

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

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.

Sunday, December 2th, 1866.

ACTS iii. 17-26: Peter's address. 2 Kings ii. 12-25: Elisha succeeds Elisha. Recite—PSALM xxxiii. 1-5.

The pleasant Sabbath Evening.

'Twas night, and o'er the desert moor
The wintry storm-gust wildly blew,
And so we closed our cottage door,
And round our cheerful wood fire drew;
Each join'd the hymn of evening praise,
Then told a tale of Bible days.

First Charley in his little chair,
With sober face his tale began,
And told us of the faith and prayer
Of Daniel in the lion's den;
And how the lions were afraid
To kill the righteous man who prayed.

Then Henry spoke of Israel's guide,
The cloud by day, the fire by night,
And said, whatever might betide,
To trust in God was always right;
For he is still to those who pray,
A fire by night, a cloud by day.

And little Mary told of three
Who once a fiery furnace trod,
Because they would not bow the knee
In worship to an idol-god;
And how, to save them from the flame
The Son of God in glory came.

Then cousin Susan told of One,
Who kindly all our sorrows bore,
Though rich in heaven, on earth became
For us, so very, very poor;
That, though the foxes had a bed,
He had not where to lay his head.

The tale was told, the sparkling tear
Rose brightly to each youthful eye,
And then, in accents soft and clear,
Our evening hymn again roll'd high;
The little girl and little boy
Join'd in the strains of solemn joy.

Then grandpa pray'd, that good old man,
With wrinkled brow and hoary hair;
While all the little children ran
To kneel around his elbow chair;
And thus the Sabbath evening pass'd
In peace and pleasure to the last.

Child's Companion.

A Monomaniac.

I have an intimate friend who, alas, is a monomaniac!

As the word implies, her mania is confined to one subject—she is extra-sensible otherwise—but that "one subject" is the all important one of dress and fashion. She don't regard the subject as of primary importance, but labors under the hallucination that the culture of the mind and heart should take the precedence. She acts as if decency and comfort actually were the main purposes of dress, and as if those ends being accomplished, all were right.

She has a lucid interval now and then, to be sure, when she devotes herself with great zeal to her wardrobe, and has dresses, &c., made, very much like other folks; but it is soon over, and she again relapses, giving her first care to something else, and just wearing the new garments on and on, regardless of the changing fashions, till, sometimes, they actually begin to wear out.

It is just so in regard to her children; she is forever attending to their studies, or work, or play, while she makes warm flannels, and knits lamb's wool stockings for them; but as to a real stylish rig out, they never have it. It actually gives me the heart-ache to see them so wronged by their own mother, and they such dear, bright, good, pretty children, too.

The fact is, she gives no more time or thought to the momentous matter of dress, than is really necessary.

You would not believe how oblivious she is to new fashions. "How do you like waterfalls?" said I to her last spring.

"I like them very much," she replied. "Do you?" said I, surprised, "which kind?" "Oh, every kind," she replied, "I never saw one I did not like."

"Why in the world, then, don't you wear one?" cried I, "you have just the head and hair for it, and I will show you"—I was cut short by look of utter bewilderment, and remembering her mania, realized she did not know what a waterfall is, but actually thought I was talking of—of (what shall I call them), water tumblers, Niagara, and such!

When, as sometimes does happen, thanks to the dress maker, she gets a real, downright fashionable dress, and you go to church all agog to see it, she is about sure to come slipping in very quietly, in some plain, decent thing, she's worn at least a dozen times before.

"Why in the name of common sense did you not wear your new silk yesterday?" asked I one Monday.

"Oh, I never thought of it," she replied; but

now that you remind me of it, I don't think I shall ever wear it to church; it's uncomfortably long, and is so made as to require much time and thought in dressing. A church is no place for finery."

"What do you want with the dress then?" cried I, quite vexed.

"Oh, to wear to some places where I should be singular without something of the kind," she replied.

"Just as if you were not always singular in your dress," cried I, my patience quite gone.

She blushed, with tears in her eyes, as she said, "I don't want to be singular, but neat and comfortable, and enough in style not to attract attention to myself; but the fashions change often, and time flies so swiftly on the wings of duty, I suppose I do often get too far behind the times in dress."

