

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 9th, 1865.

LUKE XVI. 13-31: The rich man and Lazarus. 2 SAMUEL V.: David's kingdom established. Recite—PSALM CXVII.

Sunday, April 16th, 1865.

LUKE XVII. 1-20: Christ teacheth to avoid offences. 2 SAMUEL VI. 1-23: Removal of the Ark. Recite—MATTHEW V. 44, 45.

The Pea Plant and what it did.

Once upon a time there lived a little boy in one of the towns of Germany. I do not know his name; but that does not matter, as it is not about him that my story is to be told. All I have to say about him is that he had a pop-gun. One day he went into the garden and gathered a pod of peas; then he opened it, and inside were five peas, ranged side by side as peas are found.

"Now, for my pop gun," said the boy; "here goes, follow who can;" and one after another off went all the peas. What became of the other four is of no consequence to us; but the fifth pea was shot up high in the air, and then it came down and lodged in a little crevice filled up with moss, just under a great window. There it lay embedded in that soft green moss. God knew where the tiny seed lay, and he had a special work for it to do.

If you could have looked inside that garret window you would have seen a small humble room; very comfortable you would have thought it, with its sloping roof and bare floor; but it was very clean and tidy for all that. A widow woman lived there, who earned her living by cutting up wood for ovens; but she was very poor, and had to work hard, going out at early dawn and not coming back till evening.

All day long, while she was away, her one child, Gretchen, lay sick upon her little bed. She had had a little sister once, but she had died about a year ago, and ever since that, Gretchen had been losing her appetite and her strength, till at last she had grown so weak she could not rise from her bed. Her poor mother began to fear she should be left altogether childless. She did not know that, pent up in that small close room, her child was pining for fresh air and sunshine, and she would say, "Ah! she is going to her sister in heaven; she cannot be happy apart, and so God will take her, too; but I would like to keep her with me if I might."

Yet still the little girl lived on. I do not know what she thought about all those long hours while her mother was away; whether she thought of the blue sky and the green fields where merry children were playing, or whether she had ever been to a Sabbath-school, and could say hymns and texts to herself to beguile the time; but I think they must have been happy thoughts, or she would not have lain there so quietly and peacefully. She looked such a pale, patient little creature,—you would have loved her if you had seen her.

One fine spring morning, when her mother, as usual, was stirring early, and the sunshine was getting as much of itself as it could through the narrow window, Gretchen turned her head wearily towards it, and as she did so something caught her eye. "Mother," she said, "I see something green peeping in at the window. Look! it moves in the wind; what is it?" Her mother went to the window and opened it. "Sure enough, it is something green," she said. "Why, it is a little pea plant, springing out of a crack in the window-ledge where there is a bit of soft earth. How could it have got there?"

We know how it was, so we are not so surprised as they were. "Here is a tiny garden for you to tend, my child," she continued; and then she drew the sick daughter's bed close under the window, and away she went to her daily work. "Mother," said Gretchen in the evening, "do you know, I feel better? I have been watching the little plant all day enjoying the sunshine, and I think I shall get well and be able to lie in the sunshine too."

"God grant it, my child," said the mother; and she thanked God in her heart for sending the plant to put such a hope into her child's heart; but she did not hope herself. Yet she put a little stick to support the plant, and she tied a piece of thread across the window for its tendrils to twine round; and this was for Gretchen's sake.

Gretchen day after day lay at the window, eagerly watching the plant as it grew and thrived in the balmy air, till by degrees the anxious mother could not but see the child was stronger; yes, she was certainly stronger. Oh how anxiously she watched that the improvement should not continue.

"Well, who would have thought it?" she cried one morning, when she went as usual to look at the seedling, there is a blossom upon it. It will open in the flower;" and Gretchen clapped her little hands with delight. A week after this she set up for the first time a whole hour. The window was open, the warm sunshine streamed in, and in full blossom outside stood the tended flower.

