

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, February 4th, 1866.

JOHN VIII. 1-11: The adulteress and her accusers. 1 KINGS VII. 1-26: Solomon's other great buildings.

Recite—MATTHEW V. 33-37.

Sunday, February 11th, 1866.

JOHN VIII. 12-38: Christ continues to teach in the Temple. 1 KINGS VII. 27-51: The furniture of the Temple.

Recite—ECCLESIASTES V. 1, 2.

The Bear's Dinner.

"O, papa! please tell us a story now, while you have nothing to do!"

So exclaimed one and another of a group of little ones, crouching around their father as he sat resting by the evening fire.

"Well, as I have 'nothing to do,' I suppose I must. What sort of a story shall it be?"

"A bear story," said one; "O yes, tell us about the bear who stole a dinner!"

Papa protested that he had told that story over and over again, but indulgently gave it again, as requested.

We listened, too, to the story which was such a favorite with the children, and as we have never seen it in the newspapers, we thought it might perhaps amuse "our little folks."

"A good many years ago," said papa, "before I was born, my father and mother went to live in the northern part of New-York State. If you look on your map now, you will see towns and villages dotted about, where then there were scarcely any settlements—nothing but thick woods.

"Bears in 'em?" asks a boy with wide-opened eyes.

"Yes, woods with bears in 'em—only, think!"

"I shouldn't think your father and mother would have liked to go and live where the bears were."

"O, the bears did not often trouble settlers. I do not know that any ever came near my father's place. But afterwards, when they had come back to the East to live, and I was a little fellow climbing on my father's knee, just as you do now, he used to tell me this story about a man who settled out there—I suppose somewhere near them.

This man had built a saw-mill some distance from his house, and often he used to go to the mill to work all day, taking his dinner with him.

You have seen a saw-mill? You know its use is to saw big, heavy logs—the trunks of trees—into nice smooth boards, to build houses with.

Well, one day the man had been hard at work all the morning at his mill, and when it drew near noon, he began to feel hungry, and thought he would stop and eat his dinner. So he sat down on a large log upon which the saw was working, with his tin-pail by his side. Was he afraid of the saw? O no, he could jump off at any moment, if he came too near the saw.

While he was eating the good things which his wife had put up for him, and thinking of his work, his home and his babies, who should come up but a rough old bear!

Bruin smelled the goodies, and thought he would put in for a share. So he quietly mounted the log, on the other side of the dinner-pail, and stuck his nose into it, as who should say, 'Give me some.'

The good man was somewhat startled, you may believe, by the appearance of such a visitor. Of course he would not be so impolite as to refuse him a share of the feast; but he was afraid that when Bruin had finished his dinner, he might take it into his head to give him a loving hug by way of thanks—so he prudently withdrew to a safe distance, and gave up the whole to him. Bruin munched in perfect content, with his nose in the pail and his back to the saw, while the owner of the dinner looked on from his hiding-place, and wished for a gun.

But in the mean time the log had been gradually working up towards the saw, and now all at once the bear felt a slight nip in his tail. At this he growled, and gave an angry shake, moving a little further along the log. Presently he received another nip, and growled more savagely, but could not turn from his delightful repast. But when he was moved a third time within reach of the saw, and felt another bite, his bear nature could stand it no longer; so he turned in a rage, and hugged the old saw with all his might. And what happened then? Why of course he was cut in two; and the man had bear meat enough for a number of dinners, besides nice bear-skin caps for his little boys, to keep their ears warm.

Now you have been told to look out for a moral in a story; what shall we learn from this? Why, 1. That he who steals a dinner, is likely to pay dear for it; 2. That he who flings himself in a passion against anything which annoys him, will be apt to get sorely cut, and wounded thereby, and make matters very much worse.

TRUE DELICACY.—One day, a little boy at school was learning his writing lesson, and the copy his master set him was this, "Honor thy father and thy mother." He wrote a few words, and then laid down his pen, and began to weep. Then he wrote a few words more, but his memory was at work, and he could not go on. He thought of his father, who had died a few months before. He remembered all his father's love for him, and how often he had caused him pain by his disobedience, for he had not been a dutiful son.

