

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 7th, 1866.

JOHN XXI. 15-25: Christ's charge to Peter. 1 KINGS XXI. 1-16: Naboth is stoned.
Recite—PROVERBS XXX. 8, 9.

Sunday, October 14th, 1866.

ACTS I. 1-14: Christ's ascension 1 KINGS XXI. 17-29: Evil in store for Ahab.
Recite—PSALM XXIV. 7-10.

SELF-MADE MEN.—The good men of the Bible are all God-made men—such as Enoch, Abraham, Paul. It is the bad who are the self-made men. When a man makes himself, he is not likely to make himself what God would have him to be. Yet this phrase, "self-made," like self-reliant, is often heard from the lips of Christian men, as the expression of something great and noble! "God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions."

SWEARING is the fit expression of human rage, and the most exact interpreter of its real meaning. He who utters the fearful word of damnation against his fellow-man, is giving vent to a feeling which, had he the power, would really consign him to hell. Anger is thus not only murder, but murder of the worst kind; it would not only kill the body, but would cast both soul and body into hell. Swearer, see what your oaths mean! Angry man, see what your anger means!

A DUTCHMAN'S SPEECH AT A TEMPERANCE MEETING.—"I shall tell you how it was. I put mine hand on mine head, and there was von pig bain. Then I put mine hand on mine pody and there was anoder. There was very much bain in all mine pody. Then I put mine hand in mine pocket, and there was noting. So I fined mit de temperance. Now there was no more bain in mine head. The bain in mine pody was all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and there was twenty dollars. So I shall slatay mit de temperance."

VALUE OF THE SABBATH.—A distinguished banker, charged with an immense amount of property during the great pecuniary pressure of 1836 and 1837, said, "I should have been a dead man, had it not been for the Sabbath. Obligated to work from morning till night, through the whole week, I felt on Saturday afternoon as if I must have rest. It was like going into a dense fog. Every thing looked dark and gloomy, as if nothing could be saved. I dismissed all, and kept the Sabbath in the good old way. On Monday it was all sunshine. I could see through and I got through. But had it not been for the Sabbath, I have no doubt I should have been in the grave."

The art of being polite.

First and foremost, don't try to be polite. It will spoil it all. If you keep overwhelming your guests with ostentatious entreaties to make themselves at home, they will very soon begin to wish they were there. Let them find out that you are glad to see them by your actions rather than words. Always remember to let bashful people alone at first. It is the only way to set them at ease. Trying to draw them out has sometimes the contrary effect of driving them out of the house. Leading the conversation is a dangerous experiment. Better follow in its wake; and if you want to endear yourself to talkers, learn to listen well. Never make a fuss about anything; never talk about yourself; and always preserve composure, no matter what solecisms or blunders others may commit. Remember that it is a very foolish proceeding to lament that you cannot offer to your guests a better house, or furniture, or viands. It is fair to presume that the visit is to you, and not to these surroundings. Give people a pleasant impression of themselves, and they will be sure to go away with a pleasant impression of your qualities. On just such slender wheels as these the whole fabric of society turns; it is your business to keep them in revolving order.

Wholesome Recreation.

Writing from Saratoga Springs to the *Evangelist*, Rev. Dr. Cuyler says on the subject of wholesome recreation:

"Two principles seem to me very clear. First—every one needs recreation; and that only which makes the body healthier, the mind more active, and the soul purer. Such recreation Luther found in his flute and his 'Christmas tree'; Wilberforce in rolling hoops with his children; old Lyman Beecher found in his fishing rod and his violin. No man needs pure and lively recreation more than a Christian minister.

On the other hand, the moment that healthful recreation passes over into stimulation of the passions, the sin and the danger begin. It is like the transition from the refreshment of a glass of water, or a cup of good coffee, to the fiery beverage of a brandy flask or the decanter. Just in this direction—the stimulation of the passions—lies the peril of the ball room, the theatre, the race-course, the licentious novel or painting, and the card table. It is enough, or should be, for every sincere Christian to know that he can no promote his piety in such atmospheres, than he could ripen Hamburg grapes in a cellar."

Half-hours before a Photographer's shop-window.

By PETER BAYNE.

