

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 11th, 1866.

Concert, or Review of the past month's subjects and lessons.

Sunday, November 18th, 1866.

Acts ii. 29-47; Peter's sermon and its result. 2 Kings i. 1-8; Elijah brings fire from heaven. Recite—Genesis iii. 13-15.

The two Partings.

The following sketch from the National Baptist is but one case out of ten thousand, which might be told. How many could relate instances of equal or even greater changes effected by exactly the same means!

One winter evening, many years ago, a fair young girl stood before the glass in her own pleasant little room, giving the last touches to her toilet. That night was the first party of the season, and perhaps Emma might be excused if she lingered a little longer than usual, smoothing once again her dark brown hair, and adjusting the soft folds of her beautiful dress.

"Come Emma," called her mother, at length, "I am afraid you forget that Mr. B—— is waiting for you."

No, Emma had not forgotten, as the rosy flush that stole across her cheek testified. Her last thought, as she stood smiling at her reflection in the glass had been, "This is the color which he likes; I am sure he will be pleased."

Quickly she hurried down stairs, and after playfully excusing her delay, while the flush deepened at Mr. B——'s evident admiration, turned to her mother, saying, "I believe I am ready at last."

"Take good care of yourself, darling," said the mother, as she wrapped a warm shawl around the slender form, "and don't stay very late."

Their destination was soon reached, and as the young man moved through the brilliantly lighted room, many a glance of admiration was cast at his companion, and more than one of his friends whispered, "James is a lucky fellow; I'd give a good deal to be able to monopolize Miss Emma as he does."

The evening sped joyously on, and at length, towards its close, refreshments were handed around. Mr. B—— was standing a little apart from Emma, who was the centre of a laughing group of young girls, when the lady of the house with a smile offered him a glass of wine.

"No, thank you; I do not drink it," was his reply.

"Pshaw! what nonsense," she returned. "No one has refused it this evening, and I don't intend to allow you to be the first. Come, just one glass, it can't hurt any one."

"I cannot do it," he answered gravely, "for I have determined never to taste a drop."

"Come here, Emma," called the lady. "I want you to coax this obstinate young man to take a little wine. I know he will not refuse you."

Emma took the glass in her little white hand, and with a smile which few could have resisted, said, "Come James, you will take just this one glass?"

"No Emma," he answered with a painful effort. "I have made up my mind, and you must not ask me to change it."

"Then you shall not accompany me home to-night, Mr. B——," said Emma, with an angry flash of her dark eye, "now take your choice."

"I must bid you good bye then, Emma, if it come to that," he said sorrowful, "I would gladly do any thing else for you, but that I cannot do." So saying, he bowed and turned away.

"Never mind, Emma, I'll see you home," said a young man standing near, whose flushed face betokened that he had taken more than one glass. "Let him go, the ill-mannered fellow; who cares?"

So saying, he offered his arm, which Emma accepted, and they moved off together. More than ten years had passed away. Mr. B—— was married and established in a prosperous business, and by degrees the incidents of his parting with Emma were almost forgotten.

One day a man with whom he was slightly acquainted came into his store, and asked for employment.

"I am afraid I can't give it to you, Norris," was the answer. "I make it a rule never to have any one in my employ who is intemperate."

"But I mean to stop all that, Mr. B——," said the man earnestly. "I have made up my mind to quit drinking entirely. It's rather hard not to give a man a chance when he wants to reform."

"Well," said Mr. B——, partially relenting, "I will try you. Come into the back part of the store, and I will give you some work."

A bundle was soon made up, with which Norris departed. Several days elapsed, and the work not being returned, Mr. B—— sent to his residence to ask the reason.

Alas! it was the same old tale of sorrow. The husband and father had gone on a drinking frolic, leaving a sick wife and three starving children.

"Mr. B——'s generous heart prompted him to go to their relief at once. He entered the miserable dwelling, and found the sick woman lying in a room almost bare of furniture,

while the children, sitting on the floor by the bedside, were crying for bread.

A few kind words, and a promise of something to eat soon dried their tears; and hastening to the grocery, he returned with an ample supply, which he broke among the famishing children.

While he stood smiling at their delight, the mother burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh Mr. B——, can you forgive me?"

