

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 12th, 1885.

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

Sunday, March 19th, 1885.

LUKE XV. 1-10: Parable of the lost sheep and the piece of silver. 2 SAMUEL III. 13-27: Abner revolts to David.

Recite—MATTHEW VIII. 12, 13, 14.

The prettiest hand.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind and ready; Give me the clasp that is calm, true and steady; Give me the hand that will never deceive me; Give me the hand that I may believe thee.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother; Give me the hand that has harmed no other; Give me the hand that has not forsore it; Give me the grasp, that I may adore it;

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty, Free as the breeze and unshackled by party; Let friendship give the grasp that becomes her— Close as the twines of the vines of a summer.

Times have changed.

An incident occurred at "Yale" which, I think, goes very far to establish as a fact, that "this is a world of change." A Yale alumnus of twenty years standing returned, after a long absence, to visit his alma mater, and was very courteously received and "shown around" by Professor T.

"You have now seen, I believe, all that is new in the institution except the gymnasium. Come, let's go up there, and I'll roll a string of ten-pins with you."

"Roll ten-pins with you, sir?" cried the alumnus, with a gleam of malicious fun in his eyes; "why, sir, I was expelled from the college for rolling ten-pins!"

Universalism.

The tendency of this belief was made painfully obvious to me the other day, by the remark of a little girl, twelve years of age, who stood by, and heard two friends speaking of a third.

"He is a Universalist," said one. "Ah, that is a dangerous doctrine," remarked the other.

"The young girl looked quickly up, and asked, 'Auntie, what does a Universalist believe?' 'That everybody will finally be saved, whatever his course may have been in this life,' responded her relative.

"How I wish that were so!" said the child, "for then I'd be wicked all the time."

However much the mercy and love of God may operate in bringing souls to repentance and a holy life, there are others that require the alternative of a prospective endless woe to turn them from their sins.—Tract Journal.

Douglas Jerrold's wit.

One evening Douglas Jerrold was at a party where several other literary men and publishers were assembled, and the conversation turned upon epitaphs. Jerrold gave his opinion, that an epitaph should not consist of more than one or two words, including the name. When the laugh had subsided, for no one dreamed that he was in earnest, Charles Knight, who was present, handed a piece of paper and pencil to Jerrold, and begged him to write his (Knight's) epitaph. Jerrold took the paper, and instantly wrote down two simple words: "Good night."

The library of the Cathedral Church of Strängnäs, Sweden, was lately destroyed by fire. It contained a great number of Scandinavian antiquities, valuable manuscripts, and rare books, which came from the pillage of the convents of Bohemia and of Moldavia during the thirty years' war. The library was founded in the fifteenth century, and science and literature have by this catastrophe suffered an immense loss.

It has just been learned that one of the patrolmen in Albany has become heir to three million dollars' worth of property. The evidence of the fact was discovered in the State Library a couple of days since by a young law student who was searching the records for another matter.

The New York Tribune says that "there are some twenty gentlemen in the Federal Senate who are accustomed to make speeches for pay."

Funeral Oration by Victor Hugo.

To the Editor of the London Freeman.

DEAR SIR,—I observe in your last number an extract from a funeral oration delivered at the Foulton Cemetery, in Gernsey, at the grave of Miss Emily de Putron. It will interest some of your readers to be informed that Miss Emily de Putron was a daughter of the Rev. M. de Putron, who has been for many years the pastor of the Baptist church at Castel. With his family M. Victor Hugo has been intimate for years. I append a translation of the whole address at the grave, not doubting that it will be interesting to you and to your readers.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly, Jersey, Jan. 28. A BAPTIST.

