

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 5th, 1868.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

ACCORDING TO ROBINSON'S HARMONY OF THE GOSPELS.

Part 1st. Events connected with the birth and childhood of our Lord.

LUKE i. 1-26. Preface to Luke's Gospel. An angel appears to Zachariah—Jerusalem. Recite—MAL. iv. 5 and 6.

Sunday, January 12th, 1868.

LUKE i. 26-36. An angel appears to Mary—Nazareth. Mary visits Elizabeth.—Juttaah. Recite—MICAH iv. 6-7.

The Year's twelve Children.

January, worn and gray, Like an old Pilgrim by the way, Watches the snow, and shivering sighs, As the wild curlew round him flies; Or, huddled underneath a thorn, Sits praying for the lingering morn.

February, bluff and bold, O'er furrows striding, scorns the cold; And with his horses two abreast, Makes the keen plow do his behest.

Rough March comes blustering down the road, In his right hand the oxen's goad; Or, with a rough and angry haste, Scatters the seed o'er the dark waste.

April, a child, half tears, half smiles, Trips full of little playful wiles; And laughing 'neath her rainbow hood, Seeks the wild violets in the wood.

May, the bright maiden singing goes, To where the snowy hawthorn blows, Watching the lambs leap in the dells, Listening to simple village bells.

June, with the mower's scarlet face, Moves o'er the clover fields apace, And fast his crescent scythe sweeps on O'er spots from whence the lark has flown.

July, the farmer, bappy fellow Laughs to see the corn grow yellow; The heavy grain he tosses up From his right hand as from a cup.

August, the reaper, cleaves his way, Through golden waves at break of day; Or on his wagon, piled with corn, At sunset, home is proudly borne.

September, with his braying bound, Leaps fence and pale at every bound; And casts into the wind in scorn All cares and dangers from his horn.

October comes, a woodman old, Fenced with tough leather from the cold; Round swings his sturdy axe, and lo! A fir branch falls at every blow.

November covers before the flame, Bleared crone, forgetting her own name; Watches the blue smoke curling rise, And broods upon old memories.

December, fat and rosy, strides, His old heart warm, well-clothed his sides, With kindly words for young and old, The cheerier for the bracing cold; Laughing a welcome, open flings His doors, and as he does it, sings

Chambers' Journal.

What is a Lie.

Harry was in the garden, one morning, playing with his hoop. He had been told not to play hoop in the garden, but perhaps he had forgotten that. At last the hoop went on to a flower bed, and broke a very fine tulip that Harry's father set a great value upon.

Harry had heard him say, he prized that tulip more than any other flower in the garden. 'Father will be very angry, I dare say,' said Harry to himself; 'but it cannot be helped, now. I wish I had not brought my hoop into the garden at all.'

Just then, his mother came into the garden. 'Dear me,' said she, 'the high wind has broken this beautiful tulip.'

'It was not the wind, mother; it was I who did it.'

'You! Harry; how could you do it, unless you went on the bed—which you ought not to have done.'

'I was rolling my hoop, mother, and it rolled on to the bed.'

'I think you have been told not to play your hoop in the garden.'

'Yes, mother; and I am very sorry I did so.'

'And so am I, Harry; for your father will be very much grieved at the loss of this flower, which he prized so highly. He will certainly be very angry with you, and you deserve that he should be so.'

Then Harry's mother went in to breakfast, and he was going to follow her, when John, the new gardener, came by.

'Why, master Harry,' said he, 'what need was there to say you broke the tulip? If you had held your tongue, your father would have thought the wind did it, and you would not

have got scolded; for I should have said nothing about it, I promise you.'

'I never tell a lie, John,' said Harry.

'It would not have been telling a lie, sir; you had no occasion to say a word, when your mother said the wind had broken the tulip. How could that have been telling a lie?'

