

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, November 10th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xxiii. 1-22: Warnings concerning the Scribes and Pharisees. GENESIS 1. 1-13: Jacob's death and burial.

Recite—MATTHEW xxii. 34-40.

Sunday, November 17th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xxiii. 23-39: Further reproofs of the Scribes and Pharisees. GENESIS 1. 14-26: Joseph's death.

Recite—MATTHEW xxiii. 1-3.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

89. Shew from Scripture that the slave-buyer is a man-stealer.

90. Give twelve examples from Old Testament history in which disobedience was followed by signal punishment.

Answers to questions given last week:—

87. There was no sound of tools heard throughout the building. "And the house when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither, so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house while it was in building." 1 Kings vi. 7.

88. Egypt's fearful plagues, and Pharaoh's final destruction, with all his host, in the Red Sea, proclaim the Divine abhorrence of oppression and bondage;—nor less the vengeance executed on Saul's descendants for the injuries inflicted on the Gibeonites, whose servitude was voluntary. All who trade in human flesh should take warning from the words, "Their cry came up unto God by reason of the bondage, and God heard their groaning." Gen. xlii. 21: Exodus ii. 23, 24.

What a pair of boots cost.

We were but little acquainted in C—, my father having moved the family to the place only a short time before. It was in a portion of Vermont then quite new; our nearest neighbor lived a quarter of a mile distant, there were no others within double the distance.

One December afternoon, the sun had just set clear and pale, the atmosphere was still and frosty, and the snow lay deep on the ground and clung to the branches of the near woods, like white wool rent from the fleeces of passing flocks, when a young woman came up on horseback from the neighbor's I have mentioned, to ask my mother for some herbs for a sick child.

She told us that a little way down the road a man was lying in the snow, appearing to be deeply intoxicated. She should have thought it was Philander Anson, she said—only she had never known of the young man's drinking.

Father left his work, put on a coat and hurried away to see what was the matter and render any assistance that was needed. I remember how, while the warm firelight from the heaped-up sticks of maple and beech was beginning to paint in changing fresco the white walls of the kitchen, and mother moved through the ruddy glow backward and forward, clearing away the supper things, I, a child of hardly eight years, went many times from the house to the road, where I stood each time as long as the cold would let me, watching curiously for father's return and the result of the errand upon which he had gone.

By-and-by I perceived him approaching in the twilight, helping forward another who without his support could not have stood a moment. How he reeled and mistook his centre of gravity! How his body writhed and his limbs twisted together, gathering up his strength which as suddenly gave way—his head heavy, his heels lighter than air—all the while he moaned and muttered in his unconscious suffering! At every few rods my father was obliged to halt while the poor victim threw from his stomach the vile stuff which had reduced him from "a little lower than the angels," to a good deal below the brutes—for brutes do not poison and degrade themselves with liquor.

At last they reached the house. The young man was seated in a chair, and sustained in that position till a bed could be spread for him upon the floor—he was not fit to lodge as other people do. They made him abundantly comfortable, carefully laying his listless form upon the couch, and pillowing nicely the poor, senseless head. From that time he remained utterly stupid.

In the course of the evening a person of the neighborhood happened in; who with a view to identification examined the stranger's face, holding a candle close to the shut eyes, whose lids did not unclose or even tremble.

"Miss Lang thought it was Philander Anson."

"It does look like him," returned the neighbor, "but it is him, he's in this situation for the first time, so far as ever I heard."

"Well for him if it is the last," my mother said.

This and much more was talked in ordinary tones around the low bed, whose occupant continued as undisturbed as one in his grave.

The young man appeared little older than one-and-twenty; his face, though coarse-featured, was honest in expression and not destitute of intelligence. He was decently dressed, and wore a pair of boots which were entirely new.

Stretched there, and motionless still, we left him for the night; my father taking with him to his chamber the guest's hat—saying with a quiet smile as he did so, that he did not want him to go away till he had spoken with him. Snuggly tucked in my trundle-bed, my last sleepy thought as one after another the frosty-headed nails

started from the clapboards with a report like that of a pistol—was of how frozen and dead the man might be lying down in the snowy road, had not Cynthia happened to come up for the spearmint for little Franky. He was the first intoxicated man I had ever seen, and his appearance made a deep impression on my mind. I just now alluded to his being saved as though it were an accident; but how wonderful to think that the great Father of us all, ages ago—even before the ages began, did arrange for it in that very way!

