

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 28th, 1866.

JOHN vii. 37-53: The Pharisees would have Christ taken. 1 KINGS vi. 23-38: Description of the Temple.

Recite—HABAKKUK iii. 17, 18.

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.

Calling the Ferryman.

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

They reached the river, the father and his little daughter, late in the evening. The woods through which they had passed reached to the very brink; and as the night was cloudy, and very dark, the woods seemed to render the gloom profoundly deep. Far away on the opposite shore was here and there a twinkling light in the small scattered houses; while farther off still were the bright lamps of the great city whither they were going. The little child was weary and sleepy, and chilled by the evening air. Nothing but urgency would have induced the father to be out with her thus. As they came to the ferry, they found the boat over the other side, where the ferryman lived. So the father shouted and called, but no voice answered; then he would walk to and fro, and speak to his child, and try to comfort her; then he would call again and again. At length they saw a little light move, and heard the moving of the boat. Nearer and nearer the noise came, but it was too dark to see the boat. But it came across, and the travellers entered it.

"Father!"

"Well my child?"

"It's very dark, and I can't see the shore where we are going!"

"No little one; but the ferryman knows the way, and we will soon be over, and then soon home in the city, where will be light and a good fire."

"Oh, I wish we were there, father!"

Slowly and gently the boat swung off in the stream; and though it was dark, and the river seemed to run fast, they were carried safely over, and the child soon forgot her great fear. In a short time after they landed, she reached her home, where loving arms received her—where the room was warm with fire, and I was flooded with light. On the bosom of love she rested, and her chills and terrors passed away.

Some months after this, the same little child had come to another river, darker, deeper, and more fearful still. It was the River of Death. When she first came near it, the air seemed cold, and darkness covered it, and all seemed like night. The same loving father stood near her, distressed that his child must cross this river, and he not be able to go with her. For days and nights he had been, with her mother, watching over her, and leaving her bedside only long enough to take his meals, and pray for the life of his precious child.

For hours she had been slumbering very quietly, and it seemed as if her spirit was to pass away without her waking again; but, just before the morning-watch, she suddenly awoke, with the eye bright, the reason unclouded, and every faculty alive. A sweet smile was playing on the face.

"Father, I have come again to the river-side, and am again waiting for the ferryman to come and carry me over."

"Does it seem dark and cold as it did when we crossed the river?"

"Oh, no! There are no dark, gloomy trees here. The river is not black, but covered with floating silver. The boat coming toward me seems to be made of solid light; and though the ferryman looks dark, I am not afraid of him!"

"Can my child see across the river?"

"Oh, yes! but instead of the little twinkling light here and there, as before, I can see a great, beautiful city, flooded with light and glory. I see no sun and no lamp, no moon or stars; but it's full of light. Ah! I hear music, too, coming softly over the river, sweet as the angels could make!"

"Can you see any one on the other bank of the river?"

"Why, why, yes! I see One, the most beautiful form I ever saw!—and what a face! what a smile! And now he beckons me to come. O ferryman, make haste! I know who it is! It is Jesus!—my own blessed Jesus! I shall be received into his arms; I shall rest in his bosom!"

"Is my little daughter afraid?"

"Afraid, dear mother? Not a bit. I think of my Psalm, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'"

And thus she crossed the dark river, made like a silver stream by the presence of the blessed Redeemer. The father and mother wept, but joy and sorrow mingled in their tears. They could almost see the golden gates open to receive their loved one; and they then understood the words of the prophet, "The child shall die an hundred years old."—*Christian Banner.*

A Child's Explanation.

A bright little girl of four summers was walking with her father in the garden, last summer,

just after sunset. Darkness was fast approaching, yet the sky was quite clear. A glare of lightning, far in the northwest, leaped out from a hidden cloud. This greatly astonished the little girl, and she exclaimed, with wonder, "O Pa! what made that light? what made that light?"

The father saw the lightning, too, and, also, the amazement of the child, and, desiring to hear her own explanation, replied: "What do you think made it, daughter?"

