

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 31st, 1867.

Acts xi. 19-30: The spread of the Gospel. 2 Kings xi. 1-21: Athalia slain.

Recite—EPHESIANS vi. 1-3.

Sunday, April 7th, 1867.

Acts xii. 1-25: Herod's death. 2 Kings xii. Jehoshaphat directs the temple to be repaired.

Recite—HEBREWS xiii. 1-3.

The Turning Point.

It was the beginning of the holidays when Mr. Davis, a friend of my father, came to see us, and he asked my parents to let me go home with him. They consented; and I was much pleased with the thought of going out of town. The journey was delightful, and when we reached Mr. Davis's house everything looked as if I was going to have a very pleasant visit. Freddy Davis, a boy about my own age, took me cordially by the hand, and all the family soon seemed like old friends. "We shall have a good time," I said to myself several times during the evening, as we all played games, told riddles, and laughed and chatted as merrily as could be.

At last Mrs. Davis said it was bedtime. Then I expected family prayers, but we were very soon directed to our rooms. How strange it seemed to me! for I had never before been in a household without the family altar.

"Come," said Freddy, "mother says you and I are going to be bedfellows."

I followed him up two pair of stairs to a nice little chamber, which he called his room; and he opened a drawer and showed me a box, and a boat, and knives, and powderhorn, and all his treasures; and told me a world of new things about what the boys did there. He undressed first, and jumped into bed. I was much longer about it, for a new set of thoughts began to rise in my mind.

Just as I was leaving my home, my mother said in a low tone, "Remember, Robert, that you are a Christian boy." I knew very well what that meant, and I now had just come to a point of time when her words were to be minded. At home I was taught the duties of a Christian child; abroad I must not neglect them, and one of these was evening prayer. From a very little boy I had been in the habit of kneeling and asking the forgiveness of God, for Jesus' sake, acknowledging his mercies, and seeking his protection and blessing.

"Why don't you come to bed?" cried Freddy. "What are you sitting there for? Can't you undress?"

"Yes, yes, I could undress; but ah, I was afraid to pray and afraid not to pray. It seemed to me that I could not kneel down and pray before Fred. What would he say? Would he not laugh? The fear of Freddy made me a coward. Yet I felt that if I needed the protection of my heavenly Father at home, much more did I need it when abroad and in new dangers, and I wished I had slept alone, that Freddy would go to sleep, or something else, I hardly know what. But Freddy would not go to sleep.

Perhaps struggles like these take place in the bosom of every boy when he leaves home and begins to act for himself, and on his decision may depend his character for time and for eternity.

At last to Freddy's cry, "Come, come to bed!" I mustered courage to say, "I will kneel down and pray first; that is always my habit."

"Pray!" said Freddy, turning himself over on his pillow and saying no more.

His propriety of conduct made me ashamed. Here had I so long been afraid of him, and yet when he knew my wishes he was quiet and left me to myself. How thankful I was that duty and conscience triumphed!

That settled my future course. It gave me strength for time to come. I believe that the decision of the "Christian boy," by God's blessing, made the Christian man; for in after years I was thrown amid trials and temptations which must have drawn me away from God and from virtue, had it not been for my settled habit of secret prayer.

Let every boy who has pious parents read and think about this. You have been trained in Christian duties and principles. When you go from home do not leave them behind you. Carry them with you and stand by them, and then in weakness and temptation, by God's help, they will stand by you. It will be far easier to do this than to recover your ground if you lose it.

Saved by singing.

A good leader of sacred song in a prayer meeting is almost as important as a good minister. Hymns chosen without appreciation of the spirit of the meeting, or sung without life and unction, may disturb religious enjoyment, or even turn aside interest awakened. On the other hand, appropriate hymns, sung by one whose heart feels quickly all the pulsations of the meeting, may help both to conviction and conversion. The following incident is in point:

Some time in the year 1836 a youth of many prayers had been brought by Divine grace to feel his sinfulness, and was led to trust in Christ. The examination of his conversion had been made by the pastor and elders of the church, who were all satisfied. The Sabbath was drawing nigh when he was to stand before a large congregation and avow his faith in

Christ. His soul was much agitated, and Satan was busy with suggestions. He betook himself to earnest prayer, that God would strengthen him, that he might manfully bear his testimony for that dear Friend who had bought him with His blood.

