

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 3rd, 1867.

Acts xxvi. 1-18: Paul rehearses his Conversion. Esther v. 1-17: Mourning of the Jews. Recite—MATTHEW ix. 31-35.

Sunday, November 10th, 1867.

Acts xxvi. 19-32: Agrippa almost persuaded. Esther v. 1-14: Esther and Haman. Recite—JOB xxii. 1-5.

Company Manners.

'Well,' said Bessie, very emphatically, 'I think Russell Morton is the best boy there is, anyhow!' 'Why so, pet?' I asked, settling myself in the midst of the busy group gathered around the firelight. 'I can tell,' interrupted Wilfred, mockingly. 'Bessie likes Russ because he always touches his hat to her.' 'I don't care, you may laugh,' said frank little Bess; 'That is the reason—at least, one of 'em. He's nice; he don't stamp and hoot in the house—and he never says, 'Hallo Bess,' or laughs when I fall on the ice.' 'Bessie wants company manners all the time,' said Wilfred. And Bel added: 'We should all act grown up, if she had her fastidiousness suited.' Bel, be it said in passing, is very fond of long words, and has asked for a dictionary for her next birthday present. Dauntless Bessie made haste to retort. 'Well, if growing up would make some folks more agreeable, it's a pity we can't hurry about it.' 'Wilfred, what are company manners?' interposed I from the depths of my easy chair. 'Why—why—they're—it's behaving, you know, when folks are here, or we go a visiting.' 'Company manners are good manners,' said Horace, sententiously. 'Oh yes,' answered I, meditating on it. 'I see; manners that are too good—for mamma—but just right for Mrs. Jones.' 'That's it,' cried Bess. 'Give it to 'em, cousin dear.' 'Not at all,' I replied. 'But let us talk it over a bit. Seriously, why should you be more polite to Mrs. Jones than to mamma? You don't love her better?' 'Oh my! no, indeed,' chorused the voices. 'Well, then, I don't see why Mrs. Jones should have all that's agreeable; why the hats should come off and the tones soften, and 'please' and 'thank you' and 'excuse me' should abound in her house, and not in mamma's.' 'Oh! that's different.' And mamma knows we mean all right. Besides, you are not fair, cousin; we were talking about boys and girls—not grown people.' Thus my little audience assailed me, and I was forced to a change of base. 'Well, about boys and girls, then. Can't a boy be just as jolly, if, like our friend Russell, he touches his cap to little girls, doesn't pitch his brother in the snow, and respects the rights of his cousin and intimate friends? It seems to me that politeness is just as suitable to the playground as the parlor.' 'Oh, of course; if you'd have a fellow give up all fun, and keep forever bowing and scraping like a Frenchman!' grumbled Wilfred. 'My dear boy,' said I, 'that isn't what I want. Run, and jump, and shout as much as you please; skate, and slide, and snowball; but do it with politeness to other boys and girls, and I'll agree you shall find just as much fun in it. You sometimes accuse me of undue love for Burke Holland, whom you say I pet more than any of my child friends. Can I help it? For though he gets into scrapes in plenty, and is thoroughly frolicsome, his manners are always good. You never see him with his chair tipped up, or his hat on in the house. He never pushes ahead of you to get out of the room. If you are going out, he holds open the door; if weary, it is Burke who brings a glass of water, places a chair, hands a fan, springs to pick up your handkerchief—and all this without being told to do so, or interfering with his own gayety in the least. Moreover, this attention isn't given to me as the guest, or to Mrs. Jones when he visits her, but to mamma, aunt Jenny and little sister, there is always just so much guard against rudeness. His courtesy, is not merely for state occasions, but a well fitting garment worn constantly. 'Why, I understand; he treats everybody just as Bernard does Cousin Zilpha,' explained little Daisy. 'Ahem—yes,' I assented. 'I think his good-breeding or gentlemanliness, is, after all, genuine loving kindness. In fact, that is exactly what real politeness is; carefulness for others, and watchfulness over ourselves, lest our angels should interfere with their comfort. I am sure I think we all ought to cultivate it. The apostle Peter must have deemed it important, when among other charges he bade the brethren 'be pitiful; be courteous.' 'I knew you wouldn't let us off without a sermon,' said Wilfred, half sulkily. 'Hush up, you grumbler!' said Horace. 'Cousin is right. We all will begin to be polite at once. We'll be as polite as the man I read about the other day—somebody great, too—but I can't remember his name—any way somebody, who when he tumbled over an old

cow lying across the sidewalk one dark evening, took off his hat and said, 'Excuse me, Madam!' How the children laughed. So our talk ended in a frolic which lasted till the children's bedtime.—Congregationalist.

