

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 21st, 1866.

Acts II. 1-13: The disciples are filled with the Holy Spirit. I Kings xxii. 15-36: Ahab is slain.

Recite—MATTHEW vii. 1-5.

Sunday, October 28th, 1866.

Acts II. 1-13: The disciples are filled with the Holy Spirit. I Kings xxii. 15-36: Ahab is slain.

Recite—JOHN xvi. 7-11.

## Little Willie's lessons.

"Mamma, will you talk to me about the verse papa read this morning about feeding our enemies? What is an enemy?"

"An enemy, my dear," said his mamma, "is a person we dislike, or who dislikes us. I hope my Willie has no enemies?"

The child thought a moment, and then said, "O yes, mamma. I know Thomas Webster dislikes me—so he is an enemy; but I can't do what the Bible tells me, for he is as well off as I am, and always has plenty to eat and drink."

His mamma then explained to him that the text did not mean only that we are to give bread and water to our enemies, if they require them, but that if they are in any situation in which it is in our power to help them, we should gladly do so. And then, you know, dear Willie," she added, "perhaps we may change them from enemies into friends."

"Tom is a very disagreeable boy," he always teases me, and cheats me at play when he can."

"Well, dear child, you have been better taught than poor Tom. The blessed Saviour said 'Love your enemies,' and he died for His enemies. Let us ask Him to make our hearts kind and tender, that we may love even those who do not love us."

It was not long before Willie had an opportunity of practicing his new lesson. The two boys were at school together, and both were cyphering. Tom finished first, and scampering off in high spirits, seized Willie's pencil, and ran off with it. It was a sad annoyance at first to the poor little fellow; but he soon borrowed another piece, and, as the afternoon was to be a holiday, he was soon in good spirits again. After dinner, he started with several school-fellows for a country ramble. It was a beautiful afternoon in the autumn; everything was rich and ripe; the golden corn was waving in the fields, and what was better than all besides to our young friends, there were plenty of blackberries on the hedges. Each boy was provided with a hooked stick: the large boys helped the smaller ones, and all were full of fun and glee. In the midst of their merriment, who should they see coming towards them but Tom Webster. He joined their party, but could not reach the highest and best blackberries, as he had no stick. Now all these boys had, at one time or other, been unkindly treated by Tom, and not one was willing to offer his stick. When Willie first saw Tom he naturally felt angry, remembering his unkindness in the morning; but he soon thought of the Scripture text, and his mother's words, and running up to Tom, gave him his stick. The boy was at first ashamed, but the open, pleasant countenance of little Willie soon made him feel at ease. He took the stick, roughly expressing his thanks. They walked home together in the evening, and Tom could not help asking his little companion how it was that he had thought of lending him his stick. Then Willie told him of the struggle that had at first passed in his mind, of the words of Scripture, and of his mamma's instructions; and as Tom listened, his heart softened. He asked Willie to forgive all his past unkindness, and promised never to tease or cheat him again. And from that time they were on the best of terms. Thus did little Willie change his enemy into a friend.—*Children's Friend*.

## Sunday work.

The experiment was once tried in a large corn-mill. For a number of years the owners worked the mill seven days in a week. The superintendent was then changed. The new owner ordered all the works to be stopped at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, and to start none of them till one o'clock on Monday morning, thus allowing a full Sabbath every week. And the same men, during the year, actually ground several thousand bushels more than had ever been ground in that mill in any single year! The men, being permitted to cleanse themselves, put on their best apparel, rest from worldly business, go with their families to the house of God, and devote the Sabbath to its appropriate duties, were more healthy, moral, punctual, and diligent. They lost less time in drinking, dissipation, and quarrels. They were more clear-headed and cheerful, knew better how to do their work, and were more disposed to do it in the right way. It is an old motto and a true one, "There is nothing gained by Sunday work."

**THE SMOKE: WHAT HE SEES, AND WHAT I SEE.**—The boy who smokes cigars, and struts, and puffs away like a steam engine, sees something mainly in it. But I see, in every puff of the filthy stuff, brains, looks, time, health, money, goodness, purity, usefulness, glory, all easily puffed away in smoke.

Is there a better way for a Christian to goe than to get some new subscribers for paper?

## "It is nothing to me."

"James Gordon has been with you a long time, has he not?" "Yes, I could not do without him. He is a young man of fine talents—great capacity for business." "I have met him socially, and was much impressed with his superiority. He attended our church for a while quite regularly."

