

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 17th, 1867.

Acts xxvii. 1-13: Paul embarks for Rome.
Esther vi. 1-14: Mordecai greatly honored.
Recite—JONAH i. 14-17.

Sunday, November 24th, 1867.

Acts xxvii. 14-26: Paul tossed with a tempest.
Esther vii. 1-10: Esther accuses Haman.
Recite—LUKE ii. 27-32.

The king of the cradle.

Draw back the cradle curtains, Kate,
Whilst watch and ward you're keeping,
Let's see the monarch lie in state,
And view him while he's sleeping:
He smiles and clasps his tiny hand
As sunbeams in come streaming,
A world of baby fairy-land
He visits whilst he's dreaming.

Monarch of pearly powder-puff
Asleep in nest so cosy,
Shielded from breath of breezes rough
By curtains warm and rosy;
He slumbers soundly in his cell,
As weak as one decrepid,
Though King of Coral, Lord of Bell,
And Knight of Bath that's tepid!

Ah, lucky tyrant! Happy lot!
Fair watchers without number,
To sweetly sing beside his cot,
And hush him off to slumber;
White hands in wait to smooth so neat
His pillow when it's rumpled,
On couch of rose-leaves, fresh and sweet,
Not one of which is crumpled!

Will yonder dainty, dimpled hand—
Size, nothing and a quarter—
E'er clasp a sabre, lead a band
To glory and to slaughter?
And, may I ask, will those blue eyes—
In baby *patois* "peepers"—
E'er in the House of Commons rise,
And strive to catch the Speaker's.

Will that fair brow o'er Hansard frown,
Confused by lore statistic?
Or will those lips e'er stir the town
From pulpit ritualistic?
Impossible, and yet, mayhap—
Though strange, quite true it may be—
Perhaps Nero once was fed on pap,
And Beales was once a baby.

Though rosy, dimpled, plump and round,
Though fragile, soft and tender,
Sometimes, alas! it may be found
The thread of life is tender!
A little shoe, a bitten glove—
Affection never waning,
The shattered idol of our love—
Is all that is remaining!

Then does one chance, in fancy, hear
Small feet in childish patter,
Tread soft as they a grave draw near,
And voices hush their chatter?
'Tis small and new, they pause in fear,
Beneath the gray church tower,
To consecrate it by a tear
And deck it with a flower.

Then take your babe, Kate, kiss him so,
Fast to your bosom press him!
Of mother's love what does he know?
Though closely you caress him.
Ah! what a man will be that boy,
What mind and education!
If he fulfills the hope and joy
Of mother's aspiration.

—London Society, October.

The wise and foolish Builders.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Eight children were playing upon the sand
Beside the sea-shore. The tide was out and the
sky was clear, while the pretty seagulls were
sailing through the air.

'Oh, see what beautiful flat stones!' said
George; 'how nice they would be to build a
house with.'

'Let us build one,' said Edith, who was the
eldest of the girls.

'No, let us build two, and see which is the
best,' replied George.

'Edith, you and Sophie, and John and Willie,
build one; and Sarah, and Kate, and Fred and
I will build another.'

So the little builders went to work. George
and his party thought it would be so nice to
build on the flat sand, that was as smooth as the
floor of the play-room at home, and where they
did not need to waste any of the stones in
making a foundation.

Fred and the girls brought the stones, while
George put them together, and very soon the
house began to grow to quite a respectable
size.

But Edith led her labourers away from the
beach to where the rocks began to peep above
the sand, and where the tide never came; and
having found a rock that was as high as her
waist, she began to put her house together. It
was hard work, for they had to pick up the
stones on the beach and take them up to Edith,
who spent some time in laying them on the un-
even rock, so as to make a good foundation.
So George had finished his house before Edith

had put up more than three or four rows of
stone; and as he had nothing to do, he began
to look at her work.

'Why, Edith, how slow you are; my house
is built, and yours is not half done.'

'I wanted to build a good strong one,' said
Edith, 'and it takes a good while to build on
this rock.'

'Oh, you should have built it on the sand, as
I did.'

Just then a loud cry from Fred made George
turn around.

The tide was coming in, and as one of the
first waves had reached his house, it was wash-
ing away the lower stones. All gathered around
it, but it was too late. The waves came in
faster and faster, and carried away first one
stone and then another, until, with a crash, the
whole building fell into the water.