"God has given thee back thy life, and has given me hope and joy, my blessed child," said the thankful mother. And, while the maiden bent down and kissed its tender leaves, the flower seemed to smile back lovingly upon her, as if it knew that God had sent it. It was a happy day in that humble home. And before the flower had faded Gretchen stood at the garret window with beaming eyes, the roses blooming upon her once pale cheeks; and as she

spread her gentle hands over it she thanked God, who had given the fragile plant to restore health and life.

Now, as you have read this pretty story, I think one thought must have risen up in your minds, "Who would have supposed such a small lowly plant could have been so useful?" and that is just what I wanted you to think, for that will lead us on to another thought, namely, that not one of you is too lowly to be a help to others. I am sure if the plant had had a voice it would have said, "What good can I do? I am a poor weak clinging thing; why, I cannot even stand up by myself: how is it possible that I can ever help anybody else?" And do you know you are just like the pea plant, just as weak and helpless; but for that, God can make you useful to others, and he will show you how, if you will only ask him.

You know God does not expect grown-up people's work from little children, but he does expect that you should begin to do something to show your love to him. Are there no sick people you can cheer by a smile or a kind word, or some little act of love? It is wonderful how much these little things cheer the sick, yes, and the strong ones too. You do not know what a help a bright and lovely child is to the elders of a family. I think God gives to every child a special work, and that work is to be a little bit of sunshine in the house. Dear children, when you think you are too small to be of any use, ask yourselves whether you are sunbeams to your fathers and mothers and friends? That was what God meant you to be.

Mr. Spurgeon's Conversion.

It will interest many to know the circumstances of the conversion of this popular and celebrated man. Mr. Spurgeon gives the following account of it:—

He states that in early boyhood he was the subject of many impressions, and those of so painful a nature that he might truly say he was a miserable wretch. So at last he determined to attend three times on the Sabbath in the house of God, and to go to every chapel in the town in which he lived, to seek a balm for his wounded spirit. It was not without prayer he formed this resolution; and day after day he cried to God, but had never heard the Gospel preached. He said that without disparagement of the ministry of his own native town; for they were good men and true; but one preached the experience of the child of God, and he had nothing to do with that; and another told of the future blessing of the regenerated, and that did not apply to him; on one Sunday the text would be, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked;" and again, "The wages of sin is death." He only became worse and worse after hearing discourses which drove him to despair; and then came the text for good people, but not a word for him. At last he found a Primitive Methodist chapel, of which he had only heard before that the singing was so loud that it split people's heads. Well, he went there; and he did find they sung quite as loud as he liked to hear. But the text was, "Look unto me and be saved, all ye ends of the earth."

Now that was what he wanted to hear. He knew that it was intended for him; and indeed the preacher fixed his eye upon him, and pointed out with his finger and said to him, "Young man, you are under great distress of mind (and sure enough that was true), and you will continue so. Look, look," he added, in a voice that he (Mr. Spurgeon) should never forget, and whose tones of thunder made his own sound weak, "look to Jesus now and be saved. Are you lightened of your burden?" said he; and he felt that he could have sprung into the air, for he had looked, and his burden of sin had left him.

A PLEDGE FOR 1865.—The following pledge was posted throughout the town of Preston the last week of 1864, and some thousands of small bills circulated among the people. Other towns might follow the example? "A Good Resolution.—By God's Help, I am determined neither to touch, taste, nor handle, any kind of intoxicating liquors during the year 1865; and at the end I shall consider whether I should renew my vow." Reader! attach your name to the above, and if faithful, it will be the best day's work you ever did in your life!

THE BULL AND THE SOLDIERS.—There is among the papers of the late Sir William Napier a story of a bull which met a company of British soldiers on march, and charged them. The scene of this encounter was the island of Mauritius. The company was marching in a column of sections, when the bull dashed into it from the rear, knocking the men all ways, and emerging at the front, rushed onwards. Hardly had the men had time to pick themselves up and recover their order, when the bull turned round and charged their front. The commanding officer called out—"Prepare to receive cavalry," and the men fixed their bayonets and got down just in time to meet the shock. The bull charged home, and fell pierced by a dozen bayonets. The story is told as a remarkable example of the courage of the British soldier, but we think that the courage of the bull of the island of Mauritius was most conspicuous upon this occasion.—Saturday Review.