She stood for a little while with her eyes fixed earnestly on the point where the light had appeared. While thus looking, a bright star appeared in the same place. This explained the whole matter to the child's satisfaction; as quick as lightning the solution broke on her mind, and she turned her eyes full upon her father, and exclaimed with delight: "O father, I know! I know now! it was God scratching matches against the sky to light up the stars! See! there's one he lit, right where we saw him scratch the match!"—*Little Sower.*

Your name in the Bible.

The Dutch farmers in Africa have held the black natives in great contempt, the same as the Southern planters once despised their slaves. As one of these farmers was riding out one day, he saw one of these blacks sitting by the roadside reading. Checking his horse, he jeeringly asked, "What book have you got there?"

"The Bible," replied the Hottentot.

"The Bible! Why that book was never intended for you."

"Indeed it was," replied the black confidently, "for I see my name here."

"Your name! Where?" said the farmer, getting off his horse; "show it me."

"There!" said the poor fellow, putting his finger on the word *sinners* (1 Tim. i. 15); "There! 'sinners!' that's my name. I am a sinner—so that means me."

The farmer was silenced, and mounting his horse he galloped away. So the children may claim the Bible for theirs, since they are not only sinners, but their other name, "children," "little children," is in the Bible a great many times.

Crow worship in India.

The Hindus have a superstition, that the spirits of their dead pass into the bodies of animals. It is taught in their Shasters that men pass through eight million four hundred thousand births in order to become free from sin! For some reason unknown to me, and very likely as little known to themselves, they have fixed upon the crow as the especial representative of their deceased ancestors.

The crow is very cunning in many of its ways, and shows a rare degree of bird-wisdom, which I think may be one reason why he has been exalted to such dignity among the Hindus. These people are accustomed to make a feast for the crows once a year, which they call "Ancestors' Dinner." But why they feed them only once a year, when the birds want food every day, I never heard. They sometimes make offerings to their deceased friends twelve days after their death, and these are given to the crows. I saw one of these ceremonies a few months ago, of which I will tell you.

One Saturday in January I pitched my tent under a sweet acacia tree, on the banks of a small stream, near the village. The next morning, soon after sunrise, I noticed about a dozen men on the bank of the stream, preparing a feast for the crows. There was one Brahmin among them directing the others, who doubtless expected a better dinner than the crows for his pains. According to his directions, the principal person (whose friend had died) made three piles of sand in the dry part of the bed of the stream. On each of these he set up a little flag about a foot high, and near it, an earthen vessel, with a cake of unbaked dough. This was the feast. When all was ready he knelt down before it, and prayed to his ancestors to come and accept it. Then all the men withdrew a little way, and sat down to wait for the crows to come and eat it. They think if the crows partake of it before any other animal has touched it, this is a sign that their ancestors are happy and pleased with them; if not, they are offended; so they are very anxious to have the crows come and taste it first. The crows had been on the watch, and soon came, lighting on the ground near the food. They did not at once pounce upon it, however, but, as if wishing to assure themselves that there was no trap, advanced cautiously, cawing and talking among themselves in a manner quite fitted to confirm the poor Hindu in his belief that there is something more than bird intelligence in them.

Just then a kite (a larger bird than the crow) came flying along, and seeing the table spread, he concluded to invite himself to dinner. He commenced sailing round it just above it, preparatory to making a swoop and carrying off one of the cakes. This would have been fatal to the poor Hindu's peace of mind, so he began to throw stones at the kite to drive him away, in doing which he frightened the crows also. These, however, soon returned, while the poor kite, finding that he was not welcome, went off, and did not, like some very impolite people, again intrude himself upon a dinner party where he was not wanted. Becoming tired of the delay, the Brahmin told the men to invoke his ancestors again, so he began bowing down to the crows and saying, "O, good sirs! why are you angry? come." As a few moments the birds, satisfied that there was no danger, began eating; and the men, being assured by the Brahmin—after receiving his fee—that all was right with regard to their deceased friends, returned to their homes.

