

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 23rd, 1866.

ACTS v. 1-11: Death of Ananias and Sapphira.
2 Kings iv. 18-44: Elisha raises the widow's son.
Recite—LUKE i. 46-51.

Sunday, December 30th, 1866.

ACTS v. 12-28: The apostles are again put in prison.
2 Kings v. 1-14: Naaman dips himself in Jordan.
Recite—PSALM lxxv 9-13.

When shall I answer "No"?

When Falsehood fair entices thee
Against the truth to go,
No matter what the pretext be,
Be thy firm answer,—No!

When Rashness would thy tongue profane
With language vile and low,
Oh, make the gross temptation vain,
By answering inly,—No!

When Pride the silly wish declares,
That thou shouldst fashion know,
And lifts thy head with empty airs,
Be wise and answer,—No!

When Envy would thy spirit chate,
That others prosper so,
On calm contentment resting safe,
Expel her with a—No!

When Malice foul, or deadly Hate,
Would turn thee on a foe,
And dark, revengeful thirst create,
In horror answer,—No!

When sluggish Sleep, with folded arms,
Would make thee health forego,
Rise up at once, resist her charms;
Act out the answer,—No!

When Avarice would, with heartless speed,
Shut out the sight of woe,
And whisper joy from Mammon's greed,
Indignant answer,—No!

When filthy Lucre lifts her hand,
Ungodly gains to show,
Though she should promise all the land,
Be thy prompt answer,—No!

When greedy Gain, or rash Emprise,
Would have thee surety go,
Keep Wisdom's words before thine eyes,
And firmly answer,—No!

When mad Ambition would seduce
The right to overthrow,
And turn the selfish passions loose,
In mercy answer,—No!

When foul Contempt of Holy Writ
Would in thy bosom sow
The wish to be where scorners sit,
Let Conscience answer,—No!

When Sin, indeed, whate'er her style,
Would have thee with her go,
Stay not to hear the Sorceress vile,
But leave her with a—No!

Band of Hope Review.

Sound Logic.

"Sir," said a pious lad to his pastor one evening, "the fellows in our shop are always picking flaws in Christians, and arguing against the Bible, and I don't know how to answer them."

"The best logic any one can use," answered his pastor, "is what a good man has called the logic of the life. Give them that and they can't gainsay you."

"The logic of the life?" asked the lad, not quite understanding what his pastor meant.

"I will tell you," said he. "There was once employed at a dye-house as ungodly a set of fellows as could well be—scorners at religion, despisers of the Word of God, swearing, drinking, betting, fighting, gambling. At last one of the number was drawn to a prayer-meeting, when the Spirit of God laid hold of him. Poor John was almost in despair about his sins, which, he said, looked blacker and blacker. But Jesus Christ came and spoke peace to his soul. Light broke upon him. Old things passed away, and all things became new. John really was 'made over.' He gave up his cups and the companions of his cups. He brought home his wages, set up family prayer, and everything, both within and without, wore an altered and improved look. Two of his fellow-workers, seeing this change for the better, took to John's new ways, reformed, went to meeting with him, and behaved like good Christians. John joined the Church, and from a tiger he became a lamb."

"John's religion was severely put to the proof at the dye-house. The Jyers bantered him, ridiculed him, swore at him, and brought all their infidelity hotly to bear against both him and his religion. Tom and Jem tried for a time to stand up for him, and withstand the ungodly storm of their persecuting associates; but after a while they gave in, grew ashamed of their religion, deserted John, and went back to their old ways. As for John, much as his temper was tried, he bore himself patiently, watched over his weak points, clung closer to Christ, and stood firm as a rock. Poor John never undertook to say much, but his consistent

Christian life was a powerful plea in behalf of his principles. One day, however, after his fellow-workmen had been boasting what good infidelity would do, and how much harm the Bible had done, John's soul was stirred within him; he turned round and said feelingly, but firmly, 'Well, let us deal firmly in this matter, my friends, and judge of the tree by the fruit it bears. You call yourselves infidels. Let us see what your principles do. I suppose what they do on a small scale they will do on a large one. Now there are Tom and Jem,' pointing to the two who went with him and then turned back. 'You have tried your principles on them, and know what they have done for them. When they tried to serve Christ they were civil, good-tempered, kind husbands and fathers. They were cheerful, hard-working, and ready to oblige. What have you made them? Look and see. They are cast down and cross; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week, their children half-clothed, their wives broken hearted, their homes wretched. That is what your principles have done.'

