

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 24th, 1865.

JOHN VI. 22-42: Christ reasons with the multitude.
1 KINGS III. 16-28: Solomon judgeth between the two harlots.

Recite—LUKE II. 10-14.

Sunday, December 31st, 1865.

JOHN VI. 43-71: Christ continues his address. I
KINGS IV.: Solomon's glory and wisdom.

Recite—EXODUS XX. 3-17: The ten commandments.

Your Sisters.

Boys, whether large or small, ought to be very kind to their sisters, especially if the sister is younger than they are. Girls are not so strong as boys, and they have more gentle dispositions, and so they should be treated tenderly.

If a boy and his little sister come into the room together, is it right for the boy to run forward and get the best seat? No, no. He should go forward and offer it to his sister. If a new picture-book comes into the house, is it right for the boy to seize it first, because he is the largest and strongest, and make his sister wait until he has seen it as much as he wishes to before he gives it to her? Surely no!

If his sister is out in the yard playing with him, and she's afraid of the dog, is it right for him to make believe he will set the dog on her on purpose to tease her? No, no. Such conduct is very thoughtless and cruel. He should take her by the hand, and show her how pleased Rover is to be patted on the head.

Boys should always be very considerate of their little sisters. They should wait for them, and help them, and speak kindly to them, and remember that God has made them stronger in order to be their protectors.—*Child's Paper.*

Early life of John Vine Hall,

AUTHOR OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

Written by himself.

(Continued.)

I was a deist in principle and in practice. Card-playing and singing toulsh songs were often my Sunday amusement. I was so desperately hardened that I could scarcely utter a sentence without making use of some blasphemous expression; but I was never known to tell a lie. This was a meanness which I abhorred, and therefore I was always honored with the title of an honest fellow, although at all times ready to join in revelry and dissipation. Little did I think that I should ever be brought to feel a burning and sincere affection towards that God whose written word I so lightly esteemed, and whose commands, except "Honor thy father and thy mother," my conduct openly defied. Yet I dare not say that conscience did not often accuse me, but my love of sin stopped my ears, so that I would not hear.

My daring and open avowal of infidelity reached the ears of the Rev. Mr. Cole, curate of Maidstone at that time, 1802, and he requested me to read Porteus' "Evidences of Christianity." I was quite indifferent about the subject; but Mr. Cole entreated me with so much good-nature, that I determined to read the book merely from complaisance. Through the infinite mercy of God, my eyes began to see what they had never seen before. I found that I had been led away by sophistry. I commenced reading Porteus a second time, and became so fully convinced of the fallacy of Paine's "Age of Reason," that I took that infamous book from off the shelf and stamped upon it, denouncing the author as a liar. I then threw it into the fire, saying, "Go to the flames with you, Tom Paine; you've deceived me long enough; you shall do so no longer." One would naturally have thought that a conviction so strong as this would have produced some alteration in my conduct, but this was reserved for a future day.

My situation as a wine-merchant's clerk demanded that I should be continually in company with persons who could drink and sing, and my inclinations were in unison with these circumstances, although I never, at that time, indulged in private drinking; but the vivacity of my nature made me the life and soul of a company. I went on in a continual round of gaiety till the latter end of the year 1803, when a gracious God opened a way for my escape.

On Saturday morning, September 24, 1803, I was very much distressed on account of my dreadfully irregular and wicked conduct, and finding myself unfit for business, I determined to take a ride. Without having any fixed course in view, I suffered my horse to turn whichever way he pleased. He took the road to Ashford, and as I rode along I was led to reflect on the dreadful consequences which would ensue if I should be cut off while pursuing such a wicked course. The more I thought of this, the more deeply was my mind impressed with the danger which surrounded me; and yet it seemed almost impossible to escape. As I passed up a narrow lane between Harrietsham and Charingh Heath, my feelings were overpowered me that the tears began to flow, and I cried out in an agony of distress, that if God would but open a door for my escape, I would willingly give up my situation, however enviable it might appear to come, and would be content to dig in a hop-garden, so that I might be rescued from such a dreadful state of wickedness. I believe I prayed with sincerity, and I well remember that I looked very sharp around me to see if

any person had observed my conduct, for I felt half ashamed, although I was in hopes that I had not acted the hypocrite. When I reached the "Red Lion," the landlord said, "Mr. Hall, here is a news paper, just brought by the post man, and perhaps you would like to read it while your breakfast is preparing." The very first thing that struck my attention was this advertisement: "An eligible opportunity offers, in one of the gentlest cities in England, for any industrious young man with a small capital, to take an old established business in the bookselling and stationery trade. For particulars, apply, etc."