**The Reclaimed One.**

I was standing by the side of my mother, under the spacious porch of Dr. Beattie's church, Glasgow, awaiting the hour for afternoon service, when I observed two young men turn a corner, and walk towards the church. They were dressed in their working clothes, unshaven and dirty, and slightly intoxicated. As they passed the church door, they assumed a swaggering, irreverent gait, laughed, and finally commenced singing a profane song. My mother turned to me and said, 'Follow those two men, and invite them to a seat in our pew.' I soon overtook them, and delivered my mother's message. One laughed scornfully, and began to swear; the other paused and pondered; he was evidently struck with the nature of the invitation. His companion again swore, and was about to drag him away; but he still paused. I repeated my invitation and in a few seconds he looked up in my face and said, 'When I was a boy like you I went to church every Sunday. I have not been inside a church for three years. I don't feel right. I believe I will go with you.' I seized his hand and led him back to the house of God, in spite of the remonstrances and oaths of his companion. An excellent sermon was preached from Eccles. xi. 1, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.' The young man was attentive but down-cast.

At the conclusion of the service, my mother kindly said to him, 'Have you a Bible, young man?' 'No, ma'am, but I can get one,' was his reply. 'You can read, of course?' she said. 'Yes, ma'am.' 'Well, take my son's Bible until you procure one of your own, and come to meeting again next Lord's day. I shall always be happy to accommodate you with a seat.'

On the third Sabbath the young man again entered our pew. He was now dressed genteelly, and appeared thin and pale, as if from very recent sickness. Immediately after the benediction, the stranger laid my Bible on the desk and left the church, without giving my mother an opportunity she much desired of conversing with him. On one of the blank leaves of the Bible we found some writing in pencil, signed 'W. C.' He asked to be remembered in my mother's prayers.

Years rolled on; my mother passed to her heavenly rest; I grew up to manhood, and the stranger was forgotten.

In the autumn of 18—, the ship *St. George*, of which I was the medical officer, anchored in Table Bay.

Next day, being Sunday, I attended morning service at the Wesleyan chapel. At the conclusion of worship, a gentleman seated behind me, asked to look at my Bible. In a few minutes he returned it, and I walked into the street. I had arranged to dine at the *George*, and was mounting the steps in front of that hotel, when the gentleman who had examined my Bible laid his hand on my shoulder, and begged to have a few minutes conversation. We were shown into a private apartment. As soon as we were seated, he examined my countenance with great attention, and then began to sob; tears rolled down his cheeks; he was evidently laboring under some intense emotion. He asked me several questions—my name, age, occupation, birthplace, etc. He then inquired if I had not, when a boy, many years ago, invited a drunken Sabbath breaker to a seat in Dr. Beattie's church. I was astonished; the subject of my mother's prayers was before me. Mutual explanations and congratulations followed, after which Mr. C. gave me a short history of his life.

He was born in the town of Leeds, of highly respectable and religious parents, who gave him a good education, and trained him up in the way of righteousness. When about fifteen years of age, his father died, and his mother's straitened circumstances obliged her to take him from school, and put him to learn a trade. In his new situation he imbibed all manner of evil, became incorrigibly vicious, and broke his mother's heart. Freed now from all parental restraint, he left his employers, and travelled to Scotland. In the city of Glasgow he had lived and sinned for two years, when he was arrested in his career through my mother's instrumentality. On the first Sabbath of our strange interview, he confessed that after he left the church he was seized with pangs of unutterable remorse. The sight of a mother and son worshipping God together, recalled the happy days of his own boyhood, when he went to church and Sunday school, and when he also had a mother—a mother whose latter days he had embittered, and whose grey hairs he had brought down in sorrow to the grave. His mental suffering threw him on a bed of sickness, from which he arose a changed man. He returned to England, cast himself at the feet of his maternal uncle, and asked and obtained forgiveness. With his uncle's consent, he studied for the ministry; and on being ordained he entered the missionary field, and had been laboring for several years in Southern Africa.