"Now I have tried Christ and his religion; and what has it done for me? You know well what I used to be. There were none of you that could drink so much, swear so desperately, and fight so masterly. I had no money, and nobody would trust me. My wife was ill-used. I was ill-humored, hateful, and bating. What has religion done for me? Thank God I am not afraid to put it to you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Am I not a better workman and a kinder companion? Would I once have put up with what I now bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily now as ever. Why don't I? Do you hear a foul word from my mouth? Do you catch me at a public house? Has anybody a score against me? Go and ask my neighbors if I am not altered for the better. Go and ask my wife. Let my house bear witness. God be praised, here is what Christianity has done for me; there is what infidelity has done for Jem and Tom."

"John stopped. The dyers had not a word to say. He used a logic they could not answer—the logic of the life. If you cannot argue, you can act. If you cannot reason with the enemies of the Bible, you can live out its blessed truths, and so 'with well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.'"

An Extraordinary Member of Parliament.

There have been many curious instances in which men deprived of one or more of the ordinary human faculties have found means of getting their deficiencies made up to them by employing the others in an unusual manner, but it is not often that we find anything like the following, from the Dublin correspondent of the London Star:

As the gentleman who has just been elected as one of the parliamentary representatives of Wexford County is the most remarkable man who has ever occupied a seat in the House of Commons it may be interesting to your readers to know something of Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh. I use no exaggerated phrase when I describe him as not only the 'most remarkable,' but I might truthfully add the most extraordinary gentleman who has, during the present century at least, entered Parliament. With his political proclivities, and his religious predispositions, I do not intend to waste your space, or weary your readers' patience. That he is a Tory of the most constitutional hue you and they are, of course, aware; and, notwithstanding that his Protestantism is of the severest class, Mr. Kavanagh is extremely popular, and by his numerous and prosperous tenants is beloved and sincerely respected—for he admits, in the administration of his large estates in Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow, that 'property has its duties as well as its rights.' The honorable gentleman, I understand, claims descent from the great MacMurroughs, who, in the person of Eva MacMurrough, the wife of Strongbow, first coalesced with the 'proud invader, and sought to establish that union and amalgamation of the two races which still engrosses the studious attention of British statesmen. The father of the recently-elected member, in order to intermarry with the Ormonde family, became a Protestant, he being the first of that religion in the MacMurrough Kavanagh clan; and to this fact many assign the circumstances which entitles the hon. gentleman to assume the distinction of being the 'most extraordinary' member that ever sat within the walls of the House of Commons as a member of that highly-illustrious body.

Having made you thus far acquainted with his ancestral quarterings, I have now to inform you that Mr. Kavanagh has neither legs nor arms! He was born in this unfinished fashion; and in place of legs he has about six inches of muscular thigh stumps, one being about an inch shorter than the other; while his arms are dwarfed to, perhaps, four inches of the upper portion of these members, and these are unfurnished with any terminations approaching, in the remotest manner, to hands. Yet, you will probably be surprised to hear, that he is a beautiful calligraphist, a dashing huntsman, an artistic draughtsman, an unerring shot, and the most expert of yachters!—a combination of accomplishments, under the circumstances of his corporeal imperfections, that is certainly astonishing. I might enlarge this examination of his attainments were I privileged to penetrate the sanctity of home. But on the threshold I pause, and though I could note nothing that is not honourable, creditable and, if recorded, complimentary to him, I do not feel that I am

justified in too minutely examining the arrangements and contrivances which his truly lamentable defects, and contributing to his enjoyments and home comforts.

