Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 2nd, 1866.

John xix. 31-42: Burial of Christ. 1 Kings xix. 9-21: Elijah sent to annoint Elisha.

.....

Sunday, September 9th, 1866.

Concert: or Review of the past months subjects and lessons.

What Love will do.

Sometimes, when I have been visiting sick people, I have seen a little girl watching beside her mother's bed, and arranging her pillows, or stealing about on tiptoe to fetch anything she wanted, so fearful lest she should disturb her, and make her head ache. But more interesting still is it to see a little boy fulfilling such kind offices as he can for a dear, sick mother. Nursing is a part of a woman's work, and God gives her, for the most part, even in childhood, a gentle hand and quiet step, to point out the work he means her to do. But the boys are mostly noisy and thoughtless; so that I think it is much harder work for them to control their spirits, and creep about in a sick room.

First of all you must know that in a small town of France, about a hundred years ago, there lived a miser. He was a man who loved money so much that he denied himself the common necessaries of life in order to save it. A miserable, unhappy man was master Lombard; for that was his name. He was by trade a chemist, and he had made a great deal of money; but he lived just like a beggar. He had no wife nor children, nor even friends; he never showed anybody any kindness.

At night, when he shut up his shop, he would sit by the smallest scrap of fire, and eat a dry crust for his supper; then he would bring out his gold pieces and count them over and over to himself. Alas! of what use were they, boarded up like that? I think if Mr. Lombard had ever tried the delight of doing good to others with even one of those gold pieces, he would have found counting them up a very poor pleasure in comparison. But he never did try it, he never gave anything away; he never made anybody any happier. I do not know whether he ever read the blessed Bible words, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he layeth out will he pay him again." If he did, they never reached his heart. He lent money to other people, to bring him in a profit; but he never tried the better profit of lending it to the Lord.

One cold winter's night he was sitting as usual in his back parlor, cold and shivering, with nothing in all the world to comfort him but his bags of gold, when he heard a knock at the outer door. He did not trouble to get up to answer it at first, for he thought perhaps it was only a foolish boy playing him a trick, and that, if it really were a customer, he would be sure to knock again. Presently the knock did come again, and then Master Lombard slowly rose from his seat, passed through the shop, unbarred the door and looked out into the street. The ground was covered with snow, and all was still and silent, so that he was about to close the door again, angry at having been disturbed for nothing, when a thinly clad boy stepped out of the shadow of the dorway.

"Please you, good Master Lombard, it is me."

"*Me!* and who dares disturb me at this time of night? Who says I never give to those who want? they speak false. You want a thrashing; and you shall have it," and he seized the trembling child to fulfil his threat.

He struggled from his grasp, and again began to tell his tale.

"Please, Master Lombard, I only want some medicine for my mother." Lombard would again have interrupted him but he continued, "She *is* ill, sir—she is dying, partly from want of food; but this medicine may save her, if you will only give it me. Look, it is in Latin, but you can read it."

The apothecary took the paper from the boy's hand, and, stepping back into the shop, put on his spectacles to read it. When he had finished, the boy told of his mother's affliction, and asked anxiously whether the remedy were a good one.

"Yes," said Lombard, "the remedy is good, but it is dear; it will cost a good deal of money."

"O, what shall I do? for I have only five-pennies;" and the boy thought of his sick and dying mother, with an agony of distress.

The miser looked on in cold unconcern. Well does the Bible say, "The love of money is the root of all evil." He had gold in plenty, but he never thought of giving it to save a fellow creature's life. "It is no affair of mine," muttered he.

"Oh, if you will only let me have the medicine," again sighed the child.

"Bring the money, and you shall have it; but not a drop without, I tell you," was the hard reply.

"Oh, Master Lombard, give me but the medicine for my mother, and I will be your servant, your slave; I will work for you night and day; I will do anything, go anywhere—only save my mother."

The hard and cruel miser began to relent. "I want a boy," he thought to himself; "I know this one will be steady and clever; I can work him hard and feed him little; it would answer my purpose. Yes, I will take the boy—I might have done worse;" and, having come to this conclusion, he made up the medicine, and then returned to his cold, solitory parlor to meditate over his bargain.

