

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 5th, 1865.

LUKE xiv. 25-35. Necessity of self-denial. 2 SAMUEL iii. 1-12. David's power increases; his family. Rev. MARK viii. 34-38.

Sunday, March 12th, 1865.

CONCERT: or Review of the past months subjects and lessons.

Counsels to the Young.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, he will mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you; keep your spirit, though the day may be a dark one—

Troubles never last forever. The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's promise a man or a child may be cheerful—

A sunny morning will come without warning. Never despair when fog's in the air.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or fire-wood that will end in smoke and darkness. But that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

Something lasting that will stay. When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may cause you to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury—

He that revenges knows no rest. The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him as your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day. Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness softens a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lesson well. A man that is forced to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his clothes in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

A cheerful smile gets on quick. A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts wind their way everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room—

Be on your guard, and strive, and pray. To drive all evil thoughts away.

RAB.

Margaret Gray was a widow with three young children. Her cottage was not far from the castle of an amiable young nobleman in Scotland; and she maintained herself and her children comfortably by keeping a cow, and selling the produce of her dairy, garden, orchard, and hen roost. Besides her cow she had a little shaggy Highland pony on which she took her butter, and eggs, and fruits to market. This pony went by the curious name of Rab, and was a great favorite with Effie and Jamie, for it would let them do what they pleased with it. But one morning poor Rab, who had seemed feeble and weak the night before when he came back from market, was found dead in the orchard. Effie and Jamie had gone to look at him with sorrowful hearts. Then these little Scotch children began to talk in this way:—

"Ah, Jamie!" said Effie, "dinna you wish the Lord was here now? You ken mither told us how he cured sick folk, and how he once made a man alive again that had been dead four days. He could make our Rab alive wi' a touch of his finger, and he would try, Jamie."

Well Jamie was a simple-hearted child, scarcely four summers old—his little brain was puzzled. For him there was but one lord—the good and generous young nobleman at the Castle. Of his power and goodness Jamie could believe anything, and though he opened his eyes wide at his sister's story, his face grew radiant with joy, as just at that moment he caught sight of his lordship coming slowly down the lane on his beautiful bay mare. In a moment he was in the road, in the very path of the rider, crying out—"Stop, lord! our Rab is dead—ye maun make him alive again!"

His lordship checked his horse, and looked down on the little petitioner in silent astonishment, while Mrs. Gray ran out of the cottage, with baby in her arms, and catching hold of Jamie, strove to lift him out of the way. But the little fellow resisted sturdily, crying still—"Let him make Rab alive! He maun make him alive!"

"But my little fellow," said his lordship, smiling, "if Rab is really dead—and I am very sorry to hear it—I cannot make him alive; how could you think of such a thing?"

But Jamie stood his ground, answering—"My mither says you once made a big man

alive after he had been dead four days—Rab is only a wee pony, and he's been dead but a wee bit while; so it's no a hard job for you. Dinna say you will na do it."

"What can the child mean, Mrs. Gray?" asked his lordship.

"I dinna ken, my lord," she replied, "unless Heaven forgive us! he takes you for the Lord Jesus. I didna think the bairn was so heathenish and so daft (foolish). You maun forgive the poor child."

His lordship dismounted, and taking the little fellow by the hand, by a few simple questions, soon found that this was indeed Jamie's strange delusion.

"My little laddie," he said, "you are wofully mistaken. I cannot bring your old pony back to life. You can never play with him, or feed him, or ride him among the heather or along the burn-side again. Rab's work is done, and it is time he should rest. But, Jamie, I can give you another pony in his place—one that I hope may serve your good mother as well as Rab, and that you and Effie must love for my sake. And now good bye. I hope Jamie will yet know well the Lord who is most great, and good, and loving."

Taking kindly leave of Mrs. Gray, the young lord then rode on, but in the course of the day the groom at the Castle came down to the widow's cottage, leading the new pony—a handsome, sturdy animal, and so gentle and docile that not only Jamie, but timid little Effie could ride on him with safety; and even the baby, when set on his back, played with his mane, and answered his whinny with a triumphant crow.