History, we are informed on high authority, is the essence of countless biographies, and the substance of a man's history is always written on his face. Faces, says Thomas Carlyle, tell no lies. What point of view, then, could be more advantageous for the student of contemporary history,—European, in the first place, but by no means exclusively European,—than the pavement opposite the shop window of a large photographic establishment in the city of London. Here, within the compass of a few square yards, are exhibited, in all the truthfulness and graphic power of that most veracious of portrait painters, the sun, those faces on which are inscribed the annals of the time. These are the men and women who are shaping the present; whose thoughts agitate the brains and fire the blood of the rising generation; whose countenances the young desire to lock upon; whose words are the symbols of all that is brilliant, bright, electrifying for myriads of their fellow-sojourners upon earth. The great are here and the grotesquely or fantastically little; the good and astonishingly or romantically bad; the famous and the superlatively infamous; in one word, the notorious, celebrated authors, powerful statesmen, kings, princes, generals, field marshals, artists, sensation novelists, bishops, quacks, pulpit popularities, crack journalists, crack jockeys, crack orators, crack singers, crack runners, crack murderers and murderesses, prime ministers, actors and actresses, ballet dancers, opera stars, judges, barristers, balloon-excurionists, mountebanks, monsters, oddities, dwarfs, giants, professors, inventors, Japanese ambassadors, royal families, ephemera of the hour, insects blown high by the wind of vanity, eagles of fame, every one on whom the world's wandering eye deigns to rest for a moment. As in a wild historical extravaganza, all come together in this window. Various and hostile are the interests, the characters, the prejudices, the passions they represent, but here they are at peace. Misery acquaints one with strange bed-fellows, but misery does not forbid a protest against the juxtaposition. Here there is no protest, and men and women who in life would encounter with the keen glance of animosity, smile tranquilly into each others eyes. Dr. Colenso, terror of all orthodox souls, does not startle Canon Miller from his post in the adjoining pane, nor does the tall, gaunt form of Lord Shaftesbury open its lips to pronounce upon him *anathema maranatha*. Thomas Carlyle, stern prophet of the latter day, drops a tear down his iron cheek in homage to everlasting silence, while Mademoiselle Twistilini, gyrating like a whirlwind on the point of her great toe, arrayed in gauzy butterfly robes, seems to be assuring the philosopher that life is only a joke. Frowning and truculent, looking from beneath dark beetle brows upon a world which he longs to crush and conquer, Count Von Bismarck meets the quiet, collected, impassive sphynx-like gaze of Napoleon III., and he again salutes pensively the mild face of the prime minister of England, Earl Russell. Constance Kent the girl who was declared by Inspector Whichever to be a Lady Macbeth, the girl who took her little brother from his bed and slew him smit the dew of the summer night, is side by side with Florence Nightingale, tender and merciful, while Dr. Pritchard, the murderer by slow torture of poison, of his beautiful young wife and loving mother-in-law, smirks a smirk of servility, and baseness, and sordid lying into the gentle, ben-volent, manly face of Mr. Peabody. But there is no end of these contrasts in this illustrated epitome of world history, in this Vanity Fair of a shop window. It will be more profitable to look at a few of the faces with more deliberate attention.

Faces, it has been already said in the words of Mr. Carlyle, do not lie; but if faces do not lie, and if religion can be read upon the human face, how and why is it that the most religious faces in this window are not exactly those of the men whose names are most in the world's mouth for orthodox zeal or pulpit popularity?

Take for instance the face of Mr. Spurgeon. It is honest; it is strong; it has the massive quietude, and fixed expression, and open, straightforward look of one who believes all he says and says all he believes. It is a genuine, rugged, robust English face. But is it expressive of deep reverence? Is it marked by that fine and tremulous sensibility which is surely an element in the religious character, and which is most of all characteristic of the Christian religion? Is there humility in it, and habitual reliance on a Higher Power, and perpetual loving abasement before the Saviour? I think not. You miss all those delicate touches in the face of Mr. Spurgeon by which nature denotes her finely-toned her pure, and elevated, and reverent souls. It is the face of an egotist; a frank, brave, manly egotist, but an egotist after all.

Turn to the face of the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel, a member of the same denomination as Mr. Spurgeon, who, though belonging to an aristocratic family and occupying a place of distinction in the Church of England, abandoned, a few years ago, both position and emolument, and became a Baptist preacher. There is not so much strength in this face as in Mr. Spurgeon's; but how completely is all self assertion in it, all vanity, all pride, absorbed and swallowed up in devotion to the cause to which his life is dedicated! We feel that this is the face of a religious man, a Christian man; the face of Mr. Spurgeon might belong to a strong man in almost any walk of intellectual life.

