

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 4th, 1866.

JOHN ix. 18-41: Discussions concerning the healing of the blind man. 1 KINGS viii. 44-66: Solomon's prayer and sacrifice.

Sunday, March 11th, 1866.

CONCERT: or Review of the past month's subjects and lessons.

THE following is an extract from a letter received from one of our esteemed subscribers:—

Dear Mr. Editor,—“Your valuable paper receives a hearty welcome in my family. My little girl not six years old is very much interested in the *Youths' Department*. And we consider it a good source of instruction for the little ones who have it within their reach.”

We have had other similar testimonials assuring us that this feature of the *Christian Messenger* is much valued by the young folks. We highly appreciate their good opinion, and are always desirous of pleasing and benefiting them. As long as we live we hope to sympathize with them in their joys and sorrows, and shall lose no opportunity of gathering up whatever is interesting and profitable, to place in their “Repository,”—the *Youths' Department*. Amongst the “little ones” of the present day are our future farmers and magistrates, merchants and ministers, lawyers and legislators, teachers and judges, and it is of the utmost importance that, whether high or low, rich or poor, they be early trained in habits of thoughtfulness and enquiry, so as to become industrious, intelligent, and honorable men and women, fearing God and hating evil.

We hope they may all be led to choose Wisdom's ways, which are “ways of pleasantness;” and the paths of righteousness, which are “paths of peace.”

For the Christian Messenger.

Enigma.

The first and last letters of the words here described, if arranged in order, will constitute a most valuable admonition from the lips of our Divine Master:

The fourth day of the week,
The name of a plant.
A drunkard.
The garment that covers the head.
Signifies ill-will.
A color.

MEEDIE.

Horton Collegiate Academy,
Jan. 1st, 1866.

We shall wait till the week after next before we give the answer to the above.

Children we have known.

BY THE REV. OPEN EYES.

WILLIE TEASE.

There are so many namesakes of this young gentleman, and they are scattered so widely over the country, that it is likely a good many children will think that I mean them when they hear what is to be said herein. I think it very likely that I do mean them all. Now suppose that all the mothers who have male children in their house should ask them to sit down and read this article, and then tell if they knew anybody it would fit, how many towns are there in the country, do you suppose, where there would not be found as many of these Willies as there were soldiers sent to the late war? Who is Willie Tease? Well, he is a small boy about your size, sir; and has hair and eyes very much like yours, and walks as you do, with his hands in his pockets when his mother is not looking at him. Taking him all around, he's just about such a boy as you are. He likes to tease the dog, and so he pulls his ears; the same to the cat, only substituting tail for ears; he throws stones at the chickens. (By the way, whoever heard of a boy that didn't have to have an awful battle with the flesh before he could stop shying stones at things generally, especially things animate or breakable? It must be a part of natural depravity.) Willie chases the pigs in the street or in the yard. He never sees a ground squirrel running along the fence, or a bird hopping from limb to limb on a tree, especially a woodpecker, that he does not take personal offence at and give it chase, or make it a target to see how close he can come to hitting it. And what on earth was a rabbit made for but for all the Willies to jump and hallow and run with all their might after, with the assistance of a small and very worthless and lazy dog?

I wonder if some little boys you've heard of don't think that little sisters were sent them just to tease? What's the use in having a little sister if you can't tease her and make her worry and fret? Boys are very restless chaps anyhow, but I leave it to them in all soberness now, whether, if they should be turned to a cat, or rabbit, or woodpecker, or even if they were the little sister, they would liked to be pulled and

chased, and thrown at, and worried, by some good-for-nothing brother who took delight in making everything afraid of him? Tell us, all you Willies, how the Golden Rule works. Some little fellows seem to think that the Golden Rule reads thus: “Do to others what you want to.” That will not do, boys. The boy that answers that way will have to go down to the foot. To make others happy, to do nothing to bird, or beast, or creeping thing, that will give them annoyance or pain—that is the true rule of happiness for yourself. And little sister has just as much right to be alone as you have when you are sick, or when you don't want anybody to touch you.

