

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 25th, 1864.

Read—LUKE xi. 45-54: Christ rebukes the law
yers. 1 SAMUEL xxviii.: The witch of Endor.
Recite—1 COR. xiii. 1-3.

Sunday, January 1st, 1865.

Read—LUKE xii. 1-12: Christ teaches the particu-
lar providence of God. 1 SAMUEL xxix.: The
jealousy of the lords of the Philistines.
Recite—PSALM i.

Kitty's rebellion.—A true story.

BY JENNY BRADFORD.

One sultry summer's afternoon, some seventeen
years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play
for a drink of the cool lemonade which stood
on the table.

"Please, mamma," said her mother, as she
turned the glass.

"Kitty can't say please," replied the little
maid.

Now Kitty had said "please," a hundred times,
and usually delighted in saying everything she
was told. She quite revelled in conversational
powers for a year-and-a-half-old. For the first
time in her short life she had taken a notion
that she would not do as she was bid. So her
mother set the glass down again untasted, and
the child ran back to her doorstep as
thirsty as before. But it was very warm, and
presently the little feet came pattering back,
and the thirsty red lips were put again for a
drink.

"Kitty say please."

"Tan't say please." So the baby went away
thirsty again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps a
dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at
first playfully as it seemed, but as the wee re-
bel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst
rather than say "please," it became a rather
serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Pet ran to her high
chair.

"Mamma, lift Kitty up!"

"Please, mamma, lift Kitty," said the moth-
er, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby
shook her head—muttered "tan't say please,"
and turned away. Her father and mother and
the rest of the children sat down to the table,
but who could eat supper while that poor little
outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with
hunger and thirst! The mother yearned to
take her in her arms and give her food and
drink; but how could she? The little one
knew that one dutiful word would bring her all
she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The
question was fairly at issue—should the child
obey the parents, or the parents submit to the
child? It is an old and common dilemma, and
in thousands of households the child carries the
day, but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant
that to be the order of the world. So she took
her baby to her room, and set before her very
tenderly and seriously her naughty behavior.
She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to
make her good and obedient; but after it all,
Kitty could not "say please," any better than
before. At length distressed and tired out and
fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had
not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to
her father and begged him to take the case in
hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young
culprit, playfully, nothing doubting he should
soon bring her round. He gave her a great
many words to speak, which she did all very
readily till fatal peace came along; that she
couldn't do. Year-and-a-half understood very
well that to say that was to submit. So he
grew serious, and told her that he should have
to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty
and whipping were two things never thought
of in the same breath before. She had always
been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child,
and nobody had ever guessed how much grit
was latent in that soft little bosom. Nothing
else would avail, however, and the whipping had
to come. Still the baby remained stout-hearted,
and far from righteousness.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips
crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak
the little word which would bring it, she was
put to bed in her crib. All through the warm
night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet
sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even
then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she
would only sob, "Tan't say please," when the
water came near. For the father and mother,
that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, re-
lieved only by prayer. They really began to
fear that the child would sooner die than give
up.

"Oh pshaw! never mind the please; give
her drink," many a father would have said.
"Poor little thing; I must let the minding go
till another time," most mothers would have
thought, but Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not see it
so.

If it was like death for a will to yield after
eighteen months growth, what would it be af-
ter months and years of indulgence? God had
committed to them this soul of His creating,
to be trained for Himself; if she could not be
made to obey her father whom she had seen,
how should she become obedient to her Father
in heaven whom she hath not seen? The very
fact that her will was strong, made it the more
imperative to their minds that it should be
brought under the control of her conscience;
they saw what a cruel tyrant it would prove
if left to hold sway. The longer the struggle

was protracted, the more likely it seemed that
the result would be a final one, and the more
important that it should be right. Then the
other children who had been watching this new
phase of family history with a kind of solemn
dread—should they learn that the authority
they had been taught to revere, could after all
be trodden under the feet of a baby? It would
not do. It had been clearly explained to the
little one that it was her heavenly Father's com-
mand that she should obey her parents and that
she was resisting His will; the father and
mother felt that they had no right to annul
His law. So the night wore away, and the
morning broke; but it brought no peace to the
household, weighed down by the perverseness
of its young rebel. She woke worn and al-
most sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will indeed! What a grand awful mys-
tery it is! How, shrouded in a dainty delicate
morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the
world! Terrible agent of evil! Glorious
worker of good! Kingliest power in creation!
—a sovereign human will! What wonder heav-
en and earth contended for little Kitty's will.
So they do for every one. Happy the child
whose parents steadfastly keep the right side in
the conflict!