I was struck with astonishment, because it appeared as if God had answered my prayer in the most extraordinary manner; for if I had not stopped at this very public-house, I should never have seen the newspaper, and if I had been a few minutes sooner or later, the paper would most likely not have arrived or have been sent out of the house. I felt an awful responsibility to answer the advertisement immediately. The situation was in the city of Worcester, to which place I repaired on the 5th December, 1803, and entered into such negotiations as led me to settle in that city on the 25th February, 1804.

From this important circumstance arose all the happiness which has since followed me, and which promises to end in my eternal felicity. Yet on the conclusion of this very journey, and after I had despatched this letter of inquiry, I became so impatient that I rode my horse at full speed into Maidstone, and was thrown over his head upon the pavement, and picked up in a state of complete insensibility, but without any marks or outward appearance of bruises, although the horse was standing over me, with one of his feet close up to my stomach. Surely if God had not been slow to anger, he would have cut me down for this daring rebellion.

When I quitted Maidstone I felt like Jacob when he passed over Jordan with nothing more than his staff. I passed over the Midway with no more than five pounds in the world, except my clothes; and in addition to this I had my poor mother to support. I went to Worcester quite unconscious of any work of grace having been begun in my soul; but I was tired of what I now knew to be a sinful life, and therefore determined to reform and live a life of sound morality.

My character stood very fair, notwithstanding all my levity of conduct, and upon my character alone I borrowed £300. The house I had taken was well situated for trade, being in the High-street, but the business had been ruined by the idleness and extravagance of the two former tenants. I determined to be an example of industry, as well as to deserve the good opinion of those who had entrusted me with their property. I arose early and went to bed early, and constantly studied Franklin's "Way to Get Wealth." My conduct was soon noticed by the citizens, and new customers came daily to encourage my exertions. I broke off instantly from old habits of drinking wine, although my mother, who kept my house, frequently requested me to take a glass or two, as she was fearful that the sudden change might injure my health. Still I persevered in sobriety, and was blessed with abundance of health and strength.

On Sunday evening, 25th March, 1804, an evening never to be forgotten by me, I was strolling along High-street, when a gentleman accosted me by saying, "What are you going to do this evening?" I replied that, being a total stranger in Worcester, I was merely sauntering about the city. "Come along with me," said he, "and I will take you to hear a funeral sermon." I accompanied him, and was so much pleased with the good language of the preacher, the Rev. George Osborn, that I made up my mind to attend regularly, and accordingly applied for a seat. My mother also attended with me. Being lame, she always walked to chapel leaning on my arm, and my heart was gladdened by the opportunity of becoming her stay and support.

The second Sunday of our attendance I was particularly struck with the serious deportment of a young lady who sat opposite to myself. When my eyes were not fixed on the preacher they came in contact with hers. I found that similarly to myself, this young person was accompanied by an elderly lady, who appeared to be her mother; and the thought struck me that she might be a widow blessed with a dutiful daughter. This thought was too much in unison with the vivacity of my imagination to die away. I watched them out of the chapel, the elderly lady leaning on the arm of the younger; but as they were utter strangers, I had to wait the tedious approach of another Sabbath, when the same scene was renewed, and my hopes and fears were again excited.

I now made up my mind that if this young lady should prove to be a person of good character, I would make an attempt to gain her affections, and trust to Providence for the result. But I knew neither her name, nor residence. On Sunday, 20th May, I watched her return from worship, and found that she took the road which led across the bridge into the village of St. John; and knowing that she could not return to the afternoon service by any other path, I posted myself on the bridge to await the approach of my interesting unknown. She came, and came alone. She passed me, and I spoke with my eyes, but my tongue was mute. I followed gently behind her till we approached the chapel. From that time commenced an acquaintance which has proved to be the happiest of my life.

The next morning a gentleman surprised me by asking how long I had known Miss Teverill. "Miss Teverill! Who is Miss Teverill?" replied I. He answered, "The young lady with whom you were walking yesterday afternoon."

