

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 27th, 1868.

LUKE xiii. 1-9: Slaughter of certain Galileans.
Parable of the barren Fig tree.
Recite.—MATTHEW iii. 8-10.

Sunday, January 3rd, 1869.

MATTHEW xiii. 1-23: MARK iv. 1-25: LUKE viii.
4-18: The Parable of the Sower.
Recite.—GALATIANS vi. 7, 8.

CHRISTMAS.

Welcome time of joy and mirth,
Time of gladness for the earth,
When the sweet old hymn is sung
Cheerily by heart and tongue,
And the world takes up the strain,
"Peace on earth, goodwill to men."

Hushed be thoughts of sin and strife,
Round the holy baby-lie,
Let us live in love to-day,
Hastening on the upward way,
With an earnest wish to be
Jesus-like in charity.

Bring we praiseful thought and word,
As an offering to the Lord,
He who came in sorrow down
To the cross, and left the crown!
Praises to the Lamb of God,
Rise from sea, and air, and sod.

Jesus came—the Undefiled,
Came to be a little child,
Came to live his wondrous life,
Came to die his death of strife,
Came to teach us words of prayer,
That our hearts might not despair.

Therefore on this Christmas-day,
Pass we on our happy way,
Loving Him who lived and died,
Pressing nearer to his side,
Striving for his sake to be
Like to Him in purity.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas should be a time of benevolence. When friends are about us, and our tables are loaded, and the horn of plenty is poured out in our homes, should we not have some thought of the friendless and the poor, and the hungry? It will be a happy Christmas if we gladden some aged eyes with a full dish, if we scatter toys and food among the children—poor little children who know nothing of Christmas plenty unless we shall teach them, if we lighten the heavy load on some weak shoulders, and cause some widow's heart to sing for joy. If we have been selfish all the year, let us have a change for once. Let us think of some other than ourselves, let us find out whether or not it is true that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Christmas should be a thoughtful time! Perhaps in the joy of mirth and music, in the happiness of meetings and greetings, we forget that the great festival is held in commemoration of something of infinitely more importance than all this. We should be reverent as well as happy. Can we be otherwise when we think of that wondrous Babe of Bethlehem whom the angels delighted to honour, at whose birth were sublime demonstrations of joy, but who lay in the manger a simple babe. Thinking of Him and of his mighty love, of his life of unblemished purity and of divine devotion, remembering not only his birth but his death on Calvary, our hearts should be very reverent, very grateful, very loving. Let us learn the lesson He teaches, let us remember that He pleased not Himself, but was always going about doing good, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, making the blind to see; let us, as far as we can, following in his footsteps, and prove that we have his spirit moving us at all times.

God bless and make you happy, dear friends, on this festive occasion.

Little children, playing at blind man's buff, and other games may you be very happy, and noisy, too if you like it!

Young men and maidens, with all sorts of happy things in your hearts, may your joy know no bitterness, at least while Christmas lasts, but only plenty of love and content and merriment!

Fathers and mothers, with your little ones scampering about in their glee, and screaming their delight at Christmas, may all your care sleep and awake not till the time of gladness is over, may no shadow fall, and no harsh sound make discord among your household music!

And aged and lonely ones, God give to you his greatest peace, making your sad thoughts of other days change into happy foretastes of that other Christmas in another home where there shall be no vacant places, and no sorrowful spirits!

A happy, ay, and a merry Christmas to you all.

Never be haughty.

A humming-bird met a butterfly, and being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship.

"I cannot think it," was the reply; "as you once spurned me, called me a drawing dolt."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the humming-bird. "I always entertain the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."
"Perhaps you do now," said the other; "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice: Never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

The gentleman at Church.

The gentleman at church is known by the following marks:

1. Comes in good season, so as neither to interrupt the pastor nor the congregation by a late arrival.
2. Does not stop upon the steps or in the portico, either to gaze at the ladies, salute friends, or display his colloquial powers.
3. Opens and shuts the door gently, and walks deliberately and lightly up the aisle or gallery stairs, and gets his seat as quietly, and by making as few people remove as possible.
4. Takes his place either in the back part of the seat or steps out into the aisle when any one wishes to pass in, and never thinks of such a thing as making people crowd past him while keeping his place in the seat.
5. Is always attentive to strangers, and gives up his seat to such; seeking another for himself.
6. Never thinks of defiling the house of God with tobacco spittle, or annoying those who sit near him by chewing that nauseous weed in church.
7. Never, unless in case of illness, gets up or goes out during the time of service. But if necessity compel him to do so, goes so quietly that his very manner is an apology for the act.
8. Does not engage in conversation before the service.
9. Does not whisper, or laugh, or lounge in that place for devotion and holy exercises.
10. Does not rush out of the church like a trampling horse the moment the benediction is pronounced, but retires slowly in a noiseless quiet manner.
11. Does all he can by precept and example, to promote decorum in others, and is very ready to lend his aid to discountenance all indecorum in the house of God.

