

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 17th, 1867.

Acts xxvii. 1-13: Paul embarks for Rome. Esther vi. 1-14: Mordecai greatly honored. Recite—JONAH i. 14-17.

Sunday, November 24th, 1867.

Acts xxvii. 14-26: Paul tossed with a tempest. Esther vii. 1-10: Esther accuses Haman. Recite—LUKE ii. 27-32.

The king of the cradle.

Draw back the cradle curtains, Kate, Whilst watch and ward you're keeping, Let's see the monarch lie in state, And view him while he's sleeping: He smiles and clasps his tiny hand As sunbeams in come streaming, A world of baby fairy-land He visits whilst he's dreaming.

Monarch of pearly powder-puff Asleep in nest so cosy, Shielded from breath of breezes rough By curtains warm and rosy; He slumbers soundly in his cell, As weak as one decrepid, Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell, And Knight of Bath that's tepid!

Ah, lucky tyrant! Happy lot! Fair watchers without number, To sweetly sing beside his cot, And hush him off to slumber; White hands in wait to smooth so neat His pillow when it's rumpled, On couch of rose-leaves, fresh and sweet, Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand— Size, nothing and a quarter— E'er clasp a sabre, lead a band To glory and to slaughter? And, may I ask, will those blue eyes— In baby patois "peepers"— E'er in the House of Commons rise, And strive to catch the Speaker's.

Will that fair brow o'er Hansard frown, Confused by lore statistic? Or will those lips e'er stir the town From pulpit ritualistic? Impossible, and yet, mayhap— Though strange, quite true it may be— Perhaps Nero once was fed on pap, And Beales was once a baby.

Though rosy, dimpled, plump and round, Though fragile, soft and tender, Sometimes, alas! it may be found The thread of life is tender! A little shoe, a bitten glove— Affection never waning, The shattered idol of our love— Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear Small feet in childish patter, Tread soft as they a grave draw near, And voices hush their chatter? 'Tis small and new, they pause in fear, Beneath the gray church tower, To consecrate it by a tear And deck it with a flower.

Then take your babe, Kate, kiss him so, Fast to your bosom press him! Of mother's love what does he know? Though closely you caress him. Ah! what a man will be that boy, What mind and education! If he fulfills the hope and joy Of mother's aspiration.

—London Society, October.

The wise and foolish Builders.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Eight children were playing upon the sand beside the sea-shore. The tide was out and the sky was clear, while the pretty seagulls were sailing through the air.

'Oh, see what beautiful flat stones!' said George; 'how nice they would be to build a house with.'

'Let us build one,' said Edith, who was the eldest of the girls.

'No, let us build two, and see which is the best,' replied George.

'Edith, you and Sophie, and John and Willie, build one; and Sarah, and Kate, and Fred and I will build another.'

So the little builders went to work. George and his party thought it would be so nice to build on the flat sand, that was as smooth as the floor of the play-room at home, and where they did not need to waste any of the stones in making a foundation.

Fred and the girls brought the stones, while George put them together, and very soon the house began to grow to quite a respectable size.

But Edith led her labourers away from the beach to where the rocks began to peep above the sand, and where the tide never came; and having found a rock that was as high as her waist, she began to put her house together. It was hard work, for they had to pick up the stones on the beach and take them up to Edith, who spent some time in laying them on the uneven rock, so as to make a good foundation. So George had finished his house before Edith

had put up more than three or four rows of stone; and as he had nothing to do, he began to look at her work.

'Why, Edith, how slow you are; my house is built, and yours is not half done.'

'I wanted to build a good strong one,' said Edith, 'and it takes a good while to build on this rock.'

'Oh, you should have built it on the sand, as I did.' Just then a loud cry from Fred made George turn around.

The tide was coming in, and as one of the first waves had reached his house, it was washing away the lower stones. All gathered around it, but it was too late. The waves came in faster and faster, and carried away first one stone and then another, until, with a crash, the whole building fell into the water.

'Yes, Edith,' said George sadly, 'I see that you were right. I ought to have built my house upon a rock.'

Jesus tells of two classes of people who build, the wise and foolish builders. He says, 'Whoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock. And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.' (Matt. vii. 24-27).

Little reader, are you building on the rock, or on the sand?—Children's Friend.

Beautiful Allegory.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is the matter, little leaf?' And the leaf said, 'The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to die on the ground!' The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent word back to the leaf, 'Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.' And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on nestling and singing. Every time the tree shook itself and stirred up all its leaves, the branch shook it self, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long till October. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow and some scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree said, 'All these leaves are getting ready to fly away, and they have put on these beautiful colors because of joy.' Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said: 'Oh, branch, why are you lead color and we golden?' 'We must keep on our work clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your task is over. Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let it go without thinking of it, and the wind took it up and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently down under the edge of the fence among hundreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.—Beecher.

