

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 16th, 1866.

JOHN XX. 1-18: Christ's resurrection. I KINGS XX. 1-12: Benhadad besieges Samaria.
Recite—ISAIAH III. 8, 9.

Sunday, September 23rd, 1866.

JOHN XX. 19-30: Christ appears to His disciples. I KINGS XX. 13-21: The Syrians are slain.
Recite—Job 19. 25-27.

The black drop of Sin.

The Turks believe in a false prophet named Mohammed. Their books tell some curious stories about him. Among other things, they say that when he was a little boy he went out to walk with his nurse. Two angels dressed in white met him, tore him open, seized his heart, and took out a little drop of sin? They then put his heart back into its place, cured his wounds, and left him a sinless boy.

You are wise enough to know that such a thing as this could not occur, although millions of poor ignorant Turks believe it did. No doubt Mohammed had what they call a little black drop of sin in his heart, but angels could not take it away in that or any other fashion. Nothing but the blood of Christ can take sin out of any heart.

Does it ever occur to you that the black drop of sin is in your heart? What is it which makes it easier for you to do wrong than right? The black drop of sin. What is it that causes you to love to do wrong? The black drop of sin. What is it that makes you dislike to pray, to think of God, and to become a Christian? The black drop of sin.—S. S. Advocate.

Wanting Friends.

"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life!" cried lazy Dennis, with a yawn!

"Good friends! why, you have ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked down on his big, strong hands.

"Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have—there are ten," said the lad.

"Then, never say you have not ten good friends, able to help you on in life. Try what those true friends can do, before you go grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

The Apostle John.

A little boy had taken great interest in hearing incidents read from the life of the Apostle John, that he had leaned on the breast of Jesus at supper, and was called "the beloved disciple."

Being too young to read, some time elapsed ere he happened to listen to the passage, "Then all the disciples forsook him and fled."

"What, all the disciples?" said the child.

"Did he whom Jesus loved go?"

Then, bursting into a passion of tears, he said,

"Oh! why did John go? How could John go away!"

Nor was he easily comforted, for the fault of the character he had so much admired, not able to understand how the dear Saviour, who had so loved this friend and follower, could ever have been forsaken by him.

Crooked Pickles.

The sound of brisk steps, directions in subdued tones, the carefully laid tea-table with its china and silver, all confirmed Minnie Warren's whispers; "We've got company. Are n't you glad, Dede? Uncle Aaron's come." And found Aunt Lucy had granted the inmost wish of her little heart, by allowing her to think herself useful on this great domestic occasion.

"May I get the pickles?"

"Mind and pick out the straight ones."

"Yes'm;" and back she skipped with a plateful, so green, so hard, so sure to be brittle, that even fastidious Aunt Lucy was satisfied.

Minnie dropped into her little chair, watching for an opportunity to take a step for auntie; and as she sat, grave little lines were drawn upon the serious little face, and drew Aunt Lucy's eyes towards her, busy as she was.

"Why did you tell me to get straight pickles, Aunt Lucy?"

"O, because they look a little nicer for company. The crooked ones taste as well."

Minnie fell back, pondering the idea she could not express.

"Aunt Lucy!"

"What, dear?"

"Do you love Uncle Aaron better than you do Uncle John? Didn't you tell me Uncle John was a dear good man? Are n't they both your brothers, just the same?"

"Indeed they are—I love them both," answered Miss True, quick tears dimming her glasses.

"But—but"—the earnest eyes, the quivering lip, asked permission to go on. Miss True's smile granted it.

"You have made toast, and cooked chicken, and put on the prettiest dishes for Uncle Aaron, but when Uncle John was here, you said,

'Never mind, the blue dishes are just as well; and you did not tell me to get the straight pickles, either. But, auntie, I am very sure you told me to treat my little playmates just alike,'"

"Well, Minnie, I knew that Uncle Aaron was more particular about his eating than Uncle John. He is used to having things very nice at home, while Uncle John is not."

"I know," chimed in the flexible, expressive child's voice; "I know why—because Uncle John is poor. But, auntie, if he don't get nice things often, won't he like them better when he does?"

The naive home question, put with moist eyes and deprecating tone, was too much for Aunt True. She would have boxed a pert child's ears, but she answered Minnie (would that all of us could be as wise!) humbly:

"Dear child, Aunt Lucy was wrong; she loves her brothers just alike, and means to treat them so; and when Uncle John comes again, he shall have a nice supper."

"Yes, and I'll get the straight pickles, too."

"I declare," said Aunt Lucy, shutting herself into the butternut, while the four years of experience outside walked away with a happy face; "I declare, Lucinda, that child does ask such questions! did you hear her? I shall never see a crooked pickle again without being ashamed of myself. You must be careful; that pickle jar has taught Minnie more about the sin of respect to persons than the second chapter of James could have done."

Conversational Tones.

