

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, February 17th, 1867.

Acts ix. 1-22: Saul called to be an Apostle.
2 Kings viii. 16-29: Jehoram's wicked reign.
Recite—PROVERBS xx. 1.

Sunday, February 24th, 1867.

Acts ix. 23-43: Peter restoreth Tabitha to life.
2 Kings ix. 1-26: Jehu kills Joram.
Recite—PSALM cxi. 2-5.

The Secret of Success;

OR, HOW A CARPENTER ROSE IN LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

In a populous town on the south-west coast of England, which I shall name Fairport, there was, last February, what the women-folk called "a very pretty wedding." The window of my little parlour commanded a view of the street in which stood the place of worship where the wedding was being celebrated. As a stranger, only just arrived in the town, I could not at first quite understand why the street was so full, and so many of the middle-aged people were talking with such animation about the wedding. Of course there was plenty of gossip amongst the women folks as to the dress of the bride and her maidens, and the looks of the bridegroom, and the ages of each, which I was not particularly interested in; and I should pretty soon have turned away and shut down my window, but that my eye was attracted by two lovely little girls among the bridesmaids, about six years of age, who were carrying bunches of choice flowers, and smiling so sweetly in their childish innocence, that I was induced to take more interest in the details of the wedding than a staid old pilgrim, the shady side of fifty, generally exhibits.

The bride was a very fair young lady, in whose sweet pale face one could see traces of beauty, that shone more brightly than gems and gold. The bridegroom was a man in the early prime of life, something more than thirty years of age, and with a very marked expression of countenance, as if hard working and hard thinking had both come to his lot in an unusual degree—a firm energetic, far-seeing man.

"The Lord bless them both!" said a woman in the crowd, with a child in her arms, as the tears ran down her cheeks; "He's a good man, if ever there was one."

"Look at him; he's quite the gentleman; and, eight years ago, I saw him with a tool-bag over his shoulder, not a bit better of than I am," said a lazy-looking man, with a tattered coat. Heaving a sigh, he added the old adage that idle folks often quote, "Luck's All."

"No better off than you," said an old grey-haired man. "Well, that's cool! you think to put yourself on an equality with Mr. Richards! You, indeed!"

"Well! he was just a journeyman carpenter; neither more nor less; and that's what I am; we were equals eight years ago, though he has got his thousands now!"

"Equals," said the old man, drily; "with this difference—He had brains that he used, and never abused; he knew the value of time, and never wasted it. He thought about eternity; and, while he worked hard, prayed hard. Intelligence, industry, and piety—that was all that made the difference."

I was about to say from my open window, "A pretty considerable all," but a woman's voice interrupted me.

"And nobody begrudges his prosperity, I'm sure; for he's worthy of it."

"To be sure he is. Think what he's done for his parents."

"Ah! hasn't he been a blessing to them?" said the woman with the child in her arms, as she kissed her little one.

"And he the only one to live of all their family. The old folks had a deal of trouble once."

The white-haired old man said: "I've known them forty years; and, like the rest of us, they had one while a pretty hard life of it."

Just then, the last carriage of the wedding-guests departed, and there was a perfect torrent of good wishes poured after the cavalcade, as it left the sacred edifice. My readers will understand that I had heard enough in the various comments, (a few only of which I have set down), to rouse my curiosity; so I set out to learn something more, and determined on following the white-haired veteran, whose words to the ragged-coated man had, to my mind, the ring of pure gold in them. I thought I had seen the old man before, sitting on a bench that overlooked the harbour; and I bent my steps to the place where I had noticed him sitting. I was right in my conjecture; he was there, looking out over the rippling sea, that gleamed and sparkled in the wintry sunshine.

I sat down beside him on the bench, and ventured to interrupt his meditations by the words: "I should think, sir, that was a remarkable man who was married this morning?"

"And you think about right, friend; a very remarkable man."

He relapsed into silence; and I observed with, I own, a wish to draw him out: "These cases of extraordinary success in life are so out of all ordinary experience, that they do not often supply lessons which can be of general application."

"Well, not perhaps as to the outward career. But the principles and mode of life that made the man good and worthy as a man—I suppose

you don't mean to deny that they are of what you call "general application"—eh? Because if you do, all I say is, I don't agree with you. Joseph's love to the brethren that sold him to slavery, and David's praise and prayer, I suppose are meant to teach us all lessons of life—though the one from being a bondsman rose to be Pharaoh's Prime Minister, and the other eventually became King of Israel."

