

## Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 8th, 1868.

CONCERT: Or Review of the past month's subject and lessons.

Sunday, March 15th, 1868.

MATTHEW iv. 1-11: MARK i. 12-13: LUKE iv. 1-13. The Temptation.

Recite—DEUTERONOMY viii. 2.

## James Kent's Difficulty.

All the boys call James Kent a real good fellow; even his grandfather, a crusty old gentleman, says he is about right. He studies well, is obedient to his parents, and is very honest and sincere. He loves play dearly, and nobody has a merrier laugh than he; you feel like laughing yourself on hearing it.

James has a good mother, who has trained him in the fear of God. He loves his Bible, and tries to cultivate the meek and quiet temper which the Bible says is of great price.

But James has fallen into bad company, he has been learning to gamble. What, James Kent a gambler! Can it be possible? When and where did he learn to play cards and throw dice? No; he does not play cards; he has been gambling with marbles. Playing with some skill, he has got away all Ben Baker's marbles, and Ben does not like it.

"You cheat, you do, Jim Kent! You've got away all my marbles by cheating!" cried Ben furiously.

"I did not," said James. "You know I would not cheat. You do not mean what you say, Ben."

"Tell me I lie? tell me that, sir," cried Ben, doubling up his fist.

"Fight him! keep the marbles and fight him!" said Sam. Sam was for having some "sport," as he called it.

"Come, fight him. Do n't be a coward, James; fight it out. I would not be called a cheat, anyhow," for Ben kept saying, "You cheat! you cheat!" in the most provoking manner possible.

"Nobody should call me a cheat, I'd let him know that," cried Sam; "I'd fight."

Poor James did not exactly know what to do. Fighting was not in his line. He was neither dog nor cat, wolf nor panther. They settle their difficulties by fighting. But James knew this was not the Christian way; and, somehow, it seemed to him very foolish to use the wolf's way. Now what was to be done? Give back to Ben his marbles? That would seem to acknowledge the truth of his accusation, which he was very sure was not true, for he simply conformed to the rules of the game. But then again, it must be confessed it did not appear just right to take all Ben's marbles and give him nothing in return for them. Still, he honestly won them. Were they not his? James was in a dilemma. There did seem to be something askew about the business, he thought—not as straightforward as he liked to see things; but what was it? that was the question. Where was the nail out? Can any boy tell us?

The truth is, this game of marbles contained the very essence of gambling, which is taking the property of another, no matter whether it is bank-bills or marbles, without giving any thing in return for it. It is getting goods without paying for them, and this is dishonesty. Now it happens that people are unwilling to see their property go out of their hands without some equivalent; it makes them vexed and unhappy, and they are ready to do almost any thing to get it back again. Indeed, they often do resort to cheating in order to get back what they have lost; and a cheat is very apt to fancy others are using his own weapons against him. He blusters about and calls hard names, and a quarrel follows, and blows are struck; yes, and sometimes murder ends it all.

You see how James stood.

"Here I have got all Ben's marbles for nothing; that does not seem right" that is one side. "But I won them—honestly won them; they must be mine" that is the other side.

"Now I do not see how fighting will settle it. I do not see but fighting will leave the matter just where it found it." So James thought, and so do I.

Well, then, to come to the bottom of it, the system was wrong in which James got involved. The winning might be honest, according to the rules of the game; but the principle of the game was wrong, as we have seen, and that made it all wrong; and this shows us how hard it is to reason right upon bad premises. We must be sure to begin right.

And what did James do? Why, the school-bell rang, and away scampered James, leaving the marbles, his own and all.

"I'll quit the whole of it," cried James, who began to see through it; "I'll quit the whole thing, and have nothing more to do with it."—*Child's Paper.*

## A talk with a Diver.

"So you would like to hear what I have to say about the sea," said Mr. Trimble, when the smoke-wreaths from his pipe began to curl up from his mouth and circle about his head.