So Jamie's faith, though mistaken, was rewarded, and his innocent, fervent little prayer was answered, not by a divine miracle, but by a generous human heart, which no doubt found its reward in proving the truth of the Master's words—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Peter Crump's Dream.

Peter Crump came home from his day's work one September evening, very tired and dispirited. He was an old man, fast becoming feeble, and not fit for much work; but he was glad to be able to do anything by which he could make a scanty living for himself and his infirm wife. The work which he did was not heavy labor, neither did it pay him very well; but it was better than higher wages with work beyond his strength. It was simple, too, easy to understand and to accomplish, and was the same day by day, with little or no variation. What was it? He one of a procession of six men, each one of whom carried up and down the principal streets of the city one huge letter, painted on a board, the letters together forming the name

"WARNER."

This Mr. Warner was a proprietor of a panorama, and adopted this among other methods of advertising his exhibitions. Peter Crump carried the first "R." He did not know his alphabet, for he had lived in great poverty and ignorance. But he knew that he was the third man of the six, that Tom Riley walked before him, and that his own big letter had a straight column at the left, a loop at the top on the right, with a sort of tail below the loop. So he plodded on behind Tom Riley, who followed Sandy Trot, and he took good care in their windings through the crowded streets, not to let old John Connor, with his "N," pass in front of him. At six o'clock they carried their letters into Mr. Warner's establishment, and were dismissed, each of the six old men thankful that his day's work was done.

On this particular September evening, after his supper, Peter sat down on the door-step of the house, where he and his wife had one small room, to smoke his pipe. (He might have done something better—perhaps something worse.) Peter was a good old man, upon whose dark, ignorant heart the love of Jesus had come several years before, through the teaching of a city missionary; and the light of that love had never since ceased to shine upon his lowly life. But he felt this evening as if he were very useless in the world, and would not be missed by any one except his aged wife, if he went to his heavenly rest that very night. While he thus thought his pipe went out, and he fell asleep. Then he dreamed.

He thought he was on his usual tramp, with the giant "R" above his head, Tom Riley before him, John Connor behind. He was very tired, and yielded to the temptation to fall out of the line and sit down on some steps near at hand, thinking that nobody would miss him. But to his astonishment, as he looked at his companions they immediately fell into a state of utter confusion. John Connor, seeing Peter no longer in front of him, thought that he himself had gone wrong, and stepped before Tom Riley; and Tom, not having Sandy Trot in advance of him, turned and stepped aside behind Mike Trafts, who usually followed John Connor, carrying "E." This discomfited old Jackson Jones, who brought up the rear, with the last "R." So the whole five were uncertain where they belonged, or who was wrong, and stopped in dismay. Then Peter dreamed that this confusion, happening in a crowd, so separated the men that they gradually drifted away from each other and out of his sight, leaving him sitting alone, bearing his great "R," at which every passer-by stared, laughed, and finally began to pelt it with stones. In the fear lest a stone should hit him instead of the placard, he awoke from his sleep.

But his waking thoughts dwelt upon his dream, and they ran thus: "If he had stayed in his place, doing his duty, everything would

have gone right. It was his yielding to temptation and shirking his duty which threw the whole company into confusion and broke up the line. Did he not then daily perform his small part in keeping that line all right, so that every beholder could read

"WARNER"

as they walked? And therefore, would he not be missed until his place could be filled by another man, if he failed to appear and take up his "R" at the right time? Ah, yes, thought he; God gives me this little work to do in my old age. I will do my duty there, where he has placed me, and perhaps I can glorify him in doing it. At any rate, if I do it for him he will bless me.

We all have a place in the world—a work to do, be it ever so small and insignificant, where in we can glorify our Master. We should so live and so walk that our absence will be felt and our work missed when we are called away to our rest. And to the All-seeing Eye failure in a simple duty may cause as great confusion in the moral world, as his stepping out of line did in Peter Crump's dream.—S. S. World.

A Day in the Moon.