What do you suppose this constant desire to tease others arises from down in your heart? I shouldn't wonder if it were one of the fruits of a pure selfishness, a desire to gratify yourself at the expense of others. You want to do it because it shows you that you have some power over their happiness, some influence over them that you can exert. And old boys as well as young ones like to have power, and very often to use it with little regard as to the effect it has upon others. It is sheer selfishness, and that is meanness of the meanest sort. Whatever influence you have over others, use it for their benefit, to give them real pleasure. This is noble and generous. This is true manliness. Can it be possible that Willie Tease ever tries his trying art upon father and mother? After all their love and labors for him, can he be so thoughtless of their peace and comfort as to torment them at any time, to gain anything which he desires, to please himself? In thinking over the many children we have met at different times, we can, without much trouble, recall quite a goodly number who gave great trouble to their parents because of this very unpleasant habit; and this is the way they did it: When they desired some favor from their parents, they began by simply asking for it. Then, when it was denied, they kept saying, “O, I wish I could have it.” “Mother, please let me,” “O! (and this was a great big O, as big as your head nearly), O! why, mother, can't I have it?” And so they kept on, and on, and on, trying in every way to persuade mother or father to let them have their way. I put mother first and father afterwards, because I think you will find that mother is apt to allow the teasing. Father, with less patience, is likely to put down his foot and say “No!” in a tone that tells you you'd better let the matter drop, and not mention the subject again.

Now, fathers and mothers, let me slip in a word here for you. Why do the children thus keep on worrying you about such matters until you say “They almost tease the life out of me?” Simply because you let them. They ought not to be allowed to do it, and they would not do it if you did not submit to the thing and so encourage them in it. The fact of the matter is, you have encouraged them in this very unpleasant and really injurious habit. You let them tease you until you yield. And having said “no,” they wring a reluctant “yes,” out of you at last. And then, of course, the next time, they keep the same thing up, knowing that they can stick out the longest and win in the end. In such cases who holds the reins, you or the child? And who is likely in the future to govern? Then there is an end to parental government; and your influence over your children from that moment declines consciously to them unconsciously to you. Is it not so?

Now if I had written Fanny Tease instead of Willie, I suspect what has been said would have been quite as applicable.—*Sunday School Times*.

A neglected Scratch.

A man, at work one day, happened to get a slight scratch on the back of his hand. A moment's attention to it might have healed it in a day or two. It was, however, neglected. A slight inflammation appeared, which a single poultice might have reduced, but it was neglected. The whole hand became inflamed, and should have had the best medical care, but it was neglected. The arm and shoulder and back were seized with pain, and now all was alarm and confusion. The most skillful physicians were sent for, and the only question now was, whether amputating the limb would save the man's life. The verdict was, *Too late*. The disease had gained a mortal hold, and no human skill could arrest it.

Ah, is it not but too true also, that a bosom sin, a neglected duty, a small self-indulgence, easily eradicated and amended if taken in season, gets beyond control if neglected, and proves at last our ruin? Never did I feel this so forcibly as a few months since.

Sarah—was one of the most beautiful girls at our school. Her parents were well to do. She married young, and to the man of her choice. But for every little trouble, for low spirits, for small illnesses, she sipped gin. The best bourbon was in her private closet. It seemed a small matter—only a medicine. No danger surely could lurk there. At any moment it was within her control to dispense with it. But the taste gained, the habit grew; the inflammation extended unawares. At last—yes, at last it bit like a serpent, and stung like an adder.

And the last I heard of Sarah—, she was a common sot.

What is a “good Education?”