"Yes," answered John, eagerly; "how you went down to the bottom of the sea, and what you saw there, and how long you staid down at a time, and—"

"One thing at a time, my boy—one at a

time," interrupted Mr. Trimble. "In the first place, the way I came to go to sea was this: I hadn't been brought up a regular sailor, you know. I was brought up in these parts, among the mountains. Your father and I were boys together, and I was pretty near as large as you are, before I ever saw the sea. But I had some knowledge of the ways of a sea-faring life before I shipped for a diver, because I had been for some years at work in a yard where they built ships. While I was there, I heard of some ships that were fitting out for a cruise in southern seas, and they were to take out a score or two of men to go down in a new kind of diving-armor, to bring up treasures sunk in wrecked vessels. And as my health was failing a little, and I thought I should like a change, I went and shipped as a diver."

"Were n't you afraid you wouldn't like it, or that you might get bitten in two by a shark, or that something dreadful might happen, while you were down in the water?" asked Nancy.

"Why, no; I didn't suppose there was much of any danger in it, and the wages were very good; and, as I said before, it was a change. So I was a little excited about it, but I don't think I was afraid. In fact, I didn't know much about what the business was till I got fairly under way. We had a very pleasant voyage, fine weather all the time, and we soon reached the Caribbean Sea, where it was expected we should find some of the treasures we had come after. We anchored pretty near the coast of Venezuela, which you know is one of the northern States of South America. Here, for the first time, I saw the suits of armor in which we were to go down to the bottom of the ocean."

"How did it look?" said John.

"Well, it was a queer-looking thing and no mistake. It was made all of rubber, very thick and strong, and almost the size and shape of a man. The legs were rubber, and the arms and body; only in the head there was a large round glass, made to cover the face, so that any one shut up in it could see all about him. You see, the rubber being water-proof, a person inside could keep perfectly dry and tight, and the glass over his face would permit him to see as plainly as if he were not shut up in his watertight case."

"But how could he breathe?" asked Nancy, who knew something about ventilation.

"Ah! that's a question, now," said Mr. Trimble; "that's just what I was going to tell you. Out of the top of the armor came a round pipe—a rubber tube a great many feet long; and at the end of this tube was a pump, which rested on the ship's deck, and through which a man constantly pumped air to supply the diver down below. So there was air all the time supplied, and plenty of it."

"Now tell us, please, how you went down," said John.

"I forgot to tell you," said the diver, "that we wore about our waists a good many pounds of lead, which sank us rapidly to the bottom, as soon as we were in the water. In our hand we carried a long stick, with which we felt about us to see if there were any obstructions in the way. The bottom of the sea, you know, is rough, like the land. Sometimes there would be a precipitous place right before us, sometimes a row of sharp rocks rising up from the sand; but often the sandy bottom was like a marble floor, it was so smooth and hard. There were things growing there, too, which made it like a garden. I saw often beautiful branches of coral, red and white, and great beds of seaweeds, or sea-flowers, of all colors."

"Didn't the fish stare at you?" asked Nancy, who had listened to the diver with her lips parted, and her blue eyes very round.

"They generally swam a safe distance off when they saw me coming," said Mr. Trimble. "I reckon the sharks must have thought I would be a tough morsel, for I scarcely ever saw any, and they never attempted to attack me."

"Well, what did you do down there, sir?" said John. "Did you get any of the treasure?"

"O yes; that is another part of the story; which you will like to hear. I told you, didn't I? that there had been some valuable vessels wrecked just about the place where we anchored. The company who fitted out the ships, in one of which I had sailed, had formed a plan to recover, not only the valuables with which the ships were loaded, but even the hulks of the lost vessels. So, as we got comfortably used to the armor, a party of us were sent down with everything used in caulking up the leaks and holes under water, and making her as near as possible water-tight. When we had done this so thoroughly that she was free from leaks, we fastened a piece of machinery to the only part of the ship which we had not made water-proof, and commenced to pump out the water with which she was filled. This machine was a Yankee invention, of course, and would pump up hundreds of barrels of water a minute, so that you can see it was not very long before the weight which had kept the hull down was all pumped out, and she rose to the surface and floated on the water. Thus we had not only the silver and other valuables with which she was loaded, but the main part of the vessel beside. The old crafts were often in very good condition, too, because wood doesn't decay under water, as on land. I've seen vessels which had been submerged a long time, for many years, even, whose wood showed no symptoms of decay."

"How very strange it seems, to think of working an hour or two at the bottom of the sea," said John.