A lunar day comprises a period of twenty-eight days like ours. We are familiar with the sublime spectacle of the sunrise upon the earth; that wondrous transformation with which the glories of the night dissolve into the glories of the day, when the watch stars close their holy eyes as the timid blush of morning kindles the eastern horizon; when the tide of light flows in to fill the celestial canopy; and when, as a climax to the changing scene, the glorious sun bursts open the gates of the morning and proclaims himself the lord of the day. How fearfully different is the vision of a sunrise upon the moon. No gentle transition from darkness to light, no imperceptible melting of night and day. From a horizon dark as a moonless midnight the sun slowly ascends, a lurid ball of brightness infinitely more dazzling than it can appear to an earthly eye, gilding the summits of the lofty mountains, and causing there to start forth like islands of light in a sea of darkness, while their bases and surrounding valleys are yet shrouded in impenetrable gloom. Slowly the silvery flood of light pours down upon the mountain flanks; and the shadows, still of pitchy blackness, slowly shorten as the sun, after a lapse of 170 hours, attains its meridian height. Awful in its desolation, terrible in the grandeur of its sublimity is the lunar scenery. The remote objects of the landscape stand forth with fierce distinctness, every fissure, every chasm, every detail plainly visible, though many miles removed; for no aerial perspective affords a measure of their distance. A silence still as death prevails, without the whisper of a breeze or hum of animated life; even though the lips should quiver, and the tongue essay to speak, no sound could come from them. If we look aloft to the lunar heavens we behold the stars, although at noonday, shining out in the dark black sky with a steady lustre, unshuffled even with the effect of twinkling or scintillation, for these phenomena are due to the varying currents of an atmosphere. For fourteen days the sun pours down his fiery rays upon an arid soil never sheltered by a welcome cloud, never refreshed by a genial shower, till that soil becomes heated to a temperature equal to that of boiling water. Gradually the shadows lengthen and the sun declines, but no crimson curtain of evening closes around the lunar landscape; and when the last rays of the setting sun are lost beneath the horizon, no twilight intervenes, but a prill of fearful darkness falls upon the scene. And then succeeds a long and dreary night of 328 hours' duration, and a severity of cold that reduces the parched surface to a temperature probably 300 degrees below the freezing point of water.—Once a Week.

Scene in a Church.

A correspondent informs us that last Sunday a curious scene was enacted in the U. P. Church at Campbellton. The worthy pastor of the congregation directed the attention of his audience to the transaction between Philip and the Ethiopian eunuch, as recorded in the 8th chapter of the Acts. He was then led to discuss the question of adult & infant baptism. In the course of his remarks he stated that there were several cases in the New Testament of baptism having been administered to households without those households believing. He quoted the case of the gaoler at Philippi, and affirmed that there had been an instance. At this juncture, to the bewilderment of all listeners, the awakening of some drowsy worshippers, and the annoyance of the minister, a voice in the gallery, apparently from a respectable individual, called out, "Not so. The gaoler believed in God with all his house." One may imagine the effect produced in such circumstances, when the theology of a preacher of thirty years' standing was called in question, and that, too, in the most venerable place of worship belonging to the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland. The preacher halted in his discourse, addressed a few words to the critic in the gallery, and said he would read the passage. A few verses in the 16th chapter of Acts were then read; but the doctor stopped at the 34th verse, though it contained the precise words uttered by the gaoler of the prison.—North British Daily Mail.

A celebrated French dwarf died in Paris, just as Tom Thumb arrived. In every respect he had the advantage of this little personage, he being of nobler birth and smaller stature than the General. He was, too, a man of more

delicate feelings, and, instead of wishing to turn his personal appearance to account, fled publicity as he would the plague. This dwarf was a scion of the De Richebourg family, and was under sixty centimetres in height, or a little over half a yard. He lived at the Court of Philippe Egalite, who appointed him to the purely honorary post of *commelier*, to the Duchess when he was but fifteen. After the Revolution burst forth poor little De Richebourg was denounced to the Committee of Public Safety. His friends, when they heard of it, dressed him as a baby, and wrapped his head in a *bourrelet*. In this guise he passed through several revolutionary towns, and crossed the frontier in safety. There were some important political papers wrapped up in his swaddling clothes, which nobody ever thought of unrolling. De Richebourg enjoyed a pension of 3000*fr.*, granted by the Orleans family, and he lived to the advanced age of ninety-two years.