The grateful boy hastened home meanwhile to his mother. He gave her the coveted draught, which had cost him so much to earn, and then all through the night he watched beside the sick bed. It was cold and cheerless; but what mattered that? Others were weeping, he was watching; others had comforts around them, he had none; but he cared not: his whole soul was absorbed in the one hope for his mother's life; if that was spared to him, all else seemed as nothing. His brave, young heart rose, even in the prospect of the difficult path to which he had bound himself, if only God would spare his mother.

And God did reward such love as this. When the morning dawned, she opened her eyes, she spoke to him, she was better; the medicine had worked its desired end. When she was well enough to hear his story, how sad and grieved she was to hear of the hard lot before him, and yet how she thanked God for having given her such a son. She was a widow, in sickness and poverty, yet how rich she felt in the possession of this better gift than worldly goods!

In due time she recovered, and the boy entered upon his duties at Lombard's shop. Hard indeed they were, and very difficult he was to please; the food was bad, and lodging worse, yet he never complained; and, more than this, he prospered. The lad was clever—God had given him talents; better still he was painstaking and industrious. As the years passed on, he grew rapidly in knowledge, and in the good opinion of others; so that at last the poor, fatherless boy, the miser's apprentice, became a wealthy and a celebrated man, the chemist Permentier.

God does fulfil his own promise, and, even in this world, reward and prosper those who honor their parents. There is only one commandment to which an earthly reward is attached; and when God promises, we may be quite sure he means what he says—"Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." Not the length of days may be exactly the shape the blessing may take to us; you know, to the Jew, length of days was the very best of earthly blessings, because each one hoped he might, by living a long time, live to see the promised Messiah; and so God in his commandment graciously appeals to this very feeling of their heart. But to us it is different, and it does not follow that the blessing will come to us in the form of a long life; but in some way God will show that he is especially pleased with those who love and honor their father and mother.

Terrible effects of Intemperance at Sea.

There are no vices so hopeless to eradicate as those which, while condemned, are laughed at. The slightest twinkle in a judge's eye, the faintest dimple of a smile about his lips, will be fatal to the effect of his sentence. Unhappily, it is thus that society and its writers have generally reproved the drunkenness of sailors. Their passionate love for a "drop of rum" has too often been regarded as a necessary part of their amphibious nature; a thirsty foible bred out of the salt water in their blood; a forecastle failing for which a good deal was to be said; a weakness, it is true, but excusable in consideration of the jolly soul of the British tar, and his radiant generosity to messmates when there are "shots in the locker." "Jack ashore" has always been expected to be drunk; unsteadiness of gait, with its usual accompaniments, is looked for in his case; magistrates fine him five shillings without so much as the formality of a caution; and the first thing everybody imagines he will do when he gets "under way" again, is to lament the deplorable views of Justice upon grog, over another stiff glass or two of that commodity. It is not, however, public opinion alone that helps him to misery; the guides and creators of opinion have had too much to do with it. All the sea authors, from Defoe to Dibdin and Marryatt, are guilty of making and keeping Jack fond of carousing; and even scholars like Dr. Parr used merely to say of his Majesty's crews when they reeled past: "Ah, well! bibulous clay, after all—bibulous clay." We really think that a good deal of what underlies so pestilent a view may find an explanation in one of those foolish sentences to which Dr. Johnson occasionally gave expression: "Water for babes, sir," he once said; "wine for men, but brandy for heroes." Is there not some such general feeling regarding sailors and their appetites? Is it not hinted that, being rough sea-dogs—"hearts of oak," dare-devils of the tempest and the battle—their drink must be of a corresponding nature? We don't pretend that our tars ever went to Dr. Parr or Dr. Johnson to find authority for a "Nor' nor" wester;" the purser's rum-tub and the ship's articles have always been enough for them. But nothing is so real and potent as an idea; it is a well known fact that before an action sailors were often wont to mix gunpowder with their grog "to set 'em going," and the folly of the process was no bar to its continuance. So is it with a sailor's intemperance; the theory is, that he has a sort of right to drink, and hence, though the idea is both absurd and wicked, he does drink. * * * The idea that to take as much as can be got is sailor-like or mantul, should simply be denounced in the strongest terms. To drink brandy is no more heroic than to drink tea or water; there are plenty of other poisons which though they sting the throat and set the stomach on fire, it is not thought heroic to consume.