This was the very thing I wanted to know; and the questions, "Who is she? Where does she reside?" were asked all in a breath. The reply was of such a nature that I said mentally, "Then she is mine, if perseverance can gain her!" and I immediately commenced a regular siege. I soon obtained a very respectable introduction, and was admitted a visitor at the only house I thought of any consequence in the county of Worcester.

Every thing went on favorably. Mutual affection ripened apace; but an enemy was lurking unseen to poison all my hopes. Her father requested me to desist; but my affection was too deeply rooted to be extinguished, and the prospect of happiness too bright to be given up for trifles. My character was unimpeachable as to integrity and industry, and my natural ardor was not to be damped by a few heavy clouds. Her extreme youth was the next plea. I agreed to wait, but never to give up. I could not do it; it was against all reason, and against my nature, and therefore I stood as firm as Ajax. Opposition only strengthened our attachment.

Five days after this I was electrified by receiving consent to renew my visits. I supped with the family on the following Wednesday evening. On the Saturday following, only three days, a friend called on me, and made me understand that Miss Teverill had been hurried away from home to a friend's house about ten miles from Worcester. This was on a market day, when the city was full of people and my shop full of customers. But I was determined to follow her even to the world's end. It was towards evening, and my road lay near Pershore, to which town I directed my steps. Being on foot, I availed myself of a butcher's cart returning from market. Night had now come on, and as the country I had to travel was very intricate, I passed the night at the Angel Inn, arose at three o'clock the next morning, and set out for S—, where, after innumerable inquiries, I arrived at six o'clock. The family had not arisen, but a maid-servant soon appeared, and I despatched her with a note to Miss Teverill, to say that I had found her retreat. I found she had been forced away at an hour's warning. This only increased our attachment. We passed the day most happily together; but this happiness was soon to be interrupted.

We were walking in the fields in the evening, when suddenly a post-chaise appeared. We were alarmed, and fearing the worst, renewed our vows of constancy. The chaise slowly approached, conveying Mr. and Mrs. Teverill, and I desired my Mary not to fear, but to take hold of my arm and advance boldly. I civilly inquired after their welfare; and although I knew that a storm would soon break forth, yet I could not help smiling at their charmin at finding that I had been too cunning for them. This brought on a parley, and it was finally agreed that she should remain at S— in quiet, if I would leave the house. I reasoned with Mrs. Teverill on the impropriety of treating me with so much kindness on the Wednesday, and then forcing her daughter away from me in three days afterwards, without assigning any other reason than that she had changed her mind. She was as hard as a flint; and yet she afterwards became as fond of me as if I had been her own son. During this discourse dear Mary had been ordered into another apartment, and I was fearful that some scheme might be planned to take her away without my knowledge; therefore, to prevent a surprise of this kind, I quitted the room a little abruptly, and found out the post-chaise, from which, unperceived by any one, I took away the pole, and deposited it in the middle of a large field. Having thus prevented the return of Mr. and Mrs. Teverill, I went again into the room, and told Mrs. Teverill that I should not quit the house until I had taken leave of her daughter. I then restored the pole of the chaise, and agreed not to write to Mary, provided her friends allowed her to remain in quiet retirement at S—.

I was miserably tormented by these circumstances, and my mother having left me, I had no one to converse with after the business of the day, and having lost all relish for reading, I began to spend my evenings with the citizens at the Porter Rooms, or "smoke shops," as they were called. This was a bad resource, and had it proved in the end. Many and many a gloomy night, when the darkness might almost be felt, I have stolen into the garden around her father's house, and waited among the shrubs to catch a glance only of her who had such complete possession of my heart.

The long-expected day at length arrived, and on Tuesday, the 26th of August, 1806, we were married at St. Clement's church, Worcester. Having narrated the way in which it pleased God to bestow on me his greatest earthly blessing, I must enter my protest against the doctrine of chance. Chance did not lead me to my first situation. Chance did not preserve me there through all the attempts to quit it. Chance did not lead me to Worcester; neither did chance lead me to the chapel, to behold for the first time her who was to become the happiness of my future life. Chance did not give me perseverance in pursuing that object; neither did chance bring it to a happy termination. Chance did not obtain for me my friends; neither did chance preserve to me that friendship when I deserved to lose it. Chance did not preserve my life under the various accidents which have befallen me; neither did chance raise me to be master in that house into which I first entered as a poor boy. Chance did not bring me acquainted with Dr. Day, who was the instrument in the hand of God to relieve me in a great measure from the influence of a dreadful malady; neither did chance restore my forfeited character. Lastly, chance does not give me a grateful heart to God for all his mercies; but it is God himself who has done all these things for me, to whom be all the glory.