"What is the matter, my boy?" asked his teacher. "O, sir," said he, "I cannot write this copy, for father is dead. Please let me have another one."

A CONTRAST;

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE;

THE DEAR BABIES.—Conventionally, infancy is only another name for innocence. Practically, they are often as wide as the poles asunder. Mothers, of course, will dispute this proposition; yet they know in the depth of their affectionate hearts, that it is too true. Produce your philanthropic baby. Show us a sample of the race that will not fight. Do they not seize us by the hair, and tug thereat, with exultant war-whoops, as if they longed to scalp us? Is it not necessary to keep their nails short, in order to avoid scarification? Has any baby ever been known to exhibit the slightest emotion of gratitude? Do they not murder our sleep, compelling parents to rise at the dead of night, and walk marches against time until daylight? Is it not a common thing to see them become partially apoplectic with unbridled passion? And then look at their hypocrisy. Do they not indulge in blood-curdling shrieks of seeming agony, and, when undressed in consequence of suspicion of pins, do they not kick up their heels and crow at the thought of having hoaxed their mothers? It is all very well to say that "heaven is near us in our infancy," but it is the opinion of observant persons, who have a uddid babies from a philosophical standpoint, that if their capacity for mischief were equal to their ferocity, they would soon exterminate the adults of the human family.

AND THEN ON THIS.

LITTLE CHILDREN.—I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes; little conjurers, with their "natural magic" evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we would get on very badly without them. Only think—if there never was anything to be seen anywhere but grown up men and women, how we should long for a sight of a little child! Every infant comes into the world like a delegated prophet, the harbinger and herald of good tidings, whose office it is "to turn the hearts of fathers to the children," and to draw the "disobedient to the wisdom of the just." A child softens and purifies the heart, warming and melting it by its gentle presence; it enriches the soul by new feelings, and awakens within it what is favorable to virtue. It is a beam of light, a fountain of love, a teacher whose lessons few can resist. Infants recall us from much that engenders and encourages selfishness, that freezes the affections, roughens the manners, indurates the heart; they brighten the home, deepen love, invigorate exertion, infuse courage, and vivify and sustain the charities of life.

How to be safe from Drunkenness.

This is a time when every well-wisher of humanity should admonish the young to beware of the evil of strong drink. I am alarmed to see the prevalence that there is of intemperance. You have known cases in which a fire broke out in a building, and engines came and poured their streams upon it, until at last the flames were subdued, and great clouds of smoke rolled up, and one by one the engines were taken away, and policemen set to watch the place; and by and by the flames broke out again here and there, so that it was necessary to again invoke the engines, although the fire had seemed to be extinguished.

Now, the human heart is so inflammable, the passions are so tempting, that it is necessary to keep playing upon them all the time, and, for that matter, in this particular sin, with cold water! For there is a recurring liability in every generation to lapse into intemperance. And there is this about it: that the temptations are most insidious, the appearances are most specious, the risks are terrible, and the expectations are exactly contrary to the probable results. Men do not expect to be drunkards suddenly. The work of their degradation is gradual. At first they take a social glass, they take a glass for social reasons, not dreaming that the time will come when their appetite for strong drink will be irresistible, and, with more and more frequent indulgence, the habit increases, and at last carries them beyond their own control. They sip and sip, always declaring that they could stop well enough if they wanted to; but they never stop. They slide down step by step till their life is blighted. Their noble powers are wasted. They have lost the errand of life; and, even if men at a late period do reform, still their life is gone.

It seems the most fatal thing in the world—this fascination, this infatuation, that falls upon men in this respect. Sound a trumpet, call the roll of drunkards, bring up the hideous crew—those that are damned, and those that are to be damned—and assemble them on some vast plain, and go through the ranks, man by man, and find me if you can, one that set out to be a drunkard. Find me one that did not expect to get clear of drunkenness. You that tamper with the dangerous beverage are putting your feet in the very prints that their feet made, you are repeating the same things that they said, and you are going right straight down to destruction as they went. And I say to you, "Watch! take care! be vigilant!" One thing is very certain: he that letteth strong drink alone is safe, so far as

this vice is concerned. Who else is safe, God only knows.—H. W. Beecher.

