

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 29th, 1865.

John iv. 1-26: Christ's conversation with the woman of Samaria. 1 Kings i. 16-40: Solomon is anointed and proclaimed King. Recite—ISAIAH iv. 1-2.

Sunday, November 5th, 1865.

John iv. 27, 42: Many of the Samaritans believe. 1 Kings i. 41-53: Adonijah bows to Solomon. Recite—PSALM xv.

A true story for the little ones.

ABOUT KITTENS AND RABBITS.

"We have plenty of cats now," said mother, ominously, as little Nellie came in with great delight, her small apron gathered up in her hands, and four blind kittens mewling in it.

Jake understood that to mean that they were to be treated to a cold bath in the river; but nothing was said to tender-hearted little Nellie on the subject. I do not know what she would have thought of her kind mother, if she had known that she was a party to any such transaction.

So it came to pass that there was a mysterious disappearance of the young cats that very night. Pussy was disconsolate over her loss, and Mrs. Keene herself felt very unhappy when she heard her calling them up stairs and down.

"She will get over it in two or three days," thought she; "cats never cry for their kittens longer than that, and I am thankful they can forget their sorrows so well. I would not have one killed for anything, if she went on this way a week."

"Where can those kittens have gone, to?" said little Nellie, as she searched in company with old pussy, "up stairs and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." But no kittens could they find, and little Nellie comforted old Heppy as best she could, telling her that they would likely creep out of some corner before long, glad enough to see their mother.

As Jake, the enterprising farmer's lad, was prowling about the grove, according to his custom when off duty, he came upon a little rabbit's nest. There were two tiny rabbits in it, and their mother thought she had hid them ever so nice, but I think Jake's dog scented them out.

"Hallo!" said Jake; "now I'll give old Heppy a good dinner. Maybe it will take her mind off from them kits." His own mind had been rather ill at ease on the share he had taken in the matter, particularly since superstitious Aunt Chloe, in the kitchen, had told him he would have nine misfortunes for every cat he killed.

So Jake brought home the rabbits, and gave them to Heppy as a peace-offering. She took them up in her mouth and carried them off to her old basket, one by one, and then what do you think that cat did? She snuggled down on her old carpet with those rabbits, and kissed their faces and smoothed their ruffled coats, and made them just as much at home as if she were their own mother.

Another one,

ABOUT A PET BEE.

When I was a little girl only six or seven years old, I went to make a visit at my grandfather's. It was an old farm-house, and of course it had a large garret full of all sorts of things, which made a capital play-place. One day when I was up there I saw a bee come in at the window and go into a hole in a bedstead that stood near. After a short time it flew out again, and so it went back and forth all the time I watched it.

Aunt Deborah gave me some honey for it, and I put it near the hole where it was at work, for I knew that bees like to eat honey as well as children do.

For several days I watched my pet whenever I had time to spare; but then there came a storm, and the window was shut, and I did not go up into the garret. When I did go again, I looked for my bee, but it did not return.

I went home, and had forgotten about it, till Aunt Deborah sent me a pretty nest, which she had found in the hole where the bee was at work. It was beautifully made of rose leaves, smooth, round, and about as long as my finger. I was delighted with it, and put it carefully away in a box; and after the first few days I did not look at it for a long time.

One day I happened to open the box, and what do you think I found? Ten dear little baby-bees, all lying there dead. There were a few waters in the box, and they had nibbled these and then died for want of food and air. I felt very sorry for the pretty little things, and am glad the mother bee never knew the sad fate of her children, for whom she had made so nice a nest.

All have influence.

A gentleman, lecturing in the neighborhood of London, said: "Everybody has influence; even that little child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.

"That's true," cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking;

I was a drunkard; but as I did not like to go to the public house alone, I used to carry the child. As I approached the public house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said:

"Don't go, father. Hold your tongue, child." Please, father, don't go. Hold your tongue, I say. Presently I felt a big tear falling on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round and went home, and I have never been in a public house since, thank God for it! I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all; and when you said that even she had influence, I could not help saying 'that's true, sir.'—National Baptist.

