

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 29th, 1866.

LUKE xii. 41-59: Watchfulness enforced. 1 SAMUEL xxxi.: Saul's defeat and death, and triumph of the Philistines.

Recite—MATTHEW vii. 1-6.

Sunday, February 5th, 1866.

LUKE xlii. 1-18: Parable of the barren fig tree. 2 SAMUEL i. 1-16: David learns that Saul is dead.

Recite—JOHN xv. 1-15.

Gathered Lilies.

The Rev. John Todd, in a Sabbath School Address under the above title, gives the following beautiful simile, for the comfort of bereaved parents:

Christ gathers the lilies into the garden of heaven.

Suppose you were to go into a beautiful garden, and as you stooped down to admire a sweet lily, it were to droop its leaves, and shut up its flowers, and say to you, "I am a mourner! I had a beautiful child by my side, which grew from my root. It opened its flowers, and mingled its leaves with mine, and waved its head, and seemed daily to smile upon me. It seemed to me as if there was no lily so white, and pure, and beautiful! But one day there came a man with a spade, and he rudely dug up my child, and tore its roots from mine, and then crowded it into a small pot, and carried it off. He said not a word to me. He gave not a word of explanation. But he silently carried away my child."

What would you say to that mourning lily? You would say, "Do not grieve. The man who seemed so rude, was the owner of the garden, and he put the young lily in the flower-pot, and has carried it into his own parlour, where, under his own eye, it will be sheltered from the storms and cold winds and snows of winter, and where it will bloom in its beauty continually. He came himself, and gathered his lily, and gently removed it to the warm place where he himself lives."

Do you not understand this, children? Does not Christ thus come to his garden, and gather lilies, and remove them to his own beautiful home in the heavens? No storms come there. No crying is heard there. It is called the Paradise, or garden of the Lord.

Here, a garden is a beautiful place; but it was in a garden that Adam sinned; and it was in a garden that Jesus was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death; and it was in a garden that he found a tomb. But in the Paradise above there shall be nothing of sin, of sorrow, or of death. The serpent shall not draw his trail over the flowers; tears shall not fall among them; and death shall leave no footprints there. By this subject as I hope, you are prepared to see—

1. *One beautiful trait in our blessed Saviour's character.*

He can teach senators wisdom. Kings reign by his aid, and princes decree justice by his teaching. The wisest man that ever lived, grows wiser if Christ teaches him. The greatest man that ever lived, is greater for sitting at Christ's feet. The poet sings more sweetly, if the Spirit of Jesus touches his harp. The palace of the king is more beautiful for having Christ in it; and the hall of legislation is more honoured, if he presides in it. He walks among the stately buildings of the great city, and makes the rich people better; but he also goes to the cottage, and sows by the side of the door a plant called Contentment, and it grows and covers the poor man's cottage, and makes all within happy. He comes to the bed of the sick, and leaves an angel there, whose name is Submission, and the feeble one weeps no more. He comes to the little child, and becomes his companion. He comes into the garden, and there gathers the lilies which he places in his garden above for ever. He is just as well fitted to be the child's friend, as if he thought only of him, and planned only for him.

2. *We all see duties that rest upon us.*

Ministers must not neglect the lambs of the flock. They must think much of the children, and pray for them, and see that they are faithfully instructed, because these are the lilies which Christ comes to gather.

Parents must not grieve too much, or think the little ones are lost whom Christ takes from their arms; for they are gathered lilies. They must not fail to train up their families faithfully and prayerfully, because from these he will yet gather his lilies.

Sabbath school teachers! consider the lilies. They are for you to water, and nurture and cultivate. No fairer flowers grow in the garden of God,—none that Christ thinks more of,—none whom he loves more! I think I hear him say to you, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

Children! there is not one among you all of whom Christ does not think. Consider the lily. How easily soiled! How worthless when ruined! So does sin look in a child! You must not use wicked words, nor do wicked deeds, nor have wicked thoughts, if you are Christ's lilies.

Bishop Whately's Brain-tonic.