'It would have been just the same thing,' said Harry; 'for it is quite as bad to deceive any one as to tell a lie; and if I had let my mother think it was the wind that broke the tulip, it would have been deceiving her.'

'And what did that signify?' said John; 'it was not as if you had laid the blame on somebody else. I said it for your own sake, master Harry, thinking it might have saved you a scolding, that's all; but if you don't care about it, why, well and good.'

'I do care about it, John; and am very sorry for what I have done; but it would be making the matter a good deal worse to tell my father a lie about it.'

The gardener muttered to himself in a sulky tone, that some folks are more nice than wise; and, taking up a watering-pot, was turning away, when he heard a voice calling him back.

'It was Harry's father, who was on the other side of the garden wall. He had heard every word that had passed, and now came in at the gate. 'I am very glad, Harry,' said he, 'that you have so proper a sense of what is right. Truth, my boy, is the best and noblest of all virtues. Those who pay a strict regard to truth are sure to be esteemed and respected. I would rather lose all the flowers in my garden, than have cause to think that my son would try to deceive me. To deceive either by word or deed is to be guilty of falsehood. Nothing is so mean and base. I will not keep any person about me, whose word I cannot trust; therefore, John, you must quit my service this day.'

'Now, Harry, let us go in to breakfast.'

It don't hurt me.

One day last week a young man gave me that foolish answer when I spoke to him of temperance: 'It don't hurt me!'

But it is hurting him, hurting his body and soul, killing him. His real friends know it and pity him. His pretended friends do not know that they are hurting him. He is rich, has scores of acquaintances. Ah! that is his trouble. He would be a temperance man tomorrow, if he could shake off these false friends—friends that will stick to him as long as he has a dollar.

And so it is with many a man, going down, down. Their friends are to be thanked for their drunkenness. I speak from experience, and know that, if God had not helped me to shake off evil associates, friends, (so-called,) moderate drinkers, I would have died a drunkard.

And God put it into my heart to 'face the other way,' I began to wonder what would become of me. I thought I would be without friends; but friends of a different stamp came thick and fast—true friends that stick closer than a brother; friends that strengthen me, and keep my feet from falling. God bless them! They have saved me.—Advocate.

Struck blind for Blasphemy.

The vengeance of the Almighty was visited on a boy named Richards, on Saturday week, says an English paper, in the most awful and sudden manner. It appears that the lad, who is only thirteen years of age, and the son of parents in the most humble circumstances, was playing in the street with some other lads about his own age at 'cat and dog.' Richards and his companions had been playing for some time, when a dispute arose between them as to the 'notches' or jumps Richards had scored. He declared that he had made more than twenty, and his opponents protested that he had not scored so many. High words and bad language were freely used on both sides. Each boy accused the other of falsehood, and at length Richards, failing to convince his companions of the truthfulness of his statement, flew into a violent rage and emphatically shouted, 'May God strike me blind if I haven't had more than twenty.' He had scarcely uttered the adjuration before he let the 'dog' drop out of his hands, and throwing up his arms exclaimed, 'O dear, I cannot see.' His companions ran to him, and finding what he said was true, at his request led him home, where, on examination, it was found that a thick film had overspread each of his eyes. In this miserable condition the unhappy youth has remained ever since, and we are informed that there is little or no prospect of his sight being restored.

Them that honor Me, I will honor

'That is right, my boy,' said the merchant smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings.

'That's right,' he said again, 'always be honest, it is the best policy.'

'Should you say that?' asked the lad timidly.

'Should I say what? that honesty is the best policy? Why it's a time honored old saying—I don't know about the elevated tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow.'

'So grand mother taught me,' replied the boy; 'she said we must do right because God approved it, without thinking what man would say.'

The merchant turned abruptly towards the

desk, and the thoughtful faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning, a rich and influential citizen called at the store. While conversing, he said, 'I have no children of my own and I fear to adopt one. My experience is that a boy of twelve, (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits and if bad—'

'Stop!' said the merchant, 'do you see that lad yonder?'

