

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

(From "Robinson's Harmony.")

Sunday, January 23rd, 1870.

MATTHEW xx. 17-28; MARK x. 32-45; LUKE xviii. 31-44; Jesus again foretells his Death and Resurrection. The ambitious request on behalf of James and John.

Recite.—Scripture—Catechism, 73, 74.

Sunday, January 30th, 1870.

MATTHEW xx. 29-31; MARK x. 46-52; LUKE xviii. 35-43; xix. 1; The healing of two blind men near Jericho.

Recite.—S. C., 75, 76.

ANSWERS TO SCRIPTURE ENIGMAS.

NO. XXVII.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Reference. Includes A-aroon, G-amaliel, O-bed's, O-mri, D-davah's, R-ibiah, E-lah, P-eniel, O-phrah, R-izpah, T-hyatira.

"A GOOD REPORT."—PROV. xv. 30.

Oh, who shall say how hard to bear The bitter news we sometimes hear, From dear ones far away; And if life's sun on us is bright, There's anguish in the very light, Which mocks their twilight gray.

How different when good tidings come, E'en to a poor and scanty home, Whose sons afar have gone; 'Tis little they send back as yet, But that the parents don't regret, If they are "getting on."

You, in whom those left behind, Their keenest joys or sorrows find, Remember this, so live That no report, which doth return, Shall make their face with blushes burn, But only gladness give.

QUESTIONS ON SCRIPTURE METAPHORS.

To be answered by the mention of words, commencing with the letter S.

- 1. Name several metaphorical titles of Christ. 2. Name several metaphorical titles of the Lord's people. 3. What word is used metaphorically in connection with the Gentile world, wicked men and instability of character? 4. What word is used metaphorically in connection with the Holy Spirit, divine secrecy, protection, and reservation under punishment? 5. Name some words used metaphorically of the divine judgements. 6. Name a metaphor used to describe death.

WORD-SQUARE.—Try and form the following words into a word-square reading the same from top to bottom as it does from left to right.

- A staff, At a distance, An epithet, A part of the face.

HEAVEN.

A curious and beautiful description of Heaven, by Rolle, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, who lived near Doncaster in the fourteenth century.

There is life without any death, And there is youth without any eld; And there is all manner wealth to welde; And there is rest without any travail; And there is peace without any strife, And there is all manner living of life;— And there is bright summer ever to see, And there is never winter in that countrie; And there is more worship and honour Than ever had king or emperor; And there is a great melody of angeles songs, And there is preysing him among; And there is alle manner friendship that may be And there is evere perfect love and charitie; And there is wisdom without follye, And there is wisdom without vilenece; And these a man may joys of hevenc call; As quite the most sovereign joy of all; To the sighte of Goddes bright face In whom shineth all manere grace.

OX QUESTIONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPILS.

- 1. What patriarch owned a thousand oxen? 2. What king was made to eat grass like an ox? 3. What prophet was found ploughing with twenty-four oxen? 4. What prince employed oxen to draw a very sacred object? 5. What usurper feasted his followers on the flesh of oxen? 6. What young prophet gave his friends a feast of boiled beef on the day of his ordination? 7. There is a thing described in the Bible as precious. Its first and last letters spell ox. What is it?

THE CHILD AND THE BEAR.

A NORWEGIAN STORY.

Translated for good Children.

One beautiful summer morning in Norway, when the bells of the distant church-tower were ringing clearly through the air, when the birds were singing in the branches, and the lambs skipping in the meadows, the butterflies flitting over the flowers, and the busy bees gathering the honey, a crowd of happy children were going merrily up a footpath; they were all dressed in their best, and carried little baskets and pitchers on their arms.

Fritz led the joyful procession; Louisa and Thora followed him; next came George and Anthony; and last of all came the gentle Sophie, leading little Alvide.

Alvide was the queen of the day. She had seen but five summers, and when she lightly ran over the green meadows in her white frock, she looked just like one of those little angels which peep out from among the clouds in Raphael's beautiful pictures.

"I, too, will gather lots of whortleberries, Sophie, and bunches of flowers, and I will make a great many wreaths; one for you, and one for Fritz, and one for George, and one for Thora, and one for Louisa, and none for Anthony, for he would soon tear it in two. Yes, one very small wreath Anthony shall have."

