# Youths' Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 29th, 1868.

MATTHEW i. 19-34: Testimony of John the Baptist to Jesus.

*Recite*—MALACHI iii. 1,5.

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Sunday, April 5th, 1868.

MATTHEW i. 35-51: Jesus gains disciples.

*Recite*,—ISAIAH liii. 1,4.

### The truthful Witness.

A little girl, nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner, who was on trial for a felony committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath."

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There your Honor," said the counsel addressing the court, "is there anything further necessary to demonstrate the validity of my objection? This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let us see," said the Judge. "Come here my daughter."

Assured by the kind tone and manner of the Judge, the child stepped towards him and looked up confiding in his face, with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank that it went straight to his heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" enquired the Judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck, as she answered—

"No sir."

She thought he meant to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the Judge, who saw his mistake, "I mean were you ever a witness before?"

"No sir, I was never in a court before," was the answer.

He handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that book, my daughter.

She looked at it and answered, "Yes sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

"Yes sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the Judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible, and listen to what I say;" and he repeated slowly and solemnly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the Judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in the State Prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the Judge.

"I shall never go to heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this?" asked the Judge, again.

The child took the Bible, and turning rapidly to the Bible containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has any one talked with you about your being witness in court here against this man?" inquired the Judge.

"Yes sir," she replied. "My mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the ten commandments, and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbour, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth as it was before Him. And when I came up here with father, she kissed me, and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word, that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the Judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes sir," said the child, with a voice that showed that her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge, "you have a good mother. This witness is competent," he continued. "Were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such a witness as this Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness about it that carried conviction of its truth to every heart. She was rigidly cross-examined. The counsel plied her with infinite and ingenious questionings, but she varied from her first statements in nothing.

The truth so spoken by that little child, was sublime. Falsehood and perjury had preceded her testimony. The prisoner had entrenched himself impregnable. But before her testimony falsehood was scattered like chaff. The little child, for whom a mother had prayed for strength to be given her to speak the truth as it was before God, broke the cunning devices of matured villany to pieces like a potter's vessel. The strength that her mother prayed for was given her, and the sublime simplicity—terrible, I mean, to the prisoner and his associates—with which she spoke, was like revelation from God himself.

### The Bankrupt's Wife.

CHAPTER I.

Many a young man looks with eyes almost of envy at the tenants of the splendid warehouses in our great commercial cities. Busy porters roll or lift packages of goods in and out; clerks bustle round with pens behind their ears; principals seem leisurely to overlook the transactions which are accumulating for them mines of wealth. They seem by some happy chance to have escaped the sentence, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." They look like merchant princes, to whom the general direction of commerce is but recreation, while the dull and laborious details are performed by others.

But if those who envy could only know all—the worry, the anxiety, the pain in forecasting the future, the regrets in recalling the past, the incessant wear and tear of mind, and weariness of body—they would concede that the fair externals do not truly exhibit the reality. Perhaps no profession in life is subject to so many adverse chances, and none is subject to such disasters, growing out of circumstances which can neither be foreseen nor controlled. The ramifications and connections of trade are so complicated and various, that the most prudent cannot entirely guard against them. He is a wonderfully successful man, indeed, who has conducted business through many years, without the partial or complete experience of the mortification and the horrors of bankruptcy.

Henry Marshall had struck upon the commercial reefs. He was far from being alone in his difficulties, if that circumstance could be any comfort to him. One of those disastrous states of trade had happened which men call "crises."

Women in a "crisis" have their full share of the suffering, without the comfort of being of any use; nor is their vanity usually considered by appeal to their advice. Indeed, women are usually regarded at such times with about the same consideration that they receive on deck in a storm at sea. They are told almost in terms, and sometimes quite plainly, that they are only in the way, and had better go aside and wait and trust.

Waiting and trusting are all very well, when you are first advised of the extent of the danger and the nature of the remedy. But to wait in terrified ignorance is no such easy matter.

The point of this little sketch is to show that women can be of service, if the lords of creation will give them the opportunity.

Henry Marshall, as we have said, was a bankrupt. A business which had yielded him more than an ample support, and which had promised at no distant day to enable him to retire upon a fortune, came to a sudden standstill. His stock became suddenly unsalable, and his paper assets were of no use to him. Nothing which he had could be converted to cash to meet thick-coming liabilities; and if he could have sold everything he had in stock at current rates in a panicky market, the sale would not have netted enough to carry him through. If he could have waited a few months or a year he could have kept his feet, but what man can wait when the notary is in gleeful hurry, and protest follows protest like the peals in a thunder-storm?