"Yes, that was when he first came from home. I think that he was religiously inclined, but he has worn that off long ago. He has many friends among our fashionable and wealthy young men, and is a general favorite in society."

"It is upon this very subject that I wished to speak to you. I have had occasion for three nights to be in the street at a late hour. I saw James Gordon with two young men noted for their profligacy issue from a saloon. They were all intoxicated, and from their conversation I judged they had been gambling. I tell you this, hoping you will speak to James, upon the subject, and advise him not to frequent such company. I would do so myself if I were better acquainted with him."

"I appreciate your motives, but I shall do nothing of the kind. James is only seeing life. What if he is a little wild? He will settle down by and by. Besides, he is not a man that would take advice kindly. I should offend him, and he would leave me; I cannot afford to lose him. So long as he attends to my business properly, I have no reason to complain. Really it is nothing to me what he may do when away from the store. I am not responsible."

And thus James Gordon's employer dismissed the unpleasant subject. But the words, "nothing to me," lingered in Mr. Darley's memory. What a plausible excuse they offered for the neglect of duty. Hundreds of young men are going to destruction, while those who know whether their steps are tending stand coolly and calmly by, stifling every emotion of pity by saying, "It is nothing to me." If a man was drowning, every hand would be stretched forth to help him; yet many are sinking to an eternal death, and no effort made to save them!

"I must see James Gordon to-morrow and talk with him," was the result of Mr. Darley's meditation. The next day he was unexpectedly called from home on important business, but he did not neglect to send a note to James, urging him to pursue a better life.

The note reached James, and awakened feelings of remorse; but his habits and associations were too firmly fixed to be easily changed. To still the accusations of his conscience, he plunged deeper and deeper into dissipation.

When Mr. Darley returned, James' employer was the first to tell him how reckless and desperate James had grown. He said he could not believe it possible that a few weeks could work such a change. He had given him several hints, but they had no effect, and he feared that he would have to discharge him.

Mr. Darley went immediately to see James. He talked with him as only a Christian can talk. He left him encouraged by his prayers and conversation. From that night James Gordon was a different man. Never again did he touch the intoxicating cup, or mingle in the revelry of his former companions. He became a follower of Jesus, and with all the energy and enthusiasm of his character he devoted himself to the noble purpose of rescuing his fellow-men from lives of sin and misery. He will share in the reward of those who have turned many to righteousness, and who will shine as the stars for ever and ever.

His employer became impressed with the change wrought in his character, and learned that a life of duty and self-sacrifice was higher, even happier, than one of selfish ease and gratification. He dropped the expression, "It is nothing to me," which was wont to stifle the convictions of duty and the promptings of his better nature. As he became more interested in others, his ideas expanded, and he realized the fact that he was responsible for the sin and suffering which surrounded him. To say, "It is nothing to me," did not lessen his responsibility. Wherever there was sin, there he must seek to save; wherever there was suffering, to relieve.

Do we know of any who are going astray? Let us not, from indifference or selfishness, say, "It is nothing to me," or from a false delicacy turn away; but in the love of Christ, and in the strength which he gives, let us seek to lead to repentance, remembering that "he that turneth a sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins."—*American Messenger*.

## A lesson from the Shepherds of Bethlehem.

He whose sun shines as brightly on the lowliest as on the stately flower, regards with complacency the humblest man who wins his daily bread, and discharges the duties of his station, whatever they be, in such a way as to glorify God and be of advantage to his fellow-creatures. Heaven is never nearer men, nor are they ever nearer it, than in those fields or workshops, where, with honest purpose, and a good conscience, they are diligently pursuing their ordinary avocations. No doubt—for God does not cast his pearls before swine—these shepherds were pious men. One, passing a night in their humble dwellings would have seen the father with reverent meekness, gathered his household to prayer; and one passing these uplands, where they held their watch, might have heard their voices swaying on the midnight air, as they sang together the psalms of David amid the very scenes where he tuned his harp and led his father's flock. But people are too apt to suppose that religion lies mainly, if not exclusively, in prayer, reading the Bible, listen-

ing to sermons, and attending on sacraments; in time spent, or work done, or offerings made, or sacrifices induced for what are called, in common language, religious objects. These are the means, not the end. He who rises from his knees to his daily task, and with an eye not so much to please men as God, does it well, carries divine worship to the workshop, and throws a sacred halo around the ordinary secularities of life. That, indeed, may be the highest expression of religion; just as it is the highest expression of devoted loyalty to leave the precincts of the court and the presence of the sovereign, to endure the hardships of a campaign, and stand in soiled tattered regimentals by the king's colors amid the deadly hail of battle. He who goes to common duties in a devout and christian spirit proves his loyalty to God; and, as this case proves, is of all men the most likely to be favored with tokens of the divine presence—communications of grace which will sustain his patience under a new life of toil, and fit him for the rest that remaineth for the people of God.—*Guthrie*.