'Yes, Edith,' said George sadly, 'I see that
you were right. I ought to have built my house
upon a rock.'

Jesus tells of two classes of people who build,
the wise and foolish builders. He says, 'Who-
soever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth
them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which
built his house upon a rock; and the rain de-
scended, and the floods came, and the winds
blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not:
for it was founded upon a rock. And every
one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth
them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man,
which built his house upon the sand; and the
rain descended, and the floods came, and the
winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it
fell: and great was the fall of it.' (Matt.
vii. 24-27).

Little reader, are you building on the rock,
or on the sand?—*Children's Friend*.

Beautiful Allegory.

Once upon a time a little leaf was heard to
sigh and cry, as leaves often do when a gentle
wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is
the matter, little leaf?' And the leaf said,
'The wind just told me that one day it would
pull me off, and throw me down to die on the
ground!' The twig told it to the branch on
which it grew, and the branch told it to the
tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled
all over, and sent word back to the leaf, 'Do
not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall
not go till you want to.' And so the leaf
stopped sighing, but went on nestling and sing-
ing. Every time the tree shook itself and
stirred up all its leaves, the branch shook it
self, and the little leaf danced up and down
merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.
And so it grew all summer long till October.
And when the bright days of autumn came, the
little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming
very beautiful. Some were yellow and some
scarlet, and some striped with both colors. Then
it asked the tree what it meant. And the tree
said, 'All these leaves are getting ready to fly
away, and they have put on these beautiful
colors because of joy.' Then the little leaf
began to want to go, and grew very beautiful
in thinking of it, and when it was very gay in
color, it saw that the branches of the tree had
no color in them, and so the leaf said: 'Oh,
branch, why are you lead color and we golden?'
'We must keep on our work clothes, for our
life is not done; but your clothes are for holi-
day, because your task is over. Just then, a
little puff of wind came, and the leaf let it go
without thinking of it, and the wind took it up
and turned it over and over, and whirled it like
a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently
down under the edge of the fence among hun-
dreds of leaves, and fell into a dream, and
never waked up to tell what it dreamed about.
—Beecher.

A Fable.

When we hear the liquor-dealers talk about
'oppressive excise laws' and 'puritanical leg-
islation,' and see them appealing to the constitu-
tional convention for redress against an 'inva-
sion of their rights,' and for protection against
the 'cruel injuries inflicted upon them' by un-
just legislation against a trade in which they
have invested their all, we are reminded of the
following fable.

A very fat old duck went out early one morn-
ing in pursuit of worms, and after being out all
day, she succeeded in filling her crop, and on her
return home at night, with her crop full of
worms, she had the misfortune to be met by a
fox, who at once proposed to take her life to
satisfy his hunger. The old duck appealed,
argued, implored, and remonstrated. She said
to the fox: 'You can not be so wicked and
hard hearted as to take the life of a harm-
less duck merely to satisfy your hunger?' She
exhorted him against the commission of so great
a sin, and begged him not to stain his soul with
innocent blood. When the fox could stand her
cant no longer, he said: 'Out upon you, madam,
with all your fine feathers! You are a pretty
thing, indeed, to lecture me for taking life to
satisfy my hunger! Is not your own crop now
full of worms? You destroy more lives in one
day to satisfy your hunger than I do in a whole
month!'—*National Temperance Advocate*.

DRESSED FOR ST. PAUL'S.—Says a writer in
the *Christian Era*: "We recollect hearing of
two New York ladies, one of whom was an at-
tendant at the aristocratic Grace Church, and
the other at the humble St. Paul's that the
former one Sunday morning sent a request to
the latter that she would go to church with her;
to which her friend replied that she would be
happy to do so, only she was dressed for St. Paul's."

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by
Morning."

DECEMBER 1. Sunday. Base things of the
world hath God chosen, 1 Cor. i. 28.

Effectual grace calls forth many of the vilest
of the vile to sit at the table of mercy, and
therefore none should despair.

2. Monday. Therefore will the Lord wait,
that He may be gracious unto thee, Isa. xxx. 18.

God often delays in answering prayer. The
Syrophenician woman was not answered a word
for a long time, but let not despair make thee
silent, O Christian, continue earnest in supplica-
tion.