A hard thinker, he required compensating sleep. Man from first to last is fighting a bat-

tle with death through the tissues. These are wasted by labor, but as long as they can be fully renewed by food, the man lives and is well. Otherwise he decays and dies. So with the brain; it weakens under continued protracted labor, particularly at night. Sleep restores it to strength, and fresh inclination and capacity for work. If sleep fail to do this, or if sufficient sleep be not allowed for the repose and invigorating of the brain, its powers decay, and even insanity may supervene through overwork, especially at undue times. No one knew this better than Whately, who may be said to have slept as fast as he could. Idle people are not to take this as a justification of their sluggishness. When Whately felt fatigue from overtaxing the brain in the daytime he would close his books, and a quarter of an hour after you might have seen the following instructive spectacle:

The first occasion on which I ever saw Dr. Whately (observes a correspondent) was under curious circumstances. I accompanied my late friend Dr. Field, to visit professionally some members of the archbishop's household at Redesale, Stillorgan. The ground was covered by two feet of snow, and the thermometer was down almost to zero. Knowing the archbishop's character for humanity, I expressed much surprise to see an old laboring man in his shirt sleeves felling a tree "after hours" in the demesne, while a heavy shower of sleet drifted pitilessly in his wrinkled face. "That laborer," replied Dr. Field, "whom you think the victim of prelatial despotism, is no other than the archbishop, curing himself of a headache. When his grace has been reading and writing more than ordinarily, and finds any pain or confusion about the cerebral organization, he puts both to flight by rushing out with an axe and slashing away at some ponderous trunk. As soon as he finds himself in a profuse perspiration he gets into bed, wraps himself in Limerick blankets, falls into a sound slumber, and gets up buoyant."—*Life of Whately.*

Temporal Blessings.

Wish for them cautiously,
Ask for them submissively,
Want them contentedly,
Obtain them honestly,
Accept them humbly,
Manage them prudently,
Employ them lawfully,
Impart them liberally,
Increase them virtuously,
Use them subversively,
Forego them easily,
Resign them willingly.

A sudden turn.

Some Sabbaths ago, a well-known Baptist pastor of Philadelphia, accompanied by a distinguished clergyman, found himself in the interior of the State. The nearest church was somewhere three miles distant, and preaching of any kind was not often heard in the vicinity. At the solicitation of two or three intelligent farmers, they were authorized to announce to their neighborhood that Divine service would be held at a specified time.

The services came off in a log school-house. Some of the men came without coats, and sun-bonnets were the principal head gear worn by the women. All were intent upon the services. The sermon was preached by one of the most gifted divines in the denomination. The sermon finished, a hymn was sung, and the benediction closed the services.

The last word had scarcely fallen from the lips of the preacher when, among the congregation a farmer, in shirt sleeves, with a butter-nut suit, rose from his seat.

"Friends," said he, "since I've been here I've lost a tust rate jack knife. If any of ye's found it, I'll be much obleeged if ye'll hand it over."

This party had no sooner done speaking, than an old lady arose.

"Neighbors," said she, "my son Richard's spotted cow jumped out of the south pastur last Thursday night, and we hain beern on her since. If anybody knows anything about her, we'll take it kindly if he'll tell."

In that vicinity there are no newspapers, the houses are widely scattered, and any occasion for public gathering is embraced for such purpose. To the New York divine the incident was keenly amusing.

"What is in the Bedroom?"

If two persons are to occupy a bedroom during a night let them step upon weighing scales as they retire, and then again in the morning, and they will find the actual weight is at least a pound less in the morning. Frequently there will be a loss of two or more pounds, and the average loss throughout the year will be more than a pound. That is, during the night there is a loss of a pound of matter which has gone off from their bodies, partly from the lungs, and partly through the pores of the skin. The escaped material is carbonic acid, and decayed animal matter, poisonous exhalation. This is diffused through the air in part and in part absorbed by the bedding.

If a single ounce of wool or cotton be burned in a room, it will so completely saturate the air with smoke that one can hardly breathe, though there can only be one ounce of foreign matter in the air. If an ounce of cotton be burned every half hour during the night, the air will be kept saturated with smoke, unless there be an open door or window for it to escape. Now the sixteen ounces of smoke thus formed are far less poisonous than the sixteen ounces of ex-

halations from the lungs and bodies of the two persons who have lost a pound in weight during the eight hours of sleeping, for while the dry smoke is mainly taken into the lungs, the damp odors from the body are absorbed both into the lungs and into the pores of the whole body. Need more be said to show the importance of bedrooms being well ventilated, and of thoroughly airing the sheets, coverlets, and mattresses in the morning, before packing them up in the form of a neatly made bed!