We know very well that 'ologies and 'isms will never drive out of Jack's mouth his yearning lever for fiery potations. Abstinence will, in his case, come only when society shall cease to excuse his intemperance, and when, enforcing precept by example, it shall insist on his behaving like other men. It is the shameful fact that his officers, who at least know better, are very often ten times worse than himself.

A disgraceful story reaches us from New York,—one that helps to explain why the temperate sailors of the Mediterranean, and of most navies except our own, call us by offensive nicknames as a nation of guzzlers. The British ship "Bloomer" sailed from Cardiff on the 10th of March last, bound for Aden with coals. She was a fine vessel of 814 tons, with a crew of thirty-two hands on board; and she must have been worth, with her cargo, a royal sum. Yet, despite the wildness of the weather, the captain and first officer were both thoroughly drunk when the pilot left. Off Scilly her stern-post got damaged and a heavy after-sea was running; yet the fellows in command made no attempt to secure the ship. They were mad with rum, and when the wind got worse, the skipper actually insisted that the wheel should be let alone, to see, as he said, "if the vessel was old enough to take care of herself." The result was that the decks were swept fore and aft, the main hatch washed off, and the craft herself water-logged. The next morning the "Bloomer" was in a sinking condition, entirely through the reckless conduct of the chief officers; but still insane with drink, they only declared that they "should all go to——together then." A sail came in sight, and the crew managed to launch two boats. Into one of them the drunken captain was forced; but the mate was too mad with liquor to be saved, and they were obliged to leave him in araving state on the sinking ship. In coming along side the stranger, which was a Prussian vessel bound for New York, the boat that contained the captain capsized, and he was drowned with four of the crew; the others got safely on board. As nothing more has been heard of the "Bloomer," there is no reasonable doubt that the mate went down with her. Such is the miserable tale related by the second officers and the carpenter to the British consul at New York; and it has been printed, of course, in all the American papers.

Both the wretched men have fallen victims to their own folly; they went out of this world drunk; their miserable carcases are with the ship and the cargo which they threw away; and many a good vessel has been lost by the same means. Many a crew, too, whom good example keep decent and sober, become the disgrace of their flag in consequence of the example set them by such superiors as those of the "Bloomer." If the captain and officers are drunk on board ship, the hands are not likely to remain sober either afloat or ashore. The extraordinary docility, however, of English sailors is exhibited in the narrative we have given. What other men would have allowed their worthless skipper to play with their lives by abandoning the wheel and leaving the ship to the wind and waves? But in sea-life, as in society on land, a good deal must be done to improve the upper as well as the lower classes. How is it that owners entrust valuable vessels with their cargoes to captains notoriously capable of brutal and constant intoxication? Whether a man is temperate can be easily ascertained, and the insurance companies, with the underwriters who suffer, ought, above all things, to see that the officers to whom they commit the command of their vessels shall have earned a character for sobriety. On our best managed railways, an engine-driver has to report himself before starting his train, in order that the manager may know whether he is fit to be charged with the care of human life; but the captain and mate of a merchant vessel are often allowed to leave port on a long voyage with a crew just recovering from the effects of a carouse; nay, the agent himself sometimes sees the captain put off completely inebriated. When we brand drunkenness as not less vile in a sailor at sea than a gentleman on shore, we may, perhaps, find the same view dawn upon Jack's sodden spirit.—*London Telegraph.*

The Soul made visible.

Every one knows that in every human face there is an impalpable, immaterial something, which we call "expression," which seems to be, as it were, "the soul made visible." Where minds live in the region of pure thoughts and happy emotions, the felicities and sanctities of the inner temple shine out through the mortal tenement, and play over it like lambent flame. The incense makes the whole altar sweet; and we can understand what the poet means when he says that—

> "Beauty born of murmuring sound
> Shall pass into her face."

