Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 22nd, 1866.

John xii. 1-19: The anointing. 1 Kings xi. 14-25: Solomon's adversaries.
Recite—Proverbs iv. 14, 15.

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Sunday, April 29th, 1866.

John xii. 20-36: Testimony to Christ's Divinity.
1 Kings xi. 26-43: Solomon's death.
Recite—Isaiah ix. 6.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle.

We may state in reference to the puzzle, of which the following is a solution, that we received, from different parts of the country, several other puzzles having the same answer as this, previous to the publication of the one in our last week's issue. We are glad to find that our young friends are thinking of that institution, and hope that it is an indication of their intention to seek for admission to its classes so soon as they are prepared for matriculation.

SEARCH for the following passages and you will find these names; the initials of which, when read from the top, give "ACADIA COLLEGE."

1. Ahab. 1st Kings xxii. 39.
2. Chun. 1st Chronicles xviii. 8.
3. Azazia. 1st Chronicles xxvii. 20.
4. Darius. Ezra iiii. 24.
5. Isaiah. 2nd Kings xx. 1.
6. Abel. Genesis iiii. 2.
7. Cyrus. Ezra v. 13—15.
8. Obil. 1 Chron xxvii. 30.
9. Lebbeus. Mathew x. 3.
10. Lot. Genesis xviiii. 30.
11. Euphrates. Genesis ii. 14.
12. Gog. Rev xx. 8.
13. Edomites. 1st Chronicles xviii. 13.

L. E. A.

Parrsboro Cumberland Co., March 20.

The letter of Introduction.

Two little boys were standing at a gate. They were both about the same age. But one of them was finely and tastefully dressed, while the clothes of the other were coarse and ragged. It was in the autumn. The huskers were busy in the corn-field, and from the strip of woods beyond float out the sound of the wood-cutter's axe.

"Have you no better clothes, Benny?" asked the well-dressed boy.

"No, I haven't Johnny."

"Why don't you get better ones?"

"Because I can't. I have no money. I can't get work by which to earn money."

"That is bad, Benny. Are you going to school this winter?"

"I guess not, Johnny. I must stay out, and do such little jobs as I can find to do. I would like to go to school very much. I wish I knew as much as you do, Johnny."

"Pooh! I don't know anything. I am sorry for you. I am glad that I am better off. But that does not make me feel proud. It is a sin to be proud. God made you as good as I am, if your clothes *are* ragged."

Benny took his little friend by the hand. A tear glistened in his eye.

"You have always been kind to me, Johnny Allen," said he. "You have never hooted at me, nor taunted me, like the other boys. So I have sometimes taken up your quarrels; and I will stand by you when we are men."

"Look here, Benny! How would you like to work on a farm all winter? Good clothes, enough to eat, a little pocket money, a nice family to live with, *and plenty of work!*"

"I would like that."

"Then I can help you. It just occurred to me, My Uncle Abbott wants a little boy on his farm. I will give you a letter to him."

Two days afterward Benny stood in front of Uncle Abbott, awaiting a reply. Uncle Abbott was a pleasant looking old man, not yet stooped, but with hair quite gray. He put on his spectacles, opened John Allen's letter, and read as follows:—

Medow Brook, Oct. 9th, Eighteen 45.

Unkle abbott ThiS iS Benny He is a good Boy. He iS Poor & Has no Home Pleas Keep Him & giv Him work.

Your Neffew

JoNn aLLen."

Now, Johnny was quite a small boy, and not so well learned as Benny supposed him to be. But notwithstanding the spelling, misuse of capitals, and want of punctuation, the letter of introduction was sufficient, Uncle Abbott gave Benny a home for a number of years.

It was an October night, in Philadelphia. The air was as cold as November. It was late and there was not much noise on the streets In a cosy room sat a man. He looked careworn and haggard. He shades his brow with his hands. His wife, a beautiful woman, stood beside him, smoothing his hair, and speaking words of encouragement to him.

"It is of no use, Belle," he groaned. "If I cannot command ten thousand dollars by tomorrow noon, I must go to the wall. The banks are tight, and there is no money to be negotiated for on the street, I am a ruined man."

"Perhaps this may be of use to you," said his wife, handing him a slip of paper.

He went to the lamp, and read as follows:—*First National Bank, Philadelphia*—Pay to John Allen, or order, ten thousand dollars.

Benjamin Berwick."

