

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 8th, 1865.

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

Sunday, January 15th, 1865.

LEKX xii. 12-21: The Parable of the rich man. I SAMUEL xxx. 1-6: David pursues, overtakes and defeats the Amalekites. REVUE—JAMES v. 1-4.

Only a little tipsy.

"Oh, mamma," said a bright boy of nine years, "did you hear the fire-bells ring this morning?"

"Yes my dear." "The city hall was burnt down," added the boy, "and a man who had been put in the lock-up for disorderly conduct was burnt to death."

"Was he, indeed?" "Yes, mamma, and he was a real nice, kind man. He got in a scuffle last night with some rowdies, and to keep the peace till morning they put him in the lock-up. People are so sorry he is burnt."

"Yes, my boy, we have all reason to be sorry. For a man to be burnt to death is a very shocking thing. But how came the poor man to be in that scuffle? You say he was a nice, kind man. That seems strange."

"Why, mamma, he was only a little tipsy."

"Only a little tipsy! That explains all." "Yes, he was tipsy. And they think that in lighting his pipe towards morning, a spark fell on something that kindled very quick, and so the building was burnt, and the poor man in it. He shrieked dreadfully to be let out, but they could not get him out till it was too late."

"Remember that, my boy. When you grow bigger, and the boys want you to drink any thing like rum or wine, do n't listen to them for a moment. They may say, 'A little won't hurt you.' Remember that all the drunkards in the world began by taking a little at first. The poor man who was burnt to death this morning had no idea of being a drunkard. But bad habits become stronger, and they make slaves of us before we know it. Always remember the man who lost his life because he was 'only a little tipsy.'"

"One word more, my boy; remember too that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."—A. Messenger.

Faithful are the Wounds of a Friend.

"Of all earthly things, I detest a stingy man."

The words were uttered earnestly, and by one whom I deeply admired. But, for some reason, I could not tell why, they affected me unpleasantly; and looking up, I caught the expression of satisfaction which I expected, but did not wish to see. Thinking of the matter afterward, an occurrence of my own life was brought to mind, and the painful feeling understood.

Years ago, when hopeful and self-reliant, I was walking boldly forward, trusting to my own strength, I had a friend. We were "girls together," and very tender feelings existed between us. I should have spurned the charge from a third person that any selfishness was interwoven in my intercourse with her. She was sensitive, deeply so, with very cautious opinions of her own powers and capabilities, but with strong confidence in mine. I can look back now and see how, in many ways, I took advantage of her trustfulness and yielding disposition. Was there a decision to be made as to how we should spend an hour or a half day, it usually happened that my own inclinations were fully gratified. Were we, with unformed judgments, discussing the merits of a book, my opinion almost always swallowed up hers. Not that I made any great effort to have her thus yield—but she yielded too easily, and I let her do so. I was generous so far as showing any thing with her was concerned—that I knew. And I did not suspect but that my whole conduct toward her was generous until, reproach, my eyes were opened. She had yielded to me in a little matter, as was her custom, without pressing her views, and I, perhaps unconscious of my growing overbearing, had accepted the sacrifice as my right; when, turning suddenly toward me with an expression of firmness entirely unusual to her, she spoke my name, earnestly, almost sternly. I looked at her, surprised, and for a moment she faltered; but, gathering strength again, she proceeded—

"H—, there is not a stingy streak about you—but, you are terribly selfish."

No language can describe the astonishment I felt. My eyes fell before hers; then, venturingly and inquiringly, were raised again. But there she stood looking at me calmly and firmly, not a vestige of embarrassment or vexation visible upon her countenance; resolute, yet kind, as though she was prepared for the trial, and meant to hold her ground. My social position was equal to hers—my age in advance; and, for a moment, I tried to think she was taking too much liberty. But—I could not. My eyes fell again before her steady gaze. Our whole acquaintance, with its varied events, passed rapidly through my mind and acts upon which I had not bestowed a second thought before were suddenly magnified into serious errors. Guilty and condemned, I stood there, with such a sense of unworthiness as no mortal had ever made me feel before.

She seemed to read my thoughts, and be satisfied. Stepping nearer, she gently laid around

me again the arm that had fallen when she spoke, and drew me to her in forgiving love. The matter was never mentioned between us again, and a tenderer friendship, if possible, existed between us after than before the occurrence. I took the lesson home to my heart, and, by the grace of God, trust I have somewhat profited by it. Truly, "the wounds of a friend are faithful."—Tract Journal.