Just before the services began, while the pastor was looking for a hymn, an aged servant of Christ arose and gave out that well known hymn by Dr. Watts:

"What sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that Thou art mine
I shall behold Thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness."

This was sung by the whole congregation; the young man's fears all left him; he was filled with unutterable joy, and felt that he could bear his testimony before all the world.

The hymn has been precious to him during the past thirty years, during which time he has been constantly bearing his testimony for Jesus; has been all the time, and is now, a warm-hearted laborer in the Sunday-school. During the late war he consecrated money, time and labor in the work of the Christian Commission.

A text of Scripture, verse of a hymn, or a sweet song of Zion, often proves to the weary and timid Christian like the sprig of moss in the desert which animated and inspired Mungo Park. Let Christians often speak in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, on the pilgrimage of life.

Willie's first Oath.

A little boy came in from school the other day, looking very unhappy. Was he hurt? No. Had the boys plagued him? No. Had he been in mischief? No. What was the matter with Willie? He had hardly spoken at supper time, and ate very little.

His mother went up to bed with him, and she asked him again, "Willie, dear, what ails you?"

"Mother," said he, "mother, I swore. The minute I spoke it I was afraid of God, and ran home. Mother, if I could only wipe those wicked words out of my mouth—if I only could! Mother, will God ever forgive me for taking his holy name in vain? Pray for me, mother." And Willie sank upon his knees and hid his face.

His mother did pray for him, and Willie did pray for himself—prayed to be forgiven—prayed that he might never profane the name of God again.

"I'd rather be dumb all my life long," said Willie, "than to be a swearer."

Marrying "for Usefulness."

A widower, something over fifty years of age, three months after the loss of his wife, thought to assuage his grief by taking to himself a new companion—a comely young woman of twenty-four. But being a zealous member of a church, he was anxious to secure the approval of his brethren before taking the step. For this purpose he called upon the senior deacon, a man of experience and piety, and a shrewd observer of mankind, to learn his views of the matter.

"Deacon," said he, "I have come to ask advice on a very important subject. I am contemplating marrying again. Do you think there would be any thing out of the way in it?"

"Why, it is not wrong to marry," answered the good man, "but it seems to me that it would strike your acquaintances as rather hasty for you to enter that state so soon after the loss of your excellent wife."

"But," said his caller, "I should do it under a sense of duty."

"That might alter the case, I admit," replied the deacon; "but what makes you feel it your duty to get married?"

"I think I should be more useful. You see I have a paying business, and a comfortable, well-furnished house; and as therefore I can give some one a good home, it appears to me I ought to do so."

"May I inquire if you have any one in view?"

"Yes, Miss W——."

"But she has a home now, has she not?"

"Why, yes."

"And she is in easy circumstances?"

"Yes—I suppose so."

"Well, my brother," concluded the deacon, with a peculiar twinkle of the eye, "so far as the marrying is concerned, considering your motive, I do not know but it would be well for you again to change your condition. The only feature of the case that I can see to be open to criticism is the choice you have made of a bride. As you purpose marrying simply to be useful by giving some one a home, it would therefore be consistent only for you to select one who needs such a charity. Now, there is Aunt L——, for example, a most worthy woman, but poor and infirm, and not much older than yourself. She needs some one to take care of her and her dependent children. Make her the offer of your hand, and, having thus done your duty,—as this is all you aim at in marriage,—your own conscience will be satisfied, and I don't think your brethren will complain."

The usefully inclined widower left in a dejected frame of mind, and it may be a work of supererogation to add that he did not take the deacon's advice.

