

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 12th, 1868.

LUKE i. 26-56: An angel appears to Mary—Nazareth. Mary visits Elizabeth.—Juttah.
Recite—MICAH iv. 6-7.

Sunday, January 19th, 1868.

LUKE i. 57-80: Birth of John the Baptist—Juttah.
Recite—Gen. xxii, 15-18.

A hornet story for the Children.

A hornet once found himself in a very uncomfortable situation. He had fallen into a wash-bowl and slipped down the sides into the hole where the water runs, and was resting on the little ledge that divides the opening of the pipe into three round holes. You city boys and girls know all about it, and can tell your little cousins in the country, if they never saw such an arrangement.

The great dark pipe yawned beneath Mr. Hornet, and all around him were the slippery metal walls leading up to the bowl. Of course, when any water was let through the bowl it rushed over the poor creature's head, and threatened to sweep him off his narrow resting place into the dark depths below.

After surviving two or three such deluges, Mr. Hornet began to get his spirit up, and made up his mind that he would stand it no longer. So he went to work very excitedly, with his front feet on the brass wall, turning round and round to find the best place to make the ascent, and, at the same time using his sting vigorously on the narrow ledge that had supported him. The poor fellow,—he couldn't get over his vexation at being caught there, and he felt as if he must sting something or somebody, for bringing him into such an awkward situation.

I know just how he felt. Still, I don't think he was very wise to feel so, for just as fast and just as surely as his feet were helping him up, his sting was keeping him down. He would sometimes get up quite a distance, so that he could almost see over into the wash-bowl, when down would go his sting, to give one more bite to the ugly old metal, and back he would fall. So he worked away, almost half a day. A little boy tried to help him by putting a nice fine card under his feet, but it did no good, for he would keep stinging away at the brass beneath him, and after struggling an hour or two longer, Bridget came along, and, as she said, "poked the ugly cratur down the hole." I don't know whether he went stinging all the way down or not, but I am pretty sure he never saw daylight again.

Now, I presume all you children have guessed the moral to this story already, so I will say nothing about it. Only, I could not help thinking, as I watched the poor hornet, that he was like a good many people I had seen in the world, who, although they are smart and energetic and persevering, have so much illnature and peevishness, such a desire to be constantly stinging somebody, with some sharp word or sullen look, that they never succeed in doing any thing well. And I made up my mind that I wouldn't let my bad disposition spoil all the good gifts God has given me.—*Congregationalist and Recorder.*

Our worst Enemies.

Beyond all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those which we carry about in our hearts. Adam fell in paradise, Lucifer in heaven; while Lot continued righteous among the people of Sodom.

Indifference to little sins and mistakes, the self-flattering voice of the heart, ever ready to sing its lullaby the moment conscience is aroused, the subtle question of the serpent, "Hath God indeed said?"—these are unquestionably the adversaries we have most to fear. There never was a fire but it began with smoke. I beseech thee, therefore, dear Master, to give me a sensitive conscience, that I may take alarm at even small sins. O, it is not merely great transgressions which bring a man to ruin. Little and imperceptible ones are perhaps even more deadly; according to the beautiful figure of Tauler, who says, "The stag, when attacked, tosses from him the great dogs, and dashes them to pieces upon the trees; but the little ones seize him from below, and tear open his body."—*Tholuck.*

Mr. Spurgeon on Penny Readings.

When the Penny Reading, or the lecture, is elevating in moral tone, let every right minded man be thankful for it; but when it is a broad farce, a coarse comedy, a silly love song, or worse, it is altogether out of place in connection with Christian men, their schools and as sociations. Let the church enter into rivalry with the theatre, and we know which will get the better of it: on our side, such a contention would be all loss and no gain. We would by no means interdict the use of wit and humour; for otherwise, we hold that our plentiful use is frequently justifiable and advisable; we should like to see a more abundant spice of them, not only in lectures, but in sermons and in religious books; but there must be an end and a purpose in the humour, or it becomes idle jesting, which is not convenient. To make men laugh at folly, at superstition, at meanness—to pour ridicule upon contemptible motives and actions