3. Tuesday. So shall we ever be with the
Lord, 1 Thess. iv. 17.

Oh, if it be so sweet to see Him now and
then only, how sweet to gaze on that blessed
face for ever, and never have to turn ones eyes
away to look on a world of weariness and woe.

4. Wednesday. Faithful is He that calleth
you, who also will do it, 1 Thess. v. 24.

Believers in Jesus, reflect often with joy on
the doctrine of the saint's perseverance, and
honour the faithfulness of your Lord by a holy
confidence in Him.

5. Thursday. Truly our fellowship is with
the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, 1
John i. 8.

When we were united by faith to Jesus we
were brought into such complete fellowship with
Him, that his interests and ours became mutual
and identical.

6. Friday. Ye are not under the law but
under grace, Rom. vi. 14.

If we are no more under the law, but free
from its curse, let us liberty be practically ex-
hibited in our serving God with gratitude and
delight.

7. Saturday. Whatsoever thy hand findeth
to do, do it with thy might, Eccl. ix. 10.

One good deed is worth more than a thousand
brilliant theories. Let us not wait for large op-
portunities, but do just the things we find to do
day by day with all our might.

Scientific, &c.

A Scrap from Natural Theology.

The boiling-point of water affords proofs of
the wisdom and goodness of God.

There is no physical necessity that this should
occur at two hundred and twelve degrees of the
Fahrenheit scale. As far as we know it might
have been made the same with the boiling point
of oil of turpentine, alcohol, or ether. We
shall see the benevolence of the present ad-
justment by noticing some of the consequences
which would follow if any change were made.

The amount of vapor given off at ordinary
temperatures by any liquid depends on the
temperature at which it boils. If the boiling-
point of water were the same as that of alcohol,
the vapor given off by the ocean would be two
and a half times as much as at present. Such
an excess of aqueous vapor would produce con-
tinued rains and inundations, and would make
the air too damp for animal, and too cloudy for
vegetable, life. If water boiled at the same
temperature as ether, the vapor arising from
the ocean would be more than twenty-five times
as much as at present. In such a state of things
no man could see the sun on account of the
clouds; the rain would be so excessive as to
tear up the soil and wash away plants; inun-
dations would be constant, and navigation would
be impossible in the inland torrents which would
take the place of our rivers. In winter the
snow of one day might bury the houses.

If, on the other hand, water boiled at the
temperature of oil of turpentine, the vapor
given off by the ocean would be less than one
fourth of its present amount. In this case rain
would be a rarity like an eclipse of the sun, the
dryness of the desert of Sahara would be equal-
led in a large part of the globe, which would
therefore be bare of vegetation, and incapable
of sustaining animal life. Plants would be
scorched by unclouded sunshine, springs and
rivers would be dry, and inland navigation
would cease; for nearly all the rain would be
absorbed by the porous earth.

We see then that the boiling-point of water
has been adjusted to various relations. It is
adjusted to the capacity of space to contain
aqueous vapor in a transparent state; if it were
higher than two hundred and twelve degrees
the earth would be scorched by an unclouded
sun; if it were lower, it would droop under
continual shade. It is suited to the demand of
plants for water; if it were higher, they would
suffer from drought; if it were lower, they would
be torn up by floods. It is in harmony with
the texture of the soil; if it were higher, the
earth would absorb all the rain which falls; if
it were lower, the soil would often be washed
away by the surface torrents after a shower. It
is adapted to the elevation of the continents
above the sea; if it were higher, rivers with
their present inclination would be so shallow as
to be often dry; if it were lower, most rivers
would be so deep as to be torrents, while the
land would be covered with floods.

CURIOSITIES OF PHOTOGRAPHY.—Photo-
graphers have taken "the sun himself," when
in eclipse; they have caught an impression of
a shell whizzing through the air, discharged
from the mouth of a 32-inch mortar; they have

caught the wave as it broke on the shore, the
sun depicting even the drops falling from its
toppling crest; more, they have not failed in
getting a "good impression" of the head of a
criminal executed by the guillotine, catching the
head in mid-air as it fell into the basket below.
Photographic book-marks and visiting cards are
sold by the thousand, while photographic shirt-
studs and waistcoat buttons, ornamented with
microscopic miniatures, are now being daily pro-
duced in countless numbers at the button facto-
ries in Prussia; portraits of a popular person,
Garibaldi, for instance, being ordered by the
hundred thousand at a time! On the authority
of a careful English writer, all this photograph-
ing requires the use of no less than twenty tons
of silver per annum.