My father foresaw correctly when he supposed the young man, on coming to himself, would from feelings of shame, desire to leave the house without meeting the family. He was making diligent search after his hat, when father, hearing him stir, rose and went into the kitchen. It was about daybreak.

The young man proved to be, by his own statement, the same as was suggested the evening before. His account of getting in the wretched condition in which he was found was, that the day previous he was at the village, where he purchased the pair of boots he had on. Thereupon, a number of men who were present at the store, protested that he ought to "treat" and must. He could not refuse. Unwilling then to be thought "green," any more than mean, he drank freely with the crowd; and the unwonted stimulant ran through his veins like a conflagration. He set off for home in the direction opposite to that he should have taken, and had proceeded near three quarters of a mile, when the merciless highwayman who has so often confronted those who had no money left, if that could redeem their lives, tripped him into the snow, there leaving him prostrate on that bitter December night. Beyond this point, he had no recollection.

Precisely what advice my father gave him, I do not know; but I know that he would not have suffered the occasion so demanding it to pass unimproved, and that the words of warning would be most judiciously and tenderly conveyed.

Years have succeeded years since the incident here related. I know little at present of the subject of it, except that he has become the father of a family, and that he is not a drunkard. I wonder whether any inducement was ever again sufficient to lead him to put to his lips the intoxicating glass; or if ever he has purchased a pair of boots, that he did not think with a shudder of the pair which cost him so much of self respect, and came near costing him his life.

Nursing.

Never argue with a sick man. I don't know whether you are wise in ever doing so with any one, under any circumstances; but it is positively cruel to do so with a man who is weak and ill. I have, however, known people prove that a patient is better, to his teeth, when he affirms otherwise. Now, what can be the good of this? If he is better he is better; if not, you certainly make him worse. Any argument with him, however reasonable, however clear, is only selfish indulgence on your part. The only atonement you can make is to set the logical top spinning again for a few minutes, and allow yourself to be cleverly beaten.

Next to hopefulness in a nurse, I would say that decision is necessary. Consult your patient's wants, but consult him as little as possible. Your decision need not be very obvious and positive; you will be most decisive, if no one suspect that you are so at all. It is the triumph of supremacy to become unconsciously supreme. Nowhere is the same decision more blessed than in a sick-room. Where it exists in its genuineness, the sufferer is never contradicted, never coerced; all little victories are assumed. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, never loud. She is distinct, it is true; there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper. She never walks tip-toe; she never makes gestures all in open and above board. She knows no diplomacy or finesse, and of course her shoes never creak. Her touch is steady and encouraging. She does not pester. She never blows her nose in a subdued provokingly imperfect, and considerate sort of way, but honestly, and in a natural tone. She never looks at you sideways. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, it is true, but she never shuts it slowly, as if she were cracking a nut in the hinge. She never talks behind it. She never peeps. She pokes the fire skilfully, with firm judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if he were well. She is never in a hurry. She is worth her weight in gold, and has a healthy prejudice against physic, which, however, she knows at the right time how to conceal. In short, she is hearty, decisive, tender, and hopeful.

I believe that as many children are injured through life by careful as by careless nursing. They are helped too much, coddled too much, from crying and romping too much. There is not, for instance, a more elaborate instrument of torture than a child's high-backed chair, on which it sits at meals, if not at other times, bolt upright, with its legs off the ground.

What should you think of a gardener who so shielded the young trees under his care that they could never feel the wind? I really don't know what you would think, but, as a matter of fact, the gardener would be a fool, and ought to have warning. Wind is exercise to the young trees, and the old ones too. They can't get up and run about over the field; they can't play leap-frog or hop-scotch; their only exercise is swinging; this promotes their circulation, and opens their chests. They play up in the air. Now, children want all manner of tumbling and

rolling about, for their proper growth; and when I see them set primly up upon one of those abominable high-backed chairs, I think of a stunted scanty seedling standing upright where no breath of air can come to move its weary stalk. It is bad enough for any one to be cramped up—did you ever travel forty-eight hours in a diligence?—but it is worse for those who are young; they are intended to wriggle into life. Burn your high-backed, narrow-seated chairs. How would you like to get your dinner sitting on the mantel-shelf?