A Fable.

When we hear the liquor-dealers talk about 'oppressive excise laws' and 'puritanical legislation,' and see them appealing to the constitutional convention for redress against an 'invasion of their rights,' and for protection against the 'cruel injuries inflicted upon them' by unjust legislation against a trade in which they have invested their all, we are reminded of the following fable.

A very fat old duck went out early one morning in pursuit of worms, and after being out all day, she succeeded in filling her crop, and on her return home at night, with her crop full of worms, she had the misfortune to be met by a fox, who at once proposed to take her life to satisfy his hunger. The old duck appealed, argued, implored, and remonstrated. She said to the fox: 'You can not be so wicked and hard hearted as to take the life of a harmless duck merely to satisfy your hunger?' She exhorted him against the commission of so great a sin, and begged him not to stain his soul with innocent blood. When the fox could stand her cant no longer, he said: 'Out upon you, madam, with all your fine feathers! You are a pretty thing, indeed, to lecture me for taking life to satisfy my hunger! Is not your own crop now full of worms? You destroy more lives in one day to satisfy your hunger than I do in a whole month!'—National Temperance Advocate.

DRESSED FOR ST. PAUL'S.—Says a writer in the Christian Era: "We recollect hearing of two New York ladies, one of whom was an attendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and the other at the humble St. Paul's that the former one Sunday morning sent a request to the latter that she would go to church with her; to which her friend replied that she would be happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's."

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

DECEMBER 1. Sunday. Base things of the world hath God chosen, 1 Cor. i. 28.

Effectual grace calls forth many of the vilest of the vile to sit as the table of mercy, and therefore none should despair.

2. Monday. Therefore will the Lord wait, that He may be gracious unto thee, Isa. xxx. 18.

God often delays in answering prayer. The Syrophenician woman was not answered a word for a long time, but let not despair make thee silent, O Christian, continue earnest in supplication.

3. Tuesday. So shall we ever be with the Lord, 1 Thess. iv. 17.

Oh, if it be so sweet to see Him now and then only, how sweet to gaze on that blessed face for ever, and never have to turn ones eyes away to look on a world of weariness and woe.

4. Wednesday. Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it, 1 Thess. v. 24.

Believers in Jesus, reflect often with joy on the doctrine of the saint's perseverance, and honour the faithfulness of your Lord by a holy confidence in Him.

5. Thursday. Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, 1 John i. 3.

When we were united by faith to Jesus we were brought into such complete fellowship with Him, that his interests and ours became mutual and identical.

6. Friday. Ye are not under the law but under grace, Rom. vi. 14.

If we are no more under the law, but free from its curse, let our liberty be practically exhibited in our serving God with gratitude and delight.

7. Saturday. Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, Eccl. ix. 10.

One good deed is worth more than a thousand brilliant theories. Let us not wait for large opportunities, but do just the things we find to do day by day with all our might.

Scientific, &c.

A Scrap from Natural Theology.

The boiling-point of water affords proofs of the wisdom and goodness of God.

There is no physical necessity that this should occur at two hundred and twelve degrees of the Fahrenheit scale. As far as we know it might have been made the same with the boiling point of oil of turpentine, alcohol, or ether. We shall see the benevolence of the present adjustment by noticing some of the consequences which would follow if any change were made.

The amount of vapor given off at ordinary temperatures by any liquid depends on the temperature at which it boils. If the boiling-point of water were the same as that of alcohol, the vapor given off by the ocean would be two and a half times as much as at present. Such an excess of aqueous vapor would produce continued rains and inundations, and would make the air too damp for animal, and too cloudy for vegetable, life. If water boiled at the same temperature as ether, the vapor arising from the ocean would be more than twenty-five times as much as at present. In such a state of things no man could see the sun on account of the clouds; the rain would be so excessive as to tear up the soil and wash away plants; inundations would be constant, and navigation would be impossible in the inland torrents which would take the place of our rivers. In winter the snow of one day might bury the houses.

If, on the other hand, water boiled at the temperature of oil of turpentine, the vapor given off by the ocean would be less than one fourth of its present amount. In this case rain would be a rarity like an eclipse of the sun, the dryness of the desert of Sahara would be equalled in a large part of the globe, which would therefore be bare of vegetation, and incapable of sustaining animal life. Plants would be scorched by unclouded sunshine, springs and rivulets would be dry, and inland navigation would cease; for nearly all the rain would be absorbed by the porous earth.