"What do you mean?" he asked in astonishment.

"Don't you remember Emma F——? Don't you remember my offering you the wine at the party, and your refusing it? God knows I wish I could forget it, but it seems as if it were branded on my heart in letters of fire."

It was some moments before Mr. B—— could realize that the miserable creature before him was indeed the bright, fascinating girl from whom he had parted so many years before.

"Poor Emma, how you must have suffered," he said compassionately.

"But do you forgive me?" she asked anxiously.

"Certainly; say no more about it. You must not stay in this wretched place. Is your mother living?"

"Yes sir, in the country."

Would you not like to go back to her with the children?"

"Yes sir," she answered sadly, "but I have no means."

"Do not trouble yourself," said Mr. B——, "as soon as you are sufficiently recovered, I will take care of that part of the undertaking. Let me know if there is any thing else I can do for you. No thanks," he added hastily, as the poor woman commenced a grateful acknowledgment, "good bye."

This was the second parting. Young ladies, you who are accustomed to press your gentlemen friends to partake of wine, pause now and ask yourselves the question, whether you are prepared for the miserable fate of a drunkard's wife.

NOTE. The above sketch is no imaginary picture, but one drawn from real life. Any one wishing to verify the facts of the case can obtain the name and residence of the gentlemen referred to by calling at the office of the National Baptist, No. 530 Arch Street.

As good as a Christian.

"I fear that my husband will stumble into hell over the faults of professing Christians. Such was the remark of a lady whose husband belonged to that large class in every community that live on the faults and inconsistencies of the children of God. They claim that they are as good as Christians, and look for the Christian's joy in the world to come.

It need not for a moment be denied that Christians have faults, and are not as consistent as they ought to be. Every true believer in Christ will tell you that he is a greater sinner than you think he is. He knows the secret faults of his heart. You only know the inconsistencies of his outward conduct.

And yet there is a heaven-wide difference between the most unworthy child of God and the most moral and upright man who is not a Christian. The one will be saved; the other, unless he repent, will be lost. The one has consecrated himself to the service of God, and has the promise of God's strength to help him purify his heart and life. His heavenly Father is working in him day by day the work of sanctification. The other is living without God, living for self; and not simply standing still in his wickedness, but day by day growing worse—hardening himself more and more against God.

The assertion so often made by men of un-renewed hearts, "I am as good as a Christian," is made as an excuse for not becoming a Christian. It is made to cheat the conscience, which is telling all those who make such a boast, "You are not as good as a Christian." Well indeed will it be for those thus deceiving themselves, if they open their eyes to their true state, ere they stumble into hell over the faults of professing Christians.

We attempt not to palliate or excuse these faults. Christians ought to live lives of greater holiness than they do. They ought to give much less occasion to the world to find fault with them. Every true Christian is seeking just this, that he may so let his light shine that men may take knowledge of him that he has been with Jesus.

But every man must give an account of himself to God; and tried by this rule, where do you stand? What if all the world were hypocrites, and going down to eternal death, that would not alter your own responsibility to seek the kingdom of heaven; to give your heart to the Saviour, and serve him all your days. If you have been making this miserable excuse for not coming to Christ, I pray you, my dear friend, give it up at once. Let it no longer be said of you, "I fear he will stumble into hell over the faults of professing Christians."

American Messenger.

How Ministers are bored.

A gentleman living in a house that had previously been occupied by a popular clergyman, at Rochester, N. Y., was so constantly bored by all sorts of travelling agents and other bores, that he posted a card on his door, addressed "to all whom it may concern," running thus:—"Dr.——— does not live here. He has moved away, and will not occupy this house again till May 15, 1867. In consequence of this, the