Poor dear! how I did pity her! You see the very heart of her mania is, that she don't care for dress per se, and so don't make it her chief end.

There might be a gleam of reason in it, if she wore old-fashioned things from necessity; but it's no such thing. She has plenty of money; her husband is rich, and so devoted he would leave no stone unturned to get the moon down for her, if she asked him for it. The insanity of it is that she might and yet does not dress fashionably!

Furthermore, it's "a cross" to her that she has to dress at all. One evening she said to me, with a sigh, "I have a dress-maker coming to-morrow; isn't it a trial?"

Now, (though I wouldn't for the world have anybody know it) I am pinched for means; so I answered, with an inward groan, "I shouldn't think it a trial if I had all these nice goods to be made up."

"Shouldn't you?" answered she in innocent surprise, "but I do. I have just been seeking patience by reading the third chapter of Genesis, and reflecting that it is for our sins we have to dress at all. I am sure I repent of Adam's sin every time I have to get up a new dress." Did you ever!

One cold snowy Sabbath in December she wore a hood to church! I thought myself prepared for any development, but it was too much to see her sit there, listening to every word of the sermon, just as unconscious of her hood, as it the proverb "out of sight out of mind" were true of ladies' headgear.

"See if I don't give her a shaking up for this," thought I.

So I seized upon her, going home, and whispered in her ear, "What upon earth possessed you to wear that thing to church?"

She glanced down in a dazed way, at her cloak, dress, over-shoes, then up into my face with an innocent "What is amiss?"

"That hood!" hissed I. "Oh, yes, I forgot I had it on," said she with a quiet smile; "I was threatened with the tooth-ache, and couldn't go out without it."

"Then stay at home," growled I; "you wouldn't catch me out such a day, spoiling my new hat and feathers, if I was not obliged to be there to sing."

"There is a divine law against our forsaking the worshipping assembly," replied my friend solemnly, "but is there any law, human or divine, against wearing a hood inside a church?" "Yes," snapped I, "the law of fashion, which you break at your peril."

She only smiled, and asked me very coolly if I had been instructed by Dr. B—'s excellent sermon, just as if I had been attending to that!

I have about given up arguing with her; it is only folly to argue with a maniac; but I thought her husband must feel dreadfully; so one day I went to console with him about it; and what do you think he up and said?

"When I wanted a wife," said he, "I searched the city through for a young lady, who had not a monomania for dress and fashion, and she was the only one I hit upon; so I married her and she suits me first rate."

Only think of it!—Congregationalist.

The happy Calamity,

The following sketch by Mrs. Sigourney would serve for the outline of a good many of the stories which now fill volumes. The incident's given only want filling up to make up quite a sensational book, with excellent moral lessons.

"I have lost my whole fortune," said a merchant, as he returned one evening to his home; "we can no longer keep our carriage. We must leave this large house. The children can no longer go to expensive schools. Yesterday I was a rich man; to-day there is nothing I can call my own."

"Dear husband," said the wife, "we are still rich in each other and our children. Money may pass away, but God has given us a better treasure in these active hands and loving hearts."

"Dear Father," said the children, "do not look so sad: we will help you to get a living."

"What can you do, poor things?" said the father.

"You shall see! you shall see!" answered several voices. "It is a pity if we have been to school for nothing. How can the father of eight children be poor? We shall work and make you rich again."

"I shall help," said the youngest sister, scarcely four years old. "I will not have any new things bought, and I shall sell my great doll."

The heart of the husband and father, which had sunk within his bosom like a stone, was lifted up. The sweet enthusiasm of the scene cheered him, and his nightly prayer was like a song of praise.

They left the stately house. The servants were dismissed. Pictures and plate, rich carpets and furniture were sold; and she who had been the mistress of the mansion shed no tears.

"Pay every debt," said he, "let no one suffer through us, and we may be happy."

He rented a neat cottage, and a small piece of ground, a few miles from the city. With the aid of his sons, he cultivated vegetables for the market. He viewed with delight and astonishment the economy of his wife, nurtured as she had been in wealth, and the efficiency which his daughters soon acquired under her training.