BEST TIME TO PAINT HOUSES.—Experiments
have indicated that paint on surfaces exposed to
the sun will be much more durable if applied in
autumn or spring, than if put on during hot
weather. In cool weather it dries slowly, forms
a hard, glossy coat, tough like glass, while if
applied in warm weather, the oil strikes into the
wood, leaving the paint so dry that it is rapidly
beaten off by rains.

A NEW PROCESS OF COLOURING MARBLE.—
Variegated marble, it is announced may be
imitated in all the rich coloured veins for which
some species of it are distinguished. For this
purpose a solid block of marble to be treated is
first warmed in an oven, after which the colours
are applied. These consist of an alcoholic solu-
tion of alkanet root, to produce a rich lavender;
a madder lake, to make a crimson; indigo, to
produce a blue; verdigris, green; and gamboge,
yellow. They are put on according to the fancy
and taste of the artist, so as to form the desired
patterns; after which the marble is again
warmed, to make it absorb the colours.

MUSICAL ITEMS.—Among the novelties at the
Paris Exposition is reported to be an instrument
which is a combined organ and piano, worked
by wheels similar to those in a hand-organ, only
this has a dozen wheels, and each plays ten dif-
ferent operatic pieces. The mechanism is moved
by steam, furnishing music for the multitude from
morning till night.

A Word to Concert Goers.—When at
concerts or private parties, where music is being
performed, never converse, no matter how anx-
ious you may be to do so, or how many persons
you may see doing so; refrain, also, from test-
ing time, humming the airs, or plauding, or mak-
ing ridiculous gestures of admiration.

Men are like bugles; the more brass they con-
tain the more noise they make, and the further
you can hear them.

What kind of a throat is best for a singer who
wishes to reach the highest notes?

A scar throat, probably.

Agriculture, &c.

BUDDING THE ROSE.—A writer in the *Amer-
ican Journal of Horticulture* adopts a plan in
budding roses which greatly expedites the work,
and is attended with complete success. Instead
of baste or worsted, common adhesive plaster is
substituted. In this method no tying is neces-
sary, they plaster adhering at once exactly
where it is required. The plaster used is the
common adhesive plaster bought at the shops,
and the writer states that by its use the budding
is performed with greater readiness and exact-
ness as well as rapidly.

MEADOW LANDS.—If meadow lands are de-
pastured in autumn they are stripped of their
natural protection, and if depastured in spring,
the shooting plants are "tipped in the bud." It
is enough to carry off a crop of grass, too often
without making any return in the way of top-
dressing, even on land laid down as a hungry
waste, without stripping the land of the falling
blades in autumn, or the young shoots in spring.
This system of exhaustion can lead only to
sterility and poverty.—*Farm and Fireside
Journal*.

PICKLE FOR VEGETABLES.—Six quarts of the
very best vinegar, one pound of salt, a quarter
of a pound of ginger, one ounce of mace, half
a pound of shallots, one table-spoonful of cayenne
pepper, two ounces of white peppercorns, and
two ounces mustard-seed. Boil all these ingre-
dients well together, and when cold put into a
jar. You may add what green vegetables or
fruit you like, provided they are fresh. They
may be merely wiped to free them from dust.

WEIGHT OF CATTLE—MEASUREMENT.

Measure carefully with a tape line from the top
of the shoulder to where the tail is attached to
the back; this will give the length. For the
girth measure immediately behind the shoulder
and fore legs. Multiply half the girth by itself
in feet, and the sum by the length in feet, and
the product will give the net weight in stones of
eight pounds each. For example, with an ox
or cow five feet in length and seven feet in
girth, the calculation will be as follow:

Multiply half the girth by itself in feet.....	35
.....	35
Multiply by length in feet.....	1225
.....	6
Weight in stones.....	6125

This multiplied by eight, the pounds in a
stone, or rather a half stone, and the result will
be 490 pounds net.—*Rural New Yorker*.