

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE 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.

Sunday, November 25th, 1866.

Acts iii. 1-16: Peter heals a lame man. 2 Kings ii. 1-11: Elijah goes up by a whirlwind into heaven.  
Recite—EXODUS xv. 1-4.

## Selling a Birthright.

"Father," said Charley one day, "Mr. Reed is going to take the whole school to Union Hill on the Fourth, and we are to have a dinner and a grand, good time. We are to choose a captain out of the first class, and to-morrow is election day."

"For whom are you going to vote?"  
"Morton, the tallest fellow in the school; and the best boy, too, I think. But George has gone over to the opposition."

"How's that, George, my boy? Who is your candidate? Let us hear the other side."

"Chester," said George. "I don't see why he won't make as good a captain as Morton."

"He is not so good a scholar," said Charley; "besides, he swears sometimes, and then he is buying up votes, and I think that is mean."

George flushed up a little, but made no reply.  
"George," said his father, "I want you to tell me if Chester has given you any thing to influence your vote?"

George hung his head and was very slow to reply; but there was no escape from his father's question, and at last he answered, "I broke my new bat yesterday, playing base-ball, and he gave me his, if I would promise to vote for him."

"And did you promise?"  
"Yes, father."

"You were wrong, my boy. Your vote is your birthright. Not very long ago, when we read how Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, you thought him very little of a man. And now you have sold yours for a second-hand bat! You have sold yourself, your influence, as far as it goes, to elect a boy who, by taking unfair means to secure this honor to himself, shows himself unfit for it, and shows also that he has reason to believe that a majority of the school think some one else more worthy. Now, as you look over the whole affair, do you not think it dishonorable to both of you?"

"Yes," answered George; "I did not think it was so much matter."

"Why, if you can be bought over with a bat when you are a boy, you may be bought over with an office, or with money when you are a man. I want my sons to be above a bribe, or selling the rights of their manhood."

"What ought I to do, father?"  
"Take the bat back to Chester, and tell him how the matter appears to you on further consideration. If he has any honor in him he will release you from your promise; if he has not, he can hold you to it, and you must keep your word, and I am sorry for you. And take care not to be caught in such a false position again."

George wished the old bat at the bottom of the sea a dozen times as he carried it back with shame to Chester. He was laughed at, reproached, and held to his promise, as he expected to be; and acquired such a contempt for his candidate's selfish want of principle, that he was glad when he found himself on the losing side next day, and joined heartily in the cheers which the winners gave for Morton.—*Independent.*

## Importance of Manner.

The importance of pleasing manners and a good delivery in the pulpit is very forcibly illustrated by the following true incident which we find in an exchange:

Rev. Samuel Treat, grandfather of Robert Treat Paine, was settled in Eastham, Mass., a hundred and sixty years ago. His pastorate continued for nearly half a century. But, in spite of great learning and uncommon vigor of thought, his manner in the pulpit was so repulsive that out of his own parish he was heard reluctantly, even by intelligent congregations. He married a daughter of Rev. Samuel Willard, of Boston.

After his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Willard, he was sometimes invited by that gentleman to preach in his pulpit. Mr. Willard possessed a graceful delivery; a masculine and harmonious voice; and in his sermons were strength of thought and energy of language. The natural consequence was that he was generally admired.

Mr. Treat, having preached one of his best discourses to the congregation of his father-in-law, in his usual unhappy manner, excited universal disgust; and several nice judges waited on Mr. Willard and begged that Mr. Treat, who was a worthy, pious man, it was true, but a wretched preacher, might never be invited into his pulpit again. To this request Mr. Willard made no reply; but he desired his son-in-law to lend him his discourse; which being left with him, he delivered without alteration, to his people a few weeks after.

The hearers were charmed. They flew to Mr. Willard and requested a copy for the press. "See the difference," they cried, "between yourself and your son-in-law: you have preached a sermon on the same text as Mr. Treat's; but whilst his is contemptible, yours is excellent."

## Wanted, a minister's wife.

At length we have settled a pastor.