'With that noble brow?—yes, what of him?'

'He is remarkable—'

'Yes, yes—that's what everybody tells me who has a boy to dispose of—no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once.'

'I was going to say,' replied the merchant calmly, 'that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin—indeed (the merchant colored) he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods, and I cannot teach him common prudence in that respect—common prudence, you know, is—common—common prudence—ahem!'

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say—

'He was a parish orphan, taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot; no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times; his hands have been frozen, so have his feet.'

'Sir, that boy would have died rather than be dishonest. I can't account for it; upon my word I can't.'

'Have you any claim upon him?'

'Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed the boy is entirely too good for me.'

'Then I'll adopt him; and if I have found one really honest boy, I'll thank God.'

The little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who had sat shivering in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor old pious creature, who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced.

'Them that honor me, I will honor.'

Dr. Wayland in the Class-room.

Although patient to a proverb of all discussion in the recitation room which promised to benefit the class, or to develop, in any degree, their love of truth; and although singularly tolerant of dullness and slowness of comprehension, if there were also any evidence of a sincere desire to improve, yet he never encouraged unprofitable debate. He seemed, by an almost unerring instinct, to know when questions were asked from a desire to save some unfaithful classmate from exposing his want of preparation, or to afford the inquirer an opportunity for personal display. He had also unusual sagacity in detecting the prospect of useless discussion, and in such cases never hesitated to avoid debate. But the terms in which he declined the challenge were often equivalent to an argument.

A skeptical student, promising himself the pleasure of a prolonged controversy, once informed the President that he had been unable to discover any internal evidence that the Old Testament was inspired. 'For instance,' said he 'take the book of Proverbs. Certainly it needed no inspiration to write that portion of the Bible. A man not inspired could have done it as well. Indeed, I have often thought that I could write as good proverbs myself.' 'Very well, my son, perhaps you can,' was the prompt reply. 'Suppose you make the experiment. Prepare a few proverbs, and read them to the class to-morrow. The next,' it is hardly necessary to add that the attempt to rival the wisdom of Solomon came to an abrupt and inglorious termination. Again, when asked if he considered dancing wrong, he answered, 'Not much time for that sort of thing in this world, my son. The next.'

On another occasion, when he had been impressing upon his class the importance of avoiding all literature which was licentious in its character and demoralizing in its tendency, and urging his little audience to keep their hearts pure and free from all taint of evil thoughts, he was met with the inquiry, 'Was Dean Swift wrong, then, when he said "A nice man is a man of nasty ideas"?' Looking at his young friend with that pleasant and almost quizzical expression of which all his old pupils so well remember, he asked, in return, 'Well, my son, what kind of a man was Swift? Is he a very safe guide to follow in such matters?' At another time he was lecturing on the weight of evidence furnished by human testimony. He was illustrating its authority and sufficiency even for the establishment of miracles. A member of the class, not entirely satisfied of the correctness of the teaching, suggested a practical application of the doctrine: 'What would you say, Dr. Wayland, if I stated that as I was coming up College Street, I saw the lamp post at the corner dance?' 'I should ask you where you had been; my son,' was the quiet reply in the instructor's gravest manner.—Memoir of Dr. Wayland.

GEORGE WHITFIELD.—Mr. Henry Vincent thus describes his visit within the tomb of George Whitfield, in the Presbyterian Church, Newburyport, Massachusetts:—We descended into a cellar, through a trap-door behind the pulpit, and removing a padlock from an upright door, we entered the tomb of the great preacher. The coffin of Whitfield is placed

across the other two, and the upper part of the lid opens upon hinges. We opened the coffin carefully, and by the light of our lamp saw all that was mortal of the eloquent divine, who had crossed the Atlantic thirteen times to preach the Gospel. The bones are blackened, as though they were charred by fire. The skull is perfect. I placed my hand upon the forehead, and thought of the time when the active brain within throbbed with love to God and man—when those silent lips, moved by eloquent speech, swayed the people of England from the churchyard in Islington to Kennington Common, from the hills and valleys of Gloucestershire to the mouths of Cornish mines, and on through the growing colonies of America.