The Flaw in the Link.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

The wedding was a pleasant one, and full of promise. The bride was as clearly formed for "attractive grace" as Milton's Eve. Her bright face glowed with the white and red which "nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on." The man at her side was every inch a man, and his face flushed with honest pride when her softly-spoken "Yes, I do," fell upon his ear. The link that was welded before God with prayer seemed so bright, and firm, and strong, that no one could detect a flaw.

A few weeks after, when the bridal tour was over, we saw them at church, side by side. A good beginning, thought we. It was the Sabbath tea-celebrating the Lord's supper. When the time came for distributing the bread and wine the non-communicants either changed their seats or left the church; not all, but many of them. The young bridegroom rose reluctantly, bated a moment, and then took his hat and went over to a side pew, and sat by himself. The bride was left to commemorate the love of her Saviour alone. It was their first separation, and in a moment a "great gulf" seemed to open between them! Ah, thought we, there is a flaw in that wedding link already; they are one toward each other, but toward God they are two! How can two walk together toward eternity when they are going in opposite directions? Which of them will draw the strongest? If God gives them a household to rear up, which will the children follow soonest, the praying mother or the irreligious father? Will it not be a house divided against itself?

Looking round the church we saw other separations just as wide and melancholy as this one. Husbands and wives were there that day that during the previous week dwelt lovingly together. They had sat at the same table at home; they had wept and rejoiced together in the sorrows and the joys of one common fireside. But at the table of their divine Lord and Redeemer they parted. To human eyes, but a narrow church-aisle divided them; yet in God's sight they were spiritually as wide asunder as the poles. Looking at this scene of separation the question came up to our mind, "In the great day when Christ the Judge shall separate souls, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats, will the wedding tie hold them? Or will there be found a fatal flaw in the link that will leave husband and wife to break asunder with a parting that shall never again be followed by a meeting?"

To many a loving wife who will read these lines this is a sore and tender subject. What shall I do to save my husband's soul? has been the burden of her own soul for more than one anxious year. We would reply to such as she you can pray for him. But to make your prayer of any avail, be careful not to contradict it by your life. Do not ask God to direct him to the Saviour, and then yourself stand in his way. You can do more than pray for him; you can draw him. By driving you can not move him one inch heavenward. You can not force him to the church, to a prayer meeting, to his Bible, or to the Saviour. But if, in the name of Jesus, you fasten the silken cords of affection to him, and apply the persuasions of earnest lips, still more of a holy, sweet-tempered, noble life, you may be delightfully surprised to see how he will "go after you." As the huge man-of-war on its way down through the Narrows seems to say to the little steam-tug, "Draw me and I will go along with you," so has many a resolute will and carnal heart been won along steadily toward Christ by the gentle power of a sweet, prayerful woman's life. The positive efforts that you make for your husband's conversion must be made wisely. There is a sort of holy tact in this business. Watch your opportunities. Do not approach him with it when he is out of temper. Do not worry him with teasing talk, or with taunts; do not assume the tone of pity; it will only irritate. Watch your chances, and aim to co-operate with the Spirit of God when you see the heart moved by the truth, or moved by affliction, or by any event of Providence; then work with the Holy Spirit.

One good illustration is often worth a hundred counsels. And an actual incident we have somewhere met with fits our case exactly. During a period of general religious interest in the city of B., a wife of devoted piety persuaded her husband to go with her one evening to her church. He tried to think himself an infidel, and made sport of religion at every opportunity. "I will never go again," said he angrily to her. "I was provoked and insulted; that sermon against infidelity was aimed at me." She saw that the shots were striking, and said nothing. But prayer was made for him without ceasing by herself and a few friends.

One evening the wife kindly said to him "dear, will you grant me one little request? go with me to-night to meeting." "I will go to the door, and no further." With true womanly tact she says, "very well, that will do." He goes with her, parts from her at the door, stays out in the cold, while she goes in and breaks into fervent prayer for him, as soon as she reaches her seat. She is trying not only the strength of her marriage link, but of that mightier link that binds her faith to the God of Promise.

