

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 1st, 1868.

LUKE vii. 36-50: While sitting at meat with a Pharisee Jesus is annoyed by a woman who is a sinner.

Recite.—TIMOTHY I 14-16.

Sunday, November 8th, 1868.

MATTHEW xii. 22-37: MARK iii. 19-30 LUKE viii. 1-3: xi. 14-23: Jesus with the twelve makes a second circuit in Galilee. The hearing of a demoniac. The Scribes and Pharisees blaspheme.

Recite.—LUKE vi. 43-45.

Why Joseph signed the Pledge.

"Oh! you needn't feel so big—your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

Thus did the son of a rich man taunt a poor boy of ten years, who had won the prize awarded for spelling. This prize, offered by a gentleman interested in the public school, to the one who should excel all others in spelling, had called forth considerable competition.

On the trial, the contest, after several rounds, lay between a young lady and this boy; at length the young lady missed, and Joseph stood alone. That was a proud day for him, particularly when, after school was dismissed, his competitor came and stood by his side and congratulated him on his success.

Just at this time, as he was passing out, he was met by the taunt, "Oh! you needn't feel so big; your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

Poor Joseph! here was a blow to his happiness. As he related to me the story, he said: "How could I be happy—I was a drunkard's son, and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to raise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes; but I kept them back, and with a heavy heart started for home. But such a home!"

His folks were poor—and his father was a drunkard. But why should he be reproached for that? He could not prevent his father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by his mother, he had done all he could to keep his place in his class at school, and assist her in her worse than widowhood.

On reaching home, his mother saw that he was in trouble, and inquired the cause. Joseph buried his face in her lap and burst into tears.

Waiting till he was somewhat composed his mother then inquired the cause; he then told her all, and added passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so that we could be respected as other folks."

"Joseph," said his mother, "I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so much injured. George has twitted you about things you can not help. But never mind, my son, be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realize the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son; and remember you are responsible only for your own fault."

Joseph did keep a brave heart; he did trust in God; he signed the pledge, and, remembering his mother's advice, he lived to be a useful and respected man, and also to see his father a sober man and "respected like other folks." For his father had witnessed that sad scene, though unknown to mother and son, and from that day till now he has never tasted a drop of intoxicating drink. Whereas, George lived to see his rich father become poor and a drunkard.

BOYS, NEVER TWIT ANOTHER FOR WHAT HE CAN NOT HELP.—*Temperance Banner.*

The unexpected Son.

One summer afternoon Mr. Malcom Anderson arrived with his family at his native town. Putting up at the little inn, he proceeded to dress himself in a suit of sailor-clothes, and then walked out alone. By a by path he well knew, and then through a shady lane, dear to his young, hazel-nutting days, all strangely unchanged, he approached his mother's cottage. He stopped for a few moments on the lawn outside, to curb down the heart that was bounding to meet that mother, and to clear his eyes of a sudden mist of happy tears. Through the open window he caught a glimpse of her, sitting alone at her spinning-wheel, as in the old time. But alas, how changed! Bowed was the dear form once so erect, and silvered the locks once so brown, and dimmed the eyes once so full of tender brightness, like dew-stained violets. But the voice, with which she was crooning softly to herself, was still sweet, and there was on her cheek the same lovely peach-bloom of twenty years ago.

At length he knocked, and the dear, remembered voice called to him in the simple, old-fashioned way—"Come in." (Come in) The widow rose at sight of a stranger, and courteously offered him a chair. Thanking her in an assumed voice, somewhat gruff, he sank down, as though wearied, saying that he was a wayfarer, strange to the country, and asking the way to the next town. The twilight favored him in his little ruse; he saw that she did not recognize him, even, as one she had ever seen. But after giving him the information

he desired, she asked him if he was a Scotchman by birth. "Yes, madam," he replied; "but I have been away in foreign parts many years. I doubt if my own mother would know me now, though she was very fond of me before I went to sea."

