

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 17th, 1867.

ACTS x. 23-48: The vision understood. 2 Kings x. 1-17: Jehu's doings. Recite—PSALM i. 1-3.

Sunday, March 24th, 1867.

ACTS xi. 1-18: The vision rehearsed. 2 Kings x. 18-36: Hazael oppresses Israel. Recite—2 CORINTHIANS v. 1-3.

The little Soap-dealer.

Little Mary sold cakes of soap for a living. All day she wandered up and down the streets, holding up her small wares and calling out their different names. A great many people bought of her, yet sometimes she would have a dull day, and then her little heart sunk down like lead—for she thought of the sick mother and puny baby at home, and feared they would have no supper. "But I will not say anything about them," she thought; "all poor little girls, like me, say they have sick mothers, and sometimes it isn't true. I wish mine wasn't. Soap—soap—nice soap for sale here!"

One day she had scarcely any customers, it was a cold day, too, and the poor baby had looked so cold and thin that Mary feared she would die. She wandered down on the avenue, past all the grand houses, that seemed to lift themselves up to the sky. "I wonder if God lives in some of them," she thought to herself, "they are so very grand;" and just then she passed before one from which some persons were coming out. A carriage, decked with silver and drawn by four splendid horses, stood in front of the door, and a stately personage in purple velvet robes descended the steps and got into the carriage. He wore a strange hat on his head, and Mary knew that those who were with him were priests. "That must be God," thought the poor, ignorant child, and she fell on her knees, and remained there until the carriage was out of sight.

"Let me have a cake of brown Windsor!" said a voice at her elbow; and Mary hurried to serve her new customer, who was a gentleman going home to supper. He was in a hurry, for his mind was in a state of perplexity. He kept a liquor store, but he had somehow lately had some scruples about selling such commodities, and he was half inclined to give up his part of the business, and go into some more respectable traffic. He was in this uncertain state of mind when he met the little soap-dealer. As she made the change for him, he noticed how miserably she was clad, and how pinched her features were. "Is it the old story?" he asked lightly—"A sick mother and lots of starving little ones?"

"Yes, sir," said the child seriously; "mother's always sick, but there's only Nellie and me."

"Is your father dead?"

"No, sir; but he doesn't give us anything."

"What is he?" he asked mockingly, though without any intention of hurting the child's feelings, if such a child could be supposed to have feelings. "Is he a professional man?"

"A what, sir?"

"O," winking to a friend who had come up, "a lawyer or doctor?"

"No, sir, he's none of them."

"A minister, may be, then?"

"I guess not," said Mary, doubtfully.

"Well, what is he, then? He must be something. May be he's a bricklayer, or a member of the ancient masons."

"No, sir, he's not that; he's a—"

"Well, what?"

"He's a drunkard, sir."

The child shrunk instinctively as she said it. The shame of such an assertion seemed to envelope her in a moment. The gentleman handed her back her change. "Keep it," he said, in a serious voice, "and tell me where your father works."

"He don't work now; he only drinks for a living, but he used to be porter for Craigs & Barbers."

The questioner was Mr. Craig. He took down the child's address, and went home. When he walked into his parlor, his wife sat alone by a cheerful coal fire.

"See here, Kate," he said, "do you remember old Jake, our porter?"

"Of course I do. A good natured, easy soul, but too fond of liquor. I told you—"

"There, don't lecture me. I'm going to sell out to-morrow. I want you to find out Jake's family and help them on their feet again. Maybe I can do something for Ann, if it's not too late."

"I should think you would feel a responsibility about his family, if he has drank himself to death in your service. O, Herman! I feel sometimes as if every dollar of my money would some day bring a curse."

"Well, I'm out of the business now, and shall stay out, and make all the reparation I can."

Mrs. Craig lifted Jake's wife and children out of the depths of poverty, and made them comfortable and self-supporting, but she could not undo the past of bitter suffering they had endured. As for Jake, he died of delirium tremens the other day, in the city bridewell.

Does he think himself a christian who is ashamed or afraid to be one? Can he be joined to Christ who feels either the disgrace or the danger of belonging to him?

What a person praises is a surer standard of his character than what he condemns.

Foreign Missions.

Woman in heathen Countries.