FAITH—An anchor dropped beyond the vale of death.

HOPE—A lone star beaming o'er the barren heath.

CHARITY—A stream meandering from the fount of love.

Scientific.

PRINTING WITHOUT INK.—A gentleman a large capitalist, and one of the most successful inventors of the day, has succeeded in chemically treating the pulp, during the process of manufacturing paper, in such a manner that when the paper is pressed upon the uninked types, the chemical particles are crushed, and a perfect black impression is the result. The advantage sought to be obtained is the discarding of ink on the rollers; and by revolutionizing printing machinery, and printing from a continuous roll of paper, it is calculated the time occupied in impressing large quantities of paper will be nominal in comparison to the requirements of the present day. Cleanliness in the printing office would thus become proverbial, and time now wasted in making and distributing the roller obviated. We have been assisting this gentleman in some parts of his experiment, and further information is withheld at his own request, until letters patent shall be obtained.—*London Typographical Society.*

POWER OF THE HUMAN INTELLECT.—There is no more wonderful illustration of the power of the human intellect than the deciphering of the arrow-headed alphabet of the Assyrian monuments. There was no grammar, dictionary, nor key of any kind remaining on earth to give the slightest clue to the meaning of a single mark, and so perfectly has the riddle been solved that recently an inscription of a thousand lines was given to four Assyrian scholars—Sir Henry Rawlinson, Dr. Hincks, Fox Talbot, and M. Oppert, of Paris, and without any communication with each other, they completed their independent translations, which agreed in every respect as near as four translations of an ordinary passage in Hebrew would have done.

John Calvin Moss, of England, says he believes that the interior of our globe, instead of being a vast fiery ocean, is a solid mass of gold and platinum! Gold and platinum, he argues, are the heaviest substances, and in the cooling of the earth would naturally sink from the surface towards the centre. He estimates the amount of these precious metals thus deposited away down below the "third sand" to be equivalent to a globe four or five miles in diameter.

The following error in punctuation is a good illustration of the use of the comma. At a banquet this toast was given:—"Woman—without her, man is a brute." The reporter had it printed:—"Woman—without her man, is a brute."

HOW TO JUDGE THE WEATHER BY THE SKY.

The colours of the sky at different times afford wonderfully good guidance. Not only does a rosy sunset presage fair weather, but there are other tints which speak with clearness and accuracy. A bright yellow in the evening indicates wind; a pale yellow wet; a neutral gray colour constitutes a favourable sign in the evening—an unfavourable one in the morning. The clouds are full of meaning in themselves. If they are soft, undefined and feathery, the weather will be fine; if the edges are hard, sharp and definite, it will be foul. Generally speaking, any deep, unusual hues betoken wind and rain, while the more quiet and delicate tints bespeak fair weather. Simple as these maxims are, the British Board of Trade has thought fit to publish them for the use of seafaring men.

THE VOWELS.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features;
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet:
Tother you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

NEW CURE FOR COLD.—A new method has been discovered in France of curing coryza (cold in the head) with rapidity. It consists in inhaling the tincture of iodine, a vial of which is to be held in the hand and placed under the nose. The warmth of the hand causes the vaporization of the tincture. The inhalations are to be made every three minutes, and soon all symptoms of the malady will disappear.

WORK FOR WOMEN.—A meeting of German ladies is to take place shortly, at Leipzig, to consider the means of giving young girls a more independent position by educating them for various trades and professions. This has already been done, to a certain extent, in Germany. At Munich there is a commercial school for girls; at Leipzig women are employed as compositors; and in Berlin as watchmakers.

POSTAL FIRE.—A French chemist has invented for summer use a fuel of this description: Ground charcoal, four parts, starch one part, made into paste balls, which are dried. When kindled, they will burn without smoke or flame a long time with intense heat. A four-ounce cake will boil one gallon of water, it is said.