Said Edward Everett, “I hold that to read the English language well, to write with dispatch a neat, legible hand, and to be master of the first four rules of arithmetic, so as to dispose at once with accuracy every question of

figures which comes up in practice—I say, I call this a good education. And if you add the ability to write pure, grammatical English, I regard it as an excellent education. These are the tools. You can do much with them, but you are helpless without them. They are the foundation; and unless you begin with these, all your fleshly attainments, a little natural physiology, and a little geology, and all the other ologies and oosophies are ostentatious rubbish.” Is it not a fact that, in many of our common schools, reading, writing, geography, and grammar, combining with it the art of composition, are neglected in order to study these ologies and oosophies?”

Domestic Economy &c.

COOKING AN OLD HEN.—The *Massachusetts Ploughman* gives the following directions for “serving up an old hen so that she shall manifest, to mortal palate, all the delicacy and tenderness of youth.”

Just cut her up into joints, taking care to go by the joints so that you don't get in any splinters of bones. Pick up all the bits of meat you have in the house, bones too if there is any meat on them, any odd pieces of ham or bacon, leg or shoulder of mutton, and a slice of salt pork, and cut a few slices of fat bacon and some bread. Take an earthen vessel with an earthen cover, with a bit of a hole in it, the cover, we mean, and put a layer of bread at the bottom of this vessel, then a layer of bacon, and then fill in with all the scraps and joints you happen to have; they must be sweet and clean of course, till the vessel is full. Then fill up the hollows and cracks with water, and tie down the lid. Put it at night in a very warm, not hot oven, and let it stay till morning. Take it out at your leisure and put it in a cool place, and when perfectly cold, you will eat with gusto, either for breakfast, luncheon, dinner or supper, and you'll find it not only tender, but juicy, and delicately flavoured and highly nutritious. The water that you put in will have turned into jelly, and the whole will cut like a red veined marble. There is no way in the world you can work up an old fowl so economically or so splendidly. We should like to sit down with you to that dish.

VENTILATION IN BEE HIVES.—Bees in winter do not apparently suffer cold even when many degrees below the freezing point. Their great enemy is damp. I have known hives from which the bottom board had fallen and which were fully exposed to the air, winter well, while others carefully tended lost thousands of bees, and yet both had sufficient stores. Hives made of thin boards are bad quarters for bees, unless well ventilated, and for the simple reason that when such are exposed to the weather, they part rapidly with their warmth in cold weather, and unless carried off by currents of air, the moisture from the bees condenses on the inside and then congeals, and this process will go on until the comb next the sides is involved, and the bees are consequently huddled together in an ice-house. When combs are thus frozen or kept steadily exposed to an atmosphere of moisture for some time, they will mould whenever the weather becomes warm. It often happens that the principal portion of the honey is laid up in the outer combs, and if these are frozen, the bees cannot get their food, and may thus starve with food abundant, but locked up by frost.—*Ohio Farmer*.

CORN MOLASSES.—Mr. Thomas Randolph, a farmer of this county, residing between Worthington and Cascade, informs us that he has tried the experiment of making molasses from the stalks of sweet corn. He says that it is superior to that made from sorghum or imphee. The corn stalks yield as much molasses as the sorghum. He promises to send us a sample, when we shall have the quality tested by judges and report their decision. If it sustains Mr. Randolph's opinion it will be of no small consideration to our farmers, as the sweet corn stalks will mature in this region when the sorghum and imphee will not. Mr. Randolph used his corn stalks immediately after he had removed the crop of ears for table use.—*Dubuque Times*.

A PRACTICAL JURY.—We clip the following from *The Field*:—“At an industrial exhibition recently held at Vienne (Isere) a variety of artificial legs, constructed on an entirely new principle, were exposed to view. The juryman, whose duty it was to decide on the comparative merits of the instruments, were much perplexed. At last they bethought them of assembling half a dozen Crimean and Mexican amputees and starting them over a half-mile course equipped with the rival legs. The prize is stated to have been won by an invalid, both of whose legs were taken off at the knee, but who, nevertheless, went over the distance in nine minutes.”