But I must have done with the babies. I want to say a little about the nursing of old people, the most touching, and perhaps the most trying branch of the art. Here you have to eke out the oil in the lamp, knowing that the vessel is low. The wick must be trimmed tenderly. You have in some cases the helplessness and irritability of the baby, and no gradual unfolding of power to come, no glimpses of the future manhood, but only of the past. The leaf is tender, not because it is a bud, but because it has nearly struggled from the stem, been nearly fluttered off by the wind and hail of life. It is for you to keep it there as long as you can, till some sudden frost shall come, and it falls down upon the common ground, where both rose and thistle really mix at last.

The great difficulty in nursing some very old people arises, of course, out of their habit of power and authority. They have been strong in body and mind. When you are old, you will perhaps not like to admit to yourself that you are not what you were, in either. You will try to set yourself straight with others by many allusions to decay, but this is the only concession you will make. You will probably own to infirmities, and then, as if the admission exonerated you, act as if you did not acknowledge them. Thus we see very old persons sometimes presume upon their age, and insist on this or that with a pertinacity they never exhibited before. Of course this makes the work of nursing them doubly trying and painful, but the old principle holds. Look to what there is of true life and strength, adapt your treatment to it; above all, use it. Learn of the aged; help them by being helped; strengthen by seeking strength. You may depend upon it, though your head may be cool, and your machinery of judgment in first-rate working order, there is an instinctive wisdom granted to old age, when the fruit of experience is mellow and wholesome.

But if the fruit hang beyond its time, as I have seen grapes still upon a vine, shrunk and white with mouldiness before they have been gathered, or dropped of themselves—if you have to nurse the querulous and bitter aged, oh! tend them as if they were sweet.—*Chambers's Journal.*

Heating and Lighting Cities by the Power of the Tides.

Sir Humphrey Davy once remarked that people need have no anxiety in regard to the exhaustion of the coal mines, for long before that was effected some cheap mode would be discovered of decomposing water, and this would furnish an unlimited supply of fuel. This prophecy is already accomplished. If all the coal mines in the world should spontaneously take fire and burn up, it is now in the power of science and art to extract boundless quantities of heat and light from the rivers and seas. By magneto-electro machines water may be decomposed without any expenditure except that of mechanical power, and some recent improvements in these machines, by which their power of decomposition has been greatly increased, have suggested this article.

As hydrogen can be obtained in unlimited quantities merely by mechanical power, we have only to make suitable arrangements to avail ourselves of the great forces of nature in order to get all the fuel and light we want, without any current expense whatever, except the trifling one of keeping the apparatus in order.

Here is an opening for a discovery which will be eminent among the marvels even of this wonderful age. In place of the enormous expenditure at present incurred for fuel and gas, our steam engines may be driven, and our dwellings may be warmed and lighted by the perpetual and undiminishing power of gravitation.

I am not what I ought to be! Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be! I abhor what is evil, and I would cleave to what is good. I am not what I hope to be!—Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Yet though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say I am not what I once was—a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, "By the grace of God I am what I am."—*John Newton.*

There is an apostolic admonition which is worth whole volumes of heroic bravado. It is this—"Let your moderation be known unto all men." And again, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink." This is the morality of the gospel. It is treason in the philosophy of war.

KISS THE CHILD.—Send your little child to bed happy. Whatever cares press, give it a warm good-night kiss, as it goes to its pillow.—The memory of this, in the stormy years which fate may have in store for the little one, will be like Bethlehem's star to the bewildered shepherds. My father—my mother—loved me! Lips parched with the world's fever will become dewy again at this thrill of youthful memories.—Kiss your little child before it goes to sleep.

Deferred Items.

