

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, December 10th, 1885.

JOHN v. 32-47: Christ's testimony concerning himself. 1 KINGS ii. 35-45: Shimei is put to death. *Recite*—ISAIAH ix. 6, 7.

Sunday, December 17th, 1885.

JOHN vi. 1-21: Christ feeds five thousand. 1 KINGS iii. 1-15: Solomon's choice of wisdom. *Recite*—JOB xxviii. 12-20.

Early life of John Vine Hall.

AUTHOR OF "THE SINNER'S FRIEND."

Written by himself.

Surrounded now—1820—with every blessing, my mind is led to contrast present happiness with past trials, and to reflect on the manifold wisdom of God in his dealings towards me. The great scroll of Providence has been gradually unfolding from my birth to the present hour.

I am now seated as master of that house in which as a boy I occupied the lowest place. I was of a willing disposition, and desirous to please everybody. God blessed my endeavors, and in turn everybody became pleased with "little Jack." In the course of time I became more useful, and drudgery work was conferred on another. I continued to rise step after step, but through scenes of wickedness of every description, till my heart became changed and filled with desire to love and honor that God whose laws I had set at defiance. Oh the depths of the mercy of God to sinners, even if their sins have been red as crimson, for mine were surely such; and yet I have been restored through Jesus Christ, who has indeed "redeemed my life from destruction, and crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercies."

Indeed I may well say that God himself hath saved my life from absolute destruction, when I record the following accidents which have already happened to me, although I have doubtless been preserved by the same invisible hand from a far greater number of unseen dangers.

When about four years old, I fell through the ice upon a small river, at Gissing, in Norfolk, but was rescued from death. About the same time a horse I was playing with in a field kicked me in the stomach and threw me into the air, but did me no other injury than a few bruises. When eight years of age, I got a horse out of my father's stable, mounted his bare back, and stood my brother Joseph up before me, he being only four years old. In this manner we were suffered to proceed several miles. When turning the horse to return home, he set off at full gallop. My brother fell off first and was taken up for dead, and I was pitched upon my left shoulder and taken up with my left arm broken.

The next year—1783—I was playing with other boys in a loft, and trying to jump across a large space in the floor. I fell to the ground below, and my head was thrown with great violence against the edge of a sharp flint-stone, which sunk into my forehead close over my left eye, and made a dreadful wound. I was taken up for dead, but I recovered after a long illness, retaining a scar which forms a very prominent feature in my countenance, to keep me in remembrance of the mercy of God. But as I was a sadly wicked boy, these great escapes had no effect whatever to make me better. I was become so notoriously bad, that when any mischief was perpetrated, all the neighbours would cry out "Ah, it is done by that wicked boy, Vine Hall."

When I had attained my eleventh year, my father put me apprentice to Mr. G—a school-master, who taught me to write the law hands, and by way of making the most of me, hired me to the then clerk of the peace. Going one morning to the office, my attention was attracted by some birds' nests in the elm-trees. I soon climbed up and made myself master of the eggs, which I placed in my mouth and began to descend; but a bough gave way, and I fell on some spiked palings below, which pressed hard into my loins, and I was suspended for a considerable time, till the agony I endured was so great, that by a violent effort I threw myself off the pales upon the ground, where I lay for half an hour unable to move.

While engaged in the office of Mr. P—I was sent all kinds of errands, many of which were to the shop of Mr. M—a stationer and wine-merchant. It so happened that at Christmas, 1785, my master failed, and in consequence I was sent home. Soon after, a letter was received by my father from Mr. M—, stating that he had before written two letters to know whether he would like his little boy to be an errand-boy in his shop, and if so, to send him down to Maidstone by the first coach. This third letter being the first my father had received, he hurried me off in an instant, on Tuesday, January 24, 1786, and here commenced that good fortune which, under the direction of heaven, has followed me ever since. But to return to absolute accidents.

In the summer of 1798, I was one evening returning in a boat by myself from "Gibraltar," a teadrinking house on the Medway, about a mile below Maidstone. I pushed the boat along by means of a single oar. Coming to where the water was deeper, I put the oar into the water as before, leaning upon it with all my might, supposing it would be sure to reach the bottom; but here I was terribly mistaken, and I plunged head foremost into fifteen feet water. Down I went, and up I came again. Down I went again, and the sudden effort of the first plunge being a little over, I began to swim for

my life, and reached the shore in safety, with only the loss of my hat.

