

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 4th, 1868.

MATTHEW vii. 15-29: LUKE ix. 43-49: The sermon on the Mount, continued.

Recite.—MATTHEW xii. 35-37.

Sunday, October 11th, 1868.

MATTHEW viii. 5-13: LUKE vii. 1-10: vii. 11-17: The healing of the Centurion's servant. The raising of the Widow's son.

Recite.—MATTHEW xxi. 42-45.

Bread and Milk.

The incident I am about to relate I received from the lips of the principal actor when he was a venerable and most interesting gentleman. It is a story of his wayward boyhood, which he loved to tell, because it reflected honor upon a mother he delighted to honor.

One morning, Johnny—for that was his real name—came to the breakfast-table, and boldly asserted that he would not eat bread and milk that morning.

"Very well, Johnny," answered his mother quietly, and without raising her voice "I'll set it on this high shelf. You can run off to school."

This run consisted in a long piece of road, and then a long tramp through a piece of wood, which gave Johnny ample time to call up all his spirit, and to strengthen his determination not to give in.

Accordingly, on his return, he was all ready to assert the dignity of his boyhood; and when he drew up to the table and saw the bread and milk set before him, he felt nerved to any desperate act, and decided to die rather than eat it.

"Very well, Johnny," was the mother's calm remark. "I'll set it on the high shelf till you want it;" and a decided wave of the hand sent him from the table, and in due time he was bidden by an authority he could not resist to run off to school.

That run was not so spirited as the morning one had been. He felt "dreadful hollow," and had no relish for his usual sport of pretending to be chased by a bear—climbing in fancied terror a tree, running out on its horizontal branches, dropping to the ground, only to gain another tree and perform the same feat of dexterity.

On the contrary, he felt a little like giving up, as he knew his mother never would, and he admitted to himself that he should now be glad of that bowl of bread and milk; and when he came dragging home at night, and the bowl was lifted from the shelf without a word of threatening or reproach, he pretty well understood the force of calm and persistent authority.

Feeling well assured that he would never eat anything else until he had swallowed that oft-refused bread and milk, he just took it as quietly as it was offered and ate it.

And after that he said he never set up his will in defiance of his mother's. I saw the tears of kind, appreciative love gather in his eyes as he said:

"My mother was a woman of good judgment, and I love to think how she made me obey her."

It is such mothers that their sons delight to honor.

The little Drawer.

"Where did you get your orderly habits?" I asked of a lady who never had to waste a moment in hunting for things out of their place.

"When I was four years old," she answered, "mother gave me a little drawer to put my clothes in. 'Make it your business, my dear child,' she said, 'to keep that drawer neat and tidy. Let me never find it in disorder.'"

"Once she sent for me to come home from a party of little girls, in order to put away a pair of stockings carelessly left on the floor; and I used sometimes to think mother was hard on me; but now I see I owe my good habits to the care I was made to take of that little drawer when I was four year old."

You see how early habits are formed. It is never too soon to begin a good one.—Child's Paper.

DO SOMETHING.—I have often had occasion to observe, says Mr. Cecil, that a warm, blundering man does more for the world than a frigid, wise man. A man who gets into the habit of inquiring about properties and expediences and occasions, often spends his life without doing anything to the purpose. The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that everything seems to say to every man, "Do something!" "do it," "do it!"

BLESS BY SILENCE.

Words of wisdom, some one said, Are in life the silver thread; While a silence, he declared, Was with gold to be compared.

Silence with a soul that's weary, And a silence with the dreary; Silence where a grief is deep, Angels, seem to me, would keep; Silence with the passionate, Raving may reprove, abate; Silence, as a vine, will creep, In the shade some faults to keep. Golden silence, precious gem, Holy virtue's diadem.

"Somebody loves me."

Two or three years ago, the Superintendent of the Little Wanderers' Home in Boston received, one morning, a request from the Judge that he would come up to the court-room. He complied directly, and found there a group of seven little girls, ragged, dirty and forlorn, beyond what even he was accustomed to see. The Judge pointed to them (utterly homeless and friendless) and said, "Mr. T—, can you take any of these?"