In the village where we stayed two days before, a man made a feast for his relatives who had died, and invited the crows, as their representatives, to come and partake; but not a bird appeared. It happened that a company of English soldiers were encamped near there, and a cow was killed for them; this drew all the crows together, so that the man could not find a single guest for his dinner. After invoking them till he was tired, he went near the butcher's stand and commenced stoning the crows away, hoping some of them would go in the direction of his feast. This was certainly a very rude way to get his friends to come and dine with him.

Such is crow worship, as it is practised by millions of people in India.—*Church Missionary Juvenile Instructor.*

Conversation at the Table.

General usage has determined that three times a day we shall assemble with our families for the common purpose of appeasing the demands of hunger and satisfying the fancies and whims of the palate. Moreover, to many men these are the only times of the day when they can have the opportunity to meet all the members of their families in free and unrestrained intercourse.

Now to make this occasion something more than mere feeding, and to elevate it to the dignity of rational intercourse, conversation is indispensable. We must open our mouths for something more than the reception of food. As a mere hygienic rule, I wish that excellent proverb could be circulated among our countrymen, "Chatted food is half digested." I would almost pledge myself by this simple rule to cure or prevent nearly half the cases of dyspepsia.

But for higher reasons, chiefly, I speak of it now. We ought to insist that every thing shall be favorable at meal-times to the truest sociality. No clouded brows, no absent or preoccupied minds should be permitted at our tables. Whoever is not ready to do his part in making it a cheerful hour, should be made to feel that he does not belong there. Better the merest nonsense, better anything that is not scandal or detraction, than absolute and freezing silence there. I am sure that the usages of all the most civilized and refined people will bear me out in this—that the only way to dignify our meals, and make them something better than the indulgence of mere animal appetites, is to intersperse them largely with social talk. There, if not elsewhere, we look for the *soluta lingua*. There all reserve and embarrassment of speech we trust, will have vanished, and each will feel free to impart to the rest his brightest and most joyous moods. Shall we ever realize this ideal, as long as "bolting" usurps the place of eating?

Why he wouldn't drink, and what came of it.

A clergyman recently related the following encouraging facts at the Fulton Street prayer-meeting:

There were six sailors who drank liquor, and one who would not drink, on board the same ship. On arrival in port the six determined that they would, at all hazards, induce or compel their companion to drink. They provided a supper on shore, and invited him to attend. While at supper they resorted to every artifice to induce him to drink, but he steadily refused. They finally resorted to violence. He, still unyielding, requested them, before they went further in compulsion, to hear what he had to say. They consented. He said that when he was a boy he had a drunken father who dreadfully abused his mother. One day his mother had sent him on an errand which caused him to be out late at night. As he was returning through the snow he thought he saw something lying ahead of him, which, on approaching and touching, he discovered was a man, and upon closer inspection he found it to be his own father, dead and frozen. He soon informed his mother, and, with the assistance of neighbors, the dead body was taken home and prepared for burial. While thus prepared his mother called him, with the other children, to view for the last time their father's face, and made them then solemnly promise that they would never drink intoxicating liquor. "And now, boys," said he, turning to his companions, "do you want me to drink?"

"No! no! no!" came from every lip. They went on board the vessel. The captain was surprised to see them return on board so early and orderly, and asked the cause. He was told the story; the pledge was produced; they all signed it; and through the influence of the captain, nearly all the ship's crew signed it. The people on board that ship were sober people. Soon after, the Holy Spirit came on board into the hearts of the people. Many were converted. God was honored, and His name ever more praised by that ship's crew.

Scientific.

DEEP SEA CABLES.—It is stated, as the result of careful investigation into the facts, that of about fourteen thousand miles of deep sea cables hitherto laid, nearly ten thousand miles have failed of efficient working. This would appear at first sight a most discouraging conclusion; but inasmuch as every instance of failure has led to closer research into the causes of it, and also into the best materials and forms for such conductors, it may be questioned whether in the end the past ill experience of submarine telegraph companies will not inure to the public benefit.