In nothing are the effects of Christianity seen more remarkably in heathen countries than in its elevation of the condition of woman from a wretched slave to that noble place of companionship with man that God made her to occupy. The cause of missions to the heathen, therefore, appeals with great force to Christian women. They are everywhere zealous in good works. Their hearts are tender and their hands are ready to help the afflicted. Who are so afflicted, who so poor, who so wretched as the thousands, the millions of their own sex in heathen lands? Christian mothers, daughters, sisters! read the following, which gives but a glimpse of the reality, and let it move you to more earnest prayer and more vigorous effort to send the gospel to the heathen.

The authors of the so-called sacred books of Mohammedanism and heathenism uniformly speak in the most disrespectful terms of woman, and endeavor all they can to degrade her. In the Koran she is classed with "impure animals." One of the precepts of that book is, "Pigs, dogs, women, and other impure animals, must not be permitted to enter a mosque." The Hindu Shasters, or Sacred Laws, say that "woman is as foul as falsehood itself, and she must not be permitted to read the holy text." Similar expressions are found also in many of the religious books of China; and Mohammedan, Hindu, and Chinese writers agree in saying that the sole cause of woman's existence is to be the servant of the man, and to minister to his pleasure and gratification. The Shasters say, "Let the wife who wishes to perform sacred ablution wash the feet of her Lord and drink the water; for a husband is to a wife greater than Sankard or Vishnu. The husband is her god, her priest, her religion."

A Hindu woman, of high caste, recently said to a Christian lady, "Yours is the woman's Bible. Our Shasters say nothing of women but what is hard and cruel; but your Bible is full of kind and loving words for us." There is deep meaning in this language from a heathen, and we cannot marvel that when the ancient and revered books of the Moslem and the pagan speak so contemptuously and cruelly of woman, her condition outside the bounds of Christendom should be so abject and pitiable.

How sad her lot is in India, from the cradle to the grave, is graphically shown in the following from an Indian correspondent of the Christian Work:

"The laws of Hindu society deliberately aim at woman's degradation. There is no law or usage affecting her sex which does not, in some way, serve to rivet more firmly the chains of her serfdom. The whole system of social government seems to have been intentionally so constructed, as by a lingering but sure process, to stifle and extinguish as well all intellectual aspiration as all moral sensibility. Everything is against her. The domestic sphere is the only one in which she can move; and here she is a slave, made so and kept so by religion and usage. If buoyancy of spirit and freedom from care characterize childhood, then she never knew childhood. She received no welcome at her birth. From the time she could walk unassisted, and understand what was said to her, she was made to share her mother's household cares, and was encouraged, by being taught to present prayers and offerings to the gods, to make it her one solicitude to obtain a husband. If no husband came by the time she was ten years old, she submitted to the ceremony of marriage to a tree, that her parents might escape the shame of having it said that they had a daughter still unmarried. Or, having been married to a human husband while she was as yet only five or six years of age, she continued in the seclusion of her mother's zenana for a brief period longer, and then went to the husband's house, where she was at once inducted into the office of slave to her mother-in-law. Made to do all the drudgery of the house from morning to night, abused, ill-treated, beaten, maligned to her husband (for she is only serving the apprenticeship common to all Hindu wives), she resignedly toils and suffers, and suffers and toils, until she becomes a mother. Her condition henceforward is somewhat mitigated; but she nevertheless remains the victim of her mother-in-law's tyranny. It is only when her mother-in-law dies, that she hopes to gain her freedom."

"Let us suppose the old tyrant to have died—what now is the condition of the wife and mother? She has her children around her. Her girls obey her, and perhaps love her; her boys are taught to despise her and scorn her authority. But now, perhaps, her husband dies. Her widowhood introduces her to new humiliations. British law has interfered to prevent widow-immolation, and she does not die with her husband. But Hinduism has found means by which the intent of the law may be evaded. If her husband's relations dare not force her to mount the funeral pile, they can, nevertheless, have recourse to refinements of cruelty at home, which work her death quite as effectually, if not as speedily. She shall never marry again, and the interval between her husband's death and her own shall be shortened by every means that a heartless ingenuity can devise. By way of foretaste, she shall begin by being stripped of all her ornaments—bracelets, anklets and necklaces are for wives, not widows. In place of the muslins and embroidered silks she once wore, she shall be clothed in coarse white linen, and in it shall bear heat and cold alike. She shall again become the drudge of the household, working the hardest and being thanked the least. Fish, which she was allowed to eat as a wife, is denied her as a widow. Indeed, she shall eat