until men laugh them to scorn—is one thing; to keep an audience in a roar by a series of empty witticisms without moral purport, is quite another. Against the cheerful, the genial, the humorous, there is no law; for the frivolous, foolish, and indelicate, there is no excuse. Between the moroseness which will not allow a smile, and the lawless levity which would turn our Zion into Vanity Fair, there is a wide difference. Will not all the managers of those societies which cater for the Christian public, look well to this matter, and act upon the rules of Christian prudence in arranging their programmes? Shall the world be allowed to entrench itself within the church itself? Shall folly deliver its delusive teachings from the chairs of our own prophets? Let the mischief die at once, and as the lecturing season now commences, let sweeping reforms be accomplished forthwith, wherever they may be required, before the plague spreads further in the camp. In some places great dissatisfaction is felt concerning past proceedings; and this smothered fire will break into a flame of discord if fresh fuel be put upon it: in others old heart-burnings have already led to divisions through this offence; before such ills shall fall upon other churches, let the accursed thing be sought for and put away. Honest, innocent, instructive, interesting entertainments are not so difficult to get up, that we are driven to ribaldry to help us. Let us try again, and show the world henceforth that, even in their recreations, Israelites are not Egyptians, Christians are not men of the world.—*Sword and Trowel.*

Episcopal.

"HIGH" vs. "LOW."—The *Guardian* writes strongly against the decision of the Low Churchmen to expel by an appeal to the Courts of Law "those who are called High Churchmen." It says:—"We have refused, for our part, to defend ritual innovations, the introduction of which we disapproved; we shall resist to the utmost of our power the attempt to force on the English Church the doctrinal views of a part of it, let that attempt proceed from what quarter it may."

ANGLICAN AND GREEK.—The *Church Times* writes:—"The Anglican Episcopate, by the mouth of its chief, has made another step in the direction of re-union, in sending a formal address of greeting to the Holy Eastern Church, wherein the title of 'orthodox,' which that great communion claims as its own, is fully recognised; and wherein also a determination is avowed 'to keep pure and undefiled the primitive order and worship as we have received it from our Lord Jesus Christ, and from His Holy Apostles.' The significance of these expressions cannot be overrated. The Holy Eastern Church consistently holds the same doctrine of the blessed Eucharist as the Roman Church; it acknowledges seven sacraments; it devoutly invokes our Lady and other saints; and it prays for the dead. These acts Archbishop Longley has now admitted to be orthodox. And in the second place he has formally pledged himself to uphold Ritualism to the uttermost. The elevation of the Host, the mixed chalice, the sign of the cross, the Eastward posture of the priest, the 'splendid robe,' and the like, ascend to primitive days, and the Eastern Church knows not of any Christian time when they were not. We congratulate the Primate on his conversion, and can only regret that death has taken away the venerable and holy champion of re-union, Philaret, Metropolitan of Moscow, before he could have the satisfaction of perusing such a document."—*London paper.*

The Evangelization of Ireland.

When the "Irish Church" shall have been abolished, we shall, have, close to us, a part of our own country almost as Roman in religion as France. Evangelical effort has done but little as yet to displace the superstition of Roman Catholicism in Ireland. Doubtless it has worked at a political disadvantage. Men will not accept blessings from those who are in the act of doing them an injustice in other respects. The smart will continue long after the barb is removed. It will require two or three generations to mollify and remove prejudice. But the work will be before us. A mission of the Gospel to a purely Catholic population. How shall we prepare for it? What training will our veterans recommend? With what new or old arm shall the warfare be conducted? Must we reopen the whole Romish Controversy? Must we resort to the satire of the Lollards, the indignation of the Reformers, the demonstrations of the Puritans? Is it of any use to prepare to assail Romanism as a system. The experience of centuries points to a different method altogether. The work of abandonment and destruction must be left to the garrison themselves. If by God's help we can persuade our Irish fellow subjects to love and follow Christ, we shall accomplish the only useful and successful mission. To create a new future we must lay down the "drum ecclesiastic," and play only the simple lute of the Gospel throughout the green isle.—*Id.*

SCOTCH WIT.—A little boy who had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who took good care that the child's health should not be injured by overfeeding. The uncle was one day walking out (the child at his side), when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. While the elders were talking, the little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry: "Oh, doggie, doggie! and did ye liv wi' your uncle, I see, that ye are so thin?"