Good Advice for Young Men.

An exchange gives the following reasonable and excellent rules for young men commencing business:

The world estimates men by their success in life; and, by general consent, success is evidence of superiority.

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

Base all your actions upon a principle of right; preserve your integrity of character, and in doing this never reckon on the cost.

Remember that self interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore look well to your duty when your own interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

Be neither lavish nor niggardly; of the two avoid the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment; therefore, generous feelings should be cultivated.

Say but little—think much and do more.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Keep clear of the law; for, even if you gain your case, you are generally a loser.

Avoid borrowing and lending.

Wine drinking and smoking cigars are bad habits: they impair the mind and pocket, and lead to a waste of time.

Never relate your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

The Wandering Jew.

The legend of the Jew ever wandering and never dying, even from the crucifixion of Jesus to the present day, is spread over many European countries. The accounts, however, as in all fables, do not agree. One version is this:—When Jesus was led to death, oppressed by the weight of the cross, he wished to rest himself near the gate at the house of Ananias. This man, however, sallied forth and thrust him away. Jesus turned towards him, saying, "I shall rest, but thou shalt move on till I return." And from that time he has no rest, and is obliged incessantly to wander about. Another version is that given by Matthew of Paris, a monk of the thirteenth century:—When Jesus was led from the tribunal of Pilate to death, the door-keeper, named Cartaphilus, pushed him from behind with his foot, saying, "Walk on, Jesus, quickly, why dost thou tarry?" Jesus looked at him gravely, and said, "I walk on, but thou shalt tarry till I come." And this man, still alive, wanders from place to place, in constant dread of the wrath to come. A third legend adds that this wandering Jew falls sick every hundred years, but recovers and renews his strength; hence it is, that after so many centuries, he does not look much older than a septuagenarian. Thus much for the legends. Not one of the ancient authors alludes to this wanderer. The first who reports such a thing is a monk of the thirteenth century when, as is known, the world was full of pious frauds, even to disgust. However, the story has spread far and wide, so that it has become a proverb, "He runs about like a wandering Jew."—Jewish Chronicle.

THE MISSIONARY OMNIBUS.—I was once visiting a godly farmer, whose house was about two miles from the village church and school-rooms. While with him, he said, "Now you must go with me to our Bible Society meeting this evening." I cheerfully agreed. As the time approached, a large strong omnibus, drawn by a powerful horse, came up to the door. I said to my friend, "Why, what a large vehicle you have here, surely it is too large for your family." "Yes," he replied, "it is; but you see our parish is a very scattered one, and I had my omnibus made larger, that I might take up some neighbours by the way, who could not otherwise attend our meetings." I have been told of a godly farmer in Cheshire, who has a missionary cart; that is to say, when there is a missionary or Bible meeting he has some seats placed in the cart, and some clean straw put in the bottom, and then on the way he helps those who cannot help themselves.—Old Jonathan.

Mr. Morrison, of Basildon, who died lately worth \$20,000,000, began life with nothing. There seems to be no receipt for becoming a millionaire equal to that of walking up to London barefoot, under a firm conviction, that its streets are paved with gold. Mr. M. made a direct legacy of a million pounds sterling, to his eldest son; which is said to be the only legacy on record to that amount.

An American publisher collects his debts, from those in arrears, by announcing the names of those indebted to him in black type, in his columns every week, and, as each one pays, his name is struck off the black list.

Scientific.

Talk of the Lichens on the Rock.

A FABLE.

Far up the side of the mountain the naked rock shot up still higher. It seemed very high as you looked upward. The rock was even on its face, and was full perpendicular. On its surface were four kinds of lichens growing—from that whose leaf was very small, to the last, which was quite coarse and large. We sometimes see such lichens on an old fence, an old tree, or an old house. The face of the huge rock was almost covered with them. As I sat down under the shadow of the mountain, waiting for my friend, I gazed at the lichen, and began to wonder in my own mind what it was created for, and of what use it could be, when I seemed to hear a small, crispy voice far up the rock, calling out:

"Mother, how old am I?"