"Ah, mon! it's a little ye ken about mitbers, gin ye think sae. I can tell ye there is na mortal memory like theirs," the widow somewhat warmly replied; then added—"And where hae ye been for sae lang a time, that ye hae lost a' the Scotch fra your speech?"

"In India—in Calcutta, madam."

"Ah, then, it's likely ye ken something o' my son, Mr. Malcom Anderson."

"Anderson?" repeated the visitor, as though striving to remember. "There be many o' that name in Calcutta; but is your son a rich merchant, and a man about my age and size, with something such a figure head?"

"My son is a rich merchant," replied the widow, proudly, "but he is younger than you by mony a long year, and begging your pardon, sir, far bonnier. He is tall and straight, wi' hands and feet like a lassie's; he had brown, curling hair, sae thick and glossy! and cheeks like the rose, and a brow like the snow, and the blue een, wi' a glint in them, like the light of the evening star. Na na, ye are no like my Malcom, though ye are a guid enough body, I dinna doubt, and a decent woman's son."

Here the masquerading merchant, considerably taken down, made a movement as though to leave; but the hospitable dame stayed him, saying, "Gin ye hae travelled 'a' the way fra India, ye maun be tired and hungry. Bide a bit, and eat and drink wi' us. Margery! come down, and let us set on the supper!"

The two women soon provided quite a tempting repast, and they all three sat down to it, Mrs. Anderson reverently asking a blessing. But the merchant could not eat. He was only hungry for his mother's kisses—only thirsty for her joyful recognition; yet he could not bring himself to say to her—"I am your son."

He asked himself, half grieved, half amused—"Where are the unerring natural instincts I have read about in poetry and novels?"

His hostess, seeing he did not eat, kindly asked if he could suggest any thing he would be likely to relish. "I thank you, madam," he answered; "it does seem to me that I should like some oatmeal porridge, such as my mother used to make, if so be you have any."

"Porridge?" repeated the widow. "Ah, ye mean parrich—Yes, we hae a little left frae our dinner. Gie it to him, Margery. But, mon, it is cauld."

"Never mind; I know I shall like it," he rejoined, taking the bowl and beginning to stir the porridge with the spoon. As he did so, Mrs. Anderson gave a slight start and bent eagerly toward him. Then she sank back in her chair with a sigh, saying, in answer to his questioning look—

"Ye minded me o' my Malcom, then—just in that way he used to stir his parrich, gieing it a whirl and a flirt. Ah! gin' ye were my Malcom, my poor laddie!"

Weel, then, gin I were your Malcom," said the merchant, speaking for the first time in the Scottish dialect and in his own voice; "or gin your braw young Malcom were as brown, and bald, and gray, and bent, and old as I am, could you welcome him to your arms, and love him as in the dear auld lang syne? Could you, mither?"

All through this touching little speech the widow's eyes had been glistening, and her breath came fast; but at that word, "mither," she sprang up with a glad cry, and tottering to her son, fell almost fainting on his breast. He kissed her again and again; kissed her brow, and her lips, and her hands, while the big tears slid down his bronzed cheeks; while she clung about his neck and called him by all the dear, old, pet names, and tried to see in him all the dear, old, young looks. By-and-by they came back. The form in her embrace grew comelier; love and joy gave to it a second youth, stately and gracious; the first she then and there buried deep in her heart; a sweet, beautiful, peculiar memory. It was a moment of solemn renunciation, in which she gave up the fond maternal illusion she had cherished so long.

Then looking up steadily into the face of the middle-aged man who had taken its place, she asked, "Where hae ye left the wife and bairns?"

"At the inn, mother. Have you room for us all at the cottage?"

"Indeed I have—two good spare-rooms, wi' large closets, weel stocked wi' linen I hae been spinning or weaving a' these lang years for ye baith, and the weans."

"Well, mother dear, now you must rest," rejoined the merchant, tenderly.

"Na, na, I dinna care to rest till ye lay me down to tak' my lang rest. There'll be time enough between that day and the resurrection to fauld my hands in idleness. Now 'twould be unco irksome. But go, my son, and bring me the wife; I hope I shall like her; and the bairns, I hope they will like me."