"Within a few weeks we have been occupied with two sisters—the one we have married, and now we are burying the other. Such is the perpetual agitation of life. Let us bow, my brethren, before inflexible destiny. And let us bow with hope. Our eyes were made to weep, but they are also made to see. Our heart is made to suffer, but it is also made to believe. Faith in another existence springs from the faculty of loving. Let us not forget that, in this quiet life, which is consoled by love, it is the heart which believes. The son hopes to find again his father, the mother will not consent to lose her child for ever. This revolt against annihilation is the grandeur of man. The heart can never err. The flesh is a dream which fades away! This trance, were it the end of man, would take from our existence every emotion; we cannot content ourselves with the vapour—which is mere matter—we must have a certainty. Whoever loves knows and feels that the props of man are not upon the earth. To love is to live after life. Without this faith, no deep gift of the heart were possible. To love, which is the aim of man, would be his punishment. Paradise would be a hell. No!—be it declared aloud—the loving creature demands the immortal creature. The heart must have a soul. There is a heart in that coffin, and that heart lives. At this very moment it listens to my words. Emily de Putron was the gentle, pride of a respectable and patriarchal family. Her friends and neighbours found enchantment in her glance, and pleasure in her smile. She was like a full-blown flower of joy in the house. From her birth every tenderness surrounded her; she grew up happy, and in receiving happiness she gave it. She is gone. Whether she is gone?—into darkness? No. It is we who are in darkness—she is in the dawning light. She is in the light, in the truth, in the reality, in the recompense. Those early dead who have done no ill are the blessed of the grave, and their heads rise gently from the tomb towards a mysterious crown. Emily de Putron is gone to seek on high everlasting serenity—the complement of an innocent existence. Youth is gone to sterner, beauty towards the ideal, the pearl towards the ocean, a spirit towards its God. Go, soul! The marvel of this great celestial departure, which we call death, is that those who thus depart still remain near us. They are in a world of light, but they, as tender witnesses, hover about our world of darkness. They are over us and near us. Oh! whoever you may be, who have seen a beloved being sinking into the tomb, do not think that it has left you. It is always near. It is beside you more than ever. The beauty of death is its presence. Inexpressible presence of a soul which smiles upon our tearful eyes! The being that we mourn has disappeared, but has not departed. We no longer see its gentle face—but we feel that we are beneath its wings. The dead are invisible, but they are not absent. Let us be just to death. Let us not be ungrateful to it. It is not, as has been said, a ruin and a snare. It is an error to think that here—in this darkness of the open grave—all is lost to us. Here everything is found again. The grave is a place of restitution: here the soul resumes the infinite; here it recovers its plenitude; here it re-enters on possession of all its mysterious nature: it is set free from the body, from want, from its burthen, from fatality. Death is the greatest of liberties: it is also the farthest progress. Death is a higher step for all who have lived upon the height. Dazzling and holy ascension! Everyone receives his increase. Everything is transfigured in the light, and by the light. He who has been no more than virtuous on earth becomes beautiful; he who has only been beautiful becomes sublime; he who has only been sublime becomes good. And now I, who am speaking, why am I here? What brings me to this grave? By what right do I address the dead? Who am I? Nothing! But I am wrong. I am something. I am a proscrip. Yesterday exiled by violence—to-day a voluntary exile. A proscrip is a vanquished, a calumniated, a persecuted man, a man wounded by fate and disinherited of his country; a proscrip is an innocent man weighed down by a malediction. His blessing ought to have virtue in it. I bless this grave. I bless the noble and gracious being that lies there. In the desert we find the oasis, in exile we meet with souls. Emily de Putron has been one of the lovely souls that we have met with. I come to pay her the debt owing by a proscrip whom she has consoled. I bless her in the dark profound. In the name of the sorrows whereon she gently beamed, in the name of the trials of destiny which for her are ended, but which continue for us, in the name of terrestrial things which once she hoped for, and of celestial things which she now obtains, in the name of all she loved, I bless this lifeless being. I bless her in her beauty, in her youth, in her innocence, in her life, and in her death; I bless her in her white sepulchral robe, in her home which she has left desolate; in her coffin which her mother has filled with flowers, and which God is about to fill with stars."

Deferred Items.