Too literal by half.

A very polite and impressive gentleman said to a youth in the street, "Boy may I inquire where Robinson's drug store is?" Certainly, sir," said the boy, very respectfully. "Well, sir, said the gentleman, after waiting awhile, "where is it?" "I have not the least idea, yer honor," said the urchin.

There was another boy who was accosted by an ascetic middle-aged lady with, "Boy, I want to go to Dover street." "Well ma'am," said the boy, "why don't you go there, then?"

One day on Lake George a party of gentlemen trolling among the beautiful islands of the lake with rather bad luck, espied a little boy with a red shirt and old hat, dangling a line over the side of a boat. "Halloo boy!" said one of them, "what are you doing?" "Fishing, came the answer." "Well, of course," said the gentleman, "but what to catch?" Here the boy became indignant at so much questioning and replied, "fish, of course, what do you 'spose?"

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class. "I have," shouted a six year old from the foot of the class. "Where?" asked the teacher. "On the elephant," said the boy, laughing.

Flora pointed pensively to the heavy masses of clouds in the sky, saying, "I wonder where those clouds are going?" and her brother replied, "I think they are going to thunder."

"Halloo, there! how do you 'sell wood?" "By the cord." "How long has it been cut?" "Four feet." "I mean how long has it been since you cut it?" "No longer than it is now."

Patrick O'Flynn was seen with his collar and bosom badly begrimed, and was indignantly asked by his officer. "Patrick O'Flynn, how long do you wear a shirt?" He replied promptly, "Twenty-eight inches, sir."

The true Hiding-place.

A teacher relates this incident:

One morning I went to my school-room and found many vacant seats. Two little scholars, who had been with us a few days before, lay cold in death, and others were very sick. A fatal disease had entered our village and school. The children were crying bitterly as I went in, and some of them ran quickly to me, saying, "O teacher! Minnie and Georgie are dead! What shall we do? Do you think we shall be sick and die?"

I touched the bell gently as a signal for the opening of the school, and when they had all taken their seats, I said:

"Children, you are all afraid of this disease. You sorrow for the death of your mates, and fear that you may also be taken. Many of you have asked me, 'What shall we do?' I know of but one way to escape this trouble, and that is to hide from it. If you will listen I will read to you of a hiding-place."

All listened eagerly while I read the ninety-first Psalm. I made no comments, but in a few words asked that the Lord would carry his message to their hearts. They all seemed hushed by the sweet words of the Psalmist, and the morning lessons went on as usual.

At noon a dear little girl named Lizzie came to me and said, "Teacher, are you not afraid of the diphtheria?" "No," I answered. "Well,

wouldn't you be, if you thought you would be sick and die?" "No, dear, I trust not." Lizzie looked me full in the face for some minutes, with thoughtful, wondering eyes; then her face brightened a little—"Oh, I know now," she said. "You are hiding under God's wings. Oh; what a nice place to hide! I thought of that as you read the chapter. I wish I could hide there too. Then I should not be afraid of the diphtheria or anything else. Is there room for me there too?"

"Yes, Lizzie," I said—"room for you, and for every one who wishes to come. Oh, He longs so much more than you can think to hide you in his arms, to clasp you to his heart!"

And this is the true hiding-place for all—old and young—in any and every tear and trouble; a hiding-place in which there is always room and to spare.

Those old debts.

Of in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of those old debts around me.

The bills and duns of younger years,
The hosts of goods bespoken;
The gold that shone—now spent and gone,
The promise—all broken;

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Fond memory brings the light,
Of old accounts around me.

When I remember all
The bills and duns together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;

I feel like one who treads alone,
Some country jail deserted;
Where rusty hinges ever groan,
Like ghosts of duns departed.

MORAL: Pay them off and then go to sleep.

Natal History of the black Man.

"Josh Billing" has a funny way of putting things. His orthography appears to have been somewhat neglected. The following "history" may amuse if it do not give much information:

The Black Man emigrated tew this free and pious kuntry about 200 years formerly, in the lower story of a vessel; he wuz kindly furnished with a free ride, and sum rice and water for vittals.

Immediately upon his arrival he commenced bizness, for other folks, on our Eastern coast, and had plenty tew do.

He was very economical in his habits ov clothes, wearing but fu, and those seldom made out of cassimere.

He occasionally changed his lokation, moving into an adjoining State, but in these journeys he was always kindly furnished with a guide, so that there wuz no danger uv his getting lost.

In these trips he seldom took his family with him; they were either allowed to remain at bum, or made excursions in search of work to other States, under the guidanse of experienced guides.

Once in a while the Black Man would stray away to the cold and bitter North, and get cruelyly lost.

Hiz guides would mourn for him then, and search for him, but hiz family soon got reconciled tew the loss.

Everybody sed, where he lived, that he was the happiest critter that had ever bin discovered yet, with nothing tew do but work, and a kind guide tew watch over him awl the time, and mourn for him when he got lost.