I may, however, without trespass, tell you that in face and bust, Mr. Kavanagh is of a manly, handsome mould. Fine, well marked features, and eyes besmiling with intelligence, leave no doubt that though the body has been unfortunately shorn of its fair and legitimate proportions, the mind is full, capacious, and well developed. He is now about forty years of age, and a large family of as handsome children as could be found in this teeming and prolific country has blessed his union with a lady as remarkable for her beauty as she is beloved for her amiability and consideration. Endowed with a healthy mind. Mr. Kavanagh has not permitted his physical afflictions to mar, or curb, or control the development of those faculties to which, as if by way of compensation, Providence has vouchsafed to impart extraordinary power, energy, and acuteness. His literary taste he has gratified to the fullest; and the 'Cruise of the Eva,' published a short time since, testifies that he is in diction graceful, vivacious, and observant. The book, which is most certainly evidence of an ability far away above mediocrity, was illustrated from sketches made by himself during his cruise. His mode of writing is simple but must have been attended with great trouble before he attained the proficiency which he unquestionably has. He holds the pen or pencil in his mouth and guides its course by the arm-stumps, which are sufficiently long to meet across the chest and by this apparently impossible mode he produces a calligraphy, each letter of which is distinctly formed, and all without any peculiarity, or what is called 'character.' When hunting he sits in a kind of saddle basket, and his reins are managed with an expertise and an ease surprising; but, perhaps, the greatest of his achievements is driving a 'four-in-hand.' This he does to perfection, and as his team scampers away at a dashing pace the sharp crack of his whip may be heard far off.

Thus, I think I have stated enough to establish the right of the 'model county' of Ireland to claim 'the distinction' of having sent to parliament the most extraordinary man that has obtained a seat in the Commons of the United Kingdom, during, at least, the present century. In his case the house will have to grant some indulgences. As his locomotion is effected by his attendant carrying him, some other than an 'honourable member' must be admitted 'within the bar' whenever Mr. Kavanagh takes his seat—for I opine the gallant whipper in (Colonel Taylor) would not wish, howsoever anxious he might be for 'a house,' to thus testify his anxiety to assist his party and carry it safely through. Then, how is the hon. member for Wexford to record his vote? In his drawing-room he contrives, hedgehog-like, to roll from place to place. This, I fancy, would not be practicable in the house; and, as 'strangers' can't be admitted on such sacred occasions, I fear Colonel Taylor will have to add the duty of 'locomotive' to those onerous ones which even with fully developed members he oftentimes finds it difficult to discharge. Again, when Mr. Kavanagh succeeds in that very delicate and important oculistic operation of 'catching the Speaker's eye,' will he be privileged to address her Majesty's faithful Commons sitting—for should he stand he will be invisible—or, perhaps, he will be allowed to stand upon his seat, and thus obtain an eminence and a commanding position. At all events, though his posture in addressing the house may be *outré* or ridiculous, I may assure you that his manner and matter are sure to command attention, for he is an able and finished speaker, and brings to the consideration of every public question the resources of a carefully cultivated intelligence, guided and controlled by judgment ripe from experience and matured by attentive study. I rather think that Arthur MacMurrough Kavanagh's first appearance in the house will create something of a sensation.

Fashionable Life at the Antipodes.

The Melbourne papers just received contain an account of a fancy ball given by the mayor of Melbourne to Sir H. Manners Sutton, the governor of Victoria, Lady Manners Sutton, and about 1500 *élite* of the city. Some idea of colonial wealth and splendour may be formed from a description of the dresses worn by some of the ladies. Mrs. Garner, as Selika, wore a petticoat of amber cashmere enriched with silver lace, a crimson velvet bodice with a gold circle round the waist, from which depended diamonds, emeralds and topazes; over the bodice was a royal blue satin robe trimmed with deep gold lace; the headdress was a gold diadem with a cluster of topazes in the centre, surmounted by a bird of paradise; a necklace of jewels was worn to match the circle. Mrs. Butters, as The Press, wore a white satin on which were printed the first pages of the Melbourne newspapers and periodicals, including that of an illustrated journal with a portrait of the governor. In her hand she carried a gold model of a printing press, from which were struck off in the room some lines from Byron's "Lara." Miss Carter, as the Goddess of Music, wore over a blue satin dress a tulle skirt, circled at the waist by a band of amber satin, on which were printed bars of music. The bodice was of fluted black velvet, displaying musical characters. On her dress hung a golden lyre, and her head was adorned with a gold coronet. A great number of ladies wore golden and jewelled diadems. The dresses of the gentlemen were equally gorgeous and singular.

Scientific.