A western paper says, "It's only 21 years since the first log cabin was erected in Burlington, Iowa, and now it contains 20,120 inhabitants." A large cabin.

A dearth of rat skins threatens to raise the prices of kid gloves in Paris.

Domestic Economy, &c.

A LESSON IN COOKERY.

Happening at a butcher's stall, a customer came to make a purchase.

"What do you ask for a good baking piece of beef?"

"Thirty-eight cents a pound," was the reply. "Cut me off eleven pounds," said the customer. "I'll come in shortly, and settle for it." And he went off on an errand.

After the beef was weighed and "trimmed," I said to my friend, the provision dealer:

"I wish to know, just for the curiosity of the thing, how much that piece of beef has lost."

"Very well," replied he, weighing it. "There are nine pounds and a half left."

"And eleven pounds," I added, "at thirty-eight cents a pound, is equal to four dollars and eighteen cents. This divided by nine and a half makes just forty-four cents per pound. Rather a tall price for beef, particularly when a large share is bone."

"The man is a fool for buying it," replied the butcher, "but no matter what the cost is, some people will buy it; and generally they are not the richest people in the place, either."

I thought of a certain little woman, the light of my cottage home, who manages things very differently in-marketing.

In this matter of beef, for instance, now that prices are exorbitant, she purchases that which is suitable for stuffing, which can be obtained clear of bone, for twelve or fourteen cents per pound. This is her receipt for cooking:—

Take a thick slice of steak, no matter how tough, of about two pounds weight; make two gills of stuffing, of crumbs of bread, pepper, powdered clove or sweet marjoram, as you choose; roll the dressing up in a steak; wind a piece of twine around it, taking care to secure the ends. Have ready a kettle, or deep stewpan, with a slice or two of pork, fried crisp. Take out the pork and lay in the steak, and turn it on every side until brown. Put in half a pint of water, a little salt, cover closely, boil slowly two hours. Add more water after a while, if it becomes too dry. Some persons like the addition of chopped onions; half a small one is enough. When nearly done add half a gill of catsup, if you like it.

When you take up the meat, unwind the string carefully, so as not to unroll it. Lay it in a fricasee dish, thicken the gravy, if not thick enough already, and pour it over the meat. Cut the meat in slices through the roll. The toughest meat is made tender and nutritious in this way, and is equally nice heated over and served the next day.

A leg of lamb, or a small leg of mutton, cooked one hour longer in the same manner, makes a good dish.—Brooklyn Daily Union.

FOURTEEN WAYS BY WHICH PEOPLE GET SICK

- 1. Eating too fast, and swallowing food imperfectly masticated.
2. Taking too much fluid during meals.
3. Drinking poisonous whiskey and other intoxicating liquors.
4. Keeping late hours at night, and sleeping too late in the morning.
5. Wearing the clothes so tight as to impede circulation.
6. Wearing thin shoes.
7. Neglecting to wash the body sufficiently to keep the pores of the skin open.
8. Exchanging the warm clothing worn in a warm room during the day for the light costumes and exposures incident to evening parties.
9. Starving the stomach to gratify a vain and foolish passion for dress.
10. Keeping up a constant excitement by fretting the mind with borrowed troubles.
11. Employing cheap doctors, and swallowing quack nostrums for every imaginary ill.
12. Taking the meals at irregular intervals.
13. Reading the trash and exciting literature of the day, and going crazy on politics.

FATAL FIGHT BETWEEN TWO SHEEP.—As two ram sheep, belonging to H. Cleave, Esq., of Cholsey were grazing together a few days back, in a meadow near his house, they were observed to retire a short distance, so that the space between them was about 15 yards, and after facing each other for some time, they suddenly rushed at each other, their foreheads meeting with a crash. Immediately after, one was observed to fall, and on examination it was found that the force of the collision had broken its neck.—English paper.