About five years afterwards, two porters were putting down a hogshead of wine into my cellar, the steps of which were exceedingly steep. I desired them to stop till I had gone down to place straw at the bottom in case of accidents. While there, my leg being between the two sides of the pulley, and an iron bar being close behind the calf of my leg, a voice called out, "Take care." On looking up I saw the hogshead of wine descending with the utmost rapidity, the men having lost their hold. Through the mercy of God I extricated my leg in the twinkling of an eye, and before I had time to breathe, the cask passed close to my stomach and tore its way through the straw to the floor. Had my leg been in the least entangled, or had I been a single moment later in jumping from between the pulley, I should have been thrown upon my back, my leg torn to pieces, and the weight of the cask would have stripped my face completely off, from the chin to the forehead.

In the same year, riding in a gig from Worcester to Malvern Wells, the horse started at full gallop, overturning the chaise, by which I was thrown out with great velocity, but was preserved from broken bones or severe bruises. On the 15th of November, 1810, at Kidderminster, it being tremendously dark, I was walking in a proper direction towards the bridge, as I thought, but finding that the toe of my foot did not rest firmly on the ground, I bent forward to examine more closely into my situation, when I found that I had got to the very farthest edge of a dipping-place in the side of the river, which at that time was swollen to the edge of the bank, from the quantity of rain that had lately fallen. Had I stepped only six inches further, I should have been precipitated into a rapid stream, in total darkness, and lost for ever. But again that same invisible hand was stretched forth to give me renewed time for repentance.

On the 13th of March, 1811, I went to S—to visit Mr. B—and we drank so much wine, that I lost my recollection, and instead of returning into the house, I wandered down the hill amid the blazing fires of the iron works, and the frightful coals with which that country abounds. I wandered insensibly till I found myself rolling over and over down a precipice and was suddenly stopped by something. This brought me to a momentary recollection, and I was struck with the most inconceivable terror on finding myself close to the edge of a deep canal. I lay motionless to survey the danger and to study my escape, and I perceived that if I had rolled over only once more I should have been plunged into a very deep place, where the sides were bricked up perpendicularly, and thus my thirty-sixth birthday would have commenced in eternity. I now began to consider how I should reascend the sloping bank, and I had sense enough left to be aware that if I offered to stand upon my feet, I should in all probability fall backwards into the water. I therefore turned gently round, so as to get my heels towards the canal, and by fixing my hands one after the other firmly into the ground, I crawled gently up the steep, but more frightened than ever I had been in my life, for I saw death so very close that even the rolling of a stone might have brought on destruction. The night was exceedingly dark, and I began to recollect that I had passed the dangerous coal-pits in safety, but if I should attempt to return I might not be so fortunate. Next morning, on passing the place, I felt that nothing but an invisible hand had rescued me from death. When I arrived at Mr. B—, I found that their fears on my account had been so great that they had employed a vast number of persons to go among the coal-pits, and also to search the country round with lanterns, and had sat up all night with fearful apprehensions that I had fallen into one of the coal-mines, which are left so exposed that any straggling traveller, without being intoxicated, might unwarily fall into them. Some are five hundred feet deep.

I was so stung with remorse at the grief which had been occasioned, that I took a hasty leave and returned to Worcester, with one of my usual determinations never to drink any wine again as long as I lived. But this resolution, like all the others which had been formed in my own strength, gave way to the very next temptation that assailed me; and one evening, as I was attempting to go down the wine-vault stairs, I fell from top to bottom instantaneously. The steps were almost perpendicular, and I pitched upon my head in the midst of three or four dozen bottles of wine, which were broken in all directions. But most providentially my hat remained firm upon my head, and none of the splinters were permitted to wound me. I lay some minutes after the fall to consider whether I was or was not dreadfully cut by the glass bottles; and not feeling any pain or any moisture from the flowing of blood, I carefully extricated myself and regained the house. While I review these wonderful escapes, I would most humbly bow before that mighty Being whose saving power alone has effected these deliverances, and whose long suffering has preserved me to be a monument of his great love.

(To be continued.)

A KING'S DAUGHTER.—A poor, but very pious woman, once called to see two rich young ladies. They too loved the Lord. Without regard to her mean appearance, they received her with great kindness into their splendid drawing-room, and sat down to converse with her upon religious subjects. While thus engaged, their brother entered the room. He was a gay, proud, thoughtless youth, and looked much astonished at their unusual guest. One of them rose up with dignity and said, "Brother, don't be surprised; this is a king's daughter, only she has not got her fine clothes on."