Presently the door slowly opens; a man walks straight to her seat and sits down beside her. He listens, goes home quietly; she meanwhile talking more with God than with her husband. The next evening, after tea, as they sit chatting by the fire, he rises, and with some emotion says: "Wife, isn't it 'most time to go to church?" She springs from her chair; it is entirely too early, but she will not risk delay; and hurrying on her hat and cloak they are off. A happy evening was that to her, redripping, loving heart! For his stubborn soul melts down under the truth like wax in the flame; his infidelity is conquered where it only can be vanquished—at the cross of Christ.

From that evening he is a new man. His home is a new place. There is an altar at his fireside; behold he prays! And ever after through their happy lives there was no flaw in the link that bound them in their daily walk toward heaven. "What knowest thou, O wife, whether thou shalt save thy husband?"—Evan.

Mr. Spurgeon and the Glasgow Policeman.

A rather good story, for the authenticity of which we can vouch, is just now going the rounds of the city. As our readers are aware, a great many persons obtained admission to the lecture delivered by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (or rather "Mr. Spurgeon") in the City Hall last Tuesday evening, by presenting forged tickets. In consequence of this unprincipled and dishonest conduct, large numbers who had provided themselves with bona fide tickets were unable to gain admission; if having been necessary to close the doors before eight o'clock, the hour at which the proceedings were advertised to commence. Amongst the "latest arrivals" at the South Albion-street entrance to the hall were Mr. Spurgeon himself and Dr. Joshua Paterson, who, on demanding admittance, were informed by a tall Highland policeman stationed at the door that the hall was already crammed to suffocation, and no one would be allowed to put his foot within the threshold. "But we must get in," said Mr. Spurgeon, attempting to pass. "I don't see that," replied the constable, barring the door with his burly frame. "But we must get in," reiterated Mr. Spurgeon; "my friend here is Dr. Paterson, who is to act as chairman to-night; and," struck in the doctor, "this gentleman is the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, who is to lecture; so you see it won't do to keep us out." The policeman shrugged his shoulders, and regarding the applicants with a knowing look, said, "Do you really think I am so jolly green—move on!" Fortunately, at this juncture, a member of the Protestant Laymen's Association, who had been on the look-out for Mr. Spurgeon, came to the rescue, and having explained matters to the constable's satisfaction that astonished functionary stepped aside and, with a polite salute, permitted the famous London divine and the learned doctor to pass on.—Glasgow Citizen.

SLAVE SALES IN AFRICA.—Dr. Livingstone writes from Kotsa Kotsa:—The Arabs had 1,500 persons in the village, and were busily employed transporting slaves to the coast. One fathom of cacao (value 1s) is the price paid for a boy, and two for a good-looking girl. But nevertheless, it is the joint ivory and slave trade that alone makes slave-trading a paying business; for the cost of feeding the negroes would be too great an expense were it not for the value of their services in carrying the ivory; a trader, with twenty slaves, must daily pay the price of one slave for their sustenance. All the difficulties which Dr. Livingstone had experienced in travelling in the interior were due to the obstacles thrown in his way by the Portuguese, who judged truly, that in buying up the ivory, he was undermining the slave trade. He only hoped that this same course would be pursued by other travellers who might succeed him, as this did more to destroy the slave trade than the English cruisers on the coast.

THERE is a blind man now in Boston who has very remarkable musical powers. His bass notes are lower than those of any other man in the world; it is said, while he can sing with perfect ease in the highest tenor notes. He can play the cornet with one hand, and accompany it on the piano with the other.

In Paris the fashionable ladies have their people dogs dyed red, blue, green, or any desired colour to correspond with the colour of their dresses.

THERE is a woollen railway in New Zealand, over which an eight ton engine has made 4,800 trips in five months, drawing loads from 30 to 40 tons, with so little friction as not to efface the saw marks on the rails.

An old Scotch preacher said of a young opponent, that he had "a great deal of the young part of a little of the old man, and very little of the new man."

As horses start aside from objects they see imperfectly, so do men. Enmities are excited by an indistinct view; they would be allayed by conference.

H. Houdin asserts that deaf mutes can be taught to express their ideas in ordinary language by a method which he has discovered and practised. He requires as essential conditions that the patients shall have ordinary intelligence, and shall possess the sense of sight, common sensation, and the organs of voice in the healthy condition. These conditions being granted, he states that it is of very little consequence how old or apparently incurable deafness may be.