BELLS WHICH SHOULD BE WELL HUNG.—Rebels.—*Vanity Fair.*

The following is the German way of preventing Sunday tipping:—"Any persons drinking upon Sundays and holidays in coffee-houses, during divine service, are authorized to depart without paying for what they have drank."

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT.—*The Poly-nesian*, a paper published in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, warns its readers against the barbarism and shocking state of society in the United States and contrasts it with the peaceful life of the Sandwich Islanders.

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength; and strength is not used rightly when it only serves to carry a man above his fellows for his own solitary glory.—He is greatest whose strength carries up the most hearts by the attraction of his own.

A JOINT company, with a capital of \$150,000 has lately been organized in England for the purpose of manufacturing and introducing Boydell's traction steam engines for common roads. Several of these engines have been ordered by the British government for India, to be used in drawing heavy loads.

LORD NELSON'S WATCH.—The Marchioness of Westminster has presented to Greenwich Hospital the gold watch worn by Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar. The relic has been placed for exhibition in a case containing the coat and waistcoat worn by the deceased hero in the same memorable engagement.

"Father," said a lady of the new school to her indulgent spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper one evening, "you must buy your dear Georgiana an English grammar and spelling book. She has gone through her French, Latin and Greek; music, drawing and dancing, and now she must commence her English studies."

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.—We learn by latest advices from England that some extraordinary experiments had been tried to test the power of the 1000-pounder Armstrong guns. Projectiles weighing 1,000 lbs., and extending nearly two feet beyond the muzzle of the gun, were frequently fired, and the gun was totally free from injury.

LOSSES OF NEW YORK MERCHANTS.—It is estimated that, by the rebellion, not less than two hundred millions of Southern indebtedness to that city was blotted out as in a night, and the prospect of its revival has been and is so remote and dubious that it can hardly be considered property. It can at best be regarded as a dim possibility of future cash.

RIFLE MATCH.—SCOTLAND AGAINST FRANCE.—The riflemen of France having conveyed a hint through the secretary of their "Tir National," that they would like to try their skill against the riflemen of Scotland, Mr. Edward Ross, the ex-champion of Wimbledon, has challenged the best shot in France to a match at various distances.

A PRIEST of Milan was much struck with the repentant air of a young, elegantly-dressed man the other day, and gave him absolution. He soon afterwards found that he had lost his valuable watch. The penitent was an eminent pick-pocket, and the worst of all in the eyes of the priest is, that he sent the scamp away fully absolved, so that as a matter of conscience he could not appear against him.

A MARBLE bust of Prof. Wayland, of Brown University, has recently been executed by Thomas Ball, the Boston sculptor, and is to be placed in one of the halls of the University. Twenty-nine classes of graduates have received their degrees from the hands of Prof. Wayland, and members of every class from that of 1827 to that of 1855 have co-operated in thus offering a grateful tribute to his character. The work itself is said to possess rare merits.

There is a world of wisdom, in the following quotation, brief as it is:—"Every school-boy knows that a kite would not fly unless it had a string tying it down. It is just so in life. The man who is tied down by half a dozen blooming responsibilities and their mother, will make a higher and stronger flight than the bachelor who having nothing to keep him steady, is always floundering in the mud. If you want to ascend in the world, tie yourself to somebody."

The London *Punch* still continues to make itself merry at the expense of Jonathan.

PROPER PRECAUTION.—The Federal Army is to be uniformed in blue. So says the last mail. It is a step in the right direction, as blue does not run.

THE BALM OF COLUMBIA.—Has no one the generosity to send over to America a bottle of this celebrated mixture? for we are sure that Columbia, after her recent reverses, must need a Balm of some sort to heal her wounded feelings.

A popular outbreak recently took place in San Francisco, Cal., in front of the church of Rev. Dr. Scott, growing out of the disunionism of the Doctor, who is a Southerner. A number of flags were placed in his church before daylight on the Sunday, and an effigy, labelled "Dr. Scott, the traitor" hung near by. A crowd was assembled before the church when the Doctor entered, which was much increased during the service, and when he passed out again, it was with difficulty that the police could prevent violence to him. Dr. Scott subsequently resigned his pastorate of the church, and has gone to Europe.