present incumbent has decided to suspend the free list. No books, maps, pictures, stationery, or recipes of any kind wanted. No history of the rebellion, whether written by Greeley or Jeff Davis. Have no desire to put my name to any subscription book in order that it may be used for influence. Have no old clothes except those I am now wearing, and the customs of modern society are unfortunately such that I cannot dispense with them. Have no gold pieces, for we cannot get money enough to purchase at one time more than we can eat at one meal, consequently proprietors of boarding houses will have to look elsewhere for supplies. This house will not be kept as an hotel, and warm meals at all hours will not be furnished. Have not a spear of hay in the barn, nor a single oat, and have not taken care of horses since I drove on the canal, which means that we have no room for horses or donkeys, either. Have no vacant rooms or beds, to spare for agents, elders, beggars, sponges, leeches, professional bores, seedy students, soldiers, sailors, negroes, freedman's aid society agents, rebels or abolitionists, even though ministers in neighboring towns and cities have told them to be sure and call here. No money to spare for any of the above individuals or enterprises which they represent, even though it be for the laudable object of furnishing unborn African children with red flannel night caps and fine-tooth combs. In a word, the minister don't live here now, and things are changed."

The Great Swiss Organ.

Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime, one of the editors of the New York Observer, is now travelling in Europe, and when in Freyburg, he went to hear the famous organ. He says:

"As I looked up expectant, I thought, 'Oh, if it had only a soul!' And then, just then, a breath of melody, so soft, so sweet, so soul-like came along on the still air, it might have been the first notes of the advent song of peace that fell like this, by night, over Bethlehem. This gentle stream of music rose and swelled into a river of melody, that soon burst its banks, and became a rushing torrent of sound, mighty in its power, almost awful in its expression. This was but the prelude. Then came the successive anthems, songs, and passages of masterpieces of the great composers, some of them familiar, all of them exquisite in their effect, to illustrate the wondrous faculties of this un-inspired, untempered mechanism, that was yet able to represent with such fidelity, the deep, and lofty, the softest, and strongest emotions of the soul.

Now the imitation of the human voice was so perfect, that it required an effort of the mind to believe that a living being was not rendering those plaintive strains, in some distant chambers of this vast hall: and now the ring of bells broke musically on the ear, and the far away toll of some solemn church bell, added its voice to the harmony: the Alpine horn, the flute, and other instruments were so distinctly given, it was hard to comprehend the truth, that in the midst of one grand performance, on a single instrument, so many, and so distinct and perfect imitations of others could be introduced. Perhaps nothing was more beautiful than the tinkling of water, dropping into a fountain; yet when one effect had been enjoyed, as if the most complete, another soon succeeded, so delicate and so touching that it seemed as if the last were more lovely than all which had been heard before.

"It was quite impossible to speak of the closing performance without being suspected, by those who have not heard it, of exaggeration. And, indeed, so differently are we constituted, that some will be charmed with a picture or statue, ravished with eloquence of oratory or music, and delighted with a landscape or waterfall, while others, exposed to the same influences, are as unmoved as the marble or instrument. I know that I am not one of them, thanks to him who made us to differ, and I know too, that they who sat near me, when the last grand movement of this organ was made, are not of them. For when the strong wind began to shake the walls of the old cathedral, the rain to pour in torrents on the roof, the thunder rolling in terrific majesty

"Which as the footsteps of the dreadful God, Marching upon the storm in vengeance seemed," we bowed our heads with such a sense of awe and adoration, as could scarcely have been increased if the war of elements had indeed been bursting on us, and the voice of the Almighty had suddenly filled his temple."

Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer and Dressing. One Bottle did it. That is the expression of many who have had their gray hair restored to its natural color, and their bald spot covered with hair, after using one bottle. If you wish to restore your hair as in youth and retain it through life, without delay procure these preparations. All Druggists keep them.

Rev. M. Thacher, Pitcher, Chenango Co., N. Y., writes—"I am sixty of age. By the use of Mrs. S. A. Allen's World's Hair Restorer, my gray hair is restored to its natural color. I am satisfied it is not a dye, but acts on the secretions. My hair ceases to fall. Your Hair Dressing is superior to all others. For eruptions it has no equal." Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 198 Greenwich st., N. Y.

It is true of most cathartic medicines now offered for sale, that they leave the bowels in a torpid, passive state. Parsons' Purgative Pills leave the bowels in a healthy condition.

To relieve pains arising from any cause, Blood's Rheumatic Compound may be used with great certainty of success.

Agriculture.

