

Boys' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 20th, 1867.

ACTS XXV. 1-16: Paul accused before Festus.
ESTHER II. 12-23: Esther made Queen.
REVELATION I. 1-18.

Sunday, October 27th, 1867.

ACTS XXV. 17-27: Festus acquits Paul. ESTHER III. 11-15: Haman's wicked attempts.
REVELATION I. 10-11-12.

Overcoming Temptation.

A FINE LESSON FOR BOYS.

Mr. Winter, a prosperous merchant in Water street, advertised for a boy to tend store, and on the morning after his notice appeared in the evening papers, found a smart-looking boy standing on the steps of the store, waiting for him.

"Good morning," said the greeter pleasantly. "You mean to be in time I see. Live in the city?"

"No, sir; five miles out of town. My uncle bought a paper last night with your advertisement in it, and I walked in this morning in hopes of getting the place."

"Well, I like that," said the merchant. "And now can you do a little of everything?"

"I can try, sir," said the boy.

"Very good. What is your name?"

"John Horton."

"Well, John, you may take down the shutters, and clean up the store, and if I find you prompt and honest, I'll engage you after a week's trial."

"Thank you, sir; I'll do my best."

So John Horton went to work with a will, and soon had the store ready for the morning custom.

Mr. Winter, though a parently engaged in reading his paper, had his eye on him.

He liked to see him finish one thing before he commenced another, and he liked to see him fix his attention on his work, instead of looking all about him, to see what others were doing.

At first, he was sore of his principles, thought the merchant, "I would be glad."

He did not think to ask him if he was a Sunday-school scholar, for Mr. Winter with all his years, and wealth and education, was lamentably deficient in Christian love, and any child could have taught him Bible truths. He wanted honesty, and uprightness, but he never reflected that the basis of a perfect character must be Christian principle or there is continued danger of shipwreck.

John worked faithfully all day, and in the evening Mr. Winter left him alone, telling him he would send his son down before he shut up.

About nine, a young boy, of his own age came in, and entered into conversation. John was much surprised to hear him talk and act like a full grown man.

"Come, let's shut up," he said, "and go and have something hot."

"Something hot," said John vaguely, "thank you, I've had my supper."

"Oh, my! ain't you jolly green," said the other boy, whose name was Fred. "Why, I mean something to drink, of course!"

"I don't drink," said John coldly, "except when I'm thirsty."

"And then it's milk and water, may be," said the other sneeringly.

"It's not poison, at any rate," answered John.

"Oh, very well," said the other; "I'm not particular. You seem like a good fellow, so we'll have a quiet little game of cards here after we shut up."

"I don't play cards," said John, "nor countenance them in any way. I'll play chess, or checkers, or backgammon, or any scientific game that is not used to lead people astray."

"But I promised my mother I would never touch cards, nor enter a billiard room, and I never will."

"I tell you what," said Fred, "you would just suit my sister Mamie; she's a little thing, but so awfully good we don't expect to raise her."

"Is she a Sunday-school scholar?" asked John interestedly.

"Two of them, I guess. Now I think Sunday the awfulest long day to get through, and never feel like myself, unless I can slip off with some of the fellows; but Mamie says she wishes there were two Sundays in every week."

"She is right," said John. "I think Sunday the best day there is. It is full of rest and peace, and—satisfying. I always feel sorry when Sunday night comes, and we hear the cars whistle, and know the whole world is going to work again. Do you go to church?"

"Yes, once a day, for mother won't let me off; it's tiresome though, when a fellow hasn't any interest."

"Only the soul's welfare," said John solemnly.

"An interest for eternity?"

"Oh, nonsense! I've heard you fellows talk that way before. But come, Father told me you were to sleep in the office, and I'll show you how to make yourself comfortable."

The next day a little fair-haired girl came into the store, bought some trifling thing, and left a small, silver portmanteau, filled with change, lying on the counter. John did not see it until she was gone, then he laid it up on the shelf, intending to speak of it to Mr. Winter, but he forgot all about it that night.

Mr. Winter, in his home, was comfortable and luxurious; he had but the two children—a

son who was wild, and the little Mamie, a cherished darling, whose health, always delicate, had been lately failing. Mr. Winter was watching his wife sew, and listening to his little daughter's pleasant talk.