Deaf and Dumb Amateur.

It is a singular fact, that the deaf and dumb are not excluded from the pleasures arising from music; a remarkable proof of this is related of an artist of the name of Arrowsmith, a member of the Royal Academy, who resided some months at Unimington, about the year 1816, exercising his profession as a miniature and portrait painter. He was quite deaf. It will scarcely be credited, that a person thus circumstanced, should be fond of music; but this was the case. He was at a gentleman's glee club, of which I was president at that time, and as the glees were sung, he would place himself near some article of wooden furniture, or a partition, door or window shutter, and would fix the extreme end of his finger nails, which he kept rather long, upon the edge of some projecting part of the wood, and there remain until the piece under performance was finished; all the time expressing by the most significant gestures, the pleasure he felt in the perception of musical sounds. He was not so much pleased with a solo as with a pretty full clash of harmony; and if the music was not very good, or rather if it was not correctly performed, he would not show the slightest sensation of pleasure. But the most extraordinary circumstance in this case is, that he was evidently most delighted with those passages in which the composer displayed his science in modulating the different keys. When such passages happened to be executed with precision, he could scarcely repress the emotions of pleasure which he felt within any bounds; for the delight he evinced seemed to border on ecstasy.

Spiritual Consumption.

A church that never sends a son into the ministry, and never prays or cares about an increase in the number of ministers, may expect to be left in the course of time either without a pastor, or with one whose ministry is barren. A church that has never learned to worship God with its money, and does not regularly contribute to carry on the work of the Lord in the home and foreign field, may expect that its light, which like all other lights can only shine as it consumes, will go out in darkness. A church that neglects discipline, and allows offences to go unrebuked, may expect that this cancer will finally eat away its life. A church that allows its prayer-meeting to go down, because its officers and members are averse to praying in public, may consider itself in a spiritual consumption, with its right lung already gone. A church that loses all fervor of desire and effort and prayer, not only for the instruction, but also for the conversion of her children, and of the poor and ignorant, and of those out of the way in its immediate locality, may expect to be found in the next generation frozen to death.—*Southern Presbyterian.*

A CURIOUS OPERATION.—In the last number of the *Indian Medical Gazette* there is a curious account by Dr. D. O. C. Raye of the manufacturing of a nose for a Brahmin woman, aged 25, whose proper nose had been bitten off by her husband in a fit of jealousy. The woman was very anxious for "a new nose," but would not consent to taking a flap from her forehead. So the doctor thought that by dissecting outwards on the cheeks he might loosen enough skin to form two flaps which, by being held forwards by harelip pins, might be made to unite down the centre line of the nose. He describes the process with true professional enthusiasm, and how he made nostrils by the introduction of two quills. In twenty days the patient was quite well, and there was remarkably little deformity. The new nose is of a very fair shape—only a little shorter than the original—while the deformity of a scar on the forehead is avoided. In a note, the editor remarks that as cutting off the nose is a punishment for both "high" and (as in this case) "petty" treason, real or suspected, not yet wholly obsolete in India, and still common enough in Afghanistan, and other States on our frontier, where the manners and customs of the "good old times" still prevail, any plan for obviating the deformity is of value.

"BIGOTRY."—Under this heading, Rev. Mr. Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal church, N. C., mentions that he recently baptized a sick child, and that an Episcopal minister who was present at the baptism, did, on the next day, rebaptize the same infant. Of this transaction, we have several things to say.

1. The infant was not, we suppose, baptized at all, but merely sprinkled.
2. The Episcopal minister had precisely the same scriptural authority for resprinkling the child that the Methodist minister had for sprinkling it; that is, none.
3. If the Episcopal minister believed that the child needed sprinkling—that ordination was essential to the validity of the act—and that the apostolic succession was essential to the validity of ordination, then his resprinkling the infant was consistent with his principles, and his Methodist brother should forbear to stigmatize him as a bigot.

There is another report about Dr. Livingstone. A letter from Paymaster Bullen at Bombay to his sister in Dublin says: "You will be glad that Dr. Livingstone is alive and well. One of our ships has arrived from Zanzibar, the captain of which is a friend of mine. He brought the news. The natives deserted Livingstone, but he survived. I wish I knew his daughter, that I could make the announcement to her."