But now, when they had come into the wood, Fritz made a halt, and pointed to a large moss-covered stone. All sat down, and Sophie spread a white cloth over it, and brought out white bread and cakes. Fritz had some milk in a bottle, which he poured out into a little tin can. The bottle was enclosed in basket-work, and hung by a string round his neck. The careful George said: "Let us keep some to refresh ourselves, as the heat is sure to be greater by and by."

"May I eat now?" asked Anthony, impatiently; and, when Fritz nodded assent, he put his tin trumpet to his mouth and began to blow so loudly, that Sophie put her hands to her ears, and all the sparrows flew away frightened from the bushes.

"Here, here, look how blue it is here!—No; there behind you, Fritz, I see oh! so many whortleberries."

"But here are strawberries," said Fritz, "which are much sweeter."

"No, only come this way!"

"I shall go with you, Fritz," said George.

"And I shall stay with you, Sophie," said Alvide, "but not all the time, remember; afterward I shall go to Louisa, and then to Thora."

"I will gather flowers for wreaths," said Louisa.

"But first let us put the heavy pitcher down among the pine-trees, and then we can come and empty our jugs into it." This they did; and the busy little hands were not weary of gathering, nor the merry mouths of chattering. The sun rose higher, the shadows grew shorter, but a fresh noontide breeze cooled their cheeks. Then the little girls sat round in a circle, and made wreaths of the heather, the wild roses, the fox gloves, the forget-me-nots, and other gay wild flowers, and each wreath was prettier than the one before it.

But now Alvide began to get tired, and laid herself down among the berries and wreaths; she shut her blue eyes, and Sophie sang cradle songs to her till she fell asleep. The other little girls had jumped up to follow the boys, who had gone to the top of the mountain, and as they heard Anthony's trumpet it was not difficult to find them. Then Sophie went up too, and saw a pleasant, green spot, through the middle of which ran a clear brook, while round it grew thousands of the most beautiful flowers.

Meanwhile, Alvide awoke, and heard something growling. She jumped up and cried for her sisters, but they were so far away that they did not hear her. She became rather frightened then, but she did not cry. They are sure to come, she thought, and she took her little basket in her hand to eat some whortleberries.

Then there was a rustling among the trees, and a big dark brown bear came growing up to Alvide.

At first she was going to cry, and the bright tears stood in her eyes, her little heart beat with terror, and she could not utter a sound. "You won't do me any harm, bear," she said at last boldly, "for I am a very good child. I know you already from your picture in my book. Here, bear, are some whortleberries for you!" at the same time she offered him her little basket. The bear looked at her, gave a low growl, tapped the basket with his paw so that all the berries rolled out upon the ground. He ate them all up, and then began to smell Alvide's clothes.

"Dear, good bear, you must not do me any harm, for I try to be a very good child," said Alvide, frightened. "There is a basketful of whortleberries for you!"

The bear looked at her, threw over the basket, and began to eat. Alvide was then no longer frightened, but she hastened to give the bear as many whortleberries as she could. The bear grunted quite good-temperedly, and hid one of his fat paws lightly on Alvide's shoulder. But now he saw the great pewter pitcher, which stood there quite full of whortleberries and strawberries—and bears like strawberries better than any thing else—so he went up to the pitcher and quickly began to eat.

"No, no, bear, you must not have all the berries! They are not all my berries either, so that I cannot give them to you; and besides you will have a stomach-ache if you eat so many, old bear!" At the same time, she went up to the bear and put her little hands on his rough, furry neck, to try to push him back. The bear was not offended, but she saw that all her efforts to hinder him were of no avail.

"Well, only wait till Fritz comes, won't he be angry, and drive you away with his stick!"

The great bear looked good-humoredly at the little girl, and stroked her again with his paw. "Now I will make you look so pretty, bear, if you will only let my brothers and sisters' berries alone!"

She took up one of the wreaths and fastened it round the bear's neck, and then put a little wreath on the top of his head.

High up on the top of the mountain Anthony's trumpet sounded, and all the boys and girls came singing down the path.