I saw that I had roused the old man to a discussion of the matter; and was now pretty sure of my narrative.

"I say there's a capital lesson in the life of the young man—the gentleman—for he is a true gentleman that was married this morning; for, if he had not been in heart and spirit good and true, he could have attained his present prosperity."

"Do you, then, know the circumstances of his life?"

"Do I know it? Why I've known young Richards ever since he was so high"—indicating a space a little above his knee as he spoke. His father and mother, poor souls, had their trials. They are worthy people; but the bread of sorrow, and the water of affliction was appointed to them, I can tell you, in the years that are gone. Old Mr. Richards was a carpenter by trade, a steady man—and his wife was just the cheerful, patient, thrifty body that makes a fire-side pleasant to a husband. But she had great troubles in losing child after child, till her tender feeling heart was well nigh broken. She lost all but one, this very Mr. Richards who was married to-day. And, besides these various sicknesses and deaths, there were all the ups and downs that happen in a working man's life. But they struggled on, and gave their boy decent schooling; and they didn't spoil him—though, of course, he was to them as the light of their eyes. He went to work with his father, and learned the trade of a carpenter—was, as we say, a worthy chip of the old block! One thing I used to notice in young Richards, he never wasted his evenings. He was fond of his pencil; and his favourite recreation was drawing. There's few things more useful to a working man—or, indeed, to any man, for the matter of that—than skill with the pencil. Now, ten or fifteen years ago, there was not the encouragement there is now for working men and youths to employ their evenings in this way. One of the chief benefits derivable from these Industrial Exhibitions, is that they lead men to exercise their skill and ingenuity, and produce some useful or ingenious invention, in their leisure time; and not muddle their brains with beer, or puff away their thoughts in smoke in the public-house. Young Richards had not the privilege of partaking in these advantages—he, however, made good use of his time—devoting it to study and keeping himself away from all bad companions and drinking habits. But matters did not prosper very well with his father—trade was dull; and young Richards thought he must go farther a-field to try and better himself. No doubt, when it was first known how far off he was going, it was a bitter pang to his parents to think of parting with him. He had an offer to go out, with several other English mechanics, to the East. He was engaged at the wages of six shillings a-day—which was not much, considering that it was a very long voyage, and to a land where they would be subject to diseases and dangers of all kinds peculiar to the climate. But it was the best thing that offered; and it came just at the right time—and in his case it came to the right man."

"The poor mother, no doubt, thought she had reared her boy to little purpose, if nearly half the world was to be between them. The ocean which divided her from her only son was to her as great a source of grief as the graves that held her other children. But, if nature put this feeling in her heart, grace helped her to overcome it. The parents gave their boy their blessing, and sustained him by their prayers. What's that a poet says somewhere about:—

"Waft a thought from Indus to the Pole?"

"Why, bless you, friend! Prayer wafts thoughts right up beyond the world, right up to the Throne of God."

"I know it," said I, softly; as the old man, in his ardour, lifted his hat reverently, and paused a moment before he continued.

"The first year was a weary time—a trying weary time for the parents; they had need of faith, for vain was the help of man in their anxiety. And the first year was also a time of great trial to young Richards; all was so strange, that no doubt there were moments when he pined for his native land, and thought of the old folks at home with a sore heart. But he was a man of action—and the best cure for melancholy that I know of is work. So, with a brave and cheerful spirit, and showing in a Heathen land what a right noble fellow a Christian British workman is—he got noticed and liked by every one. Well, it so happened that the rich natives of a certain great town, where a good deal of our tea comes from—I can't rightly get my old tongue round the names of these outlandish places,—the rich native merchants, as I said, wanted fresh water brought in to their city; and they so far imitated English customs, that they offered a prize for the best plan of water-works. It was a very handsome prize, not less than £1,000 of our money. Young Richards heard of it, as did all the English residents, engineers, mechanics and others; it was open to general competition. It was now that young Richards felt the benefit arising from the judicious employment of his leisure hours in study and mental improvement, while in England. He set to work, and carefully surveyed the district; made himself fully acquainted with the difficulties to be overcome, and drew his plans. He had his daily labour to perform, and he never for a moment neglected it. But he worked untiringly as his

plan. While others were wasting their hours in amusement or sleep, he was planning and making diagrams. The day of adjudication came; and, as he was put at such a disadvantage with other competitors, by being only able to devote his leisure time—he was not ready!