"And you saw him take it up?" he asked.

"Yes, papa! he picked it up, and then I ran off, I felt ashamed, it seemed so mean to tempt him that way."

"Well, it seems he could not withstand the temptation. I am sorry, for I quite like the boy, and he stood his ground so nobly against Fred, that I really hoped to find him correct, especially as he is a Sunday-school scholar."

Mamie flushed. "That did not make him sin, papa, but it will help him to repent. I am not afraid if he is a good member of a Sunday-school. He will not keep the money, I know."

And Mamie was right. The next day he handed the forgotten portmanteau to Mr. Winter, without a suspicion it had been left to test him.

"Why did you not keep it?" asked his employer.

"The boy looked at him a moment in suspense, 'Why,' said he, 'it was not mine.'"

Mr. Winter was satisfied, and John Horton soon became necessary to his interest; he did for him what every boy should do for his master—the very best; and Mr. Winter in return, did for him what every master should do for his clerk, gave him a niche in his family, where he could spend an evening in proper social enjoyment.

Little Mamie became very fond of the boy, who was never rough nor ill tempered, nor used a profane word, and often she went with him to his country home, to see the widowed mother, who had helped him to become what he was.

But there came a day when the store was closed, and in one of the upper chambers of the merchant's elegant home a strange, sad presence brooded, the dreary shadow of death. Little Mamie was passing away to that world where Sabbaths have no end. "Pray for me, papa," she pleaded; but the strong, proud man, bent and sobbing, shook his head. But some one prayed, only a simple, child-like prayer, but the dying child smiled sweetly as it ended, and looked her arms in serene satisfaction, and went up higher with the last echo of the petition. What was money, or influence, or worldly honor at that moment? Utterly powerless! Only the blood of Christ availed to make life desirable. What Mamie's life might never have done her death accomplished. Mr. Winter became humble as a little child, while John read the precious Bible to him, and when he found here and there some meaning rendered clear by the mark of a child's pencil, he felt as though guided by unseen angel hands. John Horton and Fred, Winter are now partners in business; men who are well respected. Yet how few know of the influence one life has had on many, or what has been wrought by the example of a good conscientious boy.

It is to him that overcometh, all things are promised.—*Lutheran Observer.*

The school of Satan.

The police in New York arrested in one night two companies of boys, one hundred and five in all. Sixty-three were found in one room filled with the fumes of bad liquor and cigars. About the tables were young gamblers, thieves, and pickpockets, as filthy, ragged, and foul mouthed as you could well imagine. How old? Between the ages of nine and thirteen.

Is it not enough to make a mother shudder, to think of her son in such a gang? Think of them as boys; think of them grown up to be men, ending their days in state-prisons and penitentiaries, or dying by violent death!

These poor children were most of them born in wretched homes, if they had any spot worthy the name of home at all. Their A B Cs were A B Cs in crime. Though born within the sound of church-bells, nobody led them to their Saviour or taught their little bare feet to walk in his ways. They are the neglected children of the city—lost souls.

Children in happy Christian homes, thank God for what he has done for you. Pray for these poor lost ones; yes, and if you find any such, stir up your father and mother and Christian people to join in their rescue, and put them in a safe place.—*Child's Paper.*

Young America.

A few days since, a small, fine-looking, bright boy came into the cars and took a seat. Shortly after a minister came in and took a seat before and facing him, when the following conversation ensued:

"Well, my little lad, what is your name?"

"My name is James Foot—what is your name?"

"William Hand," was the answer. "Where are you going?" asked the minister.

"To Rome, sir; and where are you going?"

Was the response of the boy.

The minister could do no less than answer, "Camden."

"How old are you?" was the next question of the minister.

"Eight years," replied the boy. "How old are you, sir?"

The minister hesitated, but gave an answer. "Are you alone?" was the next question of the minister.

"O, no, sir," said the boy, pointing to the passengers. "I have plenty of company."

But have you no friends on board to look after you?" asked the minister.

"No, sir," said the boy. "Have you?"