ADVICE.—Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and dishonesty; bear the pain of defeated hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand for which others cringe and crawl; wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown gray with unblemished honor, bless God and die.

WELL ROASTED.—Among the discoveries that are being daily made at Pompeii, was the fact that one of the families of that long-buried city were about to dine on roast pig on the very day that they were entombed by the eruption of Mount Vesuvius. A mass of lava and ashes was found in a stew-pan standing on a cooking-stove in the kitchen of a house recently disinterred, and on opening the lump, a perfect sample of a sucking porker was disclosed. A cast was taken in plaster of the little fellow, who is now first served up to the public sight, eighteen hundred years after he was prepared for the table.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

By REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

CHAPTER IV.

LABORS AS A LICENTIATE.

(No. 14.)

On the 9th of April, after preaching on Parra-borough Shore, encouragement was afforded me by the tarrying of a young man to "ask the way to Zion." He remarked that "people would laugh at one who became serious; but," said he, "it is better to be laughed at here, than to be miserable hereafter." The next day my joy was increased, on arriving at Advocate Harbor, by learning that Mrs. K. the mother of a numerous family, after being for a long time deeply distressed in mind, had become joyful in the Rock of her salvation. She was subsequently the first person whom I baptized; and proved to be truly "a mother in Israel."

April 15th, I met with Brother David Harris, and enjoyed the privilege of hearing him preach an impressive sermon. His talents were not above mediocrity; and his education was quite limited. He did not seem to be adapted to labor stately in one place, as the Pastor of a Church; but peculiarly fitted to travel as a Missionary. His faithfulness and earnestness, both in public and in private, commended him strongly to my esteem, affection, and admiration. His itinerant labors were useful.

Having crossed the Bay in company with Bro. Harris, I returned to Cornwallis, visited my beloved parents and other relatives, and found my brother Samuel very sick. He expressed submission to the Divine will. As it was not apprehended that he was about to be called from us soon, I went to Scot's Bay, and held meeting there. While returning the painful intelligence met me, that this dear brother was dead and buried! Having found himself growing much worse, he had an absent sister and other relatives that were near called in, and expressed to them a persuasion that his dissolution was near. Soon after this, his throat being extremely sore, it seemed that a blood-vessel burst, and he could subsequently utter very few words. On being asked, if he thought he was going to heaven, he first nodded, and then answered, "yes." He soon appeared to become unconscious, and ere long expired. This was on the 23rd day of April, 1817, precisely five years after the decease of my dear sister Deborah Rand. As the Doctor who was called in judged the disease to be putrid sore throat, in accordance with his orders the body was interred before I could be notified.

This sudden removal of one esteemed and beloved by us all, was a heavy stroke upon the family. It was, however, a source of strong consolation to us, that he had professed faith in Christ nearly two years before, and had been active and useful in efforts to further the interests of religion, especially by prayer and exhortation. Elder Manning accompanied me to the house of mourning, to sympathize with the afflicted relatives, and peculiarly with the sorrowing widow, unexpectedly bereft of an affectionate husband, who had but just entered the 30th year of his age, and left with four daughters, of whom the eldest was about seven years, and the youngest not over two weeks old. Our venerable Pastor subsequently delivered an appropriate and consolatory discourse on the occasion, from Ps. xxxvii. 37. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

After laboring some weeks in Cornwallis and Aylesford, at our conference on the 10th day of May I was appointed the only delegate from our Church to attend the Baptist Association, which was to meet in Fredericton, N. B.

As there were some persons in different places where I had been laboring on the north side of the Bay of Fundy, who gave evidence of faith and repentance, and requested baptism, but there was no ordained Baptist Minister within a long distance, it was thought desirable that I should be authorized to discharge that duty. It was, therefore, unanimously agreed in conference, to propose my Ordination; and to invite sister Churches to send delegates, for consultation on the subject, to meet in Canard, Cornwallis, on the 17th day of July ensuing.

After these arrangements were made, I again visited Chiverie and Petite. It was very painful to me to perceive, that some who formerly expressed concern about their souls' salvation, had turned to sinful courses, and others appear-