IT WORKS TO PERFECTION.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, is perfectly harmless. It produces natural, quiet sleep, by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as bright as a button. It cures wind colic, and regulates the bowels, gives rest to the mother, and health to the child. Offices, 48 Day street, New York, and 205 High Holborn, London, England.

SORE THROAT.—Those afflicted with Coughs, Hoarseness, Irritation and Soreness of the Throat, will find nothing so efficacious as a Throat Remedy, as Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold by all Druggists.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY REV. CHARLES TUPPER, D. D.

CHAPTER VII.

FIRST RESIDENCE IN AMHERST.

(No. 4.)

On the 11th day of December, 1822, a little after midnight I was aroused from my slumbers to visit a man (R. F.) in a neighboring house, who was dying. Though I have visited many persons that were evidently near the close of life, yet I had never before seen any one actually die. It was, indeed, a solemn scene. He was a remarkably fine-looking young man, in the prime of life, the idol of the family, generally beloved, and just about to have been united in marriage with an amiable young lady. Their wedding dresses were said to have been nearly prepared when he was attacked, a few days previously to this, with the sickness which terminated in death. O how changed did his former noble and beautiful countenance appear! How strikingly did his ghastly visage illustrate the language of Job, “Thou changest his countenance, and sendest him away!” At that momentous crisis how trivial did all else seem in comparison with the all-important matter of a preparation for entrance into eternity! My young friend had professed faith in Christ early in life, and was strictly moral; but more entire consecration to the service of God would doubtless have increased his consolation when drawing near the gates of death; and would have afforded greater comfort to his deeply afflicted relatives. I had conversed and prayed with him not long before; but no one was then aware that his dissolution so nigh. Though he had become unconscious ere my arrival at this time, yet, as he was still living, I engaged in earnest prayer for him, and for his relatives, plunged into grief almost inconsolable. Soon after the close of this exercise, his spirit took its flight to the invisible world.

This very impressive scene appears to have had some tendency to excite me to increased earnestness in my work. In my Diary of the 16th day of the same month the following entry occurs:—“Devoted this day to visiting, and visited and prayed with thirteen families. My heart was pained to see what carelessness and insensibility prevailed among the people. It was very distressing to converse with aged persons who appeared extremely ignorant, and unconcerned about their everlasting welfare.”

On the 1st day of January, 1823, was held the Annual Meeting of the Cumberland Branch Bible Society. The former Secretary having resigned his office, the Society chose me to fill it. Though the acceptance of this office would necessarily subject me to additional toil and care, yet the importance of the object contemplated—the diffusion of the sacred Scriptures throughout all lands—forbade me to decline.

A circumstance had occurred which was highly detrimental to the interests of the Society. It appeared that \$38 which had been paid into the fund, had not been remitted. Some people are disposed to excuse themselves from contributing to such institutions from the alleged apprehension, that the money will not be devoted to the object for which it is professedly collected. In ordinary cases there can be no danger of this, even if any were base enough to attempt embezzlement, because the fraud could be easily detected by means of the published Reports. In this instance, however, benevolent and unsuspecting persons had reason for declining to pay any more into the funds till this matter was adjusted. A Committee was therefore appointed to investigate and report. This Committee took for granted, that either the Secretary or the Treasurer had embezzled the money. Each of these repelled any such insinuation, as regarded himself, with indignation. As each solemnly protested that the money was not in his possession, it seemed impossible to ascertain the true state of the case; and no real proficiency was made in the investigation. Meanwhile the Society was thrown into a state of stagnation; and the cause of general benevolence was suffering serious injury.

I was aware of the difficulty and danger that must attend any attempt to put this intricate and unpleasant affair to rights; but as it was requested of me, and seemed very needful and important, I resolved to undertake it. The parties implicated were not on speaking terms, and would not hold any intercourse with each other. Both, however, were friendly with me.