Scientific, etc.

WHY BOOTS SHOULD BE POLISHED.

Brightly-polished boots are cooler in warm weather and warmer in cold weather than dull and dusty boots; for in warm weather they reflect the sun, which dusty and dirty boots absorb; and in cold weather the clean boot does not allow the warmth of your foot to radiate freely, whereas the unclean boot does. Clean, bright boots are consequently more comfortable, as well as respectable, both in warm weather and cold. Not only will different substances, as iron and wood, give out heat or take it in, more or less, but the same substance radiates heat more or less actively, as it is bright or dull, rough or smooth. Now, dirty boots are rough as well as dull. They have a surface of many little hills and valleys, so that in truth there is more surface for the heat to pass through either way. As a rough surface is a larger surface, more heat from within and without always passes through dull and dirty boots than polished ones.

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING MEAT.

On the 17th a large number of shipowners, and captains and officers of the mercantile marine service met at the shop of Messrs. James Hall and son, Liverpool, for the purpose of tasting a broiled round of beef preserved on a new principle invented by Mr. J. Morgan, F. R. C. S. I. On the 14th an ox was killed in the usual manner, the heart exposed—care being taken to void any bleeding—and each side of the heart opened; thus the animal was bled: A tube was introduced into the left side, where one of the incisions was made, and so passed into the large artery which goes through the body; hydraulic force was then used to send about three gallons of brine through the circulatory system, which found its way out at the cut on the opposite side of the heart thus clearing out the vessels in a few minutes. By a simple contrivance the cut on the right side was then closed, and brine, sugar and saltpetre simply infused as before by pressure, which not escaping at the closed incision, percolated thoroughly the flesh, and could be seen in any part of the body wherever cuts were made in the hide, hoofs, tail, flesh, &c.—This operation occupies about five minutes, and in half an hour after the animal may be skinned, cut up, and put to dry, or at once cooked. No other process is necessary. The Admiralty have had lately a batch of oxen prepared by this process, and the patentee operated before a commission of the French Government last summer, with complete success, even in the very hottest weather. The gentlemen who tasted the meat were loud in its praise.—The flavour was remarkably fine and the fibre tender. We believe the ox has been cut up into 42 pieces, and that these will be put on board ships going to various parts with a view to a practical test of the utility of the invention for victualling purposes.—English Paper.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SINGING.—Singing is a great institution. It oils the wheels of care, supplies the place of sunshine. A man who sings has a good heart under his shirt-front. Such a man not only works more willingly, but he works more constantly. A singing cobbler will earn as much money again as a cobbler who gives way to low spirits and indigestion. Avaricious men never sing. The man who attacks singing throws a stone at the head of hilarity, and would, if he could, rob June of its roses, and August of its meadow larks.

TREES MOST AFFECTED BY LIGHTNING.—Fig trees and cedars are rarely struck by lightning; the beech, larch, fir, and chestnut are obnoxious to it; but the trees which attract it most are the oak, yew, and Lombardy poplar. Whence it follows that the last are the trees most proper to be placed near a building, since they will act like so many lightning conductors to it. Again, the electric fluid attacks in preference such trees as are verging to decay by reason of age or disease.—American Paper.

A FACT.—With their present yearly income, it will take the Bible Societies more than 600 years to supply a copy of the sacred Scriptures to each of the seven hundred millions in the heathen world. The sum annually spent in Great Britain in intoxicating liquor, would do it in one year!

ANOTHER FACT.—Sixty millions of pounds sterling are spent at the shrine of Bacchus every year in Great Britain, in intoxicating drinks, whilst but little more than half-a-million is raised by all the Missionary and Bible Societies, for spreading the cause of Christ throughout the world.