All the proceeds of the labor of years were gone; and he had no choice but to make the humiliating confession that he was a bankrupt. He had nothing to reproach himself with. He had not been careless, imprudent, or extravagant. He had taken no money out of his business for outside speculations, and had wasted nothing in show or in extravagance, far less in vice.

One investment he had made, such as every successful business man is justified in making. He had provided a home for his family. He had bought a house, and furnished and improved it, modestly but tastefully; and the purchase was made at such a time, and on such terms, that it helped rather than embarrassed him. It had been to him, as he called it, his "nest," whither he could retire for quiet and comfort after his day's work was done. Three little nestlings were there, and their mother. She was as much attached to their domicile as her husband; and as to the children, their world was "home," and everything outside seemed to them as something foreign. Mrs Marshall's taste and care and honest pride had so arranged and completed all, within and without, that the house fitted the inmates, and the inmates the house. They seemed to have grown into each other.

He had not settled the house upon his wife; though according to received notions of probity he might have done so. For when he bought it he was clear of all the world, and could have answered all demands upon him, and still have retained a surplus. He did not contemplate the danger that he could ever come to want; and if the thought had crossed his mind he would have reasoned thus: "My house and social position are part of my capital. If I secretly put what still remains of my property out of the reach of my creditors, I am living under false pretenses. If I openly alienate my title I am causing suspicion, or, at the very best, depriving myself of part of my capital." Thus Mr. Marshall reasoned. Perhaps he was right. Perhaps he was wrong. But though he choked a little over it, his conscience applauded him, when he added his house and furniture to the schedule of his effects, to be surrendered for the benefit of his creditors.

He called a meeting of those who held demands against him, and submitted a statement of his affairs. The gentlemen were not a little astonished when they found his house and furniture included in the schedule.

"Why, Marshall," exclaimed one of them, "surely, you are not going to beggar yourself in this way! We are not Shylocks, and will not have the pound of flesh That house should have been settled upon your wife years ago, when you bought it!"

"Perhaps," said the bankrupt, with a sad smile. "But it is too late now."

"I do not know that," said his friend, casting a look of inquiry round the circle.

"I *do* know it," said Mr. Marshall, quietly.

"And while I appreciate your kindness, I must beg that the question be not opened."

"What do you propose?" asked the gentleman who, in virtue of holding the largest demand, acted as chairman of the melancholy committee.

"Nothing," said Mr. Marshall, "except that you take my books and assets, divide the proceeds among my creditors, and if you are satisfied of my honesty, give me a release. Whatever deficit there may be I give my word to make up, if my life is spared, and I am in any degree prosperous, after this storm has blown over."

Many heartfelt and sincere compliments were paid to the unfortunate merchant by his creditors; and so ended their first meeting. The next proceedings would be held without the presence of Marshall, and of the result of their deliberations he could not but have high hopes. He felt that he was *right;* and a celebrated statesman but spoke the feeling of every honest man when he said, "I had rather be right than be President!"

# Scientific.

PAPER.—The latest use for paper is its application to the manufacture of pans, spittoons, wash-basins, pails, &c., by a Long Island Papier Maché Company. The paper from which these articles are manufactured is rendered impervious to the action of water or acids; the utensils can be placed in an oven until the water will boil in them; placed in the sun at the hottest season, or exposed to the severest cold, without the slightest effect on them; where wood would rot and iron would rust, these articles are unaffected, and with proper usage, would be as good as new. In pails there is an advantage that water will not taste of the material, and will never soak, and will never fall to pieces: they are lighter than the wooden pail, and being a non-conductor of heat, will keep water cool.

There is a paper church actually existing near Bergen, Prussia, which can contain nearly one thousand persons. It is circular within, octagonal without. The relievos outside, and the statues within, the roof, the ceiling, the Corinthian capitals, are all of papier-maché, rendered waterproof by saturation in vitriol, lime-water, whey, and white of egg. When Frederick II. of Prussia set up a limited papier-maché manufactory at Berlin, in 1765, he little thought that paper cathedrals might, within a century, spring out of his snuff-boxes, by the sleight-of-hand of art. Marvels grow rapidly now-a-days. It is not very long since it would have been as impossible to cover eighteen acres with glass as to erect a pagoda with soap-bubbles, yet the thing is done. Ropes of sand should be the next attempt.

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LITTLE BY LITTLE.—The heart is a great muscle, containing two great chambers. Into these great chambers the blood goes, to be pumped out into the lungs, and, when properly purified, sent again through the arteries to the utmost extremities of the system. In its entrance and exit, the blood passes through certain valves, delicate tissues, capable of great injury. Every drop of alcohol taken into the body passes through these fine valves, and its pressure causes your heart to beat, and your circulation to increase. This is the virtue of alcohol as a stimulus, and *this is precisely its vice as an article of daily diet.* It exhausts the muscular contractility, or irritability of that organ, and it tends to harden the tissue-like valves of that life-pump. Can you now comprehend how drinking freely or moderately for many years tends to heart-disorders?