This was not answered, but followed by a little history.

"When I was a little boy," said the minister, "my parents would not allow me to go off the farm alone."

At this the boy, with an indescribable look, said, "It is different now."—*Waterloo (N. Y.) Reformer.*

A Turkish love affair.

The modern laws of Cos do not reward female chastity, but they discountenance in a very singular manner any cruelty in females towards their admirers.

While Dr. Clarke was in that island an instance occurred in which the fatal termination of a love affair occasioned a trial for what the Mohammedan lawyers called "homicide by an intermediate cause."

The case was as follows: A young man desperately in love with a girl of Stanchio eagerly sought to marry her, but his proposals were rejected.

In consequence of his disappointment, he bought some poison and destroyed himself. The Turkish police instantly arrested the father of the young woman as the cause, by implication, of the man's death.

When the cause came before the magistrate, it was urged literally by the accusers that "if he, the accused, had not had a daughter, the deceased would not have fallen in love; consequently, he would not have been disappointed; consequently, he would not have died; but he, the accused, had a daughter, and the deceased had fallen in love, and had been disappointed, and had swallowed poison, and had died."

Upon all these counts he was called upon to pay the price of the young man's life; and this being fixed at the sum of eighty piastres, it was accordingly exacted.

The Engine-Driver's Dog.

A. H. Bulley, Southampton, writing to the *Land and Water*, says:—"It is now some years ago that a little brown rough terrier, a sort of half-bred Scotch or Skye, first followed a driver on his engine, then ready to start on its whizzing fiery flight from Windsor to London. They took very little notice of each other during the journey. The dog took care to avoid being troublesome, whilst the driver and fireman were too busy to take much notice of their strange visitor."

On arriving at the Waterloo terminus, the dog was suddenly missed; two days afterwards, as the same driver and fireman, W. Lawrence and George Dixon, were in the act of turning on steam for their departure, their little acquaintance jumped in between them, and they accomplished the journey back to Windsor.

At Windsor they again lost sight of him; and three days elapsed before he was again found seated in his chosen spot, evidently pleased at the novelty of his position. Thus matters continued for several months; sometimes Master Dick, for so they christened him, indulged them with his presence or absence. The passion for travelling, however, had so fully taken possession of Dick that he threw off all reserve, took the first engine that offered, and renewed sans ceremony his tancy for the rail. He was now bold and daring, where before he had been remarkable for shyness. Still, he never forgot his old friends, and would, under the most difficult circumstances, discover them, and prefer their society, in spite of all inducements to tempt him to desert them.

Somewhat after the fashion of the celebrated London Fire Brigade Men's dog Tyke, he cared little or nothing for favours or kindnesses, and on the termination of his peregrinations left all in doubt as to his nocturnal habitation. His narrow escapes are almost incredible, but as they are thoroughly verified by the drivers, I will give a slight sketch of some of them.

Dick had a great fancy for carrying in his mouth a stone; indeed, he was evidently uncomfortable without one. To obtain his desired object he would, on the first opportunity, descend from the engine, and hunt about until he could suit himself, on more than one occasion nearly being left behind. Dick generally took passage by the next train; but at times he would return from whence he came. Another most alarming fancy of Dick's was to climb the boiler. Once on the top he would sit in great enjoyment for hours, generally stone in mouth, and assuming the air of one on the look-out. He would start from Waterloo, proceed as far as Basingstoke, and there take the branch train from Reading, and from thence make his way back to Windsor; from Waterloo he would often go to Southampton, and back to Basingstoke, jump on the Portsmouth engine, and from there take the Brighton one, and thus get to London bridge, trot along the stones to Waterloo, and then take either a short excursion, or go on to Windsor. As this sort of roving railway life lasted many years, he soon became endeared to all hands; his tax was paid by subscription, and a collar presented to him by the same means, on which was inscribed on a silver plate—"To Inspector Dick, from his many friends."