MARY BROWN X HER MARK.—A London Incumbent writes:—Earl Russell's formidable 'statistics' about the young people who can't write their names when they come to be married have not, I regret to say, shocked me as they ought to have done. I am rather an old hand now, and I am afraid to say how many couples I have made bappy, or otherwise, in my time, beginning with Jack at a seaport, who used to disturb me in the greenness of my curatehood by kissing his bride in the middle of the service, a ceremonial not contemplated by the Rubric. Jack now and then could not sign his name in the register, but Jack now and then had found it necessary to 'keep up the system' before coming to church—a process which did not tend to steadiness of hand. My later experience has given me some further insight into the material of which Lord Russell's mark-making percentages are composed. 'I'm so nervous, and my hand shakes so; I can't write, and I'll make a mark, please,' it is rather the correct thing to say in certain circles. In all these cases, however, if there is time to spare, a restorative may be applied, the effects of which I have found remarkable and immediate. You tell the 'trembling' young creature that you are sure she can write her name very nicely, and that if she makes a mark instead, the Registrar-General will put it down in a list of people that don't know how to write. Upon which it commonly happens that the name goes down, amid much laughing of the young folks. But as mark-making economises time in the vestry, it is sometimes as well to accept the situation.

AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.—A son of Erin, driven to desperation by the tightness of the money market and the high price of provisions, procured a pistol and took to the road. Meeting a traveller, he stopped him with, 'Your money or your life.' Seeing Pat was 'green,' he said, 'I'll give you all my money for that pistol.' 'Agreed,' Pat received the money and handed over the pistol. 'Now,' said the traveller, 'hand back that money, or I'll blow your brains out.' 'Blaze away, my hearty,' said Pat; 'never a drop of powder there's in it.'

Agriculture, &c.

A CANDID CRITICISM.

The American Agriculturist, which is the leading farmer's paper in the States notices the Prize List of the forthcoming Nova Scotia Exhibition, in terms of commendation that must be gratifying to the committee who spent so much time in its preparation:—

NATIVE WOODS.—In the prize list of the Nova Scotia Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, we find several unusual and very sensible premiums offered. Among others is one for the best collection of native woods, prepared to show the bark, as well as longitudinal and transverse sections, polished and plain. But very few are familiar with the appearance of our native woods, other than the few kinds that have a commercial value. Such a collection at any fair would be far more instructive than many things for which prizes are given.

SUPPORT OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

No stock feels the pinch for food so much as the milk cow, and none is so likely to be neglected. Her life's blood is daily drawn from her in the shape of milk, and when the food which is allowed her fails to supply the waste, the tissues of her body are even turned into the lacteal channels, and her emaciated frame shows the unnatural and cruel demand which has been made upon her. The result is a diminution of her strength and a weakening of her constitution, which affects her offspring and causes a degeneracy of the race.

The dictates of interest, no less than humanity, require that the class of farm stock on which human subsistence so largely depends should receive generous treatment. They should never suffer for want of food or shelter. If the pastures fail, make up the deficiency in some other way. Feed the animals with meal or something of the kind, or even give them a portion of the fodder which had been stored for winter. It will never be needed more. There is no economy in starving animals so that at the setting in of winter they are 'spring poor.' The old adage that 'stock well summered is half wintered,' is true. A lean animal actually requires more food to support life, under exposure to cold, than one in good condition. Hence the food of animals can never be turned to better account than to keep up their condition in the fall and early part of winter. If a pinch is inevitable, it had better come at the latter part of the feeding season, because the period will then be shorter; the animals will not suffer for so long a time, and consequently will be less injured.—Lansing Republican.