'The moment I saw your Bible this morning,' he said, 'I recognized it, and now, do you know who was my companion on the memorable Sabbath you invited me to church? He was the notorious Jack Hill, who was hanged about a year afterwards for highway robbery. I was dragged from the very brink of infamy and destruction, and saved as a brand from the burning. You remember the text on the day of

my salvation, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.'—*Mother's Treasury*.

**An apt Sermon.**

A long while ago, Rev. Lemuel Haynes, a colored preacher, was settled over the Congregational Society in Rutland, Vt. He was an uncommonly able preacher, and remained the pastor of that church, if we recollect rightly, some twenty-five years. It is doubtful, by the way, whether said church even at the present day can measure up to its ancient antecedents on the score of brotherhood.

During the pastorate of Mr. Haynes, Rev. Hosea Ballou, one of the earliest apostles of Universalism in the U. States, came into this town and announced that on a certain Sabbath and at a certain place he would preach. Mr. Haynes' friends persuaded him to forego his third service on that day, and go over and hear Mr. Ballou. He did so. Mr. B. invited him into the pulpit. He went. After the sermon, the preacher turned and asked Mr. Haynes if he had anything to say. He immediately arose, and delivered a fifteen minute sermon—the most memorable one, probably, he ever delivered in his life. His text was: Gen. 3: 4—'And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die.' Topic, CHARACTER OF THIS PREACHER. He was:

1. An old preacher.
2. A cunning preacher.
3. A laborious preacher.
4. A heterogeneous preacher.
5. A presumptuous preacher.
6. A successful preacher.
7. A universal preacher.

This, as may well be imagined, fell like a bomb in the enemy's camp, stirred up an intense excitement, and gave rise to a long, voluminous, and more or less bitter controversy.—*Ex.*

**THE LAW OF NEWSPAPER SUBSCRIPTION.**—Some time since we presented, by our agent, an account for about three years' subscription, against one John Howe formerly of Stewartstown, now of Herford, C. E. Howe had been regularly supplied with the paper from the office of publication, but after a time refused to take it from the Post Office, and declined to pay on that ground. We promptly placed the matter in suit, and Mr. Howe had the satisfaction of paying the full amount of the debt due us, together with the costs of prosecution. People who attempt to sponge their newspapers from publishers on frivolous pretences, might as well understand that they are liable for subscription until all arrearages are paid.—*Cosmopolitan*.

**STRONG DRINK AS A REMEDY.**—Long before the temperance reform a missionary from the West Indies sought medical advice from Dr. Rush, and when a very unpalatable medicine was prescribed, the patient asked if he could not take a little "good old Jamaica" with it? "No sir," the doctor decidedly replied. "Why, sir, what harm will it do?" demanded the West Indian. "What harm will it do?" continued Dr. Rush. "I am determined no man shall rise in the day of judgment and say, 'Dr. Rush made me a drunkard.'" Wise and noble reply.

Scientific, &c.

THE NEW ELECTRIC LIGHT

invented by Prof. Nollet of Paris has been recently tried at New York, and pronounced a success. It is said that the captain of one of the revenue cutters could read a newspaper by its light six miles off. It appears that the electricity can be conveyed for several miles by the ordinary telegraph wires, two or more light-houses may therefore be supplied by one apparatus. The following is from the *N. Y. Tribune*:

"The apparatus for producing electricity is quite simple, consisting of several series of horse shoe magnets—58 magnets in all—arranged in a cylindrical form in a frame, within which is a revolving cylinder thickly set with bobbins of soft wire, which, by the motion of the cylinder, are made to pass very rapidly between the poles of the magnets.—The action of the magnets on these revolving points generates a large amount of electricity which is carried through a conducting wire to the point where the illuminating apparatus is placed, and thence back to the generator. At the illuminating point the circuit is broken, and the two ends of the wire are tipped with pencils formed of the resinous substance which collects in the retorts of gas works. These points become intensely heated by the passage of the current, and give out an intense white light. As the points burn off, these carbon pencils are fed up by clock work, so as to preserve a uniform distance between them. The expense of producing the light, exclusive of the cost of the power required to drive the generating machine, is said to be about two cents per hour. In this case, the generator was driven by a small Andrews oscillating engine, of about two horse power, which was ample for the purpose."