The Insurrection in Jamaica.

The following sensible remarks upon this question are from the New York Examiner. We believe the views here taken will be found to be far more correct than those from the partisan Jamaica papers.

The negro insurrection in Jamaica, which was at first described as a concerted plot for the extermination of the whites, appears to have been confined to one parish, or county, St. Thomas-in-the-East; and to have originated in local dissatisfaction. The rescue of a prisoner from the magistrates at Morant Bay, by a mob of negroes, was exaggerated by the local authorities into a veritable rebellion. In a fight between the mob and the volunteers, the latter plainly showed the white feather, and permitted themselves to be driven pell-mell into the court-house, from which they shot down the negroes at their leisure. Infuriated by the slaughter of their comrades, the blacks commenced murdering and plundering in every direction. For several days they kept the whole parish in fear; but as soon as the military made their appearance, the insurgents scattered in all directions without striking a blow. Indeed, they never had a military organization. They were a mere mob, without leaders, without a plan, and apparently incapable of forming one. Great numbers gave themselves up at once, and the rest would have returned quietly to their homes had they been permitted to do so.

But the military authorities were bent on making examples of the poor wretches, and commenced a series of military executions which has only one parallel in the history of rebellions—the punishment inflicted upon the Sepoys in India. In less than three weeks, more than fifteen hundred of the insurgents were tried by courts martial, and shot or hanged. A Member of the Assembly, who was suspected of having excited the blacks to rebel, was arrested in Kingston a few days after the outbreak, and taken to Morant Bay, where he was tried by court martial and immediately hung. We have looked in vain through the published evidence for proof that he was in any way connected with the disturbance. Several ministers have shared the same fate; and other gentlemen, upon whom suspicion has fallen, have been arrested and put on trial before military tribunals.

There is nothing in the Jamaica papers, nor in the correspondence from Kingston, to prove the reiterated assertion that the negroes intended to massacre the entire white population of the island. The outbreak was evidently unpremeditated. It was confined to one parish, the negroes of adjoining parishes joining with the military to quell the disturbance. The idea that a concerted rising all over the island had been planned, and was frustrated only by the premature outbreak in St. Thomas-in-the-East, originating only in the exaggeration of fear, and is now repeated with stronger emphasis for the purpose of justifying the wholesale executions in which the military have indulged.

SAD MISTAKE.—Some few years ago there was a notary public in Washington, an old and highly respected gentleman, who had held his office through all the political twistings and turnings of our capital for nearly 20 years. A young friend was in his office one day, and while sitting by the table picked up a small old leather covered book, which upon being opened proved to be "Thaddeus of Warsaw." He cautiously remarked to Mr. Smith, the notary: "I see you have a copy of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw' here." "Thaddeus of Warsaw!" was the reply, "what do you mean?" "Why, this is a copy of it." "Thaddeus of Warsaw," exclaimed the old gentleman. He snatched the book, gave one glance and cried out, "For twenty years I have been swearing people on that book, thinking it was the Bible! All these oaths ain't worth the paper they are written on!"

A Presbyterian minister, the Rev. William Hunter, of Chester, has announced that he has turned Baptist.—*Witness.*

Scientific.

A DWARF ENGINE.—One of the most curious articles of an exhibition, now being held in England is a steam engine and boiler, in miniature, and described as the smallest steam engine in the world. It stands scarcely two inches in height, and is covered with a glass shade. The fly wheel is made of gold, with steel arms, and makes seven thousand revolutions per minute. The engine and boiler are fastened together with thirty-eight miniature screws and bolts, the whole weighing fourteen grains, or under one quarter of an ounce. The manufacturer says that the evaporation of six drops of water will drive the engine eight minutes. The dwarf piece of mechanism is designed and made by a clock manufacturer in Horsforth, England.

In the proportion of an ounce of the liquor of ammonia ("Aqua Ammonia") of the druggist to a pint of river or rain water, has of late years been successfully employed for checking the vegetative power of potatoes, and prolonging their suitability for food. Potatoes immersed four or five days in this liquid are said to retain all their edible properties unimpaired for a twelve month; improved in flavor and mealiness. The reported effect of the liquor is to consolidate their substance and extract their moisture. After immersion the potatoes should be spread so as to dry, and will then keep good for ten months; contributing in this not only to the comfort of families, but also to the health of mariners exposed to long voyages at sea.