PICKLED FORAGE.—As regards pickling fodder, we saw it done in Germany, and on this wise. Several pits were dug in the lower field, about ten feet deep, with the same width and length; these were lined with loose boards, and the clover thrown in green, as cut, and thoroughly tramped down by two men; the surface of every layer, about a foot or eighteen inches in thickness, was whitened with salt; a layer was added to layer, and trampled above and salted, until the pit was filled with comparatively solid mass of clover. A rude covering of boards was then put over the hole, sufficient to turn rain, a slight trench, such as a soldier digs around his tent—and the operation was then complete. We were told that after fermentation, the mass was cut out through the winter with sharp spades, fed to stock of all kinds, and depoured with great relish. We were informed, moreover, that the process applied as well to pea vines, the leaves of Jerusalem artichoke (solamin tuberosus) and the leaves of certain forest trees. When we consider the difficulty of curing for winter's use all the more succulent varieties of herbage, and the immense annual loss of that most valuable of all forage plants, clover, in the curing, it is to be hoped that some one will have the nerve to give a fair trial to this Prussian process; they will be eagerly imitated in the use of the needle gun, and in the art of destroying, why not in that of sustaining life.—Cor. of Turf, Field, and Farm.

WEANING AND FALL-FEEDING LAMBS.—The true secret of making sheep-raising profitable is to keep lambs growing steadily from the day of their birth until they reach full maturity. The crisis of most importance in the life of the lambs is weaning them. They should be taken from the ewes when about four or four and a half months old, and there should always be provided for them a piece of new, fresh feed, and they should not be allowed to want for the best forage ground during the entire autumn. If not always convenient to provide a desirable lot for them, make up for the deficiency in fresh grain, by a small daily allowance of meal, made from equal parts of corn and oats round together. Much advantage may be derived from feeding the leaves from cabbages and trumps. They should, if possible, be sheltered from all the heavy rains. It will take a flock of lambs much longer to recover from the effect of a drenching rain, than it will a flock of ewes. Their tender bodies have not a sufficient amount of stamina and vitality to keep up the degree of heat requisite to counteract the effects of rain, which weighs down their fleece. If lambs are cared for in the autumn, so that they come to the barn in good condition, the question of wintering well is more than half settled. Fresh feed, a little meal daily, and careful sheltering, will pay better now than at any other time in the life of these animals.—Mirror of Farmer.

EARLY FROST ON THE PRAIRIES.—Let those who are fond of drawing comparisons between the far west and Canada, unsalvageable to the latter, look at the following record of the frost of Sept. 21st, as it affected various parts of the prairie region. In Fern, ice foed 1/2 inch in thickness; late corn damaged. In Peris, hard frost; corn not much damaged. At Dixon, slight frost; corn not hurt; same Amboy.—At Bloomington, damage to corn. At Rockford, frost severe; the damage cannot be estimated, but extensive, as stated at Henry, diminishes the crop 1-4th. Galenlittle damage. At Belvidere, ice 1/2 inch thickness; half the corn crop was ruined. Mendota it was considerably injured. At Geburgh, as at Princeton, frost light.—In Iowa, and Wis., generally reported light. was most severe along the line of the De Air-line, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy railroads. In consequence of the frost corn advanced in Chicago to 68c on Friday week, says the Chicago Republican, of the 22nd ult.—Canada Farmer.

PRESERVING TOMATOES.—To preserve tomatoes for winter and early spring use we have found it a most economical for family purposes to put them into widemouthed jars, holding two or three or more qts; according to the size of the family. The jars, previously to their going into winter quarters, (re merely cooked without season of any sort, and put while hot into the jars which should be filled full and the corks drivome tightly and tied down. During these warm days we have eaten them preserved in this manner as fresh and as refreshing as the just picked from the vines. Long life the tomato.—Springfield Republican.

ANGRY BEES AT A FUNER.—An extraordinary scene lately occurred a graveyard at Edwardsville, Ill. During the funeral ceremonies over the body of a child, mourners and attendants were attacked by warm of humbees. The irate insects upon the uncovered heads and faces of the present, who were stung in a terrible mer. The ladies screamed, and a retreat was taken before the ceremony concluded.

Candles may be made (burn) their own wicks, by saturating them with strong solution of nitre and then thoroughly drying them. The cause of the wicks of candles tending to burn, is that the air cannot get at them. The nitre, however, at a high temperature will supply oxygen enough for this purpose.—Ex.