But the Black Man is a very phoolish critter. After 200 years of this bliss, he grew cross tew hiz guides, and wouldn't follow the guides, and the konsequents iz, that the guides have got ma, and I am atrade that the Black Man will have tew take care ov himself now.

He will find it very different from what it was before.

He haz got tew educate his own young ones now, and learn them how tew spel korrekty, one ov the most difficult things in the world; and he has got tew vote, and keep hiz familie together, and pay when he rides in the street kars.

I am afrade the Black Man haz made a mistake; if he haz, it iz a bad one, for hiz guides never will take him into their hands agin—no, never! They are mad, an don't like the way the Black Man quit them, when they was druv with bizness, and after they had took so much care ov him for so menny years.

I feel sorro for the guides; they alwus seemed tew have a great interest in the Black Man, but they are mad now and I don't know az I blame (hem much, for Black ingratitude is the poorest kind ov pay.

It perhaps would be well enuff for me to stait, for the benefit of new beginners, that the Black Man formerly resided in Africa, before he cum here to look for work.

God would rather see his children humble for sin than proud of grace.

Religion is the best armor and the worst cloak.

"Idleness is the very rust canker of the soul; the devil's cushion; his very tide-time of temptation, wherein he carries wherein he carries without contradiction the current of our affections to any cursed sin."

Scientific.

SHARPENING EDGED TOOLS.—The Mark Lane Express copies the following recipe for sharpening edged tools from a German scientific journal, for the benefit of farmers, mechanics and laborers:—"It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor is to put it for half an hour in water to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe it off, and after a few hours set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whet-stone by corroding the whole surface evenly, so that nothing further than a smooth polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are generally improved by it, although the cause of improvement remains unexplained.

"Of late this process has been applied to many other cutting implements. The workman, at the beginning of his noon-spell, or when he leaves it in the evening, moistens the blades of his tools with water acidulated as above, the cost of which is almost nothing. This saves the consumption of time and labor in whetting."

CIDER VINEGAR.—S. J. Woodman, of Chicago, Ill., writes to the New York Farmer's Club, that a barrel or a cask of new sweet cider, buried so as to be well covered with fresh earth, will turn to sharp, clear, delicious vinegar, in three or four weeks, as good as need be.

HOW TO CLEAN RIBBONS.—Wet the ribbon in alcohol and fasten one end of it to something firm; the other in your hand, keeping the ribbon out straight and smooth, rub it with a piece of castile soap until it looks decidedly soapy; then rub hard with a sponge, or, if much soiled, with the back of a knife, keeping the ribbon dripping wet with alcohol. When you have exhausted your patience, and think it must be clean, rinse thoroughly in clean water, fold between cloths and rub it with a hot iron. Don't wring the ribbon; if you do, you will make creases in it that you cannot smooth out. *Maryland Farmer.*

NOVEL RAT TRAP.—Place within the reach of rats some coarse oatmeal, mixed to the consistency of thick gruel, in a tub about two feet in depth—the oatmeal to be about two inches in depth. The rat ventures to eat his prepared repast, and then endeavours to make his escape, but to his great surprise he finds his feet fettered and clogged by his newly-found treasure, and is therefore incapacitated from giving the necessary leap. His fate is sealed. He shrieks to bring his friends and relatives to the rescue, who share the same fate. This remedy is simple.—*Mark Lane Express.*

The difference between a water level and a straight line is a departure of eight inches to the mile, which furnishes by a simple proposition in geometry, a method of calculating the earth's diameter.

A soap-bubble may be blown so thin that it would take 2,500,000 layers to form the thickness of an inch.

The average quantity of blood in the body in health is reckoned to be 384 ounces, or 25 pounds avoirdupoise, or 20 imperial pints.

An Irish peasant being asked why he permitted his pig to take up quarters with his family, made an answer abounding with satirical naïvete: "Why not? Doesn't the place afford every convenience that a pig can require?"

At a negro ball, in lieu of "Not transferable" on the tickets, a notice was posted over the door, "No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

Tools rust out from neglect; wear out from use. Neglect is criminal; use is beneficial. So with man's capabilities; better wear out than rust out.

LEARNING BY HEART.—Which is correct—learning by heart or learning by art? The former is the usual expression; but it is by no means clear that it conveys the intended meaning. He who impresses words or sentences or aught else upon his brain by rote, as it is called, uses some acquired or instinctive trick of mnemonics for the purpose. Schoolboys, actors, singers, and their likes, have various artifices for committing matters to memory, and their learning is by art; the heart has nothing to do with it. Learning by heart means anything at all, it certainly signifies a principle the very opposite of that it is used to designate—the profound acquirement of knowledge, the understanding of facts and experiences without regard to the symbols by which they are presented to the mind.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a fire-work that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping:—

"Something sterling, that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away."

The rays of the sun shine upon the dust and the mud; but they are not soiled by them. So a holy soul, while it remains holy, may mingle with the vileness of the world, and yet be pure in itself.