"Oh! after all, did he fail then?" I said, in a tone of vexation: for I was now deeply interested. My aged friend enjoyed my surprise; for he repeated slowly:—

"AYE! HE WAS NOT READY!"

I really was afraid he meant to tantalize me by stopping here; but, after a minute, he resumed: "He sent in a letter to the adjudicators, stating the forwardness of his plans, and asking for a delay of two days to complete them. Now, he must have been much respected for his intelligence, and gained a character that had inspired confidence in his skill, for his request to be granted—which it was. At the time stated, his plans went in; and there would no doubt have been great dissatisfaction amongst the rival competitors at the extension of the time on his behalf; had it not been for the fact that, when his plan was examined, it was so much more excellent and practical in detail, that not only disinterested persons admitted its superiority, but his fellow competitors universally acknowledged it. It was a complete success; and so fairly won that none could murmur at the award of the prize being made to him."

Now, when he had won his prize—he thought it was the end of the matter; and a very joyful ending too. He had a nice sum of money to send home to England to help his father and mother; that, after thanking God, was his first thought. But bless you, instead of the end, it was the beginning of a new career. Those who had offered the prize knew the carrying-out of the plan might fail if not confided to competent hands. Who so fit to see to its completion, as the man who had devised it? So they came with offers that he would take the management of the works. He had signed an agreement for a term at six shillings a-day, and no thought of breaking his agreement was in his mind. But a representation of the case was made in the proper quarters; and, as the sort of work on which he was then engaged could be done by any ordinary hand—as a tribute to Richard's good conduct and skill, he was released from his engagement, and he commenced his new career with a salary of a thousand a-year!"

"Wonderful! Did it require a long time to complete the work?" I inquired.

"It was no easy job, I've heard say; and not done without time as well as toil and skill. But you see, when once Mr. Richards was known, it was soon found that he was worth knowing. There came applications to him for plans of all kinds. He was obliged to take an office; and, at the same time, pupils; and young men whose education had cost hundreds, and, probably thousands of pounds were glad to work for him. He made an ample fortune in less than eight years."

"It was enough to spoil him," I exclaimed.

"There's the best of it—he's not one bit spoiled by success; not he! I knew he had both head and heart to bear his lot meekly, before God and man, when I heard what he had done for his parents. He settled a handsome independence on them, the very first thing. And then, only think of his coming back to the very place where he lived as a poor man,—among people who have known him from his infancy!"

"Well! it's a very fine region," I exclaimed. "I do not know a finer, where a man could wish to settle."

"Yes, yes; that's true—but he's a very good sensible man, no foolish pride or upstart nonsense about him. He's respected both by high and low; and is an honour to his native place."

"And his wife?" I asked.

"Oh! it was a love-match. I'm an old fellow; but I don't think much of any but a true love-match. I don't know the young lady; but a good man, with a wise head on his shoulders, don't give his love to a mere bit of swansdown."

"There's his house; yonder; if you come a little this way, you can see it. I looked in the distance; where, on a rising ground among trees and gardens, there were several handsome mansions."

I do not know that I distinguished that one especially which the old man pointed out, but I fervently joined him, when he said reverently:—

"May the Lord bless them; and cause His face to shine upon them!" I added a fervent "Amen" to his prayer.

Turning round to leave the spot, there was the man in the ragged coat lounging against a post, to whom my old friend had spoken in the morning. I was sorry for the dejection on his face; and not the less so that I feared the poor fellow was his own enemy.

"Ah! it's fine talking; but things have gone against me," he said, as if wanting to renew the remarks of the morning. "I don't envy no man, least of all! Mr. Richards; he's one as all respects—but when I thinks that less than ten years ago he was glad to earn a six-pence amending my aun's window-shutter, I can't help thinking how strange it is he should be rich, and I should be poor."

"My good fellow; he was, as you say, glad to earn six-pence; and ready to earn it," said my aged friend. "And why don't you put a basket of tools on your shoulder when you're out of regular work, and go into the villages and out-abouts? You'd pick up many a job."

"I would; but my tools are in pawn."

"Tools in pawn! why you'd money to go to the house-warming dinner at the Goose and Gridiron." Now, Joe; own the truth; you pledged your tools to go there—and made yourself a goose and deserved the gridiron."