I am sure I cannot tell why  
The people should grow so restless,  
Or candidates grow so shy;  
But after two years' searching  
For the "smartest" man in the land,  
In a fit of desperation  
We took the nearest at hand.

And really he answers nicely  
To "fill up the gap," you know;  
To "run the machine" and "bring up arrears,"  
And make things generally go.  
He has a few little failings,  
His sermons are commonplace, quite,  
But his manner is very charming,  
And his teeth are perfectly white.

And so of all the "dear people"  
Not one in a hundred complains,  
For beauty and grace of manner  
Are so much better than brains.  
But the parish have all concluded  
He needs a partner for life,  
To shine a gem in the parlor:  
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

Wanted, a perfect lady,  
Delicate, gentle, refined,  
With every beauty of person,  
And every endowment of mind;  
Fitted by early culture  
To move in fashionable life—  
Please notice our advertisement:  
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

Wanted, a thoroughbred worker,  
Who well to her household looks;  
(Shall we see our money wasted  
By extravagant Irish cooks?)  
Who cuts the daily expenses  
With economy sharp as a knife,  
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen:  
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

A "very domestic person,"  
To "callers" she must not be "out,"  
It has such a bad appearance  
For her to be gadding about.  
Only to visit the parish  
Every year of her life,  
And attend the funerals and weddings;  
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

To conduct the "ladies' meeting,"  
The "sewing circle" attend;  
And when we "work for soldiers,"  
Her ready assistance to lend.  
To clothe the destitute children  
Where sorrow and want are rife,  
And look up Sunday-school scholars;  
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

Careful to entertain strangers,  
Travelling agents and "such;"  
Of this kind of "angel visits"  
The deacons have had so much  
As to prove a perfect nuisance,  
And "hope these plagues of their life  
Can soon be sent to the parson's:"  
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

A perfect pattern of prudence,  
To all others spending less,  
But never disgracing the parish  
By looking shabby in dress;  
Playing the organ on Sunday  
Would aid our laudable strife  
To save the society's money:  
"Wanted, a minister's wife!"

And when we have found the person,  
We hope, by working the two,  
To lift our debt and build a new church—  
Then we shall know what to do;  
For they will be worn and weary,  
Needing a change of life,  
And we shall advertise: "Wanted,  
A minister and his wife!"

## Worship in Scotland.

Edna Dean Proctor, in a letter to the *New York Independent*, gives a pleasant account of some peculiarities of worship in the Presbyterian churches of Scotland. She says:

There is little apparent difference any where in Scotland between the Free and Established churches. In both you hear preaching that would be considered sound and orthodox in the strictest New England parish. In both the minister is attended to the pulpit by the beadle, who carries the Bible reverently before him and lays it upon the desk. In both the singing is entirely congregational, the tunes being pitched and led by the precentor, who occupies an elevated seat directly in front of the pulpit, and wears a gown similar to that of the minister; indeed, I remember that at a church in Edinburgh, where the minister happened to be a small, thin man and the precentor tall, and portly, and florid, the latter functionary quite eclipsed the former, until service time. Most of the precentors whom I have seen have had a consequential, self-satisfied manner, as if they thought their position quite as important as that of the minister. I can easily imagine their replying as one of their own number is said to have done to the minister of the High church of Edinburgh, who, having been absent one Sabbath, inquired of his precentor, when he met him next day, how the services had been conducted. "No vers weel, I daur say," was the response; "I was awa, like yourself." In several instances I have noticed that the names of the tunes for the day have been printed in their order, in large letters, and suspended in a

frame above the pulpit in view of the whole congregation.

Great deference is shown to the minister; the congregation rise for the benediction, and remain standing until he has passed down the aisle. There may still be exceptions to this rule, however, as in the story told by the *Ettrick* shepherd, of the pastoral parish in Peebleshire, where the shepherds were attended to church by their dogs, that would remain quiet until their masters rose for the benediction, when, in the prospect of speedy release, they had the habit of giving the most dismal howl. In order to escape this the kirk session decided that the congregation might be excused from rising. One Sabbath a stranger chanced to officiate, and extending his hands for the benediction, and seeing that no one stirred, he looked toward an elderly man near him as if to ask an explanation. The former, perceiving his embarrassment, cried out, "Speak awa, man. It's a' right. We're only keepin' our seats to cheat the dogs."