Or consider the face of Dr. Cumming, the famed expounder of prophecy, the ingenious discoverer of the reeds mentioned in Revelations in the funnels of modern steamboats, the dexterous arranger of the opposing hosts at Armageddon out of the forces of the Allies and of the

Russians in the Crimea. I do not affirm that Dr. Cumming's face correctly denotes his character, but I must say that it is not a religious face, that it is not even a noble face. Self-complacency, infinite circumspection in the calculations of self-interest, worldly wisdom, servile deference to the great, simpering plausibility, spectacled propriety, shop-keeper prudence, teachable piety,—these are the qualities which seem to me to be written on the face of Dr. Cumming. Such precisely would I expect to be the face of a man who, three weeks after publishing a prediction that the world is to end in three years, would strike a hard bargain for the lease of a house for ten,—of the man who would go into ecstasies of gratitude and self-adulation on being asked to christen the child of a duke,—of the man who would recollect the name of every earl, marquis, duke or countess who ever entered his chapel, and tell them over to himself in meditative moments with the fond pleasure with which a love-lorn maiden recalls the gifts and sweet words of her lover. A marvellous absence of all suggestion of a life beyond the present is in this face of Dr. Cumming—a marvellous lack of aspiration, of lofty purpose, of exalted devotion. It is of the earth, earthy. Nothing positively bad in it. Rather a pledge of propriety and respectability in his every line and feature. But no light falling from beyond, no high enthusiasm, no glow of affection, nothing above the average, ordinary every day virtue of buying and selling humanity. It belongs to a time when comfort has been combined with Christianity; you cannot imagine the martyr's crown around the sagacious brows of Dr. Cumming.

But here is a face, which we can well conceive to be that of a saint or martyr of the olden time. It is the face of one against whom and his party Dr. Cumming would vehemently inveigh, pronouncing them at heart Romanists, mere Jesuits in disguise. I allude to Dr. Pusey. There is in this countenance, doubtless, an indication of that rather weak and morbid enthusiasm, that sentimentality of religion without its strength, which has, I think, been characteristic of the high Anglican or Puseyite party in the Church of England. But there is a perfect sincerity in the face, combined with earnestness, humility and faith, a refinement also, and a superiority to all sordid motives, a melancholy steadfastness of belief, firm but sad, as if there were a feeling in the breast that belief has its difficulties, and that faith is a grace for which we ought to pray and for which we ought to give thanks. Dr. Cumming has the look of one who has solved every riddle in the universe, and has perfect confidence that his formula is a girdle for the world. Dr. Pusey, while his air is that of a man whose mind is made up, and whose faith is immovably anchored within the veil, has the child-like diffidence of one who knows how little man can do, in this world of time, beyond gathering up questions to be answered in eternity.

Scientific.

SUNSHINE.

We advise everybody to live on the sunny side of their houses. The room in which the family spends most of its time should be on the side on which the sun can find its way into it. Let the parlor, if it be seldom used, be on the shady side. We observe that there is not a cottager so ignorant that she will not set her plants, if she has taste enough to grow them, in the east window in the morning, and at noon carry them to a south window, and in the afternoon put them in a west window. But perhaps she is careful to keep her children in the shade, and her precious self, so far as possible, out of the rays of the sun. The plants, in obedience to natural law, are kept healthy, while the children and mother, being kept in the shade, suffer in consequence.

Light is beginning to be considered a great curative agent, and we apprehend that the time is not far distant when there will be sun baths. Corridors with glass roofs will be so adjusted that persons can properly remove their clothing and take a bath in the sun for an hour or two, much to the improvement of their health. The chief advantage in going to the country is to get into the sunshine, and to be in the pure breezes. If we desire merely to keep cool, we should stay in the shady city. People talk of "hot walls" and "burning pavements" it is much hotter in the country, for the breezes that play there in mid-day only bring heated air in from out doors. But in the city the breeze brings air in from the shady side of the street, and the lower rooms of a city house are much cooler in mid-day, than the exposed houses of the country.

Parents can do nothing better for their puny sick boys than to put them on a farm for two or three summers, and let the sun bathe them the live long day. They will, by such a life, grow rapidly, and become tough, brawny and broad. We have seen this tried to the highest advantage in more than one instance under our advice.—*Presbyterian*.

THE CHAIN COAT.