"You're about right there, master; I'm a miserable fellow, I know."

There was so much real hearty self-condemnation in the man's words that I felt sorry to my heart for him. What a bitter enemy a man may be to himself!

My white-haired friend eyed Joe keenly through his spectacles a few moments; and then said:

"I wish I could trust you."

"I don't expect you to do that."

"Well! I will this once. Show me those pawn-tickets."

With a trembling hand, and looking as if he would like to have been a little child once more, and give way to a good hearty cry; he fumbled in his pocket and brought out three pawn-tickets for tools.

"I'll get you these, and a job also, this time; but mind—no more public-house doings."

I thought the better of Joe that he did not answer, his heart was too full to let his tongue run glibly. I knew of a tidy jacket that was to be bought cheap; and the long and the short of it was, we set up Joe once more; and with the money he earned at the job my aged acquaintance gave him, he set out in search of work; and though some idle fellows at a beer-shop door called him a Hedge Carpenter, I've reason to think that was the turning-point in Joe's history. For two months afterwards I learned he came decently clad, and paid back the money that had been lent him to release his tools; and, better still, his wife, who had been obliged to leave him and go into service, came back again; and they have set up home once more; and I saw them, only a fortnight back, walking to the house of God in company together.

"It was the drink parted us," said she, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes, the drink demolishes the working man's dwellings, and scatters its comforts to the winds. Industry and piety build up the home, and peace and prosperity abide there. Even if sickness and sorrow come,—when they are manifestly the Lord's appointment, love and hope remain to soothe and cheer; and the virtuous home, in the time of adversity, is often consecrated as the very Gate of Heaven. A continuous career of prosperity can be enjoyed only by the few; but the piety and goodness that alone make such a career a real benefit, all may, by faith and patience obtain, and reap their heavenly Father's blessing as they strive.—British Workman.

Wintering Bees.

Having tried several experiments in wintering my bees, I will give you the method I have adopted, for the benefit of your readers. A part of the cellar, twelve by sixteen feet, is partitioned off, and in this room I keep about forty swarms each winter. They are carried in soon as cold, freezing weather has commenced, say from the first to the middle of December. The entrances to the hives are left open, and I like also to have one or two holes open near the top of each hive to give sufficient ventilation. The room is made perfectly dark, and a small trap kept set to catch the mice.

They should remain undisturbed by lights, or otherwise. A few bees will come out of the hive and get lost on the ground, but they are of small consequence and their loss does not injure the swarm so much as it does to confine them in the hive. I have tried both ways.

As the weather becomes warmer towards spring, the bees become more restless, and it is sometimes necessary to open the cellar windows nights, and give them a thorough airing. I have a ventilator with an aperture some five or six inches square, which I can open and close at pleasure, but it is not always sufficient, and I raise the windows.

They are removed from the cellar some warm day, when there is no chilly breeze, about the first of April. I think they do not often use more than six to ten pounds of honey per swarm during their confinement.

When carried into their winter quarters, the hive ought to weigh from twenty to thirty pounds more than it would weigh empty. Bees may be fed at any time in the winter with sugar syrup in the following manner:

Add from six and a half to seven pounds of water to ten pounds of loaf or coffee crushed sugar, and let it boil, taking off the skum if any rises.

The feed box may be made of wood or tin, and should be provided with a float made of strips of pine one-half inch square, nailed to two cleats. The float should fit loosely, so that it will settle as the syrup is removed.

When feeding, the hive must be kept in a warm room, the warm feed turned into the feed-box, which must be placed in the apartment usually occupied by the honey boxes. Of course the bees must be fastened in the hive, but they should be provided with a bottom board, having an aperture six or eight inches square, covered with wire cloth, or they may smother. I should have mentioned that the strips composing the float should be one-eighth of an inch apart.—N. H. Farmer.

COUGH.—The administration of Medicinal preparations in the form of a lozenge is of all modes the most eligible and convenient, more especially as regards a COUGH REMEDY. "Brown's Bronchial Troches," or Cough Lozenges, allay irritation which induces coughing, giving instant relief in Bronchitis, hoarseness, influenza, and Consumptive and Asthmatic complaints.

If there is a general remedy for which the people ought to be thankful, it is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is curious to notice the enthusiasm with which some people speak of it, more particularly returned soldiers, to whom it has been a friend indeed.