A correct adaptation of the voice to distances is what we need, to prove musical and agreeable talkers. The pitch of the voice and the volume of tone should be such as to render the person speaking easily audible without any undue straining of the listener's attention, and nothing more than this. An excess of conversational tone and a voice too high pitched are excessively disagreeable, especially in society. It draws embarrassingly the attention of surrounding persons; the agreeable privacy of conversation ceases, and you become the declaimer to a small audience. The effect of this is almost inevitably to silence your companion, particularly if that companion be a lady, and of ordinary lady-like sensibility. There is an opposite extreme of all this, however, which is equally to be deprecated. It is pitching the voice so low, and using so little tone, that remarks have tiresomely to be repeated; moreover, imparting to the conversation a confidential character, by which, when combined with a certain bending or leaning towards the person with whom you are conversing, we have seen ladies excessively and justly annoyed.

It should be remembered that a clear articulation will always well take the place of great volume of tone. Better, far better, a low tone with a clear articulation, than a boisterous tone with a thick and blurred articulation. The predominating tone of speech, then, should be calm, quiet, low. The low tones of most voices are the richest. We have heard women occasionally converse in deep, mellow, contralto tones, the effect of which was exceedingly rich and musical. The voices of our American women are apt to be far too high-pitched and scream. As the voice always has a tendency to rise in conversation, we should at least begin low. It is, moreover, a grateful relief to the ear, and a pleasant shade to the light of conversation, to drop the voice occasionally from a high and animated pitch, and regain the cool, quiet keynote originally struck.

In point of sentiment, the clear tone expresses gaiety and light-heartedness. We hear it in merry children at play. In its excesses this tone becomes disagreeable, acrid and pointed. The voices of tergiversants and scolds illustrate this. On the other hand, the shaded and sombre tone expresses quiet, repose, calm. In its deeper shades, sadness and melancholy. In its extreme, horror and despair. It is the indispensable tone in high tragedy. Now the conversational tone is only heard in perfection when both these shades of tone are brought into play. Persons who habitually use but one, command but half the resources of the speaking voice. Such is the case with most Americans. We use, as a nation, the hard, piercing quality of tone—we talk with contracted rather than expanded throats. This contraction is not that modern one which produces the agreeable clear tone described, but it is that excessive contraction which produces a certain acidity and pointedness. Americans think and speak and act intensely—hence this intensity in their voices, we suppose. But for all pleasant, conversational purposes we should do better to allow the throat generously to expand, and suffer the tones to come out, as they then will do, rich and musical. Particularly would our American women gain greatly in attractiveness, if they would drop this sharp, Xantippe quality of tone so often heard, and allow that quiet, reposeful music to steal out which to every ear is so captivating.—Once a Month.

Cost of War.

"Give me the money that has been spent in war," says one, "and I will purchase every foot of land upon the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in attire that kings and queens would be proud of. I will build a school-house upon every hillside, and in every valley over the whole habitable earth; will supply that school-house with a competent teacher; I will build an academy in every town, and endow it; a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hill with a church consecrated to the promulgation of the Gospel of peace; I will support in its pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that on every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill should answer to the chime on another round the earth's broad circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven."

For the Christian Messenger.

Introduction for a Scrap Book.

STEVENSON.

Come forth, my book, a mirror be;
Reflect some charms of poesy;
Or like a large, and fruitful tree,
With branches decked umbrageously,
And grafted by a skilful hand,
Bear varied fruits to each demand
Of varied mind.
Come every healthful taste to please
With wit refined;
And wisdom's gem of sterling thought
Of pointed pun, and keen retort;
As those more kind,
Bring forth, to cheer a leisure hour
And hallow with a charmer's pow'r.
Bring forth each page like bending bough
Of pendant fruit or bloom;
Each changing leaf like sage-lored mind,
With treasured truths and stores refined,
Bright from the gloom
Of that eternal realm beyond.
Where thoughts are told
All primitive in glowing worth,
Ere their rude contact with the earth,
Robs of their gold.

A man's a man for a' that.

A NEW VERSION, BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a no'e for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg, when he might earn his bread,
Is not a man for a' that.

If all who dine on homely fare
Were true and brave, and a' that,
And none whose garb is "hadden gray"
Was fool or knave, and a' that,
The vice and crime that shame our time
Would fade and fall, and a' that,
And plowmen be as good as kings,
And churls as earls for a' that.

You see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that,
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that;
And Donald, herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.

It comes to this, dear Robert Burns—
The truth is old, and a' that—
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold, for a' that."
And though you'd put the minted mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect, in self respect,
And acts the man for a' that.

Curious Wills.

Some wills are remarkable for their conciseness and perspicuity; others for their unprecedented shapes and curious contents. One man provides for a college, another for a cat; one gives a legacy to provide bread and herrings for the poor in Lent, and kid gloves to the minister; while others provide for bull-baiting, the welfare of maid servants, and the promotion of matrimony. John Hodge has kept his name out of oblivion by giving twenty shillings a year to a poor man to go about the parish church of Trysall, during sermon-time, to keep people awake and dogs out of church.