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A wo-
man who occupied the adjoining tenement, hav-
ing learned the state of things from the children,
came in to plead for her. She assured Mrs.
Hart that she was killing the child; that it was
downright cruelty to treat her so; that if she
had a little girl, she would never see her suffer
when she could help it. All this fell on a sore
and aching heart. The mother had already
been tormented with fears that the heat, and
thirst and excitement would really be the death
of her poor dear naughty little darling. She
tried to think up some compromise by which
Kitty could be relieved without a sacrifice of
parental government. At last she quietly
placed a mug of milk in a low chair, and left
the little girl alone in the room, while her father
and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug and press
her hot little hands against its cool sides and be-
gin to raise it to her thirsty lips; then suddenly
she set it down with a piteous look, and went
away moaning. It was a cruel battle between
Desire and Honor, for such a little heart.
Again and again the little creature would come
up and look wistfully into the mug full of white
milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn a-
way. Kitty would not sink out of the difficul-
ty, though her parents would let her; she or
they must openly surrender. This little display
of character made them clearer than ever that
they should do the child a cruel wrong in help-
ing her to break down the demands of her own
conscience.

In the course of the morning Mrs. Hart was
relieved to see the family physician drive up to
the door. She hastened to tell him the whole
story, and ask whether she was risking too much.
He advised her to "put it through; the little
thing couldn't stand out much longer." More-
over the good doctor straightway conceived a
little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It
was a great treat for any of the children to ride
with him, and one to which Kitty had never yet
arrived; so that when he proposed to take her
this morning, she flushed up with delight, and
began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run ask your mother to please put on your
hat then," said the Doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded, she had
lost all desire to go if there was a "please" to
it. So that expedient failed.
It was getting toward noon; nearly twenty-
four hours during which Kitty had not tasted
food or drink. Persuasion and authority had
been exhausted upon her, and still she wander-
ed about the house, a wan, disconsolate little ob-
ject, often crying, but obstinate as ever. Al-
most heart-broken to see her so, the mother took
her in her arms once more and carried her to
her chamber. Once again she showed the little
girl who wretched her wilfulness was making
herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving
the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with
strong crying and tears implored that blessed
Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the
stubborn will. Suddenly baby threw her arms
around her neck and burst out:

"Please, please, please, please!"

The grateful mother covered her with tears
and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-
room where she sprang into her father's arms
crying, "Please, please, please," as if she never
would be done. Now she was all radiant with
love and peace. The other children came run-
ning in to hear how Kitty could say please.
She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The
whole family stood around laughing and crying,
to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly
able to let her alone long enough to do it.
The house was full of joy. The battle was
ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a
terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from
that day to this, Kitty Hart has shown no dis-
position to resist rightful authority. Her will
was not "broken"—that is an ugly phrase—it
is a good will yet; but it was brought under
her conscience. It was rescued from being
mere wilfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make
their child understand that to resist them, was to
disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was
the head and front of her offending. As time
went on, they found, to their thankful surprise,
reason to believe that she had understood it so
well that in yielding to them at last she had
also submitted herself to Him. Mature years
and new experience deepened and developed
her Christian life, but it never seemed necessary
for Kitty to be converted after she was a year
and a half old. It appeared that the Redeemer
had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and
ended that long contest by changing the heart

of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending his
Spirit into it crying, Abba Father!