Then Bruin looked round, put his jaw once more softly on Alvide's shoulder, and went slowly away into the dark wood.

When they had all come down, Alvide sadly pointed to the empty pitcher, excusing herself as well as she could, and told them all about the bear. They turned pale with fright, and hurried off with her so quickly, that they left flower-wreaths, pitchers, baskets, and berries all behind them.

When they came home to their father and mother, and told them what had happened, their mother embraced Alvide, trembling, and all, great and small, crowded round her, weeping with joy.

And the father spread his arms over the little group. Then he went silently up to his chamber, and thanked God who had preserved his dear little girl so wonderfully.

In the autumn, a great, dark brown bear was shot, and round his neck the string of Alvide's wreath was found.

GOUGH'S GESTICULATION.

I have been criticised severely for the ungracefulness and violence of my gestures. I do not wish to deprecate criticism; I know I am ungraceful and awkward. I once heard a boy say to his companion as they came out from the lecture room where I had been speaking: "Jimmy, did you see him go it with his feet?" I never studied the graces of action or gesture; probably I should be more graceful if I had. We often acquire unfortunate habits that are hard to break. A German in Philadelphia told his employer that he was "going to hear dat Mr. Gough, vat dey say dalk mit his goat dails." I am aware that I occasionally shake my coat tails. How I acquired the habit I do not know; but I condemn the motion as much as any one can, and would be grateful to any person who would strike me on the knuckles with a stick whenever I "dalk mit my goat dails." I think I could not make a speech with my hands tied. I never tried it; but I will not make excuses for my gestures. I am often amused by the committee, after erecting a platform perhaps twenty by fifteen feet, asking me "if I should have room enough?" as to whether the president would be in my way if he remained in the chair. I remember a lecturer who was not so fortunate as to draw large audiences, complaining that they did not give room enough. "Only let me have a platform as big as you give Gough, and I will make as good a speech and draw as many people. It is nothing in Gough—it is the platform that does it."

I find people do not generally prefer to sit on the stand while I am speaking; perhaps desiring to "see him go it with his feet;" or fearful of being kicked off;—and it is dangerous to get too close to me when I am "going it." Dr. Beman once, when I was speaking in his church, stepped very softly behind me to arrange a refractory gas-burner, just as I threw back my fist, and he received a "stinger" in his face. When I felt his hard teeth and soft lips against my knuckles, as my hand came in contact with them so violently, a chill ran through me; but when I apologized afterward, the good doctor said, with a smile: "Remember, sir, you are the first man that ever struck me with impunity." I have found blood on my hand more than once, and occasionally a black bruise, and I certainly could not tell how it was done; but guess that, while I was "going it," I must have struck my hand somewhere. I have said, and I believe, that when a man is thoroughly absorbed in his theme—when his subject fills him—he will so far forget all, and everything, in his intense desire to make his audience feel as he wishes them to feel, that physical suffering will be not only endured and triumphed over, but he may become unconscious of pain in the overwhelming power of his subject on himself. I know that on the subject of temperance I feel that I say. I know it. I must feel on this theme deeply. No lapse of time can weaken the intensity of my feeling. Burned into my memory are the years of suffering and degradation, and I do feel deeply, and must ever, on this great question.—Gough's Autobiography.

The Detroit Free Press contains this announcement—"Washawfampantoveumpoo, a chief of the Arizona Indians, is dead. Poor Washawfampantoveumpoo! There are no Washawfampantoveumpoos left who possessed the good heart of this Washawfampantoveumpoo."

THE SHOWER-SONG.

Dr. Livingstone relates that in African forests birds are mute during the intense light and heat at the noontide. But if a shower rises, the falling drops burst forth the oratorio of wild song, filling the solitude with music.

How many human hearts have been voiceless with praise to God in the glare of worldly prosperity, which have overflowed with melody in the storm! The darkened sky, the tears of discipline have been the Lord's most precious benediction, calling forth the song whose notes shall be heard before the eternal throne. A fruitless waste would earth be, and humanity, without the clouds and rain. A plaintive poet, who lived much beneath them, sang from his own deep experience:

"Ye fearful saints fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your head."