## A colored woman in Rome.

From the same country (the United States) as M<sup>rs</sup>. Hosmer is Miss Edmonia Lewis, a colored lady, whose sex, extreme youth, and color, invite our warmest sympathies. Born of an Indian mother and a negro father, she passed the first twelve years of her life in the wilds, fishing, hunting, swimming, and making moccasins. Her love of sculpture was first shown on her seeing a statue of Franklin. "I will make something like that," she said to a benevolent gentleman who engaged an artistic friend in New York to permit her to visit his studio. Then she had some clay given her, and the model of an infant's foot, which she imitated so well as to merit praise and encouragement. "I often longed to return to the wilds," she said; "but my love of sculpture forbade it," and here she is alone, a simple girl of twenty-three years of age, struggling against the prejudice entertained towards her race, and competing with finished masters of the art. As she has been here only two months, she has not much to show. A bust of Col. Shaw, who commanded the first colored regiment ever formed, is a meritorious work, and has been ordered by the family of the brave Colonel, who died fighting for his country. Another bust of Mr. Dionysius Lewis, of New York, is nearly completed as a commission. The first ideal work of the young artist is a freedwoman falling on her knees, and with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, thanking God for the blessings of liberty. She has not forgotten her people, and this nearly dedication of her genius to their cause is honorable to her feelings. Two other groups, the designs of which are taken from Longfellow's *Minnehaha*, are nearly modelled. They represent first Hiawatha coming to the wigwam of his love and laying down a deer at her feet, in token of an offer of marriage; and secondly Hiawatha leading away his chosen bride. "So hand in hand they went."—*London Art Journal*.

## "In prison and ye visited me."

An incident connected with the delivery of Prof. Chace's discourse in commemoration of Dr. Wayland, deserves a reference, both as illustrative of Dr. Wayland's character, and as a tribute to public appreciation. Prof. Chace had dwelt at length on the chief events and labours of Dr. Wayland's life, and was still further illustrating his character by referring to services which were humble, incidental, and less known. So just and so beautiful had been his delineations, that the audience had listened with a sort of intense and sacred silence, harmonizing with their reverence for the honored dead; but when he passed to Dr. Wayland's Sabbath morning visits to the State prison, where for a long time he had been accustomed to gather around him the criminal outcasts of society, and depicted him as unfolding to their minds and hearts the truths of the gospel, and seeking to raise them up to honor and virtue and religion—that silence, first intense and more eager, suddenly at the close changed itself irresistibly to a quiet and restrained, but earnest and universal applause. In all that was said of Dr. Wayland's intellectual power, and his greatness as a teacher—in all the delineations of his sway over the minds of men, and of that way always exercised in the interest of humanity and religion—there was nothing which so went to the hearts of the audience, and so stirred their reverence, and admiration, as the picture of those morning walks to the prison, and of those outcast pupils gathered around their faithful teacher and friend. Such an appreciation of such deeds was only less a tribute to the moral tastes of the auditors, than the deeds themselves to the moral greatness of Dr. Wayland.—*Examiner*.

## Solemn Franchising.

John Ryland, A. M., father of the late Dr. Ryland, said: "Avoid two extremes. Some high Calvinists neglect the unconverted; but Paul left no case untouched. He spoke suitably to Felix, as well as to Timothy. Some neglect to preach the law and tell their hearers to accept Christ. O, sinners, beware! If Christ says, 'Depart,' 'tis all over. Depart into a thousand Etnas, bursting up for ever and ever. Your souls are now within an inch of damnation. I am clear of your blood. If you are condemned, I'll look you in the face at the judgment, and say, 'Lord, I told that man—I told those boys and girls, on the 29th of August, 1790—I warned them—they would not believe—and now they stand shivering before thy bar.'"

"No words of mine," says Dr. Newman, "can express the thrilling sensation of horror with which this was heard by many in the congregation."