The eldest one instructed in the household, and also assisted the younger children; besides they executed various works, which they had learned as accomplishments, but which they found could be disposed of to advantage. They embroidered with taste some of the ornamental parts of female apparel, which they readily sold to a merchant in the city.

They cultivated flowers, and sent bouquets to market in the cart that conveyed the vegetables; they plaited straw, they painted maps, they executed plain needle work. Every one was at her post, busy and cheerful. The little cottage was like a bee-hive.

"I never enjoyed such health before," said the father.

"And I never was so happy before," said the mother.

"We never knew how many things we could do, when we lived in the great house," said the children, "and we love each other a great deal better here. You call us your little bees."

"Yes replied the father, "and you make just such honey as my heart likes to feed on."

Economy, as well as industry, was strictly observed; nothing was wasted; nothing unnecessary was purchased. The eldest daughter became an assistant teacher in a distinguished seminary, and the second took her place as instructress to the family.

"We are thriving and prosperous," said he, "shall we return to the city?"

"Oh, no!" was the unanimous reply. "Let us remain," said the wife, "where we have found health and contentment."

"Father," said the younger, "all we children hope you are not going to be rich again; for then," she added, "we little ones were shut up in the nursery, and did not see much of you or mother. Now we all live together, and sister, who loves us, teaches us, and we learn to be industrious and useful. We were none of us happy when we were rich and did not work. So, father, please not to be a rich man any more."

The Flint Piano.

A curious novelty has just been brought to London, and is about to be exhibited to the public. It consists of a remarkable looking piano, made of flints, suspended from an iron frame, which are struck with a short flint to produce the notes. The flints are about forty in number, and elongated, but of various lengths and thicknesses. They are arranged in the order of their tone, and the labor and investigation of years were required before the complete scale was formed.

The Star says that M. Baudry, the gentleman who has made the instrument, was two years seeking for one particular stone, or tone—the terms being here almost synonymous. Two other tones were, after an endless investigation of flints, obtained from pieces of schist, the only exception to the flint stones which form the instrument. M. Baudry entertained some friends on Saturday afternoon last with a performance on this curious instrument, which was much admired, not only for its novelty, but also for its musical effect. The tones are unlike those of any known instrument, as may be readily comprehended by any one who knows the ring of a piece of flint, and possess a sharpness that renders the performance peculiar, though by no means displeasing. The flints are, many of them, very peculiar in form, and it would be a matter of no small difficulty to frame any coherent theory of the causes of the variety of tones observable, for they are by no means in the exact ratio of the size or weight of the different flints. M. Baudry's perseverance and skill in working out his ingenious idea have met with that success which he sought, and he deserves now to meet with a further success, which it is to be hoped will be awarded to him by the public.

SINGULAR CASE OF RESUSCITATION.—The Albany Knickerbocker says:—Night before last a child of William Wells, residing in the town of Bethlehem, a short distance from the city, died rather suddenly, as the family supposed, from an attack of diarrhoea. To all appearance the child was dead, and it was accordingly prepared for the grave, and actually laid in the coffin. The coffin containing the body was placed in the front room, and having been thus arranged, the family retired. The funeral was to have taken place yesterday. During the night, however, Mr. Wells heard a noise in the front room, and supposed it was the cat or dog that had got in there. He went to drive it out. Imagine his surprise to find the body of the child turned in the coffin. He raised it up, and the little thing opened its eyes, looked up and commenced crying. Life, animated life, was there. The father's heart leaped with joy. The mother again clasped her child to her bosom. The physician was sent for, and the whole neighborhood were soon aroused. Nourishments were administered, and the child yesterday was doing well.

THE reserve of great men is the cloak of thought in which they wrap themselves.

Domestic Economy.

The Tomato.

BY W. W. HALL, M. D.

The tomato is, perhaps, liked more than any other vegetable.

It is remarkably productive. It is uncommonly nutritious. It is indisputably healthful.

It is equally advantageous to the system raw or cooked; whether cold or hot; whether eaten alone, or with salt, or sugar, or vinegar.