"Why, my child, you have just begun to live. You are only eighty years old yet!"

"And how old are you?"

"I call myself young, for I am only five hundred and twenty years old."

I now listened with all my ears, for I knew the lichens were talking among themselves. I felt sure they would say more, and I took out my pencil to put down what they would say. Pretty soon I heard the same little voice say:

"Mother, ain't you discouraged?"

"Discouraged! at what, pray?"

"At your size! Five hundred and twenty years old and how very small you are!"

"Not so small, either!" I cover six inches square already, while there's my poor grandmother, almost eleven hundred years old, and she covers only five inches even now! Very few, I am happy to say, of the lichen family, who have worked harder or accomplished more than I have, though I do say it myself."

"Well, mother, of what use is it to cling to this great rock, and hang here summer and winter, amid storms, and cold, and winds beating upon us? Here I have clung and been trying to gnaw into this rock for eighty years, and have not yet got my roots in half an inch. What's the use? We might as well die and drop off. Nobody would miss us or care. What do we live for?"

"To raise wheat."

"Raise wheat?"

"Raise wheat, to be sure."

"Pray, mother, what do you mean? We lichens away up here, on this cold rock, raise wheat! If that isn't funny!"

"Listen, my child. This huge mountain is all solid rock. If it was all pounded up fine, it would make soil on which men would raise wheat. But it is now very hard, and there is nothing to pound and turn it into powder. And so God has created us, the lichens, to have our home here, to cling to it, to gnaw it, and with a kind of acid we have, to crumble and dissolve it. Don't you remember that the very last year, you rolled down two little grains of the rock? Well, every grain we make falls down; then the rains wash it into the little brook, and the brook carries it into the river, and the river raises it up, and as it overflows its bank, drops it just where the old soil is worn out and the wheat needs new. The Nile thus carries down little particles from the mountains, and makes Egypt so fruitful."

"Oh! mother, how often can I gnaw off rock enough to raise a kernel of wheat?"

"Perhaps once in thirty years."

"Oh! what slow work! When will what you dig out this year raise wheat?"

"Perhaps five hundred years hence. God sees that there will be old men and little children upon earth then, and they will want bread; and so he has created us and placed us here to prepare soil, and get this rock ready to raise wheat. Thus he goes before, and provides, and makes even the poor little lichen useful; and if we do our duty, his smile will cheer us; and though we can do but little, a very little, yet that will do good to somebody."

The lichens stopped talking, but I did not stop thinking. What would my young reader have thought had he been there?—Sunday-school Times.

THE FARMER'S BAROMETER.—Take a common glass pickle bottle, wide-mouth, fill it with three inches of the top with water; then take a common Florence oil flask, removing the straw and cleansing the flask thoroughly; plunge the neck of the flask into the bottle as far as it will go, and the barometer is complete. In fine weather the water will rise into the neck of the flask even higher than the mouth of the pickle bottle, and in wet and windy weather it will fall to an inch of the mouth of the flask. Before a heavy gale of wind the water has been seen to leave the flask altogether at least eight hours before the gale came to its height. The invention was made by a German, and communicated to a London Journal.

PROFESSOR PHILIPS delivered an address before the British Association at Birmingham, which was full of curious facts. "The coal," he said, "dug up in one year in England would in good steam engines exert a power equal exactly to that of the whole human race—and this though nine tenths of the force actually set free in the combustion of coal is unavailable and lost in space."

He explained that the new process of spectral analysis had almost established the gaseous constitution of the nebulae, the spectrum showing the lines of hydrogen, nitrogen, and some third kind of substance as yet unknown. In the spectral analysis of the light of the moon and

Venus, no lines indicating an atmosphere have been found; while in Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, especially the latter, lines are found indicating a gas in the atmosphere which is not in our own. The redness of Mars is believed to be due to such a gas, and not to its soil."

Missionary Intelligence.

CHINA.