ALL other love is extinguished by self-love; beneficence, humanity, justice, philology, sink under it.

THERE is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury.

Scientific.

Artificial Propagation of Salmon.

Our attention has been lately called to a subject of no small interest and importance, by a gentleman who brought to our office a number of very lively little animals, which he exhibited in a glass jar partially filled with water, where they disported themselves after a most frolicsome manner, and were evidently in the enjoyment of abundance of vitality and vigour. These little creatures were nothing else than young salmon—not lake trout, but genuine salmon—which had been artificially hatched by Mr. S. Wilmot, of Newcastle, who has for some time been devoting considerable attention to the propagation of fish, and has at length, after much perseverance and many carefully conducted experiments, met with very gratifying success. The specimens he brought to this office were produced from ova taken in the fall, from salmon in a small stream in the township of Clarke, known as Wilmot's Creek, which runs through that gentleman's land and falls into Lake Ontario. Having obtained from the proper authority permission to capture the salmon, which at that period of the year are out of season, Mr. Wilmot succeeded in hatching the ova of four female salmon. A number of others, which he had also captured and confined in a small house erected for the purpose, were wantonly destroyed by ill-disposed neighbours; but from these four he has obtained between 20,000 and 30,000 young salmon, all of which were hatched in small boxes in Mr. Wilmot's dwelling house. In the present stage of their growth (about 12 days old) they exhibit a very singular appearance. They are about an inch long, having the general outline of a fish, with the curious addition of an appendage to the under part of their bodies, consisting of a bag filled with an oily-looking fluid, which is, in fact, the store of food for the little creature during the first six or seven weeks of their existence. This fluid is analogous in some respects to the yolk in a bird's egg. The contents of the sac, as the young fish grow, become gradually absorbed, and when the age above mentioned has been attained, it has altogether disappeared. For some time after being hatched, the young salmon have a transparent jelly like appearance, and the whole of their organization is extremely beautiful and delicate. So transparent is their structure that the heart and blood-vessels can be distinctly seen. Their budding gills and fins are of the most delicate and fragile texture, yet their motions are extremely quick. Altogether, they present a very curious and interesting study to the naturalist.—*Canadian Farmer*.

FRESH IN GRASS.—Animals can do nothing (says a writer in *All the Year Round*) with inorganic materials, unless these have been previously prepared by the vegetable. The vegetable kingdom, therefore, as Jean Macé says, is the vast kitchen in which are cooked the dinners of the animal kingdom. When we eat the ox, it is the grass which he has eaten that actually nourishes us. For us, he is a mere intermediary, who transfers to us intact the albumen extracted by his stomach from the juices supplied to him by his pasture grounds. He is only a waiter in the grand eating house of nature. The dishes he brings us have been put into his hands ready prepared. Only, to appreciate his services properly, we must remember that the nutritious portions furnished by grass are very small indeed in their weight and dimensions, and that it would be a weary task for our digestion to have to elaborate them one by one. We might be starved to death with our stomachs full, as happen to some unfortunate Australian explorers, who found plenty of nardoo to eat, but nothing else. The ox presents us with those little portions concentrated in a heaped-up plateful; and our stomachs are the gainers by his complaisance.

SOAP MAKING—COLD PROCESS.—In Virginia there is a mode of making soap, adopted by the country people, which they call the cold process, that deserves to be made generally known. It is thus described by a farmer's wife: "I put my barrel—a common fish barrel—in the cellar where it is intended to stand, and fill it nearly full of strong lye; then add as much grease without melting it as I think sufficient, stirring it once every day or two. In a few days I can tell whether I have put too much or too little grease, and add lye or grease as the case may require. In two or three weeks it becomes excellent soap. We call it the cold process. In this way we make a better soap, get rid of the trouble and risk of boiling, and can make it as suits our convenience, or occasion requires."—*Iowa Homestead*.

SEED WORDS.