If you take alcohol day by day; it leaves its footprints upon that heart, and the day at last comes when the elasticity of some one of its valves is destroyed, when it ceases to open, or, opening, ceases to close! "He who despises little things shall perish little by little."—*Dr. F. R. Lees.*

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TO CURE SORE THROAT.—Take the whites of two eggs and beat them with two spoonfuls of white sugar; grate in a little nutmeg, and then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the prescription if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a short time.

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TO STOP BLEEDING.—The best thing to stop the bleeding of a moderate cut instantly, is to cover it profusely with cobwebs, or flour, or salt, about half and half.

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TO REMOVE A SCREW RUSTED IN THE WOOD.—Heat a poker in the fire red hot and put it on the top of the screw for a minute or two, then take the screw-driver and you will easily get it out, if you do it while it is warm.

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FOR STOPPING LEAKS IN ROOFS.—Take four pounds resin, one pint linseed oil, and one ounce red lead; simmer together, and apply while hot.

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More characters than pocket-books are lost in a crowd.

A little sin, like a small thief, opens the door for a greater one.

# Agriculture, &c.,

### Don't leave the Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead;
Don't be in a hurry to go.
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia,—
They're wealthy in gold, without doubt;
But ah! there is gold on the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm awhile longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart,
But wealth is not made in a day, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousands or so;
Ah! think of the frauds and deception,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to-day:
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey.
Better stay on the farm a while longer.
Though profit comes in rather slow,
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

CLARA F. BERRY.

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TAPPING MAPLE TREES.—The rapid wasting away of the forest trees, especially of the sugar maple, has induced greater circumspection on the part of the owners of sugar orchards than during the early settlement of the country. Then a tree was regarded as something to be gotten rid of and as the sugar maple generally had possession of the best ground for farming purposes, tapping the trees by boxing was regarded as a ready means of getting a present supply of sugar while promoting an early death of the tree. By this process a tree would be girdled in three or four years, and be the more readily removed from the soil. But now the sugar maple is regarded as a source of gain—hence, in extracting its saccharine, the boxing system has been abandoned, and the less exhausting one of tapping substituted for it. But even this is often recklessly done by boring deeply into the tree, thus weakening it and producing decay, when a slight perforation would eliminate the sap without impairing the vitality. When a young sugar orchard is intended as permanent, great care in tapping should be exercised. Without this their vitality will diminish rapidly. Hence an orchard which ought to last a lifetime will die out in a few years, thus depriving the owner of a domestic luxury which a little care and forethought might have preserved through successive generations. If the auger, gouge, or both, are used, the incisions should be light, and so dispersed over the surface of the body as to give it a chance to heal before a second one is made in its immediate vicinity. In this way the holes will grow over, and the vitality of the tree be so little affected as to render the flow of sap nearly uniform for a long series of years.

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HOW TO KEEP UP YOUR HAY CROP.—A farmer who had been in the habit of selling his hay for many years in succession, being asked how he kept up his hay crop without manuring or cultivating his land, replied, "I never allowed the after swath to be cut." If this rule was generally followed there would be less said about running out of grass fields or short crops of hay. Some farmers feed off every green thing and compel their cattle to pull up and gnaw off the roots of the grass. Cutting rowen is certain death to hay crops. A farmer had better buy hay at forty dollars per ton than ruin his hay field by close grazing. The general treatment of grass lands in this respect is wrong and expensive, and should be abandoned as a matter of profit and economy.—*Wisconsin Farmer.*

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CALOMEL COMPLETELY SURPERCEDED.—In driving out one disease with mercury you substitute another. When a man is saturated with calomel or blue pills his health is ruined. Who can wonder then at the boundless popularity of Radway's Regulating Pills, which produce all the good results of the corrosive mineral, and entail none of its frightful consequences.

Price 25 cents per box, coated with sweet gum free from taste. Sold by Druggists.

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"Healing on its Wings," say all who have made use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, and by such use cured themselves of coughs, colds, and consumption. The prudent will always keep this remedy by them.

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For the cure of rheumatism, spinal diseases sprains, chapped hands, bruises, burns, bites of insects, &c., use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. We ask no man to use it after an unsatisfactory trial.

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Married Ladies, under all circumstances will find Parsons' Purgative Pills safe, and in small doses, a mild cathartic—they cause no griping pains, or cramp.