MOUSE POWER.—A gentleman in Scotland has trained a couple of mice, and invented a machinery for enabling them to spin cotton yarn. The work is done on the treadmill principle. It is so constructed that the common house-mouse is enabled to make atonement to society for past offences by twisting and reeling from 100 to 120 threads per day. To complete this the little pedestrian has to run 10½ miles. This journey it performs every day with ease. An ordinary mouse weighs only half an ounce. A half-penny's worth of oatmeal at 1s. 8d. per peck serves one of these treadmill culprits for the long period of five weeks. In that time it makes 110 threads per day, being an average of 3,850 threads of 25 inches, which is nearly nine lengths of the reel. A penny is paid to women for every cut in the ordinary way. At this rate a mouse earns 9d. every five weeks, which is one farthing per day, or 7s. 6d. per annum. Take 6d. off for board, and 1s. for machinery, there will arise 6s. clear profit from every mouse yearly. The mouse-employer is going to make application for the lease of an old empty house, the dimensions of which were 100 by 50 feet, and 50 feet in height, which, at a moderate calculation, will hold ten thousand mouse mills, sufficient room being left for keepers and some hundreds of spectators. Allowing £200 for rent and taskmasters, £10,000 to erect machinery, and £500 for the interest, there will be left a balance of £2,300 per annum.

RIVALLING ALADDIN.—A Paris correspondent writes concerning the Paris exhibition building: "This building is now almost terminated, and rises in the midst of the surrounding park like a gigantic colosseum. In connecting the various parts of the iron framework no less than six millions of rivets have been used, and fifteen millions of holes bored. It has taken forty-five thousand square metres of glass for the windows of the great machine gallery alone, whilst the skylights contain twenty thousand metres. One of the most remarkable features in connection with this building is the rapidity with which the works have been carried on. In the month of August, 1865, nothing had been done beyond the adoption of the plans, and the first contracts were not concluded till the following month of September. In October military exercises were still gone through in the Champs de Mars, and now the palace with roof and windows complete stands there as a mighty monument of modern science and industry. In a short time the interior fittings and decorations will be finished, and the whole aspect of the Champs de Mars changed as if by magic."

A HORSE CHAUNTER.—A fellow being called as a witness in one of the English courts, the judge demanded:

"What is your trade?"
"A horse-chaunter, my lord."

"A what? A horse-chaunter? Why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, aint you up to that ere trade?"

"I require you to explain."

"Vell, my lord, I goes round among the livery stables—they all on 'em knows me—and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tee-total stranger, and says I, 'Vell, that's a rare 'un, I'll be bound,' sez I. 'He's got the beautifullest 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' sez I. 'Only look at iz open nostrils—he got vind like a no-go motive, I'll be bound; he'll travel a hundred miles a day, and never once think on't; them's the kind of legs vat never fails.' Vell, this tickles the gen'man, and he says to 'imself, 'That ere 'onest countryman's a rare judge of a 'orse'; so, please you, my lord, he buys 'im and trots off.' Vell, then I goes up to the man vat keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, 'Vell, vat are you going to stand for that ere chaunt?' and he gives me a sovereign. Vell, that's vat I call 'orse-chaunting, my lord. There's rare little harm in't; there's a good many sorts on us. Some chaunts canals, and some chaunts railroads."

ABOUT BEES.—A gentleman, writing to the *Maine Farmer*, says:—

"Having had little satisfaction and much trouble in fumigating bees with puff ball, I thought me to try chloroform, and shall never use anything else in future. I put about ten drops on a bit of rag, pushed it under the hive from behind, and in about five minutes the bees were all on the bottom board. In this way I united two swarms most successfully."

SINGING BIRDS.—A notion has prevailed that Australian birds are almost destitute of song. Mr. Harper explodes this theory. He is now in Australia, and in a vein of enthusiasm describes the woods as resounding to their native songsters. A similar libel against British America used to be retailed by tourists and others. It has, however, been pretty thoroughly refuted.

COUGHS, Hoarseness, and the various Throat affections to which Public Speakers, Military Officers, and Singers are liable, relieved by "Brown's Bronchial Troches." Having a direct influence on the affected parts, they allay Pulmonary Irritation. The freedom from all deleterious ingredients makes the Troches a safe remedy for the most delicate female, or youngest child, and has caused them to be held in the highest esteem by those who use them.

All who need physic take Parsons' Purgative Pills. If your system is in an unhealthy state, two or three of Parsons' Pills will bring it round all right.