"Certainly; I'll take them all," was his prompt reply.

"All! What in the world can you do with them?"

"I'll make women of them. The Judge singled out one, even worse in appearance than the rest, and asked again: "What can you do with that one?"

"I'll make a woman of her," Mr. T— repeated, firmly and hopefully. He took them all home. They were washed and dressed, and provided with a good supper and beds. The next morning they went into the school-room with the rest of the children. Mary was the name of the little girl whose chance for better things the Judge thought so small. During the forenoon, the teacher said to Mr. T—, in reference to her, "I never saw a child like that; I have tried for an hour to get a single smile, and failed."

Mr. T— said afterwards, himself, that her face was the saddest he had ever seen—sorrowful beyond expression; yet she was a very little girl, only five or six years old.

After school, he called her into his office, and said, pleasantly, "Mary, I've lost my little pet. I used to have a little girl here that would wait on me, and sit on my knee, and I loved her very much. A kind gentleman and lady adopted her, and she went to live with them. I miss her, and I should like you take her place, and be my little pet now; will you?"

A gleam of light flitted over the poor child's face, as she began to understand him. He gave her ten cents, and told her she might go to a store near by, and get some candy. While she was out, he took two or three newspapers, tore them in pieces, and scattered them about the room. When she returned, in a few minutes, he said to her, "Mary, will you clear up my office a little for me; pick up these papers, and make it look real nice."

She went to work with a will. A little more of this sort of management—in fact, treating her just as a kind father would—wrought the desired result. She went into the school-room after dinner, with so changed a look and bearing, that the teacher was astonished. The child's face was absolutely radiant; and half fearful of some mental wandering, she went to her and said, "Mary, what is it? What makes you look so happy?"

"Oh! I've got somebody to love me!—SOMEBODY TO LOVE ME," the child answered earnestly, as it if were heaven come down to earth.

That was all the secret. For want of love that little one's life had been so cold and desolate that she had lost childhood's beautiful faith and hope. She could not at first believe in the reality of kindness or joy for her. It was this certainty that some one loved her, and desired her affection, which lighted the child's soul and glorified her face!

Mary has since been adopted by wealthy people, and lives in a beautiful home in New England; but more than all its comfort and beauty, running like a golden thread through it all, she still finds the love of her father and mother.

Shall we who have many to love, and to love us, refuse to be comforted—to see any value and use in life—any work for our hands to do—because one of our treasures may be removed from our sight—from our home and care to a better?

And oh! shall we let any of these little ones go hungering for affection—go up even to God's throne, before they find "One to love them?"—Arthur's Magazine.

CARVING CHARACTER.—Did you ever watch a sculptor slowly fashioning a human countenance? It is painfully and laboriously wrought. A thousand blows rough cast it. Ten thousand chisel points polish and perfect it—put in the fine touches and bring out the features and expression. It is a work of time; but at last the full likeness comes out, and stands fixed and unchanging in the solid marble. So does a man carve out his own moral likeness. Every day he adds something to the work. A thousand acts of thought, and will, and effort, shape the features and expressions of falsehood, passion or goodness, silently mould and fashion it till at length it wears the likeness of a God or the image of a demon.

BURIAL OF A QUEEN.—A very strange account comes from Madagascar of the burial of the late Queen. The body was swathed in nearly 500 silk lambas, in the folds of which twenty gold watches, and other jewelry, together with 500 coins, were rolled. All the presents she had received from the Queen and the Emperor of the French were buried with her, and all her furniture and personal effects. Bad for the heirs.

SMALL THINGS.—The nerve of a tooth, not so large as a fine needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A mosquito can make an elephant mad. A coral rock, which causes a navy to founder, is the work of worms. The warrior that fronted death in a thousand forms may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from petty trials. A chance look from those who love often produces exquisite pain or unalloyed pleasure.

The London "Roughs."