**MANGANESE.**—The market for manganese in this country is apparently steadily increasing. We are glad to note this fact, because, strange as it may seem to the unlearned, the consumption of the oxide of manganese in any country is an index to its progress in a most important department—that of chemical manufactures. There is no doubt that we possess on this continent a great abundance of the material; and

some of a very superior quality. We have recently received for our mineral collection, from Dr. Lewis Feucht-wanger, a fine specimen of pure crystalline Pyrolusite (Peroxide of Manganese) from the Pinnacle Mine, in Pembroke, Hants Co., Nova Scotia. We understand that Dr. F. intends to work this mine with energy, and sell the product in English, Scotch, and American markets.—*American Journal of Mining*.

**BLACK CURRANT LEAVES FOR TEA.**—The *Journal des Connaissances Medicales* contains an article on the virtues of the leaves of black currants or quince berries (*Ribes ingrum*). These leaves, when green, are much used by the country people for tea in cases of difficult digestion. With sugar, this beverage is agreeable, aromatic, and possessed of exciting properties. The leaves should be handled as little as possible, so as not to crush their odoriferous glands. This distilled water is a good vehicle for all stomachic potions, and will keep two years.

**THE VALUE OF YEARS.**—The negro, named Ephe, who was a regular attendant at church, was proud of his Bible learning. He was sawing wood one day, while his master's son, a lad of about twelve years, was looking on and now and then asking questions. Ephe asked, 'Which of the Apostles do you like best?' 'Well, I don't know,' drawled the boy. 'I like Samson,' said Ephe; 'he was so strong, and piled up dem wicked folks so.' 'Why, Ephe,' replied the boy, 'Samson wasn't one of the apostles.' Ephe put down his saw and looked at the youngster for a moment in amazement, and then asked him, with an air of triumph, 'Look here, white boy, how old am you?' 'Twelve,' replied the boy. 'Well, I see forty; now, who ought to know best, I ax you dat?'

Ivory ornaments are to be fashionable in Paris this winter.

The new California process of extracting gold and silver will increase the demand for salt. Two hundred pounds of salt is used for each ton of ore.

The King of Portugal has narrowly escaped with his life from being strangled by an ape. This is the second attempt on a royal life by a monkey.

The most valuable part of the potato is near the surface. They should be pared thin.

An ice cave at Mount Adams, Oregon, furnishes ice for all the west coast. It freezes in columns as water falls, and is cut into blocks for market.

The word "Tariff" comes from the old Moorish fortress of Tarifa, on a promontory at the Straits of Gibraltar. The Moors occupying this fortress exacted a duty on all merchandise coming in or going out of the Mediterranean Sea.

A new use for the tongue is to make it serve as a thief, by licking up diamonds at a jeweler's—the practitioner pretending to be very short sighted, and so bringing the jewels near enough to his face to lick them up.

Barbarn has bought another lot adjoining those previously purchased. The whole lot cost him half a million, and he is soon to erect a new museum upon it.

Where is money first mentioned in the Bible? When the dove brought the green back to Noah.

It is the custom at the "Hallen" (the great centre market) to crown the largest pumpkin brought to Paris as the "king of pumpkins." This year's gourd weighed more than two hundred pounds, and was seven feet in circumference. The ceremony consists in decorating with flowers and ribbons the huge vegetable, and bearing it triumphantly around the market, followed by all the market people, singing the popular songs of the day. Charavari says:—"We hear they have been crowning the 'king of pumpkins'; just as well crown him as any other."

To wash calico without its fading, infuse three gills of salt in four quarts of water; put the calico in while hot, and leave it till cold, and in this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

Of all the many monuments and statues proposed to the memory of Abraham Lincoln at the time of his death not one has yet been raised.

Emerson finely says: "The poor are only they who feel poor; and poverty consists only in feeling poor."

"We see," said Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "how little God thinks of riches by the people He gives them to."

**CHARCOAL FOR TURKEYS.**—We notice that a California paper highly recommends charcoal for fattening turkeys, and recommends that it should be pulverized and mixed with mashed potatoes and corn meal, as well as fed to them in small lumps. It mentions that in two lots of turkeys of four each, treated alike and one lot given this mixture and the other not, there was an average gain in the weights of the first, of one pound and a half each. While we condemn the practice of mixing the pulverized charcoal with the other food of the turkeys, compelling them to eat whether they want it or not, we have no doubt of the excellent effects of supplying fattening turkeys with charcoal broken into small pieces. We have had evidence of the truth of what we say, and for a number of years have recommended charcoal for this purpose.—*Utica Herald*.