## A few words for Sunday School Teachers.

## NEED OF PREPARATION.

Mr. Spurgeon says:—"The teacher who goes to his class thinking that he himself is always competent, without preparation, is making what I think is a gross mistake. It is well to preach without notes, no doubt, but a man who should preach purely extemporaneously, without thinking beforehand, would probably be an exceedingly dull and dry preacher. 'Would you believe it, Sandy,' said a divine, 'that I never thought of the sermon before I went into the pulpit?' 'Oh, that is exactly what Mr. Mackintosh and I have been saying while you were preaching.' Now, if Sunday-school teachers pride themselves in extemporaneous teaching, their pride is peculiar to themselves, and the children will not take much pride in them."

## PUNCTUALITY.

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people. They impede business and personal pleasure. Make it your own rule to be not only punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness. For want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too.

A merchant ought to acquire and maintain an easiness of manner—a suavity of address—and a gentlemanly deportment; without which, the finest talents and the most valuable mental acquirements are often incapable of realizing the brilliant expectations which they induce their possessors to form.

## IDEA OF THE COMMANDMENTS.

A Scotch lad came to a clergyman for examination previous to receiving his first communion. The pastor knowing that his young friend was not very profound in his theology, and not wishing to discourage him, or keep him from the table, unless compelled to do so, began by asking what he thought to be a safe question, and what would give him confidence; so he took the Old Testament, and asked him in reference to the Mosaic law, how many commandments there were. After a little thought he put his answer in the form of a supposition, and replied cautiously "Aibine (perhaps a hunner (hundred)."

The clergyman was vexed, and told him his ignorance was intolerable, and that he could not pass the examination, and that he must wait and learn more; so he went away. On returning home he met a friend on his way to the manse, and on learning that he, too, was going to the minister for examination, shrewdly asked him, "Well what will ye say noo if the minister asks how many commandments there are?" "Say! why, I shall say ten to be sure." To which the other rejoined in great triumph, "Ten! try ye wi' ten! I tried him w' a hunner, and he was na satisfied."

## A CHEERFUL SUPERINTENDENT

A principle element of a superintendent's success is cheerfulness. The scholars soon distinguish the good-natured, happy-faced superintendent from the cross and disagreeable one. They love the former. His presence and smile lighten the room and all hearts in it. The teachers are encouraged, the scholars are orderly, the school is happy and prosperous. I have in my mind's eye a man at the head of a Sabbath-school, every teacher and scholar of which, I believe, would sacrifice all they possessed if they could only thereby make him happy and show their love for him. His teachers all love him, the Bible-class scholars affectionately regard him, the main school loves him, and even the little feet of the infant class scholars delight to run and greet him.

STATE-APPOINTED PRAYERS.—"R. S. P." writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to ask why his rector (and he daresay half the rectors in the Clergy List) does not notice the present calamitous weather by reading the prayer "for fair weather." This neglect, he says, is all the more vexatious when we have to listen to the two long archiepiscopal prayers for relief from a plague that may be said to have ceased, and from an epidemic that has, thank God, never caused "a great mortality." Meanwhile, he adds, Dissent does not wait for the tardigradous action of superior authorities, but puts up a suitable prayer, as his wife, who was persuaded to go to a Baptist chapel in the evening, tells him.

WHEN you cannot see both ends the middle is uncertain.