The Daughter's Stratagem.

Judge Rose lived in Belleville, on the banks of a great river in the West. Every year he went to Washington, and his voice was often heard in the halls of Congress. Yet, though he was called great, he was not good, because he was very fond of drinking wine, brandy, &c., and frequented the gambling rooms so numerous in that city. These habits gained upon him daily, until they conquered all his moral strength. His townsmen refused to send him as their delegate any longer.

Judge Rose had an amiable wife and three pretty daughters. Mary, the eldest, was his especial pet. He thought more of her than of himself, and no wish of hers went ungratified. She was of a sweet disposition, and so obedient and respectful to her parents, and kind to every one about her, that she was beloved by everybody. And though her father's dwelling was the most elegant, and they had beautiful grounds, and servants, and horses and carriages, and fine clothes, she never put on airs as many do, but was modest and retiring.

Mr. Rose and his wife and daughters were all members of a christian church. He was often suspended from his fellowship, and on promises of repentance received again. His influential position in society, and the pious conduct of his wife and daughter, caused much pity for them, and elicited much patience. They hoped by love and forbearance, to restore him wholly. But all the love of his family and of the church could not stop this erring man in his downward course.

At last so low did he fall as to lose all self-respect, and frequent the lowest whiskey shops in the town. Daily he went out unshaved, unwashed, ragged, and almost naked, and when drunk would sing some low song, which would draw around him a crowd of boys to jeer and laugh, and scorn the once dignified and respected judge. In personal appearance he was now the lowest of the low.

It is not to be supposed that christians and temperance men allowed such a man to ruin himself without efforts to save him. Earnest and persevering endeavors were put forth, prayers were offered up, and his family left no avenue to his heart unentered. But all were alike useless and hopeless. His wife and daughters wept and prayed, but despaired entirely.

Mary, his pet, often labored to save her father from open disgrace, if not from private sin. She became very sad, and refused to attend church, or go into society. When her father was sober, he had sense enough to perceive the sorrowful change in his once happy Mary, and seemed to regret his course more for her sake than his own.

One morning he started as usual for the drinking shop. He was a horrible object, indecent to look at, as well as filthy. His wife tried to hold him back, and get him, at least, to put on some decent clothing, but he would not yield. Mary made her appearance by his side, clothed in rags, low at the neck, bare-armed and bonnetless, with an old whiskey bottle in her hand. Taking her father's arm, she said, "Come, father, I'm going too."

"Going where?" said he, staring at her as if horror-struck.

"To the dram-shop. What is good for you is good for me."

Then she began to flourish her bottle, and to sing one of the low songs she had heard him sing in the streets.

"Go back, girl, you are crazy. Mother, take her in."

"But I am going, father, with you, to ruin my soul and body. It is of no use for me to be good, while you are going off to the bad place. You'll be lonely there without your Mary."

"Go away, girl, you'll drive me mad."

"But you have been mad for a long time, and I am going mad, too. What do I care! my father is only a poor old despised drunkard; his daughter may as well drink and lie in the gutter, too."

So Mary pulled away at her father's arm, and went on to open the gate. He drew back; still she dragged on and sung louder. A few boys began to run toward them, and then her father broke from her hold, and went into the house. There he sat down, and putting his face in his hands, wept and sobbed aloud. Still Mary staid out.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Rose.

"Mary is crazy, and I have made her so. I wish I was dead. Do go and get her in. I won't go out to-day."

Mrs. Rose went out and told Mary what her father had said, and then she went in. She sat down with her bottle in her hand, and all the day she kept on the old rage. Mr. Rose was in a terrible state for want of his accustomed stimulus, and frequently would go to the door, but Mary was ready at his side, on every occasion. Mrs. Rose prepared her meals with extra care, and gave her husband cups of good strong coffee, and the latter part of the day he laid down to sleep. When woke up Mary was still there in her rage, and her bottle by her side.