"But did nothing dangerous ever happen to you?" asked Nancy. "Did you never get frightened by a shark, or by a whale?"

"Well, no, I never had any very serious accident but once, and that happened in this way: I was working, one day, upon a ship's

side, a good many feet under water, and in some way the tube, through which the air was pumped to me, got twisted, or caught on a rock, so that the air failed to reach me. The first I felt of it was a sort of choking, and a feeling as if my head was getting a great deal too large. There was a small rope let down with me, which I was to pull in case of accident, and I had just presence of mind to pull that. They hauled me up as fast as possible, and when they got me on deck, and opened the armor about my face, so that I got the fresh air, I was very nearly gone. But I came out of it after a while, and that was the only serious alarm I had during the whole season."

Here Mr. Trimble commenced to knock the ashes out of his pipe, and then placed it carefully in his pocket.

"Just let me ask one more question," said Nancy. "How could you see under water? I should think it would be dark there."

"O no, indeed. The light was not quite as strong, perhaps, but it was quite light enough. The water seemed heavier and thicker than the atmosphere, but otherwise it didn't seem very different, as long as it couldn't touch our bodies. And whether it was the effect of looking at things through the water, or through the thick glass which was over my face, I never could tell; but everything looked a little larger than it was, and a little nearer, as if it were seen through a magnifying glass. I very often put out my stick expecting to touch a rock, which was really several feet away. But it was very much like walking on the land. And I suppose the water feels to the fishes as the air does to the birds. Now, children, I'm going out into the field to your father, but I'll spin you another yarn one of these days."

The children thanked him very much for what he had told them, and John confided to his sister his resolve to go to sea and be a diver, as soon as he was old enough, while Nancy went to find the place, as near as possible, on the map, where Mr. Trimble had been down to the bottom of the ocean.—*Little Corporal.*

## Is it genuine?

"I don't see much difference between Christians and others," says one. "I doubt the reality of religion."

That may be because the difference is just commencing, and is not such as you had supposed. The Christian is not an angel—does not profess to be. He is only a penitent sinner. Conversion to God does not annihilate sinful propensities, but turns its possessor against them, with the determination to subdue and overcome. The converted drunkard will still crave his wonted stimulus; the stomach is not converted, but the heart. Evil passions will make demands for gratification, but the Christian is struggling against them. Paul was "a new creature," yet he exclaims, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." He admits the presence of a sinful body, but is resisting it, and looks to our Lord Jesus Christ for grace to conquer.

In this respect, the whole world is but a great hospital. All are spiritually diseased. The only difference is, the Christian is beginning to recover, while the sinner is waxing worse and worse; and that difference may not be readily seen. You might have looked upon 2,500 sick and wounded soldiers in one of our field-hospitals, and said, "I do not see much difference between them." Yet some were returning to life and health, while others were going down to the grave. So, in the spiritual world, the Christian has been very sick, but, thanks be to God, he has passed the crisis, and is recovering, while the sinner is waxing worse and worse. Starting from the same level, there may be at first no marked distinction between them; but follow them awhile, and it will be apparent.

I knew two brothers, years ago, of whom one was converted. But for some years there was little apparent difference. They were equally kind to their parent. But the Christian boy went on from grace to grace, and became more and more loving and tender of those parents until they died. The other was seduced into sin—gradually became a slave to strong drink; and when it was "raging" upon him, I have known him seize a chair to hurl at his own mother's head; and his cruelty actually, for a season, drove her reason from its throne. Then you could discern the difference beyond a doubt.

Two young ladies were in the same Sabbath-school in Vermont. One of them was converted, and joined the church. For a year or two little difference could be seen between them. They seemed equally gentle, amiable, promising. But twenty years have passed, and where are they now?

The Christian has gone on, becoming more and more like Jesus. Her life is given to ministering to the poor and suffering, lifting up the degraded, enlightening the ignorant, and comforting those that mourn, till she walks the earth as an angel of mercy.