We see then that the boiling-point of water has been adjusted to various relations. It is adjusted to the capacity of space to contain aqueous vapor in a transparent state; if it were higher than two hundred and twelve degrees the earth would be scorched by an unclouded sun; if it were lower, it would droop under continual shade. It is suited to the demand of plants for water; if it were higher, they would suffer from drought; if it were lower, they would be torn up by floods. It is in harmony with the texture of the soil; if it were higher, the earth would absorb all the rain which falls; if it were lower, the soil would often be washed away by the surface torrents after a shower. It is adapted to the elevation of the continents above the sea; if it were higher, rivers with their present inclination would be so shallow as to be often dry; if it were lower, most rivers would be so deep as to be torrents, while the land would be covered with floods.

CURIOSITIES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—Photographers have taken "the sun himself," when in eclipse; they have caught an impression of a shell whizzing through the air, discharged from the mouth of a 32-inch mortar; they have

caught the wave as it broke on the shore, the sun depicting even the drops falling from its toppling crest; more, they have not failed in getting a "good impression" of the head of a criminal executed by the guillotine, catching the head in mid-air as it fell into the basket below. Photographic book-marks and visiting cards are sold by the thousand, while photographic shirt-studs and waistcoat buttons, ornamented with microscopic miniatures, are now being daily produced in countless numbers at the button factories in Prussia; portraits of a popular person, Garibaldi, for instance, being ordered by the hundred thousand at a time! On the authority of a careful English writer, all this photographing requires the use of no less than twenty tons of silver per annum.

BEST TIME TO PAINT HOUSES.—Experiments have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to the sun will be much more durable if applied in autumn or spring, than if put on during hot weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms a hard, glossy coat, tough like glass, while if applied in warm weather, the oil strikes into the wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly beaten off by rains.

A NEW PROCESS OF COLOURING MARBLE.—Variegated marble, it is announced may be imitated in all the rich coloured veins for which some species of it are distinguished. For this purpose a solid block of marble to be treated is first warmed in an oven, after which the colours are applied. These consist of an alcoholic solution of alkanet root, to produce a rich lavender; a madder lake, to make a crimson; indigo, to produce a blue; verdigris, green; and gamboge, yellow. They are put on according to the fancy and taste of the artist, so as to form the desired patterns; after which the marble is again warmed, to make it absorb the colours.

MUSICAL ITEMS.—Among the novelties at the Paris Exposition is reported to be an instrument which is a combined organ and piano, worked by wheels similar to those in a hand-organ, only this has a dozen wheels, and each plays ten different operative pieces. The mechanism is moved by steam, furnishing music for the multitude from morning till night.

A Word to Concert Goers.—When at concerts or private parties, where music is being performed, never converse, no matter how anxious you may be to do so, or how many persons you may see doing so; restrain, also, from listening time, humming the airs, applauding, or making ridiculous gestures of admiration.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they contain the more noise they make, and the further you can hear them.

What kind of a throat is best for a singer who wishes to reach the highest notes? A scar throat, probably.

Agriculture, &c.

BUDDING THE ROSE.—A writer in the American Journal of Horticulture adopts a plan in budding roses which greatly expedites the work, and is attended with complete success. Instead of baste or worsted, common adhesive plaster is substituted. In this method no tying is necessary, they plaster adhering at once exactly where it is required. The plaster used is the common adhesive plaster bought at the shops, and the writer states that by its use the budding is performed with greater neatness and exactness as well as rapidly.

MEADOW LANDS.—If meadow lands are depastured in autumn they are stripped of their natural protection, and if depastured in spring, the shooting plants are "ripped in the bud." It is enough to carry off a crop of grass, too often, without making any return in the way of top-dressing, even on land laid down as a hungry waste, without stripping the land of the falling blades in autumn, or the young shoots in spring. This system of exhaustion can lead only to sterility and poverty.—Farm and Fireside Journal.

PICKLE FOR VEGETABLES.—Six quarts of the very best vinegar, one pound of salt, a quarter of a pound of ginger, one ounce of mace, half a pound of shallots, one table-spoonful of cayenne pepper, two ounces of white peppercorns, and two ounces mustard-seed. Boil all these ingredients well together, and when cold put into a jar. You may add what green vegetables or fruit you like, provided they are fresh. They may be merely wiped to free them from dust.

WEIGHT OF CATTLE.—MEASUREMENT.—Measure carefully with a tape line from the top of the shoulder to where the tail is attached to the back; this will give the length. For the girth measure immediately behind the shoulder and fore legs. Multiply half the girth by itself in feet, and the sum by the length in feet, and the product will give the net weight in stones of eight pounds each. For example, with an ox or cow five feet in length and seven feet in girth, the calculation will be as follows:

Multiply half the girth by itself in feet.....3 5  
3 5  
12 25  
5  
Weight in stones.....61 25

This multiplied by eight, the pounds in a stone, or rather a half stone, and the result will be 490 pounds net.—Rural New-Yorker.