Scientific, &c.,

One of the most efficient operators on a sewing machine, connected with a large manufacturing firm in New York, is a girl totally blind from birth.

PLUMBAGO AS A LUBRICANT.

A scientific journal says:—"Every one knows that for heavy machinery plumbago is a good lubricant, but every one does not think of applying it where it would serve best. It may be of value to some of our readers to know that a planer, whose bed-plate requires the force of eight men to slide it when lubricated with the best ordinary material, was easily shifted with one hand when plumbago of good quality was applied."

FRIED POTATOES.—Take and cut the potatoes in thin slices over night, let them stand in cold water. In the morning, shake them in a dry towel, till perfectly drained. Then drop them into very hot fat, enough to float them. (The fat from beef suet is best.) Shake and turn them till brown, keeping them very hot. Dip out with a skimmer, and salt them a little. If properly done they will be crisp and delicious.

METEORIC STONE.

A METEOR fell recently near Oak Creek, Wis., the stone was discovered by a traveller near whom it struck. It made a hole in the marshy ground as large as a barrel, and when taken out was still hot and emitted a sulphurous odour. It had the appearance of a cylinder of lava.

LIGHT AND HEALTH.

Live in those rooms of the house in which the light has freest entrance; sit in them, eat in them, sleep in them. If any are to be shut up and kept for state occasions, or for the reception of rare visitors, let them be the darkest rooms of the house, the north and east rooms, rather than the south and west. Let the sunny rooms be those which are the most constantly used.

DEPILATORY.—A convenient form for the application of substances to remove hair without injuring the skin is the following: Take of lime one part, carbonate of soda two parts, and lard eight parts. Mix together, and use as a pomade or ointment.

A CURE FOR EARACHE.—There is scarcely an ache to which children are subject so bad to bear, and difficult to cure, as the earache. But there is a remedy never known to fail. Take a bit of cotton batting, put upon it a pinch of black pepper, gather it up and tie it; dip it in sweet oil and insert it in the ear. Put a flannel badge over the head to keep it warm. It will give immediate relief.

BOYS, DON'T SMOKE!—DR. DECAISNE, in the course of investigations on the influence of tobacco on circulation, had been struck with the large number of boys, aged from nine to fifteen years, who smoke; and has been led to inquire into the connection of this habit with the impairment of the general health. He has observed thirty-eight boys, aged from nine to fifteen, who smoke more or less. Of these, distinct symptoms were present in twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation—bruit de souffle in the neck, palpitation, disorders of digestion, slowness of intellect, and a more or less marked taste for strong drinks. In three the pulse was intermittent. In eight there was found on examination more or less marked diminution of the red corpuscles. In twelve there were rather frequent epistaxis. Ten had disturbed sleep, and four had slight ulcerations of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing from the use of tobacco for some days. In children who were very well nourished the disorder was, in general, less marked. As to the ages, eight of the boys were nine to twelve years old; nineteen from twelve to fifteen. The duration of the habit of smoking was—in eleven, from six months to a year; and in sixteen, more than two years. The ordinary treatment of anaemia in general produced no effect as long as the smoking was continued; but, when this was desisted from health was soon perfectly restored, if there were no organic diseases.—British Medical Journal.

TO KEEP CELLARS FROM FREEZING.—The following method for obtaining this desirable object is given by the Scientific American: The experiment was tried by a gentleman with the cellar of an out-house, in which on several occasions vegetables have frozen, although the cellar was fortified against frost by a process known to farmers as "banking." The walls and the ceiling were pasted over with four or five thicknesses of old newspapers, a curtain of the same material being also pasted over the small low windows at the top of the cellar. The papers were pasted to the bar joists overhead, leaving an air space between them and the floor. He reports that the papers carried his roots through last winter, though the cellar was left unbanked, and he is confident that they have made the cellar frost-proof. We do not counsel the special use of old newspapers for this purpose. It is just as well or better to use coarse brown paper. Whatever paper is employed, it will be necessary to sweep down the wall thoroughly, and to use very strong size to hold the paper to the stones. It is not necessary to press the paper down into the depressions of the wall; every air space beneath it is an additional defence against the cold.