Ah, these crises in child-hearts mean more
than we think! Eternal issues are pending
when we little dream of it!—*Congregationalist*

A Temperance Fable

The rats once assembled in a large cellar, to
devise some method of safety, in getting the bait
from a small trap which lay near, having seen
numbers of their friends and relations snatched
from them by their merciless jaws. After many
speeches, and the proposal of many elaborate
but fruitless plans, a happy wit, standing erect,
said:

"It is my opinion that, if with one paw we
can keep down the spring, we can safely take
the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats present loudly squealed assent,
and slapped their tails in applause. The meet-
ing adjourned, and the rats retired to their
homes; but the devastations of the trap being
by no means diminished, the rats were forced to
call another "convention." The elders, just as-
sembled, had commenced their deliberations,
when all were startled by a faint voice, and a
poor rat, with only three legs, limping into the
ring, stood up to speak. All were instantly
silent; stretching out the bleeding remains of
his leg, he said:

"My friends, I have tried the method, and
you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan
to escape the trap: Do not touch it!"

Pumpkins for the Pastor.

A Western Minister communicates the fol-
lowing to the Boston Recorder:—

My brethren, carry pumpkins to your minis-
ters. Do not think, that because they are so
cheap that you feed them to your cows, or boil
them for your pigs, that they are beneath his ac-
ceptance. Instinct teaches the cow that they
are good for her, and the pig thrives on them.
They might help to feed the minister. True,
what is found inside of them is not brain, but
the pulp beneath the rind, will, when properly
prepared, repair the waste and wear of brain.

Pumpkins contain sugar, in a shape much
more healthy for children than candy. Grow-
ing children must have sugar. If your minister
has a large family of small children, roll in the
pumpkins by the dozen into his yard. Roll in
the big, yellow, jolly fellows till the little ones
shout again, and the mother stands in mute amazement.

There is work in preparing pumpkins for hu-
man food, and ministers' children are sometimes
in worse business. Pater familias (Pater paro-
chiae) comes out of his study to cut the spheres
into rings. And while mother and her elder
daughters are busy with their needles, patching,
darning, or making smaller garments out of
larger, all the rest that can wield a knife, pare
and cut, and the merry pot receives the pieces,
chuckling merrily the while. At length the
last piece is "in and disintegrated by steam."
The cover is then taken off, the pudding-stick
is put in, and it is stirred and stewed, hissing
not resentfully the while, till it has lost more
than half its weight, and concentrated its sweets.

This pulchreous mass can be used otherwise
than in making pies. Added to bread and milk
it ekes out whichever may be scant; it is milk to
the bread or bread to the milk. And even as
sauce, or a healthy substitute for preserves it is
not to be despised. Children, one with another,
can dispose of one pumpkin each per week. Do
you know how many children your minister has?
Count their noses and roll out the pumpkins.
Better still, saturate the family with this Yan-
kee esculent. But one thing they are not good
for. Do not, my dear brethren, do not try to
pay your "subscriptions" with pumpkins.

DOMESTIC ENDEARMENTS.—I hold it to be a
sure sign of a mind not poised as it ought to be,
if it be insensible to the pleasures of home, to
the little joys and endearments of a family; to
the affection of relations, to the fidelity of
domestics. Next to being well with his own
conscience, the friendship and attachment of a
man's family and dependents seems to me one of
the most comfortable circumstances of his lot.
His situation, with regard to either, forms that
sort of bosom comfort or disquiet that sticks
close to him at times and seasons, and which,
though he may now and then forget it, amidst
the bustle of public or the hurry of active life,
will resume its place in his thoughts and its per-
manent effects on his happiness, at every pause
of ambition or business.—*Bishop Horne.*

GIRLS.—There are two kinds of girls. One is
the kind that appears best abroad—the girls that
are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and
whose chief delight is in such things. The other
is the kind that appears best at home—the girls
that are useful in the dining-room, the sick-
room, and all the precincts of home. They differ
widely in character. One is often a tor-
ment at home—the other a blessing; one is a
moth, consuming everything about her—the
other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness
all along her pathway. The right education
will modify both a little, and unite good qual-
ities in one.

Some employments may be better than others;
but there is no employment so bad as the hav-
ing none at all; the mind will contract a rust,
and an unfitness for every good thing; and a
man must either fill up his time with good, or
at least innocent business, or it will run to the
worst sort of waste, to sin and vice.

What can I not bear with the help of God?
What can I do or suffer without it?

Agriculture, etc.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to Enquiry.