The religious feelings of the "roughs" of London are rather unique, yet they are remarkable for their simplicity. And though they may shock the sensitiveness of most of us, their artlessness at times might not altogether be without its instruction. We have come across a somewhat singular illustration of this. A city missionary is in the habit—as most workers among the lower classes are in the habit—of telling the story of the prodigal son to small knots of roughs in some of the darkest haunts in the metropolis. He thus begins: "A certain man had two sons." The story runs that by this interesting exordium their attention is immediately aroused. On one occasion he was interrupted by the running remarks of an impulsive youth, one of the reckless London thieves, who had evidently never heard the story before. When he read the younger son's request "for the portion of goods that fell to him" his astonished hearer interpolated "Cool that—rather cool!" When he came to the story of his subsequent degradation and want, "Served him right," was the ejaculation. But when he heard the account of the prodigal's reception by his father, the impressed and delighted listener exclaimed, as the tears rolled down his cheeks, "O what a good old cove!" At the close of the service the young thief waited on the missionary and preferred to him this strange request: "Will you come and read that ere account o' the kind old cove to some fellows I know, that would get summat o' good from it like me?" When the missionary expressed his readiness to go, the only stipulation added was that "he would bring no bobbies, (policemen,) for the bobbies knew them all." He accordingly went. The youth introduced him thus. "This is the gemman wot has come to read us the story of the bad lad and the kind old cove, what I were telling ye of. It's a regular stunner. Jim, assume the perpendicular and give the gemman the seat" (for there was only one chair, or rather stool, in the dreary apartment.) Thus introduced and recommended, the missionary began again. "A certain man had two sons," &c. As the narrative proceeded verse by verse, he who had raised the expectations of the company so high, kept exclaiming "Did ye ever hear the like o' that? Bill, was'n't I right? Isn't it a stunner?" But when the reader reached the account of the embrace and the kiss, the marks of approbation from all the auditors, to whom also it was quite new, were so loud that he was compelled to stop. "But wait till ye hear what the old fellow did for him," was the last whetting exclamation of his patron. And we are told that the narrative really touched the hearts of the thieves who heard it.—Freeman.

"Plain it a little more."

The Congregationalist contains the following story: A good minister had long preached to a congregation of average culture with little apparent good result. Thinking the matter over, on Saturday morning, after he had finished writing his weekly sermon, the thought occurred to him to go down stairs and read it to his pious, simple-hearted domestic. "Perhaps," said he, "I shoot too high." Calling her from her work, he read a few sentences, selected as containing the clearest announcement of the truth which the sermon was intended to convey, and asked her, "Do you understand that?" "No, sir," was her reply. He then extemporized the same idea in simpler language, and asked her again, "Do you understand that?" "A little," was her answer—kindling with an interest which proved the truth of her words—"but please, sir, plain it a little more." Once more he expounded his original thought, in the lucidest manner and with the fewest and shortest words he could think of, when she exclaimed, with great delight, "I see it all now, sir, and I like it very much." He went up stairs, rewrote his discourse, as nearly as possible in the same style which he had used in his experiment; and went to church next morning, almost trembling lest his people would be disgusted with his preaching. To his amazement, the very first sentences seemed to awaken a listening, such as he had never before been able to secure. And, as he went on, he could see one eye after another moistening, until almost his whole congregation were visibly touched as he had never seen them before; and as the result of that service, more than one came to him to inquire: "What must I do?" The effect upon his own mind was such that he changed his style of preaching, from that time, thoroughly; declaring that as for him—let others do what they may—he would speak so as to be understood by all whom it was his duty to address.

"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a teetotaler, you have been drinking again to-day." "Do you never take a drop yourself, minister?" "Yes, John, but you must look at your circumstances and mine." "Very true, sir," said John, "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept clean?" "No, John, I cannot tell you that!" "Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean."

A novel question in railway law and ethics has lately come up in England. A party of weavers went on an excursion, buying return tickets, and one of them was drowned during the picnic. His friends tendered the unused half of his ticket as the pay for the transportation of his body back with the party, but the station master refused to consider the corpse a passenger, and required a separate bargain for conveying it in the usual way.

Scientific.

Caution to Smokers.