VENTILATING SEWERS.—An important project in the direction of ventilating large sewers has been broached in France, where an eminent chemist proposes to supply factory furnaces with the bad air of sewers, and by the combustion cleanse the air and restore it to the sewers in a healthful condition. The plan is said to have undergone some practical tests with satisfactory results. Such a method of ventilating sewers was suggested at one of the English Scientific meetings some years ago.

SPANISH GRASS PAPER.—The production of very good printing paper from the *Esparto Fibre*, or Spanish grass is an indication that the price of cotton will not always regulate the price of newspaper. For three years past this new material has been employed for making printing paper with gratifying success. The shortness of the fibre makes it expedient to mix with it some rags, as otherwise the grass paper too readily tears. The grass is washed, cleansed, and then macerated with a soda solution, to bring it into the condition of pulp for the paper machines. Some of the Scotch newspapers are printed upon it.

Agriculture, etc.

REARING CHICKENS ARTIFICIALLY.—A subscriber to the *Journal of Horticulture* has published the following account of his experience in rearing chickens artificially:—"Being only a half-believer I did not incur much expense in the matter, merely procuring a stout box made with the lid on hinges, and close-fitting, cut on a slope like a melon-frame, one-half of the lid only being glazed, and there was a hole in the side, with a sliding door. In this box I put two low stools with a thick, fleecy top, for artificial mothers, and I placed the box close beside a spare large garden frame, which stood on dry ground. I had the chickens close to my flower-frames, and looked after them chiefly myself. This frame, to which I admitted them at pleasure by drawing the slide, answered for their covered run or 'day room,' till they were a few weeks old, when I used to allow my pets to take a run in the garden several times a day. It was quite curious to see how fond they became of the frame, and how they used to flock to me from all sides to be let in, and to bask on the warm gravel under the glass. I took each chick from the hen the day it was hatched. I had not one sickly or drooping chicken the whole summer. The advantages I found in this system, even trying it in a small way, where these: First, they did not cost in feeding nearly so much as when carelessly fed in the fowl-yard, where stronger fowls, dogs, &c., robbed them of their milk and food. Secondly, they thrived quicker and feathered better a great deal, from getting the full share of that food appointed for them, as well as from the genial and uniform warmth of the frame, instead of often being weary and wet, when enticed by the hen to walk about all day through grass and elsewhere. Thirdly, I found the hens lose so little condition by merely twenty-one days' sitting (being well fed once every day), that they laid and hatched a second time early in summer. These advantages ought to make the system worth a trial, even by those who might not count it, as I did, an amusement.

HOW TO COOK AND MAKE SAUSAGES.—A correspondent of the *Home Journal*, who has been "out of town," thus discourses about sausages:

The sausages must be well cooked; if they incline to be a little crispy, reminding one just a trifle of the cracklings of roasted pig, it is not amiss. You should be cautious, though, as to where you obtain your sausages; if you have ever so slight an acquaintance with the woman who makes them, it is well, provided you have confidence in her. Confidence in your sausage-maker is an excellent thing. One of the best ways for possessing this confidence, is to have your sausages prepared in your own house, with materials furnished by yourself. Pork, two-thirds lean and one-third fat, chopped finely, is, of course, the foundation of all sausages; but a boilee beef's tongue and heart may, with a good result be added. Salt, pepper, summer savory and sage, should be the chief seasonings—though curry and spices may be effectively joined thereto. The mixing of these various ingredients—so that no one savour predominates—should be as carefully wrought as in making a salad. It is not every one who can properly accomplish this, any more than can every one mix up a salad. It requires judgment in preparing the combinations, and skill in putting them together. Then it should be made into small cakes, and fried slowly and kindly in its own fat.

THE BEST AND SUREST REMEDY in the World for all diseases with which children are afflicted during the process of teething, is Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, and by giving quiet sleep to the child, gives rest to the mother. Perfectly safe in all cases. 25 cents a bottle.

VALUABLE AND CONVENIENT.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches," are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and other troubles of the throat and lungs. They are of great value for the purposes for which they are designed, and it should be known that while they are usually and pleasantly efficacious, they contain no harmful ingredients, but may at all times be used with perfect safety. —*Boston Recorder.*