LETTER OF THE CONVICT MULLER'S FATHER.—The Coburg Zeitung says:—"Although we think it were better to let the dead rest in peace, we are nevertheless induced to publish the following letter from the father of Franz Muller to a German lady in London:—Noble Lady,—We have received your kind letter, and are astonished that you, noble lady, should trouble yourself in order to bring to light the innocence of the guiltless martyr, but this you will find very difficult. The false judges will venture everything to suppress the truth, for they must feel ashamed of having condemned to death an innocent man. May God forgive their great sin! Although many persons say that my son asked my forgiveness, he did so indeed, not on account of the murder, but because he went to that place without my consent, and for that reason he asked our pardon. But I will stake life and death upon the fact of his innocence. Herewith I send you his letter. God Almighty will reward you for what you have done for us.—I remain, with the greatest respect, your most devoted, KARL HEINRICH MULLER."

NEW ILLUSTRATED DAILY PAPER.—If "wonders never cease," they certainly fall very thickly about the beginning of the year. A week or two since, we described two evening papers, each possessing some novel features hitherto unknown to journalism; now we have to speak of something still more wonderful in the history of the press—a daily illustrated paper, giving all the news as in the ordinary morning sheets, but with pictures after the manner of the well-known Illustrated London News. A gentleman well known in journalism, and who has been connected with many other papers, has the matter in hand, and will soon start for the continent to make arrangements with artists in all parts of Europe. One of the greatest difficulties, that of giving pictures a few hours after occurrences have taken place, he thinks he can surmount. He speaks of cutting wood blocks into small pieces, and dividing these out amongst several engravers, then screwing the whole together tightly in a frame, and printing off without delay. In about four months, it is thought, No. 1. will be issued. The title has not yet been decided.—London Review.

PRESENTIMENTS OF DEATH.—Two deaths at a colliery in South Staffordshire have just happened under circumstances which are calculated to increase the superstitious notions of the colliers of that district. Last week the coroner for Wolverhampton investigated the facts attending the death of a youth at a colliery at Portobello, belonging to Mr. Matthew Tidesley. The deceased was the son of the manager of the pit, and was killed at the bottom of the shaft, whilst "looking on," by a part of an iron wheel of the pulley at the top of the shaft falling upon his head. A previous death at the same pit had been indicated by a dream on the night before it occurred, by one of the colliers; and on the night before the accident investigated last week, the deceased's father had a dream, which convinced him that another fatal casualty was about to happen. He made a more than usually careful examination of the workings, had particularly cautioned his son to keep out of danger, and was communicating his fears to the proprietor of the pit when the accident happened which resulted in his son's death.

DENSE FOG IN LONDON.—The metropolis was lately visited with a fog more dense than has been known for several years past, accompanied with just frost enough to make the damp ground as slippery as glass. The interruption thereby caused to traffic was very great. The navigation of the Thames was stopped for nearly the whole day, and as darkness set in the fog covered the streets with a dark dense pall, which stopped all traffic, whether of horses or cabs, through the streets. Several accidents took place; among them are two or three cases of drowning. It seems that the fog also extended a considerable way into the country.

POPISH SUPERSTITION IN FRANCE.—There exists in Paris, in the Rue de Rully (by an odd coincidence close to the Protestant Diaconesses establishment) the Convent de Pious, where since the execution of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, prayer has been offered day and night for the release of their souls from purgatory. Two nuns, who for that special purpose assume robes of blood-red colour, pray during one half-hour to this intent, being then relieved by two others; and so on ceaselessly day and night, without a single moment's intermission.—Paris Letter.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—It is said that the interference of the Empress Eugenie is not so active as it used to be in matters of State affecting the relations of the Emperor with Rome. This is attributed to failing health. It will be observed, however, that the Emperor stood alone in the Ministerial Council in opposing, under certain conditions, severe measures against recalcitrant bishops.

A company of 43 women recently attempted to flee from the bounds of Mormonism in Utah, but they were overtaken and carried back to their masters. It is said that the females in Utah are becoming so determined to escape from their degrading bondage, that a crisis in Mormon affairs will necessarily come soon.