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.

FILLING AN ICE HOUSE.—The *Utica Herald* says that the ice house of L. B. Lyon, of Lyon's Falls, N. Y., has not been empty for twenty years, nor has a pound of ice ever been put into it. The building is constructed after the ordinary method, and when it is designed to fill it, a rose jet is placed upon the waterpipe, and as the water comes through it is chilled and drops into the ice house, where it forms one solid mass of ice.

RATS.—Neighbour Jones says, that if we will go to a tin shop and get a lot of serap tin, and crowd it into their holes, they will evacuate the premises at once. Whether they fear them as traps, or whether they scratch their sides, or whether they have a natural fear for it, he could not tell. He only knows the fact.—*Maine Farmer.*

TYPOGRAPHICAL.—A down east editor, in a complimentary notice of a certain general, was made, by the omission of a single letter, to call him a "battle scared veteran." The poor man hastened to make amends in his next issue by stating that it was his intention to have denominated the hero a "bottle-scared veteran."

Agriculture, etc.

FEEDING PROPERTIES OF PEA STRAW.—Pea straw is richer in oil and albuminous, or flesh-forming matters, than the straw of the cereals. The woody fibre is also more digestible. This fully accounts for the repute in which it is held as fodder for sheep and cattle.

The cultivation of cotton in Venetia and other parts of Italy has been very successful. Large quantities of seed have lately been purchased from Louisiana, and it is expected that next year the cotton harvest will be even more abundant than now. Last month several cotton markets were held in various parts of Italy, and the cotton was eagerly purchased, the Venetian being especially admired for its whiteness, fineness, and ductility.

BLANCHING CELERY.—Seeing lately in your journal some remarks on different modes of blanching celery, I am reminded of a plan I saw in Oxfordshire, in August last. It was simply placing a common drain-pipe upright, and allowing the plant to grow up through it. My friend, in whose garden I saw it, assured me that he not only had his celery blanched much better, but also that it was ready for the table much earlier. That the latter is the case I can affirm from my observation; for the plants I saw growing in the pipes had already grown above the tops of the pipes, while those treated in the ordinary way were not half so high.—*Cottage Gardener.*

ONIONS AND POULTRY.—Scarcely too much can be said in praise of onions for fowls. They seem to be a preventive and remedy for various diseases to which domestic fowls are liable. Having frequently tested their excellencies, we can speak understandingly. For gapes and inflammation of the throat, eyes and head, onions are almost a specific. We would, therefore, recommend giving fowls, and especially young chicks, as many as they will eat, as often as twice or three times a week. They should be finely chopped. A small addition of cornmeal is an improvement.—*Genesee Farmer.*

SMART GIRLS.—During the past season the *Prairie Farmer* has given us, as the heading of an advertisement, a young lady seated on a "Sulky Hay Rake," from her mouth proceeds a scroll with the inscription, "My brother has gone to the war." Riling there with both hands grasping the reins, we thought she was doing well for an Illinois girl. But just see what they do in Vermont. The last number of Walton's *Journal* gives the following as a specimen:—Edith Wheatley, daughter of Nathaniel Wheatley, of Brookfield, Vt., is what we call a "smart" girl, though but fifteen years of age. She has this season raked 100 tons of hay, and while guiding the rake she quietly pursued her knitting.—*Iowa Homestead.*

CURE FOR BLOATED CATTLE.—B. S. Gilbert writes to the New York Farmers' Club that cattle bloated from eating clover or other food to excess, may be relieved in a few minutes by pouring cold water upon their backs.

A Game keeper on a Scotch moor recently trapped a large fox, and finding it to all appearance dead, he removed it from the trap and threw it aside while he re baited the trap when, to his astonishment, the fox scampered off up the hill and escaped.

THROAT DISEASES.—"We would call attention to 'Brown's Bronchial Troches.' We have found them efficacious in allaying irritation in the Throat and Bronchia, and would commend them to the attention of Public Speakers, and others troubled with affections of the Throat. They are also an excellent remedy for Hoarseness, resulting from cold."—*Congregationalist, Boston.*

IN THOUSANDS OF CASES.—Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for all diseases with which children are afflicted, such as teething, griping in the bowels, wind colic, &c., has been used with perfect and never-failing success in thousands of cases. It softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and allays all pain. Mothers, do not fail to procure it.