On the other hand, no man can lead a gormandizing, sordid, or licentious life, and still wear a countenance hallowed and sanctified with a halo of peace and joy. Around such great manufacturing towns as Birmingham in England, or Pittsburg in this country, where bituminous coal is used, you will find the roses in the flower-beds, and the strawberries and grapes on the vines, blackened and defiled by a foul deposit from a thousand chimneys. Thus do obscene, profane and irreverent men scatter their grime and stench upon the innocent beauty around them, but most deeply and foully upon themselves.—*Horace Mann.*

One of Gough's stories is a neat bit at those dilatory people who are always behind time. Some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you belong to the three-handed people." "Three-handed! That's rather uncommon." "O, no, common enough—two hands like other people—and *a little behind hand!*"

Scientific.

Strength of Iron and Steel.—The tensile strength of iron and steel is a point to determine which various series of experiments have been instituted by scientific and practical men; among others, those made at Glasgow by Mr. Napier are deemed of special importance and value, on account of the great care exercised in every operation. The mode of testing was simply to fasten the lower end of the bar securely, attach the upper end to the hook of an enormous steelyard, and load the end of the steelyard until the bar broke. Various sized bars and plates were tried, which, however, were carefully measured, and from the weight required to break them, the strength of a bar or plate of similar material, an inch square, was obtained by calculation. The number of experiments made was six hundred and twenty-five; and from these it appears—among other results—that a weight of seventy-four tons may be suspended by a rod of the very best cast steel, an inch square, while a rod of the same size, of the poorest quality of steel, will support only about twenty-three tons. It also appears from these and other experiments, that steel in bars is considerably stronger than in plates, and it is almost as tenacious across the plates as lengthwise.

Old Age and Productions of Genius.—It is an undeniable fact that a large number of the noblest works of the imagination have been produced when their authors had reached the period when it is supposed that the faculties begin to decay. Michael Angelo began his great picture of the "Last Judgment" when he was fifty-nine. Among musicians the facts are fully as remarkable. Gluck revolutionized the operatic art by bringing out the "Orfoe" when he was fifty. Handel was fifty-eight when he wrote his first oratorio, "Esther;" when he wrote "Israel in Egypt" he was sixty-five; and when he wrote the "Messiah" he was sixty-seven. Haydn wrote the "Creation" when he was sixty-four, and Beethoven was fifty-three when he wrote the "Choral Symphony." It is also to be noted, by the way, that the three men who possessed the gift of original genius in a higher degree than any of the others here named—that is, Michael Angelo, Handel, and Beethoven—were never married.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Raspberry Vinegar.—Every house-keeper should endeavour to have at least a small quantity of this delightful beverage. In cases of fevers it is indispensable, and will often quiet and soothe when nothing else will. Put two quarts of red raspberries, nice and fresh, into a jar, and pour over them a quart of good vinegar. Let it stand twenty-four hours. Strain through a flannel bag. Pour this liquid over two more quarts of fresh berries, and again let it stand twenty-four hours. Strain again. Allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf or good white sugar to every pint of juice. Stir well into the liquid, put into a stone jar, cover closely, and set to stand in a kettle of boiling water to be kept boiling for an hour. Strain it, and bottle ready for use. A teaspoonful to a tumbler of cold water is the manner of using it.

Do everything at the proper time.—Keep everything in its proper place. Always mend clothes before washing them. Alum or vinegar is good to set colors, red, green, or yellow. If you are buying a carpet for durabilitiy, choose small figures. A bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore old crape. Scotch snuff put in the holes where crickets run will destroy them. Salsoda will bleach; one spoonful is enough for one kettle of clothes. A hot shovel held over varnished furniture will take out white spots. A bit of soap rubbed on the hinges of doors will prevent their creaking. Green should be the prevailing color for bed hangings and window drapery. Wood ashes and common salt wet with water will stop the cracks of a stove and prevent smoke escaping.

Half a cranberry bound on a corn, will soon cure it.

Picture-frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water.

One drop of strong spirits of hartshorne will in an instant remove the pain caused by the sting of a bee, wasp, or hornet. It should be at hand in every family where there are children. The same article may be used for the removal of grease spots.

Squash Vine Bugs.—Plant a few seeds of hemp in each hill of squash or cucumber vines, and the striped bug will be effectually kept away. Let the hemp plant grow until the vines are out of the way of the bugs, and then pull them up like other weeds.

Josh Billings said the other night that a good way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go is to travel that way occasionally himself.

Men and actions, like objects of sight, have their points of perspective—some must be seen at a distance.