'Twas nothing—a mere idle word
From careless lips that fell,
Forgot perhaps, as soon as said,
And purposeless as well.

But yet as on the passing wind
Is borne the little seed,
Which blooms unheeded as a flower,
Or as a noisome weed.

So often will a single word,
Unknown its end fulfil,
And bear, in seed, the flower and fruit
Of actions good or ill.

TESTED BY TIME.—For Throat Diseases, Colds, and Coughs, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. The good effects resulting from the use of the Troches have brought out many worthless imitations. Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

CHAPTER XI.

THIRD RESIDENCE IN AMHERST.

(No. 2.)

In January, 1836, as Rev. Thomas Trotter, of Antigonish, had published a communication, not professedly against Temperance, but against the principle of Total Abstinence Societies, especially with regard to the use of wine, and it was ably written, and appeared to me adapted to do harm, I deemed it the part of duty to publish a reply. He did not answer me; but in replies to others, referring to my argument founded on 1 Cor. viii. 13, he remarked, that I had urged the only scriptural argument which could be adduced in favor of total abstinence. This certainly was an admission that there is one scriptural argument for it. He also generously observed, "Mr. Tupper, of Amherst, has written with the seriousness of a Christian, and the politeness of a gentleman." So all controversialists should write.

On the first day of June, having completed my engagement as a school-teacher, though strongly solicited to continue, I declined, as it was my desire to be wholly devoted to the work of the ministry; and a competent teacher was ready to take charge of the school.

A young man who had gone from Westcock, near Sackville, to the United States, and had there embraced Mormonism, and become one of their elders, returned about this time, accompanied by another elder and an apostle. Several persons presently embraced their sentiments. As I was spending a portion of my time in Sackville, and occasionally visited Westcock, an aged and piously disposed widow, resident there, at whose house I had sometimes preached, requested me to go thither, have an interview with these men, read their books, and give her my opinion of the new doctrine. In compliance with this request I met them on the 6th day of June. The apostle, Mr. Lyman Johnson, when questioned as to the grounds of his belief in the "Book of Mormon," stated that an angel had appeared to him, and, with the plates whence the book was translated in his hand, told him that they contained a revelation from heaven, and bade him proclaim it to the ends of the earth. He admitted that he did not see the angel with his natural eyes, that the plates were not now accessible, having been supernaturally conveyed away; and that the proof of the correctness of the translation of the unknown characters said to be inscribed on them, rested solely on the testimony of Joseph Smith, whom he acknowledged to be an illiterate man! Having read the Preface to the Book of Mormon, I referred him to the extraordinary statement, that after Smith had miraculously "translated and caused to be written 116 pages" of the plates marvellously preserved, and containing a Divine revelation, plainer and more valuable than that of the Bible, "some person or persons had stolen" the manuscript, and the Lord directed him not to translate these over again. On this I remarked, that it represented the intentions of Duty as having been frustrated, and a large portion of His word, given for man's good, as being irretrievably lost through the machination of some person or persons; and suggested that, as Smith could not remember what he had dictated before, he evidently could not adventure to attempt dictating it again, lest the imposture should be exposed. Mr. J. alleged, in reply that credence was given to the sole testimony of Daniel as to what others could not interpret; and that some parts of the Bible were lost. These specious, but fallacious, attempts to meet insurmountable objections, were readily met by the consideration that Daniel was a learned man, was well known, from the exact fulfilment of his former prophecies, to be a true prophet, and this plain prophecy, communicated by his interpretation of the writing on the wall, was to be immediately fulfilled; and that, though some of the inspired writers have referred to books not now known to be extant, yet these, which seem to have been authentic records, were not necessarily portions of the Bible.

Having borrowed the "Book of Mormon," and purchased the "Doctrines and Covenants of the Latter Day Saints,"—so the Mormons call themselves—both of which books were professedly written by Divine inspiration, I asked Mr. J. if after reading them, I should not be-