## Scientific &amp;c.

A LADY'S THIMBLEFUL SENDS LIGHTNING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.—A curious incident of ocean telegraphy is thus related by the *London Times* of October 1:—

"The contents of a lady's thimble would hardly be expected to constitute a very powerful instrument. It would scarcely have been thought capable of one of the most astonishing feats ever performed by science. The Chairman, however, of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, informs us that this little instrument has actually achieved such a feat. By way of experiment, the engineer of the company joined the extremities of the two cables which now stretch across the Atlantic, thus forming an immense loop line of three thousand seven hundred miles. He then put some acid in a lady's silver thimble, with bits of silver and copper, and by this simple agency he succeeded in passing signals through the whole length in little more than a second of time. A few years ago, how incredible such a statement would have sounded! It seems, indeed, that the simplicity of the fact has taken electricians by surprise. When a cable was first laid across the whole breadth of the Atlantic, it was anticipated that an unusually high power would be requisite to drive the current in sufficient force through such a length. In the first instance, therefore they used a battery with fifty cells, and afterward employed five hundred cells. But the company are now working between Valentia and Heart's Content with a battery of only twenty cells. It is, in fact, remarkable how greatly the success of the present year has dispipated the supposed difficulties of distant or deep sea telegraphy."

CONSUMPTIVE PEOPLE.—A hundred times have my consumptive patients expressed surprise that the wet weather, in which I have insisted they should go out, as usual, has not injured them—that they even breathe more freely than on pleasant days. Of course, I tell them, if the body is well protected, the more moist the air, the more grateful to the lungs. There is no possible weather which can excuse the consumptive people for keeping in-doors. Give them sufficient clothing, protect their feet carefully, and they may go out freely in rain, sleet, snow and wind. Ignorance of this fact has killed thousands. Consumptives and all invalids and indeed persons in health, are cautioned to avoid the night air. Do those who offer this advice forget that there is no other air at night but "night air?" Certainly we cannot breathe the day air during the night. Do they mean that we should shut ourselves up in air tight rooms, and breathe over and over again, through half the twenty-four hours, the atmosphere we have already poisoned? We have only the choice between night air when pure, and night air poisoned with the exhalations from our skins and lungs, perhaps from lungs already diseased.—*Dr. Lewis.*

A manufactory for making printer's type of vulcanized india-rubber has just been started at Dalston. This new kind of type is said to be as quickly and easily made, and to be fully equal in quality and durability to the common type, the price being only one-third of the latter. It offers the advantage of less weight as compared with metal type, and can be remoulded when worn. It presents particular advantages for stereotyping.

CURE FOR HEAVY HORSES.—A correspondent of *The Massachusetts Ploughman* having had a large experience with animals afflicted with the disease in question, always with success, with a small amount of labour, submits the following: First, procure (if you have not one already) a head halter, and tie the horse so that he cannot eat the bedding; give for a few days but little food, and that wet, not more than half the usual quantity, which will relieve the breathing; after which nutritious food is fed liberally with grain, and less hay, and so long as you do so, your horses will not have the heaves. If the owner wishes to hurry recovery, a dose of physic (an ounce of powdered aloes), will unload the bowels quicker. I have owned several heavy horses, and after treating them as stated above, I have doubted whether they ever had the disease, but after (by accident) a large amount of hay had been devoured, the distressed breathing and double action of the flanks re asserted the facts.

ONE WAY OF GETTING OUT FINE STUMPS. A nameless correspondent writes:—"Get first a bolt made from 15 to 18 inches long, 1 1/2 or 2 1/2 inches thick—a small hole beginning in the centre at one end and coming out near the shoulder. At the other or top, a ring like a neck yoke that will take a handspike. The bolt to have a screw thread from end to end, except one or two inches at the bottom to be tapered. Get an augur a size less than the bolt, bore, put in powder, enter the screw, put in a handspike, turn round, fill the hole in the screw with powder, lay your match and clear out. Pretty soon the stump will clear out also. This plan will also split logs for rails."

TO MAKE BOOTS AND SHOES SOFT AND NICE AND WATER PROOF.—Apply quickly a very small quantity of castor oil. If too much be used it will strike through and soil the sock, and an excess is of no advantage whatever. Boots and shoes remain soft and pleasant longer after being slightly rubbed over with castor oil than any preparation I have tried. It is best for it not to get to the legs or sewing.—*Rural World.*