I have only to say that both the good woman's hopes were realized. A very happy family knelt down in prayer that night, and many nights after, in the widow's cottage, whose climbing roses and woodbines were but outward signs and types of the sweetness and blessedness of the love and peace within.—*Little Pilgrim.*

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand-fold,
Is a healthy body, a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please.
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share his joy with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

A short Tract for a S. S. Teacher.

THE AIM.

What is your aim? What led you to become a teacher? What are you trying to do? Some teachers have no purpose. Some look on the Sunday school as a place of recreation. Some aim to "hear the lesson" and nothing more. Some sincerely wish to impart instruction, but aim no higher. Dear fellow-teacher, bear with us while we press the question upon you: What are you trying to do?

If you mean nothing more than instruction in Scripture knowledge, you are short of the mark. These young and impressive spirits are in your hands. God's word is the best instrumentality in the world for impressing them. You have a grand implement. What are you doing?

If you do not bring them to Jesus, who will? If they are not now brought to Christ, when will they be? Is it not God's will that they shall be led to Christ through your instrumentality?

Christian teacher! What are you trying to do?

HOW TO GET RID OF A CLASS.

1. Be irregular. 2. Never study the lesson. 3. Be dull. 4. Be tedious. 5. Never visit your scholars.

TEACHER'S MOTTO: "MY CLASS FOR JESUS."

Catechising Children.

The Jewish Rabbins observed a very strict method in the instruction of children and others, according to their age and capacity. At five years old they were called sons of the law, to read it. At thirteen they were sons of precept, to understand the law; then they received the Passover as a sacrament, for even children did eat it as remembrance of their deliverance out of Egypt. At fifteen years old they came to be Talmudists, and went to deeper points of the law, the Talmudich doubts. Thus did the Jews. And let not Christians lag behind them in propagating the truths of Jesus Christ, their Master. Let children be well instructed, principled, and catechised in the fundamentals of the Christian religion; for without catechising the people perish in the want of knowledge, and become fit subjects for every priest, Jesuit, and sectary to work upon. The Papists have confessed that all the ground we have gotten of them is by a more diligent requiring and practise of it. In a word, catechising is as well a family as a church duty. Were but the family well instructed, the minister would have less work to do; there would not be so many un-catechised heads, nor so many weathercock Christians as now are to be found among us.—*Spencer.*

A curious Prayer.

The *Syracuse Star* is responsible for the following:

"In the State of Ohio there resides a family consisting of an old man of the name of Beaver, and his three sons, all of whom are bard 'pote,' who had often laughed to scorn the entreaties and advice of a pious, though very eccentric minister who resided in the same town. It happened that one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake and was expected to die, when the minister was sent for in great haste. On his arrival he found the young man very penitent, and anxious to be prayed with. The minister, calling on the family, kneeled down and prayed in this wise:

"Oh, Lord! we thank thee for rattlesnakes; we thank thee because a rattlesnake has bit Jim. We pray thee to send a rattlesnake to bite John; and, O, Lord! send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance!"

TO YOUNG MEN.—Don't rely upon your friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in a vain dependence upon those whom they called their friends, and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon a good name which is made by your own exertions, and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

Rowland Hill once visited a dying lady. She was a member of the Church of England, but not free from bigotry. Among other things she said she thanked God that she had, all her days, been kept from the company of "those Methodists." What did Mr. Hill do? Nothing. He offered no remonstrance. She will be in heaven in half an hour, thought he, and she will find out her mistake there.—*The Appeal.*

Philosophy says that shutting the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this probably accounts for so many closed eyes in the churches on Sunday. But he cannot account, upon acoustic principles, for the backward, forward and sideward motion of the head, and for the hanging of the lower jaw.

In England, a newspaper has at length discovered the line dividing a distinction from a difference. It says that "a little difference frequently makes many enemies," while "a little distinction attracts hosts of friends to the person on whom it is conferred."

Scientific.

Medical Signs of Dreams.