With much trembling and shaking he put on a good suit of clothes, and asked his wife to send

for a barber. Then after tea, he said, "I am going out."

"Where?"

"To the Temperance Hall. Go with me and see if I do not go there."

So Mrs. Rose went with him to the door of the hall, Mary still saying, "I must follow, for I'm afraid he'll go to the whiskey shop without me."

But his wife saw him go up stairs and enter the meeting-room, and the door closed upon him. Then she and Mary went home to rejoice with trembling at the success of the stratagem.

Surprise, joy, and some distrust pervaded the minds of the assembly of temperance brothers when Mr. Rose walked in. He was invited forward and asked to speak whatever he wished.

He rose, and told the tale of the day, and added, "When I saw how my angel-daughter was transformed into a low, filthy creature; when I knew how much lower she would have to descend if she went with me, I abhorred myself. She vowed to go everywhere I did. Could I see her do that? Her loveliness stained, her character ruined—she pure as an angel! No, sirs! if it kills me, I will leave off and never touch, taste, or handle more, from this night, henceforward and forever. And now, gentlemen, help me to be a man again!"

The building vibrated with the cheering, stamping, and clapping, and a gush of song rose from those many hearts which might have been heard for miles. Oh! "there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and should there not be joy on earth?

We hope God converted the soul of Mr. Rose, for he became a good man, and his family were very happy. But we hope no other daughter will have to resort to so painful a remedy to save a father.—*Congregationalist.*

Agriculture, etc.

WINTER CARE OF STOCK.

No man can afford to let his cattle shrink during the winter—though nine out of ten manage precisely in a way best calculated to bring about that very result. The mere keeping the breath of life in them, by dealing out poor or scanty rations, is one of the most miserable pieces of economy a herdsman can practice. The man who tries to see how little fodder he can keep his cattle on, is "saving at the spile and wasting at the spigot." Though in the spring he might console himself with the reflection that it had cost him but little, comparatively, to get his cattle through, yet their emaciated forms and skeleton appearance could not add much to his peace of mind, nor their depreciation in actual value to the contents of his pocket, either present or prospective. To be sure, such management must be adopted as will insure the consumption of the coarser kinds of fodder early in the season, but in our zeal to get rid of this we commit a fatal error.

The effect of the change from grass to hay is great upon the system—especially if put immediately and wholly upon poor hay. And if we wish to keep our animals in a growing and thriving condition, there should be no check at this period. Let it be understood that every pound of shrink is so much lost. It is lost outright to everybody and everything, and may be put down among these misfortunes classed as "dead losses." If we view this matter aright, it is not improbable that the losses within this State from the mismanagement of stock, is scarcely less than its taxes.

What we wish especially to impress in this connection upon the reader is the importance of a variety in feed. That is to say, cattle should not be put upon one kind of fodder, exclusively—especially upon poor fodder. Let the hay and the straw and the corn fodder be alternated, and each will be consumed with a better relish. Above all, let every animal have at least one foddering a day of as good hay as the barn affords.—*N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

HEART DISEASE AND TOBACCO.

M. Decaisne, in a communication to the *Académie des Sciences*, exhibits another clause in the heavy bill of indictment against the abuse of tobacco. He states that in the course of three years he has met, among eighty-three inveterate smokers, twenty-one instances of marked intermittence of the pulse, occurring in men from 27 to 42 years of age, and not to be explained by organic lesion of the heart. The absence of such lesion or other condition of health capable of inducing intermission of the action of the heart, and the fact that in nine of these instances, in which the use of tobacco was abandoned, the normal action of the organ was restored, M. Decaisne believes, will justify him in concluding that, in certain subjects, the abuse of tobacco may give rise to a condition which may be termed "narcotism of the heart," characterized by intermission in the movements of that organ and in the pulsations of the radial artery; and that, in some cases, a suspension or diminution in the practice of smoking is sufficient to cause an entire disappearance of this irregularity.—*Medical Times and Gazette.*

CONSOLATION.

God's ways seem dark, but soon or late they touch the shining hills of day;
The evil can not brook delay;
The good, it can afford to wait.—*Whittier.*

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life, without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a castaway.

STRIVE to make everybody happy, and you will make at least one so—yourself.