In spite of his wanderings, he was faithful to his home, Windsor, and he was certain after a journey to take the first opportunity of returning there. He was fond of pace, and generally made choice of express trains, and must have been an admirable judge of time, as he apparently knew exactly when to put in an appearance. With some difficulty we traced the history of this eccentric little fellow, so far at least as to account for his residence at Windsor. He had been accidentally left there by a marching regiment, and being of no defined breed, or handsome enough to claim the sympathy of the inhabitants, he had either sought in the driver whom he first accompanied a new master, or looked upon the engine as the proper means of escape in search of the old one. Poor

Windsor Dick was killed at last by a skittle ball, thrown at him, whilst visiting the alley to discover a driver with whom he had come to town. This brutal act was committed by one of the company's servants in a drunken fit; the man was instantly discharged. The dog was buried with respect.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

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

OCTOBER 27. Sunday. For me to live is Christ, Phil. i. 21.

Some Christians are for living on Christ, but are not so anxious to live for Christ. The Lord feeds our souls, that we may use our renewed strength for his glory.

28. Monday. In their affliction they will seek me early, Hosea v. 15.

Alas, that we will not go to the Divine Helper till earthly sunshine is darkened. And how infinite his compassion, to regard our cry in seasons of deepest need.

29. Tuesday. Never man spake like this man, John vii. 46.

Meet the words of Jesus where you may, in whatever associations, they are recognizable by their own inherent lustre. They clear a space for themselves, and assert their own lineage.

30. Wednesday. Thou art fairer than the children of men, Ps. xiv. 2.

The entire person of Jesus is but as one gem in Him all things of good repute are in their proper places, and assist in adorning each other.

31. Thursday. A vessel unto honour, sanctified, and meet for the Master's use, 2 Tim. ii. 21.

Each individual believer is being prepared, and polished, and made ready for his place in the temple, but Christ's own hand performs the preparation work.

NOVEMBER 1. Friday. If thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it, Exod. xx. 25.

The proud heart of man is very anxious to have a hand in the justification of the soul before God, but the Lord alone must be exalted in the work of atonement.

2. Saturday. Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God, 1 Thess. i. 4.

Leave all curious inquiry about election alone. Go straight to Jesus, and hide in his wounds. There will be no doubt of his having chosen you when you have chosen Him.

Agriculture, &c.

Feeding Horses and Oxen.

The two require different treatment. Nature has provided some animals with two receptacles to store away their food; these are the ruminants—such as the ox, the deer, rabbit, &c.

The one receptacle is intended to receive the food as it is taken in its half-masticated condition. This is hastily stored away—an ox filling his first stomach in a short time. Then time is required to bring this back and reduce it to a condition for digestion. This occupies a long time; and the night is often the only space allotted to working cattle to perform this operation, in which case there must be consequent suffering and falling away in flesh—for the night is not sufficient time—or it is sufficient, in the time for rest. There must be chewing the cud during the day. Regular feeding, with proper intervals for mastication, are indispensable to the health and working condition of the ox. All ruminants require this.

The horse requires different treatment. His food must be thoroughly masticated at first, as it goes through this process but once. Still the horse has the advantage over the ox. What little food the horse gets will benefit him, let him be worked hard or otherwise. The ox will not be benefited a particle unless he is permitted to re-masticate his food; and he will not be permitted, if he is worked constantly during the day. A hard master will soon use him up. Give him his standing spell—no, better, let him lie down. This will save him; a great deal of work can be gotten out of him in this way.

PEAS FOR SEED.—A correspondent of *The Rural American* says: Peas for seed should always be picked as soon as they attain a full size, before the pod begins to turn. Put them away in the pod to dry. Peas dried in this manner will bring peas the next season from ten days to two weeks earlier than if allowed to ripen on the stalk, and the same rule applies to beans, corn, and almost all garden vegetables, as I have proved by actual experiment.

SCRATCHES IN HORSES.—O. G. Siewers, Campbell co., O., gives his experience as follows: "The best remedy I have ever tried is to walk the horse up and down in running water two or three times a day, for a few days; this always cures my horse. The cause I ascribe to a filthy stable, as my horse never gets the scratches, unless I employ a certain lazy farm hand in the neighborhood for a make shift; he and the scratches come together."

IN SCOTLAND a potato digger has been invented which greatly facilitates the work. Curiously enough, a machine for the same purpose has just been invented in Maine.