"Dr. Hammond's "Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine and Medical Jurisprudence," contains a long communication on "Dreaming," from which we extract the following:—

"Lively dreams are in general a sign of the excitement of nervous action. Solt dreams a sign of slight irritation of the brain; often in nervous fever, announcing the approach of a favourable crisis. Frightful dreams are a sign of determination of blood to the head. Dreams about fire are, in woman, signs of impending hemorrhage. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory condition. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and dropsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstructions and disorders of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body especially suffering, indicate disease in that part. Dreams about death often precede apoplexy, which is connected with determination of blood to the head. The nightmare (moubus epithales), with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest. 'To these,' says Baron Von Feuchtersleben, 'we may add that dreams of dogs, after the bite of a mad dog often precede the appearance of hydrophobia, but may be only the consequence of excited imagination.' Dr. Forbes Winslow quotes several cases in which dreams are said to have been prognostics? Arnaud de Villeneuve dreamt one night that a black cat bit him on the arm. The next day an anthrax appeared on the part bitten. A patient of Galem's dreamed that one of his limbs was changed to stone. Some days after, his leg was paralyzed. Roger d'Oxteyn, knight of the company of Douglas, went to sleep in good health; toward the middle of the night he saw in his dream a man infected with the plague, quite naked, who attacked him with fury, threw him on the ground after a desperate struggle, and holding him between his open thighs, vomited the plague into his mouth. Three days after he was seized with the plague and died. Hippocrates remarks that dreams in which one sees black spectres are a bad omen.

CHEAP ICE HOUSES.—A correspondent of *Moore's Rural New Yorker*, says:—"Perceiving the *Rural* waked up to ice-house questions, we would challenge a better house for preserving ice than the following, which with us, now holds ice three years old:—Our house is above ground, double-boarded on the sides, with only a board roof. The ice is packed in pieces two feet square, leaving about six inches space between the ice and siding. We then cover sides and top of the ice with saw dust. It anything can beat this for keeping ice, let us know, and very large doubts remove. No need of making the top air-tight; ours is open to the atmosphere."

A writer in the *Western Rural* gives a plan substantially the same as the above, though even simpler in detail:—"Last January I drew one large load of saw dust and spread on the ground on the north side of my horse barn, then drew the ice (sawed in square cakes) and built up a square pile some eight or ten feet and seven or eight feet high, filling up the spaces between the cakes with pounded ice. I then set up scantling and built a board house around it, two feet larger each way than the ice; then filled in saw dust around and two to three feet on top, and covered with boards and slabs. We have used freely through the season, sold to picnic parties, given away to sick neighbors and have plenty of ice yet."

HOW TO CATCH RATS.—For catching rats in a cheap and effective manner, we commend the following:—"Cover a common barrel with stiff, stout paper, tying the edge around the barrel; place a board so that the rats may have easy access to the top; sprinkle cheese-parings or other 'feed' for the rats on the paper for several days, until they begin to believe they have a right to their daily rations from this source. Then place in the bottom of the barrel a piece of rock about six or seven inches high, filling with water until enough of it projects above the water for one rat to ledge upon. Now replace the paper, first putting a cross in the middle, and the first rat that comes on the barrel top goes through into the water and climbs on the rock. The paper comes back in its place and the second rat follows the first. Then begins a fight for the possession of the dry place on the stone, the noise of which attracts the rest, who share the same fate."—*Scientific American.*

TO HARDEN THE MOULD-BOARD OF A PLOW.—A new metal has been discovered for the manufacture of the mould-board of plows which gives them all the hardness and temper of steel in combination with the toughness of iron. The mould-board (good iron) is heated and dipped into molten iron. It remains there ten seconds, when the two surfaces become heated to a white heat, while the center is not heated through. If it is then immediately dipped into water, the surface comes out harder than the highest tempered steel, while the interior is still iron, and retains all the toughness and strength of the iron. The advantages claimed for this invention is that the plows made by this process will take the finest and hardest polish, while they will be tough enough to endure any reasonable knocking about in stony soils.