"Belle, what does this mean? It is a check for ten thousand dollars. Who is Benjamin Berwick?"

"The gentleman stopped here to-day. You were not in. He felt sorry, and left the check and this note."

"*My Old Friend Johnny Allen*—While in the city to day, I heard that the failure of your bank would seriously affect you. Do you remember the letter of introduction you gave me to your Uncle Abbott? It was exactly twenty years ago. A few years ago I bought land in Venango county. It proved to have oil on it, and I am quite a rich man. It the accompanying check will aid you any, please use it. You can make it all right some time.

Your friend,

Benny."

John Allen cried. John Allen kissed his wife, and his wife kissed him. John Allen did not go to the wall—which means to break up. And all on account of that misspelt letter of twenty years before.

Home Again.

"Now I've got a surprise for you," cried Tom, bursting into the parlor where his mother and sister sat.

"What is it, pray?" they both cried at once.

"The dead's alive; the lost is found. Jack Howland is back and well!"

"O, Tom!" cried his mother, her check turning pale; "and she's been in black for him two years."

"I know, it's the greatest thing you ever heard of!"

"And his old mother!" said Sarah, who had dropped her work while the kitten made off with her spool. "They did think she would have to go the poor-house."

"Well, she won't have to now, I can tell you; for Jack is all right—just the same fellow he was before, though he's come home, I don't dare to say how rich. I was walking leisurely down by the park, when I felt some one clutch my shoulder. Looking about, startled a little, there was the man. I couldn't speak.

"'It's me,' he cried. 'I heard I was dead—but here I am—when were you home? how are *they?*' and his eyes had a pitiful look as if he feared bad tidings. 'I'd go right on,' he added as soon as I told him, and he had breathed freer, 'but one of my mates fell from the mast-head, and I can't leave the poor fellow till I see him in hospital. Will you go to *them*? Tell them I've a long story of shipwreck, imprisonment, everything that a man can bear and live—but I'm all right. Sent dozens of letters, too; but they never reached them, of course. Will you do it?'"

"I promised; so you and mother" (to Sarah,) "had better go round to the Howlands, or rather, to his wife. What will she say?"

The two women were soon ready. A poor little tenement the Howlands lived in. The door was opened by Granny Howland, as she was called, a smiling, happy-looking old lady, and they were soon seated by a tiny stove, which a tiny fire had contrived to make quite red-hot in spots.

"I'm sorry Mary isn't at home," said Granny Howland, as she saw the two comfortably seated; "but she had to go to day to make a carpet, and I expect she'll come back tired out. Mary isn't so well as she used to be."

In came Johnny, the little five-year-old boy, from the kitchen—he was two when his father went away—chubby and healthy, with roses in his cheeks, but no shoes on.

"Mary said she'd try and bring him home a pair," said Granny, her withered cheeks flushing a little; "but Johnny don't go out in the cold much."

"I suppose you have not heard recently from your son."

"My Jack!" there was a quick flash of hope that died as suddenly. "O, no; the Lord's taken him long afore this. I tell Mary to keep up, for she's got a claim on the Lord, sure, now. He has promised to be the *widder's* God. But I hate to see her growing so thin. She works very hard. Mary does, for such a delicate—why, Mrs. Dean, are you crying?"

Yes; poor old Mrs. Dean, never very heroic, had her handkerchief to her eyes, weeping for sheer joy.

"The fact is—" said Sarah—and she grew red in the face, desperately trying not to do the same thing.

"You see we've heard—heard—news;" and Mrs. Dean's voice struggled to be strong.

"What! not of my boy?"

"Mrs. Dean nodded; Sarah nodded.

"Dear Lord of Israel, help me to bear it!" the withered hands were clasped together—"Then you've heard that poor Jack is gone, *for certain*. I wonder why I had a little hope left," she added mournfully and slowly.

"Not that, you dear soul," said Mrs. Dean, going up to her. "I wouldn't have come with that. No; he's alive—he's well—he's coming home—he has sent letters you havn't got—I think he's come home with enough to take care of you all your life—I think—"

Johnny thought it was his turn now, and a little frightened at the unusual state of things, set up a cry; then made for the door where the pale, sad woman, who had just come home from her day's work, stood trembling, gasping, fearful that the morsel of comfort might be taken from her, for she had heard part and guessed all.

"O! Mrs. Dean, has my husband been heard from?" she cried, coming forward, little Johnny's red feet patting beside her "O, I have hoped and waited so long! I am so tired!"