Its proper season is until the fore part of autumn, but if, shortly before that, the vines are hung up in a well ventilated cellar, not too warm or too dry, the tomato will continue to ripen until Christmas. This important fact ought to be made known to the widest extent.

The reason of the unusual healthfulness of the "Love Apple" of olden time, when in our easy recollection it was cultivated only as an ornament for the garden and the mantel-piece, is worthy of being explained.

Chemical physiology has demonstrated that all acids have the effect to clear the bile out of the system by stimulating the liver to increased activity. It is this excess of bile in the blood in the spring of the year which makes it impure, or as some call it, "bad blood," or thick blood, and which our grandams used to seek to "thin" or purify, by drenching us with sassafras tea, or choking us with powdered brimstone in molasses. Hence it is that by an unappeasable instinct, nature yearns for something sour in the spring, and we are impatient for the early fruits, and berries, and first spinach, not because of the spinach itself, but because it is known to be eaten with vinegar, and it is the acid that is craved. So also do persons crave something sour when they are getting bilious; or are recovering from a bilious attack, or are simply a little feverish, which means that a bilious attack is impending, and which acids taken freely will avert with great certainty. It is the pleasant acid in the tomato which makes it healthful as a blood purifier; so pleasant it is that large quantities can be taken without oppressing the system.

But in another important direction is the friendly tomato peculiarly promotive of a healthful condition of the body; the seed, like those of the white mustard, pass through the alimentary canal unchanged, and tend to promote that daily regularity of the system without which good health is not possible of continuance for forty-eight hours ahead. (These seed act mechanically on the mucous membrane of the alimentary apparatus, causing it to cast off and wash out those waste matters the retention of which is the prolific cause of not only the ordinary diseases, but of some of the most dangerous and speedily fatal maladies. If women, children, sedentary men and invalids, and persons in poor health generally, could be induced during the warm weather to live almost wholly on coarse bread, sump, hominy, wheaten grits, with fruits, berries and tomatoes, an incalculable amount of summer and autumnal diseases would be avoided.)

Ripe Bread.

Bread made of wheat flour, when taken out of the oven, is unprepared for the stomach. It should go through a change, or ripen, before it is eaten. Young persons, or persons in the enjoyment of vigorous health, may eat bread immediately after being baked without any sensible injury from it; but weakly and aged persons cannot; and none can eat such without doing harm to the digestive organs. Bread, after being baked, goes through a change similar to the change in newly brewed beer, or newly churned butter-milk, neither being healthy until after the change. During the change in bread it sends off a large portion of carbon or unhealthy gas, and imbibes a large portion of oxygen or healthy gas. Bread has, according to the computation of physicians, one-fifth more nutriment in it when ripe than when just out of the oven. It not only has more nutriment, but imparts a much greater degree of cheerfulness. He that eats old, ripe bread will have a much greater flow of animal spirits than he would were he to eat unripe bread. Bread, as before observed, discharges carbon and imbibes oxygen. One thing in connection with this thought should be partially noticed by all housewives. It is, to let the bread ripen where it can inhale the oxygen in a pure state. Bread will always taste of the air that surrounds it while ripening; hence it should ripen where the air is pure. It should never ripen in a cellar, nor in a close cupboard, nor in a bedroom. The noxious vapors of a cellar or a cupboard never should enter into and form a part of the bread we eat. Bread should be light, well-baked, and properly ripened before it should be eaten. Bread that is several days old may be renewed so as to have all the freshness and lightness of new bread, by simply putting it into a common steamer over the fire, and steaming it half or three-quarters of an hour. The vessel under the steamer containing the water should not be more than half full, otherwise the water may boil up into the steamer, and wet the bread. After the bread is thus steamed, it should be taken out of the steamer and wrapped loosely in a cloth, to dry and cool, and remain so a short time, when it will be ready to be cut and used. It will then be like cold new bread.—American Farmer.

VOLUMES OF CERTIFICATES can be produced as to the efficacy and cures of Johnson's Anodyne Linctum. It is used and recommended by all practising physicians.