Agriculture, etc.

FARMERS' WIVES.

The farmer's wife is or at least should be, the most cheerful, happy being in existence. Surrounded as she is by everything beautiful in nature, awakened every morning by the joyful caroling of the birds in the trees around the house, cooled all day by the whispering winds and balmy breezes, laden with sweet perfumes stolen from clover fields or apple blossoms, how can she be otherwise than happy? O, how from my heart have I pitied poor, pale, uneasy-minded women, living in large villages or cities, where every inch of ground was precious, and not a bird sang, but with a sort of wheezy choked music, and the very trees looked dusty and dim.

How often in the morning, as throwing open my doors and windows to the cool morning air that came bustling in, filling every breath with pure sweet odour from the budding trees and springing grass, have I wished my city friends could stand in the door by my side, and gaze upon the lovely scene spread out to my admiring view.

With everything so beautiful around her, woman can work hard, harder perhaps than she really ought, but with willing hands. Everybody and everything works in the country. You cannot look even for a moment, out at the open door, without seeing some little bird very busy getting straws to build her nest, worms to feed her little fledglings, or working industriously to teach them the use of their tiny wings, that scarce can bear their weight, or perhaps you see some merry, chirruping squirrel, adroitly stealing his stock of grain, for the winter he knows must come, sooner or later, and hiding it wisely in the decayed trunk of a neighbouring apple tree.

The spirit of action is contagious. The hours glide by and so does the work, and when dinner time arrives, instead of the pale, languid countenance you find in the city wife, as she sits down to her luxurious table, loaded with overcooked meat, undercooked vegetables, stale fruits and taker's bread, a brisk, cheerful face meets you at table, whereon you find ham and eggs, and Indian meal pudding and molasses, perhaps, but good, light, sweet, wheat bread, and tempting dishes of fruit fresh from the garden that would completely upset the equanimity of the guests at the foresaid city table.

A farmer's wife can concoct such dishes as city folks know nothing of. With plenty of milk and eggs, there is always something in the house to eat. You can never take her so much by surprise that she will give you no invitation to stop to tea, and she is never so full of apologies because the tea is not nice enough, as to render you uncomfortable.

With a mind evenly balanced, a home made happy by her presence, a contented disposition, wishing no change, a quiet easy way of turning off work, the farmer's wife is a woman to be envied, and still some poor, foolish mortals presume to pity her! Pity, indeed; better bestow it where it is needed! The highest, noblest lot of woman is her home mission, and the most superior place for the exercise of her power is in the quiet home in the country, 'mid the soul-stirring beauties of nature, the handiwork of nature's God.—N. E. Farmer.

REASONS FOR NOT SOWING TIMOTHY.

"Why did you not sow timothy with the clover?" Because I intend to break up the land in two years, and sow wheat; and I have a theory that timothy being a cereal, robs the ground of those elements most needed for wheat. This is not the case with clover, peas, and other leguminous crops. So that on wheat land, and when the hay is to be consumed, as it should always be on the farm, I think the better timothy and more clover we can grow, the better. Clover impoverishes the soil less than timothy, and makes richer manure.—Gen. Farmer.

VERBENAS.

We give the following from an article in the *Horticulturist*, by a correspondent, on raising seedlings of this plant:—"One of my greatest novelties, on account of size, is a verbenas with, I think, the largest umbel I ever saw. It measures 1-8 inch across, while 'the Banner,' which is a good sized flower, measures 6-8. After I had finished planting my bed, I had some seed left, which I scattered on the ground—no covering at all—and it germinated better than much of the seed which was planted, although I generally try to give a very light covering."

RECIPE FOR CURING MEAT.

To one gallon of water,
Take 1½ lbs. of salt,
½ lb. of sugar,
½ oz. of saltpetre,
½ oz. of potash.

In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together, until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, so, leaving the meat fresh and clean.

Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt, always to be found in salt and sugar. If this receipt is properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if so good.—*German Town Telegraph.*