nothing more nourishing than boiled rice and greens, and that only once in the twenty-four hours. And then, if on sitting to her frugal meal, she detects in her rice the smallest particle of anything extraneous, forthwith the whole of the food must be thrown away, and she must contentedly starve till the next day. At the changes of the moon, and sundry other occasions, she must abstain from food altogether. When she falls ill, as she soon must, her enfeebled state of body rendering her very liable to epidemic diseases, her family may, to save appearances, call in a kobiraj, or native physician; but where recovery depends on the regulation of the diet, and the laws of widowhood interdict the necessary diet, what can a physician do?"

"A young man once came to me in great distress of mind. His widowed sister had been seized with cholera, and mistrusting the nostrums of the kobiraj, he had persuaded his father to call in the English physician of the place. The girl tided over the attack, but was very weak; and the doctor, knowing it would be useless to prescribe animal food for a Hindu, ordered her relatives to feed her with fish. He was told that it could not be."

"Why not?" he inquired; "I know that you Hindus do not eat animal food, but you do eat fish."

"That is true," was the reply; "but your patient is a widow, and widows may not eat even fish."

"The doctor's rejoinder was a very sensible one:

"Why did you go to the expense of saving her from death when you deny her the means of supporting life? If she does not get nourishing food, she will be sure to succumb to the very next attack of cholera."

"No doubt the doctor was right; but the issue he predicted is just the issue which the law of Hindu widowhood distinctly meditates. The widow must be got rid of. To have persuaded her, when her husband died, to act the suttee, would have been the simplest, and perhaps the kindest, course to pursue; but as the British government has interfered to prevent self-immolation, the slower but equally sure process of starvation and cruel slavery must be resorted to. Hinduism teaches that when a woman or girl (as the case may be) loses her husband, it is owing to some crime that she has committed, either in this life or in some former state of being. Widowhood, therefore, is a token of the Divine displeasure; and the relatives of the widow, feeling her disgrace reflected on them, and dreading the anger of the gods, are restless and unhappy until she has been effectually disposed of."—Spirit of Missions.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

Burmah.

PROME.—A letter has been received; from Mr. E. O. Stevens on his way up the Irrawadi to his future residence in Promé. The letter is dated Nov. 20. Two native Christians, who had been attending the Convention in Rangoon, accompanied Mr. S. and his family; also an officer of the British army, on his way to join his regiment on the northern frontier.

RANGOON.—Mr. Rose reports, Dec. 8, that he had just returned from a trip of twenty-five days among the villages to the north, calling at a number of the larger villages, and proclaiming among the people the gospel of Christ. During his absence he spent ten days in Thongzai, where he found many who listened to the Word, and some inquirers. He baptized one in Thongzai and two elsewhere and administered the Lord's Supper at Thongzai to about thirty members.

HENTHADA.—Mr. Thomas writes, Nov. 30, that since returning from the Convention in Rangoon, he had seen at the mission-house Karens from nearly every part of his field, including many of the preachers, and that all was going on pleasantly. Three had just been baptized in connection with one of the small churches near Henthada. Mr. T. also reports several new converts, and tidings from "quite a large number of others in various places in the jungles." He was about to start on a long tour to the north.

THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN.—The minimum Christian! And who is he? The Christian who is striving to go to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. He is friendly, very friendly to all good works, but it is not in his power to do much for them. He is in favor of Home and Foreign Missions, and gives his mite. He thinks there are too many appeals, but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it. The true child of God does not say, "How little," but "How much may I do for my God?" He is ever exclaiming, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"—Christian Press.

A remarkable revival of religion exists, in connection with the labors of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, in South Africa. It is said that the whole land is receiving a blessing. At some stations as many as three or five hundred conversions have taken place, and at one, 800. More than 2,000 natives have been hopefully converted, and more than 600 English, and the work is still progressing.

God is pleased with no music from below so much as with the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing and comforted and thankful persons.

He who prays as he ought will endeavor to live as he prays.

Scientific.