The words were expressive of more than bodily fatigue.

But lo! before another word could be spoken, a shadow darkened the window. Johnny cried out in a terrified way, "papa!" and "O, it *is* him!" was the wild shout that preceded the folding of loving arms about the form that seemed almost lifeless now.

Thank God! the storm is over. Johnny shall have the shoes on little hoseless feet; the empty larder shall groan with blessings; mother shall never go to the poor house, please heaven! the strong right hand is at the forge again.

O, these reunions, when hope is almost failing! what blessed joy they bring.

Sixty years' Experience.

BY PROFESSOR C E. STOWE.

My recollections cover a period of sixty years, the first twenty-five including the time when drinking habits were at their worst in this country. I was born and brought up in Middlesex county, Mass., one of the best counties of one of the best States. Its moral condition would compare favorably with the best portions of the country. and yet before I was four years old I was drunk. My father was not a drinker, but he considered it a duty of hospitality to furnish to guests. Among other liquors, he had a lot of cherry rum. One day he poured the cherries on the ground out back of the house, I got held of them, thought them pretty good, ate a large quantity, and was made ingloriously drunk. It is about the first sensation I recollect, and a most painful one it was. Soon after this I went out to a part of the farm away from the house, and found the men at their lunch. I stole a drink, and again got drunk. And so frequent were the temptations that it is astonishing that any one grew up sober. At the age of six my father died, and I went to live with my grandfather. He was a good man, and a deacon in the church; but both he and his wife took their daily drams at eleven in the morning, and at four in the afternoon, and always gave to me at the same time; and that was the custom of the country. Mr. Oliver Bacon, a resident in that section, said that in his father's day, that is, in 1760, they laid in a pint of rum for haying on his father's farm; but his son, in 1810, was obliged to lay in half a barrel of rum for haying on the same farm. So much had the drinking custom grown in fifty years. I recollect only two protests against rum that existed at that time. One of these was in Noah Webster's spelling and reading-book, and favored total abstinence; the other was a tract written by Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, on "The Nature and Effects of Ardent Spirits." There was a grocery-store in the town kept by Deacon Eb, as he was always called, where an enormous amount of rum was sold. He failed, and in some way his account-books were scattered about the streets. We boys called them Deacon Eb's psalm books. The charges in them ran somewhat thus: "To rum, to tod, to rum, to tod, to rum, to rum." Nine out of ten of the charges were either for rum or toddy. I recollect being in a store one day, when an old man came in, who was once the owner of a fine farm. He was squalid and trembling, but—called for toddy. With his trembling hands he just managed to raise a first and second glass to his lips. He called for a third, and instead of taking it in his hand he was obliged to place it on the counter, lean over, and suck it up with his lips. I look back upon this period with perfect horror.

In 1813, the people of Eastern Massachusetts formed a society for the suppression of intemperance. Its object was not to prevent drinking, but simply to prevent people from getting drunk. Their ideas of drunkenness in those days were rather peculiar. A newspaper in New-York once charged a State senator with being drunk in the Senate. The senator sued the editor for libel. In court it was proved that the senator was only just able to stand by holding on to the desk with both hands. The court decided that a man who could keep an upright position by holding on to the desk with both hands was not drunk, and the editor was fined twenty thousand dollars for libel. At this time *delirium tremens* had not commenced. Liquors were not so destructive in their character as they were afterward, and the constitutions of the people had not deteriorated. But in another generation *delirium tremens* became fearfully prevalent. It frequently followed after four or five years of hard drinking. In three generations from the time just preceding the Revolution, diseases arising from the use of intoxicating drinks increased a hundred fold. If there had not been a check, I believe that by this time our whole people would have become idiotic.

In 1819, I went to Maine, and found the farmers and fishermen reduced to the greatest misery by their drinking habits. There was one village inhabited almost entirely by lumbermen, and I believe there was more rum drank there in the course of a year than would be necessary to float the whole village off. In this village there was a temperance society formed, the pledge of which bound every one who should get drunk to treat the rest all around. In 1825 I entered the seminary at Andover as a theological student. When I first arrived at the Mansion House, which was kept for the exclusive benefit of the students and visitors at the seminary, the first thing I did was to step up to the bar, and order a glass of brandy toddy, which Squire——, a leading supporter of the Seminary, mixed with his own hands and gave me.