Agriculture, etc.

THE FARMER'S WOOD LOT.

This being the season of the year when farmers generally are cutting, or preparing to cut their year's supply of firewood, a few suggestions will not be out of place.

Supposing a farmer requires ten cords of wood a year to supply his family fires, and depends entirely upon his wood-lot for it, his wood-lot should consist of about fifteen acres. Taking into consideration the amount of firewood he will annually pick up from other sources, like trimmings and old trees from the orchard, old fencing stuff, &c., we think that fifteen acres will be found ample for almost any farmer, while a less amount will supply a large proportion of them.

If, then, a farmer has a wood-lot of a size just about sufficient to furnish his fires, he should go about the work of cutting his wood in a systematic manner, so as to make the most of his supply. Let him begin on one side of the lot—say on the southerly side, if convenient—and cut clean as he goes. The young shoots will then receive the sun, and will grow rapidly and evenly. Supposing his lot to furnish thirty cords of wood to the acre, it will take him forty-five years to go over the whole, and he may then go back to the first one cut, and again cut thirty cords to the acre. This is, we think, a very moderate statement; because, upon ordinary land, wood will grow thirty cords to the acre in about thirty years. We have in our mind a piece of fourteen acres, which was cleared, sowed to rye, and then pastured a year or two; and in twenty-seven years from the first clearing, it was again cut over, when it yielded at least thirty cords to the acre. The growth was oak, chestnut and maple.

But few of our farmers seem to be aware how rapidly young wood will grow, under favorable circumstances; and as there is an increasing scarcity of wood, in New-England especially, we have thought it best to call attention to the importance of pursuing some well-defined plan so that the supply may be equal to the ordinary demand.

We hardly need add, that a wood-lot needs to be looked over occasionally—sometimes to be thinned more or less. Our farmer readers already know this, and only need to be reminded of the importance of keeping a sharp eye upon their family wood-lot.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE THERMOMETER.—Hero, of Alexandria, who lived about 130 B. C., is said to have been the inventor of an instrument for measuring the heat of the atmosphere, which continued in use until the close of the sixteenth century. It was then reduced to a more convenient form by Santonio, an Italian; and was afterwards considerably improved upon especially by Fahrenheit, a Dutchman, who, in 1720, affixed the graduated scale, and added other details, which chiefly tended to render the thermometer the instrument of practical utility which it now is.

KILLING VERMIN.—At the last meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History a report was made by a member upon the effect of pulverized borax upon the water bugs and cockroaches that infest our houses. The experiment was tried by sprinkling it around every crack and crevice suspected of affording shelter to these insects, with this effect, that after three or four days quantities of dead ones were found on the floors, and hardly a live one found in the house. Another experiment was tried by confining two healthy specimens in a bottle, with a little borax on the bottom of it, with air freely admitted. At the end of twenty-four hours one was found dead, the other quite feeble; in thirty-six hours the last one was also dead. Thus proving this simple and perfect remedy, the value of which most housekeepers will appreciate.

SWEET POTATOS IN PLACE OF HYACINTHS.—A correspondent of the Scientific American furnishes the following. It is a pretty experiment, and our lady friends should try it:

A curious as well as simple and interesting experiment may be performed in the following manner: Take a sweet potato, place it in the mouth of a transparent jar, so that it fits loosely, and keep it in a place by putting pins in it. Fill the jar with water, and set where the sun can shine on it, or in a place where the temperature is quite even. Almost any place in the house will do, as in a window, where it gets the light. The progress will at first be slow; replenish the jar with water as the potato absorbs it, keeping the water up to the middle of the potato, and soon roots will appear from the part in the water. From this point down its growth is quite rapid, the roots striking downward; finally it begins to sprout from the top, green leaves appear, and it continues to grow like a climbing vine, attaining a yard in length, and making a fine plant. I have started several in this manner, and now have one doing well.

DON'T WASTE.—Waste nothing! A crumb of bread may keep life in a starving bird, a large and useful volume may be written with one quill, from the wing of a goose; and an inch or two of writing paper has served for a despatch to save an army from falling into the enemy's power. Waste nothing.—Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost.

MADNESS.—There is a certain degree of madness connected with anger. This is so wherever we see it; whether in the conduct of a Xerxes, who fogged the waves, and cast fetters into the sea to bind it, or in its constant outbreaks around us.