France, always brave and generally ingenious, has done much to rob war of its horrors and discomforts, if a paragraph published in yesterday's issue, based upon a report which appeared in *Le Nord* may be believed. According to that journal, a light coat, impenetrable to musketry fire, has been invented, which effectually shields the soldier from the feeling of inconvenience which we may well imagine is consequent on being perforated by a bullet. The inventor—so goes the story—put on his capote and stood the fire of a carbine, the only damage being done to the bullet, which fell flattened to the ground. What with iron-clads in naval warfare, and these char-

ming capotes in land engagements, the tented field and all that will be decidedly more pleasant than in the days of wooden ships and jackets which bullets bored through. We are not sure that battles will not become a pleasant pastime in the light which envelopes this new era. Any one and every one will be willing to go for a soldier when he can go in regimentals like those of which *Le Nord* makes mention, shedding bullets as a duck's back does water. A shower of lead will be minded no more than the ordinary douche which hydropathic physicians inflict upon their patients. With the certainty that his stomach is safe from the ragged perforation of minie messengers, it will be no difficult matter for the veriest coward to summon up sufficient courage for the fray.

Agriculture.

RAISING POTATOES UNDER STRAW.—"On a recent trip in the St. Clair County Ill.," says friend Colman of the *Rural World and Valley Farmer*, "We saw hundreds of acres of land covered with straw. The ground had been ploughed and harrowed and marked off, and potatoes dropped, and then the whole surface covered about six inches deep with straw. These potatoes have no further attention till digging time, when two or three hundred bushels per acre are obtained. The straw keeps the weeds down, and the soil cool and moist. The straw is raked away in autumn, and there lie the potatoes white and clean. The straw potatoes bring the highest price in market."

USEFUL INSECTS.—The *Entomologist* says:—"We blame the house flies for annoying, and fail to see that in the larva state they have cleared away impurities around our dwellings, which might otherwise have bred cholera and typhus fever. We execrate the blood-thirsty mosquito, and forget that in the larva state she has purified the water, which would otherwise by its material effluvia, have generated agues and fevers. In all probability, when we rail at the *Tabanus* that torments our houses in the summer, we are railing at insects which in the larva state added millions of dollars to the national wealth, by preying upon those most insidious and unmanageable of all the insect foes of the farmer—subterraneous, root-feeding larva."

DOUBLE-MINDED FARMERS.—One great principle of success in business, is learning a trade well and then sticking to it. It requires a long time to know every thing connected with successful business. An acquaintance, a seed-dealer, stated that for the first five years he could not ascertain that he made anything. But he was learning. Before ten years he was clearing five thousand dollars per year. Another was doing well in manufacturing ropes. But was unstable in mind, and although his friends advised him to "hang to the ropes," he was not getting rich fast enough; but he meddled with business he had not learned sufficiently, bought a mill, bought grain, and then broke a bank by his large failure. Some farmers come to the conclusion that cows are the most profitable; purchase animals, erect buildings, and begin well. But being a new business, they do not succeed as they expected; they might, if they would stick to it. The next year they sell their dairy and buy sheep. The price of wool is low that year; and they hear that much money has been made by raising tobacco. Thus they go on, changing from one thing to another, and never succeeding in any. Stick to your business.

HELPING THE SOIL.—The good farmer does this. Nature does not always make a perfect soil—indeed but seldom. Then the farmer's aid comes in excellently. He is supposed to be a man of understanding; if not, he had better be employed in something that he has capacity for. The means to help a soil are not scant. What ground generally lacks is manure. Manure is the best one ingredient that can be applied, as it contains the principles of many others. It moistens soil; it mellows it; it drains it; it guards it against frost and sun. It is for this reason that so much manure is used, and, comparatively little else. Menure will do without a sub-soil plough, without ditching, without a mowing machine, without even a horse-rake; but they use manure, more or less. It is well for the land that this is so. Nature has made some soils too wet for farming purposes—though to meet her end they were properly made. The farmer need not be told that, to help this soil, he must drain it. He then gets the undeveloped richness. Pulverizing it and stirring it deeply, so that the heat and air can get down, is another great thing. These are the main things—simple, yet how little done.

Nature gives you the soil; you help her, and she helps you in return—helps you while you are doing it. She keeps your ground moist when you mellow it, and she lets the air pass into it with its fertility which she took from negligent barn-yards—and this fertility she leaves with the soil—so that the farmer and nature are helping each other. Thus our farms are improved. How are they deteriorated? By just the opposite course—by neglect. The more we do for our farms, the more nature will aid us; and thus the better will be our land. The truth is, we are only helping nature at the best, and she pays us for what we do for her; the land is still hers; she forever holds the title deed.—*Colman's Rural World*.

"A stitch in time saves nine." It is much easier to guard against disease by taking proper care of the system when unimpaired than to mend it when once broken down. Upon the first appearance of pain use Blood's Rheumatic Compound.