In 1826, Dr. Edwards proposed a temperance society on the basis of total abstinence from distilled liquors. I was one of the first fifteen to join it. The same arguments that made me join this society made me think I ought to give up the use of tobacco. So I bought sixteen cigars, in order to break off gradually. I was going to smoke half a one a day for a month, and then stop entirely. I sat down to smoke the first half. But when I got to the middle of the cigar, I thought it would be a pity to stop there, and so smoked the whole. And before I went to bed I had smoked the whole sixteen. And that is the way people generally break off gradually. There is no way but to stop entirely and at once.

In 1833, I went to Cincinnati, where the condition of the country was terrible beyond description. The Little Miami valley was devoted to the culture of corn, which was nearly all distilled into whiskey. This beverage could then be obtained for sixteen cents per gallon at wholesale, and twenty-five cents per gallon retail. It was about this time that the adulteration and drugging of liquors commenced. There was a large factory in the neighborhood where nothing but whiskey went in; but all sorts of choice liquors came out. Accidents increased then at a fearful rate. There were steamboat explosions and similar accidents occuring constantly. And I believe that the increase of accidents at the present time is due, as then, to the relaxation of the temperance efforts. A person does not need to be intoxicated, but only exhilarated, to make him an unsafe guardian of any important interest.

In 1835, the total abstinence movement commenced. It was thought then that drunkards could not be reclaimed, and all attention was given to the young who had not formed habits of intemperance. In 1840 came the Washingtonian movement. For a time this operated marvellously. Men were reclaimed, the prosperity of the villages was restored, and for a time it seemed to me as if the millennium had come. The most effective scenes I ever witnessed, and the most effective eloquence I ever listened to, were at this time.

In 1850, I returned to Maine, and joined in the Maine Law movement with all my heart. I went through Cumberland, Lincoln, Oxford, and Somerset counties, and found that a most marvellous change had been wrought since I lived there before. No one can tell what a blessing the Maine Law was to those communities. Public opinion sustained it, and I believe that if the moral men in the community had continued to sustain the law, and had kept up public opinion on the subject, there would have been no intemperance in the country at this day. Drunkenness was as rare in those counties in Maine as murder, forgery, or theft. But men began to find fault with Neal Dow, and to quarrel about the law, and intemperance again crept in. Public sentiment has been deteriorating, and now we are nearly back to where we were in 1816.

"My father's day."

"I can't have you come on Tuesday, William, but you can come any Sunday you like, and we'll go up the river,—but not on Tuesday."

"Why are you so particular about Tuesday?"

"Because on that day I go to see my father; you know he lives with my married brother, and I've a friend who drives over to Leeds market, and gives me a lift there and back on Tuesdays. I wouldn't let anything prevent me going to see my father on that day."

"Well, it's quite right of you, James, to go to to see your father; but I suppose it hinders you very much?"

"Oh, I don't mind that; my master lets me make up the time at over hours on other days."

"Well, but why don't you go on a Sunday?"

"Oh, because my brother is very strict; he disapproves of Sunday travelling, and as he keeps my poor sick father, I don't want to offend him. But as I said, you can come to see me any Sunday, for a row on the river."

A sudden thought came into William's mind, and he answered, "Sunday is *my* Father's day. I go to see him in his house on that day. I wouldn't miss on any account, and so never go pleasuring on *that* day. I'm willing to work extra hours on other days, that I may have the day that I go to see *my* Father."

"Dear me, how you do put it," said James, looking very confused. "I never thought before about what you say.—but I see you are right, Sunday is our Heavenly Father's day."

"Yes, and as he gives us all our days, we may, surely, give him our homage and public worship one day in seven."

The devil's money.

A lawyer in Baltmore tells the following: "Many years ago I was making a deposit in the bank, when the teller threw out a three dollar note as unbankable. I offered it to a broker, but he pronounced it to be almost valueless. I will give you a lottery ticket for it, he said—(he dealt in lottery tickets) Having no confidence in lotteries I refused to take one, but his urgency prevailed, and I took the ticket in exchange for the bill, and thought no more of the matter. Meeting the broker one day, he told me that my ticket had drawn a prize of several hundred dollars. I took the money and invested it by itself. It has now grown to be a considerable sum, but it is never touched by me except for charitable purposes. I look upon it as the *devil's money*, and fancy that some day he will call for it. I have taken very good care to keep it by itself, so that it shall not taint the remainder of my possessions."