Henry Green, of Melbourne, Derbyshire, gave his property for providing green waistcoats for four poor women every year, such waistcoats to be lined with green galloon lace.

In the same neighborhood, and inspired by a similar feeling, Thomas Gray provided gray waistcoats and gray coats.

John Nicholson, stationer, of London, was so attached to his family name, that the bulk of his property was given in charity for the support and maintenance of such poor persons in England, as should appear to be of the name of Nicholson.

David Martinetti, of Calcutta, while giving directions to his executor, says: "As to this fulsome carcass, having already seen enough of worldly pomp, I desire nothing relative to it be done, only its being stowed away in my old green chest, to save expenses." He then bequeathed to one man all the debts he owed, and to another his sincerity.

A Lancashire gentleman, in the last century, having given his body to the worms of the family vault, bequeathed an ounce of modesty to the authors of the London Journal and Free Briton, giving as his reasons for the smallness of

the legacy, that he was "convinced that an ounce will be found more than they'll ever make use of."

Another testator, after having stated at great length in his will the number of obligations he was under, bequeathed to his benefactor ten thousand—here the leaf turned over, and the legatee, turning to the other side, found the legacy was ten thousand thanks.

A testator, who evidently intended to thwart his relations and be a benefactor to the lawyers, gave to certain persons "as many acres of land as shall be found equal to the area inclosed by the centre of oscillation of the earth in a revolution round the sun, supposing the mean distance of the sun twenty-one thousand six hundred semi diameters of the earth from it."

An uncle left in his will eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, "If I have not left the dozen, he knows the reason." The fact was, the nephew had, some little time before, stolen the twelfth spoon from his relative.

Sir Joseph Jackyll left his fortune to pay the national debt. When Lord Mansfield heard of this, he said: "Sir Joseph was very good man and a good lawyer, but his bequest was a very foolish one; he might as well have attempted to stop the middle arch of Blackfriars bridge with his full-bottomed wig."

Agriculture, &c.

THE FRUIT CROP in the United States is said to be almost a failure. Peaches about one-third of the usual quantity; Apples and Pears something better; Grapes promise a fair crop.

CAPE BRETON.—Mr. H. Davenport communicates from Sydney, August 15th, the following to the *Journal of Agriculture*, (Sept.):

I have never seen crops of all kinds looking better than at present.

The hay is nearly all housed and will prove an average crop, in some favorable localities very heavy, in others somewhat light, but on the whole in excess I think of last year.

Grains of all kinds very luxuriant.—Wheat is little sown and has shown some slight attacks from the insect. Oats, except where the seed perished in early spring, never in my recollection more luxuriant; and the same may be said of Barley.

Potatoes, so far, promise to be the best we have had probably since the tuber has been subject to disease. The Canadian potatoes sent hither by the Board have been distributed very generally, and, as last year, do not suffer by comparison with any other variety. I found the Coppermines not so sure as the Rusty-coats, and in the cellar nearly half rotted. From four eyes of the Jackson Whites I have this season dug 62 fair sized tubers; so that this excellent potato is deserving of more general cultivation than it has yet received here.

Turnips have, it is said, suffered more than usually from the fly, but by late and heavy sowing some very large crops are promising. All the Brassicæ are looking well.

Carrots and parsnips suffered very much from early wet, and subsequently attacks of insects. Gooseberries are scarce. Currants and wild fruits of all kinds unusually abundant.

Apples are a very heavy crop. Plums better than for two or three years back.

WISCONSIN.—Rev. A. Weaver writing us from Richmond, Wis., dated August 23rd, said, "The grain crop is very good but very much injured by the rain."

A BUTTER MACHINE.—A machine for working butter is one of the new inventions in England. It consists of a moveable metal cylinder suspended from a small cast iron frame. The bottom of the cylinder is a loose piece of galvanized iron, and above it the cylinder is suspended in a bowl of water, and the butter is placed in the cylinder, and pressed by a screw piston, the result of which is that the butter is forced through the holes into the water in the shape of vermicelli. By this means all the buttermilk is excluded, and the butter is found to be much closer and sweeter than when made by hand.

LAVENDER HEDGES.—There can be no "sweeter" plant for a flower garden hedge than the Lavender. The late Duchess of Sutherland had her private flower garden at Syon House hedged about with Lavender. In Nova Scotia it grows very well, and the plants are easily kept over winter in a frost-proof cellar.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT, is no quack preparation, but one meeting the approbation of the medical profession, the most eminent of whom bear willing testimony to its wonderful efficacy.

Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders were invented by one of the most experienced veterinary surgeons in the United States, and are offered to the public with the fullest assurance that whenever used, entire satisfaction must be the result.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—Rev. Charles S. Robinson, late of Troy, now of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes of *Brown's Bronchial Troches*; "Rev. Mr. Booth gave me two or three from his pocket, a few years ago, recommending me to make a trial of them, for he had found them beneficial. I have kept them on hand ever since, and found them very serviceable after the weariness of speaking, as well as allaying the irritation consequent on a cold."