with the calmness of despair, she was admitted to the presence of her darling child, only to find him conscious of his danger and ready to obey the sudden summons to his heavenly home. "Jesus is with me, mother," he said; "I must die, but Jesus is with me."—*S. S. Times.*

"OUT OF THE MOUTH OF BABES."

When Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England, a lady became the subject of divine grace, and her spirit was peculiarly drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter, about ten years of age. After a time it pleased God to touch the heart of the child, and give her the hope of salvation. In a transport of holy joy she thus exclaimed:

"Oh, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of our neighbors and tell them that they may be happy and love my Saviour." "Ah, my child," said the other, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one within many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion."

"Oh, mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me; I must go over to the shoemaker and tell him; he will believe me."

She ran over, and found the shoemaker in his shop. She began by telling him that he must die, and he was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins; and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it.

The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain: he threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy. The neighborhood was awakened, and within a few months, more than fifty persons were brought to the knowledge of Jesus and rejoiced in the power of his grace.

EARLY HISTORY OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

A little French boy, in one of the Sabbath-schools of Paris, was asked by his teacher if there was anything in the Bible about Sabbath-schools. After a moment's hesitation, the pupil replied that he would tell him the next Sabbath.

At the appointed hour the lad appeared, and from document in hand clearly set forth three distinct propositions—namely, that the first Christian Sabbath-school was held in the temple at Jerusalem; that Christ himself was the first Sabbath-school teacher; and that he had for his pupils the Jewish doctors of the law, of whom he asked and answered questions, which greatly astonished those teachers in Israel.—*Christian Treasury.*

Scientific.

FACTS ABOUT WATER.

Water is at once yielding and resisting. It gives way, when permitted to do so, with marvellous facility. The slightest substance dropped upon it is admitted to its embrace, in strict accordance and proportion to its deserts and its density. A grain of sand readily finds its natural place at the bottom. A hydrostatic or water-bed is the easiest of couches—so easy, in fact, that some invalids cannot bear its excessive pliancy and complete adaptation to the form of the sleeper. Hence the motion of Descartes and others that, to explain the phenomena of water, its ultimate particles must be oblong, smooth, and flexible, lying one upon another like eels in a tub. But water of a given temperature, confined, is of astonishing hardness; it is almost incompressible at that temperature; for what is a reduction of from forty-four to forty-eighth millionth parts of its volume under a pressure equal to that of the atmosphere? Many solid matters—wood, for instance—can be squeezed in a much smaller than their original bulk. The packer's art has attained wonderful perfection in inclosing much in little space, but all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men cannot put a quart of water into a pint bottle. You could sooner drive a nail into a solid cube of steel than you could drive one into a cube of water inclosed in a perfectly unyielding box. It is the un squeezability of water which gives its enormous strength to the

hydraulic press. The hardness of water may be felt by striking its surface smartly with the open hand; the quality is also known to unfortunate swimmers who, intending to pitch into the water head foremost, fall flat on their stomachs instead.—*American Educational Monthly.*

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.

Dr. J. Edmonds, a prominent physician writes as follows to the *London Times*:

"I inclose a simple, safe and accessible prescription for the whole range of acid corrosive poisons, which, if promptly used, will almost invariably save life. Mix two ounces of powder chalk or magnesia, or one ounce of washing soda, with a pint of milk, and swallow it at one draught; then tickle the back of the throat with a feather or finger so as to produce vomiting. Afterwards drink freely of milk and water, and repeat the vomiting so as to thoroughly wash out the stomach. Any quantity of chalk or magnesia may be taken with safety, but soda in large quantities is injurious. I may add, that the narcotics are excepted. Milk is an antidote for almost all the poisons, and especially if followed by vomiting."

The *Court Journal* says:—Diphtheria is a very troublesome and dangerous disease. A very easy remedy has been found for it that will effect a speedy relief. Take a common tobacco pipe, place a live coal in the bowl, drop a little tar upon the coal, draw the smoke into the mouth, and discharge it through the nostrils.

A rather startling Railway project is before the Porte—one which is to traverse the whole of European Turkey from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, and by a branch to the Archipelago. Avlona is the starting point, Adrianople the centre, and Varna and Enos the extreme points.

Agriculture, etc.

COTTAGE CHEESE.

Many of our readers who have had to purchase cheese at the rate of twenty-five cents per pound, or what amount to about the same thing financially, have had it for sale at this price, would doubtless be glad to know the best way of making a cheaper substitute—and one which, by the way of variety, would be preferred to common cheese. A family which has the milk of one cow in summer, may enjoy a plentiful supply; and occasionally during the warm weather of winter, if the room where the milk is kept favours coagulation, a pleasant treat may be sometimes obtained.

A skilful house keeper, at whose table we have frequently enjoyed well made cottage cheese furnishes us with the following directions for making the two best kinds. There are worse modes, which we prefer to omit. The ball cheese is made as follows:—Mix the curdled or loppered milk with an equal quantity of buttermilk, and place them over the fire in an iron vessel. The mixture should remain till it becomes hot, but not scalding, for if it is boiled, the cheese is spoiled, and the work is foiled. It must be "severely" watched at this time and as soon as it begins to curdle, and the whey appear, take it from the fire. Put it in a bag and let it drain until the next day. Then mix enough salt with it to give it a proper flavour, and add either cream or butter to give it a proper consistency to work into balls—the cream to render it softer, or the butter to harden it, as the case may be. This is a good kind of cheese, but the following is better:

Pour boiling water from a tea-kettle spout into the pan containing the loppered milk, beating it all the time with a spoon until it begins to granulate and the whey separates. About one-fourth of the quantity in hot water is usually sufficient. Then empty it into a colander, and let it drain about ten minutes. Pour on a quart or two of cold water, and as soon as this drains off, apply salt enough to give it an agreeable taste. Put it in a dish for the table. Some persons prefer the addition of sweet cream when served. This kind of cheese is quite sweet—the first described has some acidity from the presence of the buttermilk, and on this account is frequently preferred by the sick.—*Country Gentleman.*

A BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.

If an acorn be suspended by a piece of thread to within half an inch of some water, contained in a hyacinth glass, and so permitted to remain without being disturbed, it will in a few months burst and throw a root down into the water, and shoot upward its tapering stem with beautiful little green leaves. A young oak tree, growing in this way on a mantle-shelf of a room, is a very interesting object.

TAKE THIS RULE.—The following excellent advice was given in a letter to John Wesley from his mother:—"Take this rule; whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish for spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength of your body over your mind—that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself."

Dr. Hawkes on one occasion had an argument with one of his vestrymen in reference to the increase of his salary: "Then you don't believe the Lord will feed the young ravens?" said the vestryman. "Oh, yes, I do," the Doctor replied; "but nothing is said about the young hawks."