And where is the other? Go to the lowest spot out of perdition, the Five Points in New York. See that company of ragged, bloated, reeling, blaspheming women on the door-steps of one of those filthy tenements—there she is. It has taken twenty years of wauterful agony to bring her there. Beguiled into sin by promises from a perfidious young man, and then abandoned, cast off by indignant parents, and thrown upon the cold charity of the world, she has gone down step by step to her present degradation. Twenty years it has taken to obliterate the memory of those youthful days, but

they are gone; love has died; self-respect has died; every amiable instinct is obliterated. Ruined by a man, she has long given her life in retaliation to the ruin of other men. Her soul and body are but a caldron of malignant passions. "Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." It is nearly finished with her. It only remains that, some morning, the dead-cart shall come round, her body wrapped in its filthy rags, be thrown into a rough box, and carried to the Potter's field.

Now you can see the difference; and if twenty years has effected such a separation, starting from the same plane, what will twenty million ages do, as one continues to rise nearer and nearer to God, and the other sinks deeper and deeper in the bottomless pit, with "the devil and his angels?"

There is a difference "between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God and him that serveth him not."—*American Messenger.*

GIVING THE DEVIL HIS LUE.—A pastor was making a call upon an old lady, who made it a habitual rule never to speak ill of another, and had observed it so closely that she always justified those whom she had heard evil spoken of. Before the old lady made her appearance in the parlor, her several children were speaking of this peculiarity of their mother, and one of them playfully added: "Mother has such a habit of speaking well of everybody, that I believe if Satan himself was the subject of conversation, mother would find some virtue or good quality even in him." Of course this remark elicited some smiling and merriment at the originality of the idea, in the midst of which the old lady entered the room, and on being told what had just been said, she immediately and involuntarily replied, "Well, my children, I wish we all had Satan's industry and perseverance."

## Agriculture, &amp;c.

## Is Lime a Manure?

Some of our cotemporaries, says the *Country Gentleman*, are exercising their debating talents on this question, which is one of no great consequence in itself, although the discussion of the subject might elicit interesting collateral information if it were properly handled.

We cannot see why lime is not a manure. It certainly is one of the necessary elements of plant food. The ashes of clover contain nearly thirty per cent. of lime. Wheat contains a large percentage of lime, and so of other plants. It exerts a physical and chemical action on the soil, and in barn-yard manure this feature constitutes a prominent argument for its great value. To us it appears puerile for any one to claim that lime is not a manure in the modern sense of that word. The old meaning of the word manure, which is to "work with the hand," implies only tillage. One old English author speaks of the Commonwealth of England as being "governed administered and manured by three sorts of persons," &c. Manure here means to operate or work. From the earliest times men have added fertilizers to the soil, but the great dependence was placed upon labor expended in tillage. Query—To what extent was Jethro Tull's idea of horse-hoeing as a substitute for manure, anticipated by those who first used the word manure—(manœuvre, to work with the hand) before it was employed to express the addition of matter to the soil with a view to increase its fertility?

THE THREE HYGIENIAN LETTERS.—Even the ignorant who insisted that K. R. R. stood for Reading, Riting and Rithetic, has found out their important sanitary meaning as the initials of Radway's Read Relief, the most effective agent for controlling every species of pain and inflammation, internal and external, that practical pharmacy has yet developed.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

WHAT YOU DO, DO WELL?—That is just what *Grace's Salve* is doing. Whenever it is applied it heals the wound, whether it be of burn or scald, and leaves the skin as fair and white as when first made.

Parsons' Pills are the best known remedy for constipation of the bowels, inflammation of the kidneys, nervous head-ache, sick-headache, irregularity, costiveness, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, influenza, loss of appetite, and loss of strength.

A gentleman in the Western part of the Province writes that his wife is using Johnson's Arodyne Liniment for a rheumatic affection from which she has suffered for years. He also says, "I am using it for dyspepsia and kidney complaints with good success."

CABINET ORGANS.—Mason & Hamlin have gained a great reputation for the excellence and durability of their workmanship, and they allow no instrument to go out of their factory which, through any defect would be likely to injure the "good report" of them which now everywhere prevails. They take equal pains with their small and their large organs. All of them are warranted, and are perfectly reliable. The variety and beauty of the effects which can be produced with some of the large instruments are truly surprising, and can be properly understood and appreciated only by such intelligent persons as have heard these organs fully and effectually displayed.—*Providence Journal.*