HOW TO CLEAR SOAPSUDES.—It is well known, says an Australian paper, that a little alum dissolved is very effective in clearing muddy water; but, a short time since, some alum was applied in a manner which from its novelty and its valuable results, is worthy of notice. In a place where water is scarce at present, a little alum was dissolved in hot water, and thrown into a tub of thick soapuds. In a short time the soap curdled, and, accompanied by the muddy particles, sank to the bottom, leaving the water above perfectly clear, pure, and devoid of smell. This water was found very useful for washing clothing in again, when poured off the sediment. A similar result was attained in a quick manner by filling a boiler with soapuds, placing it on a fire, and throwing a bit of alum into it. When the suds boiled, the scum went over, and left the water clear, soft, and as useful for washing clothes as it had originally been.

A "TIMBER HAT."—Somewhere about the year 1780 (so runs the tale), a travelling millwright—in those days the king of mechanics—footsores, and with the broadest Northern Doric accent, stopped at Sobo, a locality once indicative of field sports, but then the engine factory of Boulton & Watt, and asked for work.

His aspect was little better than one of "beg-gary and poor looks," and Mr. Boulton had bidden him God-speed to some other workshop, when, as he was turning away sorrowfully, Mr. Boulton suddenly called him back and inquired:

"What kind of a hat have you on your head, my man?"

"It's just timber, sir."

"Timber, my man? Let's look at it? Where did you get it?"

"I just made it, sir, may ain't sel."

"How did you make it?"

"I just turned it in the lathe."

"But it is oval, man; and a lathe turns things round!"

"Awel! I just guar'd the lathe gang another gait to please me. I'd a long journey afore me, and I thoct I'd have a hat to keep out the water; and I had na muckle siller to spare, and I just made ane."

By his inborn mechanism, the man had invented the oval lathe and made his hat, and the hat made his fortune. He became a distinguished machinist.

HOW TO KILL A HOG.—Hogs, undoubtedly, were made to be killed, and eaten after they were killed. But it is best to do a painful thing—painful to the animal and to the operator—in as humane a manner as possible. We have always thought the mode commonly practised—that of sticking them—to be unnecessarily painful, and long in the operation. First, the hog is hunted down in order to catch him, and is generally worried, and sometimes injured in this operation; then follows the sticking process, which must be a severely painful one. A better way is to take a pistol that carries a ball as large as a common pea, walk quietly up to the animal, say within six or eight feet, and discharge the ball into the head, midway between the ears, but a little below them. If the shot has been a true one, he will fall instantly, and probably without the slightest sensation of pain. He may then be bled at once. We have killed several worn-out hogs in this way. They invariably pitch forward to the ground, and undoubtedly die without pain, as they do not stir a limb nor move a muscle. Before shooting they are led upon a bed of muck, prepared for the purpose, where they are cut up, covered with the muck, and left to decompose.

The following is another mode of doing the work, sent to the American Agriculturist by a Philadelphia correspondent:

"I take any kind of gun that will go 'loose,' load with, say one-third charge of powder, and a plug of hard wood about an inch long and the thickness of the ramrod. This I shoot directly into the centre of the forehead of the hog, and he drops at once. The head is not injured as to meat; there is no danger of the hog biting you. You have no hard tugging and lifting to catch and throw him, both of which are hard and dangerous work, and the hog will bleed out better, as the nervous system receives so sudden a shock that he is not able to draw the blood into the lungs, as in case the windpipe should be cut in sticking. It is easy to picture laying hogs on their backs, and try it one year, and shooting the next, and my word for it, your pen will ever afterwards be free from squealing on butchering days."—N. E. Farmer.

COMMON POISONS.—Dr. How, of Manchester, N. H., after speaking of a recent death, cautions the public against the use of lead water pipes, and against "the inordinate use of hair dyes," &c. He says water containing only the sixth of a grain of lead to the gallon has poisoned whole families; and some hair dyes produced partial paralysis, croup, neuralgia, &c.

It must have been generally observed that something has killed off all the old people. Formerly the pleasure was often experienced of "howling before the hoary head," especially on the Sabbath and in the sanatory. But in these days we often look around for the men of white locks—how often, alas, in vain!

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is superior to any other Liniment or Pain Killer in the world. It is equally efficacious, whether taken internally, or applied externally.—It will cure cough or hoarseness, influenza, whooping cough and croup, and is excellent for all lung complaints.