THE NATIONAL DEBTS of the principal nations of the world, and the amount per head of the indebtedness of each:

Year.	Total debt.	Per head of population.
United Kingdom..1865	£208,289,399	£27 16 0
United States.....1865	552,873,546	17 15 6
France.....1864	539,038,285	14 7 2
Russia.....1861	263,609,644	3 11 1
Austria.....1864	247,094,474	6 14 10
Italy.....1864	176,225,039	7 19 5
Spain.....1865	163,927,471	10 4 6
Holland.....1864	84,602,423	23 1 4
Turkey.....1864	94,500,000	18 8 0
Prussia.....1864	41,651,707	2 3 3
Portugal.....1864	41,651,440	9 11 6
Belgium.....1864	25,344,016	5 8 0
Brazil.....1861	22,923,716	2 5 9
Denmark.....1863	10,710,159	4 0 0
Greece.....1863	10,707,364	9 15 3
Peru.....1863	6,857,648	2 14 9
Chile.....1865	2,933,405	1 15 0

## The Canadian Exhibition.

just closed, appears to have given great satisfaction to all concerned. At the close N. J. Gillivray Esq., President of the Upper Canada Agricultural Association gave an address to the Farmers present. In doing so he said:

Year after year, with good reason, my predecessors in office have congratulated you on the progress which we, as farmers, have been making; and with the greatest of pleasure I find that I may safely do the same. And I sincerely trust that such arrangements are being made that, at the Exhibition in Paris next year, the display of the natural and industrial productions of Canada will sufficiently prove that their endowment is just. Our prosperity has in the past been great, and still continues to increase. By reference to statistics, I observe that between the years 1851 and 1861 the live stock of Upper Canada has increased 30 per cent, while the produce of the soil attains the high figure of nearly 150 per cent, increase. But allow me to remark that this cannot be taken as a true criterion of the intrinsic prosperity of the country. Such increase may follow from extended cultivation in reclaiming new lands, and from immigration, while older settlements and older reclaimed lands may be decreasing. The true criterion of continued prosperity must be that the lands already cleared are, through better cultivation, becoming more productive. In this respect, however, from the imperfect statistics given on this point, I feel myself at a loss how to speak. But these statistics I look upon as one of the highest importance, and would submit that the attention of this society might profitably be drawn to the advantage of collecting the same. It seems to be an indisputed fact that, in the older settled portions of the United States the yield per acre is becoming less, and of some parts of Canada I am satisfied the same is true. Might we not then devote some consideration to this important fact upon which our prosperity so materially depends. The exhibition of this year however gives proof that on the whole we are progressing. The stock shown has in number and quality exceeded that of former years. While the machinery and implements exhibited show that the ingenuity of man is still prolific in adding to that which benefits the farmer, and to the means by which mother earth is made to yield her treasures to her children; and that these are taken advantage of by the Canadian. And notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, especially during the harvest, the varied productions of the soil submitted, prove that a good crop has been secured in comparatively good condition. For this, as in duty bound we give thanks to our God.

It is right on such occasions as this to enquire into the causes that have led to this prosperity, so that from past experience we may draw future guidance, and still advance. First and most important among these is the great blessing of peace which we have so long enjoyed, and for which under providence we have to thank our connection with Great Britain. May we never cease to value that connection, and the more so, that England continually approves her care for us, for even now there are landing upon our shores some of her noble army to help in our defence in this time of threatened danger. And here let me make mention of that great and now accomplished undertaking of laying the Atlantic cable, through the medium of which we no sooner asked for aid, than immediately the answer came, *Your help is coming*. Nothing drains the resources of the country and checks particularly agricultural improvement like war; drawing as it does so many of the inhabitants from profitable occupation, and carrying in its train such immense destruction of property.

Next to the blessing of peace, I might mention the fostering care of the Legislature, as exemplified in their annual grants to this and kindred societies throughout the country, and in their late endeavours to introduce and extend the cultivation of flax. The growth of the population, ever adding as it does to the working energy of our country, has tended in no small degree to the increase of agricultural wealth. While the railways and public highways by facilitating the transmission of goods to market, benefit largely the farmers in the more remote settlements. The intelligence of a people is also a most important mean toward this end, and our common school system of education, in its steady advance and in the cheapness with which a young farmer may now acquire much theoretical and scientific knowledge, has added greatly to this progress. The same has been