Agriculture, etc.

[We commend the following paper, written, we believe, by the late Mr. James Irons, to the careful attention of our readers.]

On the Raising and Fattening of Cattle in Nova Scotia.

The subject of raising and fattening cattle in Nova Scotia deserves the serious consideration of the farmers, and we consider it our duty to record our opinions on the subject, and in doing so, we feel some degree of confidence in the system we recommend, having proved it by our own experience, and witnessed the illustration of it in the practice of others.

It may be regarded as an axiom, in agriculture, as in other professions, that to render any department profitable it must be reduced to a system. We are aware of the obstacles in the way of establishing systems in agricultural pursuits in a young country; but from our knowledge of the general character and intelligence of the Nova Scotian farmers, we have no hesitation in recommending any practical improvement to their notice.

In the first place we consider Nova Scotia capable of producing very superior beef, at a remunerating return to the farmer, under the following system:—Let the upland farmers confine themselves to breeding and raising young stock, but never attempt to fatten cattle for market, which they never can do well, at a saying price. Let the farmer in Horton, Cornwallis, Falmouth, Windsor or Newport, adopt the fattening, and relinquish the raising of cattle, which he must lose money by. His rent is too high, his produce too valuable, and pastures too limited to raise young cattle advantageously. The upland farmer, with his ex ensive range of good pasture, can produce the finest young stock at half the cost to the feeder, and have a better profit than if he attempt to feed. If cattle fairs were established in such localities as Horton, Windsor, Truro and Sackville, the feeder could purchase his cattle at a proper age for feeding up to fatten, at half what it now costs him, to raise them; he could then feed them well, and have a good profit at the price he now loses by. Halifax might then have salting and curing establishments, turning out ship stores and salted provisions which would be a credit to the country and yielding a fair remuneration to the breeder, the feeder, and the butcher. Nature points out such systems as a part of her grand designs. The diversity of soil and local situations favors the production of different articles, the exchange of which renders one portion of mankind dependent on another, and these mutual exchanges beget a rational and friendly intercourse, and the interests of all are then identical. By our present system we are all attempting what we cannot accomplish without loss. We are not embracing the natural advantages of the country, consequently are neither contributing to our own property nor the credit of the country. The upland farmer may say truly, "We can raise fine young cattle on our extensive pastures, and not feel the expense, but where is our hay to winter such stock?" We answer, "Your good straw, with a very small portion of roots, will make better stock than if you feed with hay alone, and cattle thus reared are more profitable both to the breeder and the fattener."

An animal raised upon the fine marsh farm and kept four years, till it has attained its growth fit to stall feed, has cost its raiser more than double its beef price; hence he is not able to make a good beef animal. Until some such system is adopted we may look in vain for remuneration to the farmer, or uniformity in a supply of good beef in our market.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

CHARCOAL FOR SWINE.—Give your swine charcoal. Its nutritive qualities are such, that they subsist on it for weeks together without other food. Geese, when confined so as to deprive them of motion, and fattened on the grains of corn devoured, have become fat in eight days. Hogs eat it voraciously after a little time, and are never sick while they have a good supply. It should be always kept in the sty, and fed to the inmates regularly like all other food.—*Iowa Home-Steep.*

How A HOG SWEATS.—Not like a horse or a man, but through his forelegs. There is a spot on each leg, just below the knee, in the form of a sieve. Through this the sweat passes off. And it is necessary that this be kept open. If it gets closed, as is sometimes the case, the hog will get sick; he will appear stiff and cramped—and unless he gets relief it will go hard with him. To cure him, simply open the pores. This is done by rubbing the spot with a corn-cob, and washing with warm water.—*Rural World.*

THE HOOF OF A GOOD COW.—A correspondent of *Rural American* says:—"For a good dairy cow, choose one with a striped hoof; she will never fail. A cow with dark hoofs may be good for a large quantity of milk; but it will not be rich. For a medium cow, choose one with part of the hoof striped, or any other colour except dark."

Bamboo paper, for printing newspapers, is becoming popular. It is made from bamboo, imported from Jamaica, at twelve dollars a cord. An association, formed to manufacture paper from this substance, has expended more than \$200,000 in experiments, and with the most complete success. Paper of any quality desired can be made from bamboo.