"A farmer who was hauling in oats, while seated on the load with two little boys, used a match to light his pipe. The match was thrown away apparently extinguished, but directly after it was discovered that the load was on fire. The horses then ran away, a perfect stream of fire pouring from the oats. The farmer was thrown from the load, but the little boys clung to it. The horses were at length stopped by some parties on the road, when they were detached, and the boys rescued from the burning load."

Another:—"About twenty-five years ago, a farmer driving down Queen street, Toronto, set fire to his load of hay by a spark from his pipe; he was driving pretty fast with a stream of fire in his rear. Passers-by called out and warned him of his danger; but the moment the horses came to a halt the whole load became enveloped in flame, so that he barely escaped with his life. The horses were both ruined by the fire, and could only be liberated by cutting the hame straps and leading them out of their harness. When I saw the place a few hours after, nothing remained to the poor farmer but his horses, and they dreadfully burned, with hardly a hair left of their fine flowing tails, and a pile of old tires and irons from the waggon and harness."

MORAL—Leave off smoking before you begin.

TEST YOUR KEROSENE.—In view of the many lamp explosions resulting almost invariably from the use of bad kerosene, we urge upon the heads of families the importance of testing their oil before use in the lamp. This may be readily done by any man, woman or child, by means of a thermometer, a little warm water, and a tablespoonful of oil. Fill the cup with warm water the temperature of which is to be brought to 110 deg. Fah. Pour the oil on the water; apply flame to the floating oil by match or otherwise. If the oil is unsafe it will take fire, and its use in the lamp is dangerous, for it is liable to explode. But if the oil is safe and good it will not take fire. All persons who sell Kerosene that will not stand the fire test at 110 degrees, are liable to prosecution.—Ex.

IMPROVED METHOD OF PREPARING OIL PAINTS.—According to a French technologist, oil will take certain substances, white lead, oxide of zinc, red lead and lamp black from their mixtures with water, and unite in a chemical combination. If, therefore, one of these substances in fine powder be first mixed with water into a thin paste, and the liquid passed through a silken sieve, all the impurities and coarser particles will be left behind in the strainer. To this liquid is then to be added the requisite quantity of linseed oil, and the whole stirred for some minutes with a spoon or other instrument, during which the mineral substance will combine with the oil, leaving the water, which may be decanted. The remaining mass is then to be kneaded like butter to press out the water. The resulting paste is then to be thinned with additional oil, until of the proper consistence to use with a brush. The experiment may be varied by allowing the mixture in water to stand for the number of hours, or even days, necessary for the setting of the mineral substance, after which the water is to be poured off, and then the oil added and the mass kneaded as described, the water to be poured off from time to time as separated. When the combination is completed, the paste is to be kept in pots, and used as required, with the addition of the other substances usually employed. By this method it is said that any one can prepare for himself oil paints of the finest quality, and in a short time, from the dry powder, and without muller or rollers. Lampblack requires a special treatment in the use, at first, of a very little water, and the addition to it of about ten per cent of alcohol. These substances are to be stirred together till the mass is about the consistence of moist snuff, it then will mix with a larger amount of water, and be subjected to the remaining treatment as described.

"Cheaper than dirt" is the pertinent inscription on a case of soap in an apothecary's window.

A little boy, on coming home from church, where he had seen a person work the bellows of the organ, said to his mother, "Oh, mamma, I wish you had been at church to-day. Such fun! A man pumped music out of an old cupboard."

KEEP THE STOMACH RIGHT.—The stomach is a sovereign organ. It controls and influences the whole system. Keep it in perfect trim, and there will be no trouble with the liver or the bowels. When relaxed, irritated, or in any way disordered, a few doses of Radway's Regulating Pills, acting as an alterative and tonic, will restore it to its normal condition, and banish every unpleasant symptom.

Price 25 cents per box, coated with sweet gum, free from taste. Sold by Druggists.

We would not recommend the frequent or constant use of any medicine. It is important to take even a good article judiciously. "Parson's Purgative Pills," are safe, prompt, and reliable as a laxative or cathartic.

Base Ball is undoubtedly good exercise and capital amusement, but it often occasions bunged eyes, broken shins and blistered hands. We can tell you that in all such cases if "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" is resorted to, it will reduce the swelling and stop the pain.