Mormonism is spreading in Scotland. There are now in that faith 97 elders, 60 priests, 36 teachers, 16 deacons. 85 persons were shipped to America during the past year.

Over 5,000,000 pounds of the Savannah cotton arrived at New York on the 14th, and 95,000 bales are announced to follow. It will be immediately offered for sale.

Agriculture, etc.

SQUASHES.

It is astonishing how little improvement has been made by our market people in the growth of squashes. While they have kept pace with the progress made in other vegetable productions, in this they have shown an incomprehensible carelessness. Size, and size only, seems to have been the acme of perfection with them. To be sure the buyers of the article have been somewhat to blame in giving a premium to the large growth over the good quality. But it by no means follows that because a squash is large it is worth more than a small one; if you can secure a squash of small size, weighing as much as a larger one, give it the preference. Be sure it will be the best for the table. To those not well acquainted with the appearance of the different seedlings, this is the best criterion by which to judge. Our market gardeners are so careless in their attention to the matter of the prevention of hybridization, that it would be difficult sometimes for anyone to tell from what seed they obtained their squashes. Hence it often happens that such a fine squash as the Hubbard or the Honolulu is transmogrified so as not to be recognizable, in consequence of having been brought up in the company of others, or of pumpkins, that threaten to collapse with water on the brain.

In hope that something approaching the delicious article invariably placed upon the American table as squash might be obtained, I was induced to get some seeds from New York of the new Japan or Tokohama squash. This was represented as a dark green, warty, ribbed, fine-grained, well-flavored, dry, good-keeping squash. The Agricultural Editors all wrote about it, and a great harvest was no-doubt secured by Mr. Hogg, who introduced it from Japan. I am doubtful, however, whether he raised as many squashes as he realized "quarters" for his packers of seeds. The seed I distributed among several friends, whom I supposed would be likely to give them a fair trial. The conclusion I have arrived at is that they are not at all adapted for our climate and it is questionable if they succeed north of New York.

Having said sufficient to guard any one from being led into disappointment in growing this new candidate for agricultural favor, it is to be hoped it will not have the effect of discouraging any one, who wishes to grow a really excellent squash from planting the Hubbard or Honolulu two squashes which have been tested in the Province, and found equal to all the solognans which have been passed upon them.

One point must not be forgotten,—if you would produce a squash true to its kind, it must not only have soil to suit it, but you must preserve it from the influence of inferior or other sorts.—Correspondent of "Sun."

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the purest air you can find, stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders back, and then, fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air through the nostrils into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hand down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times a day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during as many months.

A NEW USE FOR CORN.—Gosaling of Cincinnati, a German chemist there, claims the merit of discovering a process by which sugar, as nice as the nicest, can be made from Indian corn. He has succeeded in obtaining some three and a half gallons of beautiful white syrup from a bushel of corn, and what is of greatest importance, has discovered how to convert that syrup into granulated sugar. The syrup is so white that it can be used in tea without darkening it at all, and the process is said to be so simple that it can be carried on in any farm-house with the household utensils that are found in every well-ordered kitchen. The importance of this discovery, if its premises are realized, cannot be over-estimated. Our North-western States are the real granaries of the world, and there is hardly a limit to their capabilities in the production of corn. How to make the crop the most profitable to the farmers there, and the most useful to the world, has been the grand question, and the difficulty and cost of transportation to the East have tended to discourage efforts for its culture. But if every bushel of the golden grain is to yield three and a half gallons of syrup, that can either be used upon the table or converted into pure granulated sugar, the problem will be solved both for the West and for the world, and the loss of the sugar plantations of the South will be more than made good. A New York company have purchased from Prof. Gosaling the right to use his discovery for \$400,000, and will immediately erect a factory and proceed to the practical test of the Professor's claims. For the present the company will only manufacture the syrup, but will go into the sugar crystallization as soon as the needed arrangements can be made; and not many months will elapse before it will find its way into the market.—Springfield Republican.