Mr. Knowlton reports, under date of Ningpo, June 1, that M. Jenkins, on the previous communion Sabbath, baptized three candidates at Kinghwa. Mr. K. also baptized two at Jih-z-kong. The latter was about to visit Chusan, where a new station has recently been established in the valley of Siau-saw. There are six converts, and quite a spirit of inquiry. In connection with the mission at Ningpo, Mr. Knowlton reports one station and three outstations, 9 preaching places, 11 native assistants, 58 communicants, of whom 20 are males and 38 females. Of the outstations, Jih-z-kong is 3 miles west of Ningpo, Chusan 50 miles north-east, and Kinghwa, 250 miles south-west. Ningpo is on Ningpo river, twelve miles from the sea.

BURMAH.

RANGOON.—Dr. Stevens announces the baptism of five Europeans in connection with the English church, May 7th, and seven new converts received to the Burman church, June 11th. Two of the latter were Chinese, the first of their race baptized in Rangoon. Three of the seven were believing children; the rest were heathen families.

A VILLAGE DESIRING BAPTISM.—Mr. Bixby makes an interesting note of the labors of a Burman preacher, in connection with the chief of a village, which affords much promise.

It can no longer be said, "No Burman has ever planted a church," for Mung Pho Min is a Burman. He has had help, it is true, but he is the pastor; and, although scarcely twenty years of age, he has proved himself to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed. At Kyeikadon, Neeghyau's village, a large chapel has been built, and Mung Ong is preaching and teaching with apparent success. Neeghyau has just been down to see me. He says he preaches the law of Jesus to all the people that come; and that sometimes he and Mung Ong sit up nearly all night, preaching to the Shans who come through there.

A WHOLE VILLAGE ADOPTING CHRISTIANITY.—Mr. Van Meter, of the Bassein Mission, under date of April 25, 1865, gives a cheering notice of what he met with on a tour thirty miles from Bassein.

My last visit was to a section of the country some thirty miles north-east of Bassein, and which we shall hereafter designate for convenience' sake, the region of the "Duggab," as the places of which we are about to speak lie along the banks of a large stream by that name. On visiting this place, we were forcibly reminded of events that were common in the early history of this mission, but no instance of which has now occurred for a long while. I refer to the simultaneous movement on the part of a whole community or village, in deciding to become Christians, and to cast away at once and forever all their heathen trash and practices. Such an instance is presented here. A village of some ten houses has, within a few weeks, changed from a heathen to a Christian village.

ANSWER TO PRAYER.—In speaking of the people of the village mentioned in the preceding article, Mr. Van Meter relates the following remarkable instance of an answer to special prayer. He writes:—

"On first deciding to become 'White Book' people, they sent for the nearest preacher, whom they had long known very well, to come and instruct them. He went at once on receiving their invitation, and after examination decided that eight of them, at least, were sufficiently advanced to be baptized. At the same time, finding a young woman (here who had long been afflicted with insanity, or something much like it, special prayer is made for her, and she is at once restored to a sound mind. I saw her some five weeks after this, and she had had no return of her malady. At this time, thirteen more were baptized by me, eleven of whom belonged to this village, and the other two to one a few miles distant.

The most of these persons are in the prime of life, and appear like men who will make good workers in the cause of Christ. To my first question of one of the young men, the first one examined,—as to why he wished to be baptized, I received a reply that struck me as very unusual, and one that evinced considerable thought, and maturity of views on the subject. 'I am sick and tired of sin,' said he, 'and wish to be a disciple of Christ.'

MAD UPON THEIR IDOLS.—Mr. Clough, recently arrived at his station among the Teloo-goes, thus speaks of the frantic efforts of the heathen to avert the pestilence:—

"O how it stirs me up from the very bottom of my soul, when I see the poor natives, scared nearly to death, running through the streets in crowds, with a god on a platform, and this carried by six or eight men, with torches burning, drums beating, shouting and singing, and unable to say one word to them! Last night they sacrificed a cow to a god, which they have taken from a temple and placed on a common, about eighty rods from our mission house. They do this to gain his favor, that they may be relieved from plague brought upon them."