A Golden Wedding.

The many friends of Dr. Lowell Mason will be interested to know that the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage was celebrated on Tuesday, the 3rd of September, at "Silver Spring," his home in Orange, New Jersey; and there are so many in all our churches, and especially among the readers of the *Congregationalist and Recorder* whose personal gratitude and affection toward the author of "Boylston," and "Hebron," and "Olivet," and the "Missionary Hymn," gives them an interest in all that concerns him, that it seems right to make some public record of this beautiful and memorable occurrence, in your columns.

Of the bridal party that were met at Westboro', Mass., September 3rd, 1817, fifty years ago,—the bride with her two bridesmaids, and the bridegroom with his two friends, six in all—all but one are living, and were present at this golden anniversary. One of the reminiscences of the day was of the Sunday school at Westboro', in which these three ladies,—the bride and the two bridesmaids, were associated in 1817. There were only one or two Sunday schools in America then—one in Philadelphia, and perhaps one or two elsewhere. But six young Massachusetts girls had heard of them, and saw in them the opportunity of useful labor for Christ, and for the souls for whom Christ died. So they established such an one in Westboro',—it not the first, certainly among the very first in all New England. The fact deserves to be remembered, as showing how the memory of those still living, covers the whole history of the Sunday school work. The fact is memorable, also, for another reason. For, to those of us who know the quiet beauty by which the latter years of these three Sunday school teachers are adorned, and the fidelity with which they bring forth the fruits of the Spirit in their old age, it was a significant, and not surprising thing to know that they had learned to labor for the Master in their youth.

Of course it was not possible to gather all the friends of fifty years at the golden wedding, and many were omitted, because "their names were many." But there were present those eminent in the musical world, to testify their sense of the great service which has been performed by Dr. Mason in behalf of musical science, as an instructor and a composer; and many who, as his pupils, have themselves been widely useful in the same sphere. And there were present, also, some eminent in the church, to testify how great his service has been to the church, in the cultivation, and decent and orderly arrangement of its public worship, and in the expression of its prayer and praise through the fit medium of song. Fifty years hence these services will be appreciated yet more highly. But even now there is no man living whose work, in this respect, can be compared with the life-work of Lowell Mason.—*Congregationalist.*

Wanted, immediately.

A few more Aarons and Hurs as attendants on the weekly prayer meeting, to pray for the success of the preaching of the Gospel on the Sabbath.

Also, a few more teachers in the Sabbath school, of the right sort, who will give themselves to earnest prayer and work on behalf of their scholars, till they all have been brought to Jesus.

Also, a few more tract distributors in destitute neighborhoods surrounding sumptuous sanctuaries, where "a line may reach him who a sermon flies."

Also a few more contributors to the Lord's treasury or earth, who more highly prize an eternal treasure in heaven.

Persons seeking such employment may find it at once by applying to their pastor.

COLLINS, the infidel, once meeting a plain countryman, inquired where he was going. "To church, sir." "What to do there?" "To worship God." "Pray tell me, is your God a great or a little God?" "He is so great, sir, that the heavens cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins afterwards declared that this simple yet sublime answer had more effect on his mind than all the volumes he had ever read.

FENCE POSTS.—Around each post used in fencing, a small mound of earth should be raised, to throw off the water of heavy rains. This keeps the water from entering the post-hole from the surface. In every place where this simple plan has been tried, the posts have lasted much longer than those set in the ordinary way.

TO MAKE BOOTS WATER PROOF.—During the "snowy" term a recipe for dry boots is a desideratum. Here is one said to be worth a mint of money to ward off colds and consumption. It consists of four articles—tallow, soap, resin and water. These ingredients are as follows. Twenty-one parts of tallow are melted in a vessel, three parts of resin added, and the two, when melted, mixed well together. In another vessel seven parts of good washing soap are dissolved and the mass heated to a boiling point; add the part prepared before; let it boil once more gently, and the preparation is ready for use. It is especially adapted to boots, harness, and leather belting.

At a Thanksgiving table there were thirteen turkey gobblers. Only one of them was cooked.

Why is a water lily like a whale? They both come to the surface to blow.