Mr. Editor,—

For the information of "Subscriber," in your
last issue, I would say that I can furnish Straw-
berry plants, of some approved kinds for this
Country—and if he, or any other person in like
circumstances, will communicate with the
"Fruit Growers' Association," the remainder of
the questions may be satisfactorily answered.
It would be necessary to state locality, soil, ex-
posure &c.;—and I would let me beg leave to
bring the above named Association to the favor-
able notice of your readers—Its Officers and
Members would be happy to give any informa-
tion, on Horticultural subjects, that may be in
their power. Address

GEO. V. RAND,
Secy. F. G. Association.
Wolfeville, Dec. 10th, 1864.

MAXIMS FOR FARMERS.

The farmer who does not return to his fields a
dressing more than equivalent to the crops
gathered therefrom, is as unwise and thoughtless
as he who would neglect to feed the horse that
was to carry him on a journey. In both cases
it is diminishing the ability of a faithful servant
to minister to his wants.

In all cases keep the best products of your
farm, whether of grain or stock, for your own
use, that improvement in each may result there-
from. If three poor sheep will bring as much
as one good one, keep the one and sell the three.

Do not permit the remains of animal or
vegetable substances to decay about your dwell-
ing, but incorporate them with the soil or the
compost heap, thereby securing the comfort and
health of your family and adding to the attrac-
tiveness of your home.

Having things "near enough," often causes
much trouble. The head-board to farmer A's
cart was a little too short, but it was "near
enough," consequently it came out in passing
over a jolt, and with it half the potatoes. The
keys to Mr. B's waggon thills were rather small,
but they were "near enough"—so they worked
loose, the thills came out and waggon and horse
got wrecked together in going down hill. The
bar to Capt. C's cow pasture was too short,
and yet he thought it "near enough"—but it
dropped out one day, and the cattle got through
and destroyed his grain. It is better and cheap-
er in the end, even if it does take a little more
time; to have things just right.—*Maine Farmer.*

THE BEST SOUP.

Liebig, in his *Researches on Food*, says:—
When one pound of lean beef, free from fat, in
the finely chopped state in which it is used for
beef sausages or mince-meat, is uniformly mixed
with its own weight of cold water, slowly heated
to boiling, and the liquid, after boiling brisk-
ly for a minute or two, is strained through a
towel from the coagulated albumen and the fi-
brine, now become hard and horny, we obtain an
equal weight of the most aromatic soup, of such
strength, as cannot be obtained, even by boiling
for hours, from a piece of flesh. When mixed
with salt and the other usual additions by which
soup is usually seasoned, and tinged somewhat
darker by means of roasted onions or burnt
sugar, it forms the best soup which can in any
way be prepared from one pound of flesh.

CLEANING GRANARIES.

A prudent farmer will never fill his bins with
the new threshed grain, without first having giv-
en them a thorough cleaning. In order to do
this we would recommend either of the follow-
ing modes:—Having formed a bed of sand upon
the granary floor, place earthen vessels of pow-
dered brimstone upon it, to which set fire,
after having closed the doors, and crevices if
there be any. This fumigation, it is said,
will prevent the existence of the weevil, or
other insects, in the grain. Or first sweep the
ceiling and sides of the granary, and lastly
the floor. Carry out the dust, being sure to
burn it. Then wash all the interior of the
granary with a strong lye mixture, and when
done, finish by giving the whole a good coat
of whitewash.—*Dollar Newspaper*

ANECDOTE OF A SHARK.

In the United States Service Museum—
Whatehall-yard, New Zealand—are exhibited
the "jaws of a shark," wide open and inclosing
a tin box. The history of this strange exhibi-
tion is as follows:

A king's ship on her way to the West Indies
fell in with and chased a suspicious looking craft,
which had all the appearance of a slaver. Dur-
ing the pursuit the vessel chased threw some-
thing overboard. She was subsequently cap-
tured, and taken to Port Royal to be tried as a
slaver. In the absence of the ship's papers
and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a
fair way to escape condemnation, but her cap-
tain was anticipating the recovery of damages
against his captor for illegal detention. While
the subject was under discussion, a vessel came
into port which had followed closely the track
of the chase above described. She had caught
a shark; and in its stomach was found a tin box
which contained the ship's papers. Upon the
strength of this evidence the slaver was con-
demned. The written account is attached to
the box.—*New Zealand paper.*