

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

JANUARY 4th, 1857.

Subject.—THE LAME MAN HEALED. For Repeating. For Reading. Acts ii. 41-45. Acts iii. 1-16.

JANUARY 11th, 1857.

Subject.—THE DISCOURSE OF PETER IN RELATION TO THE HEALING OF THE LAME MAN. For Repeating. For Reading. Acts iii. 14-18. Acts iii. 17-26.

The Child's Faith.

We had a long cold ride, and I was very tired. After a short interview with the friends to whom our visit was paid, we retired to our chamber. Our little son, a lively restless child, not yet three years old, was with us, and not at all inclined to sleep. At length I said to him,

"Charley, Mother is sick and tired, and cannot talk to-night."

"Ma," said the little fellow, "God can make you well, can't he? Shall I ask him?"

"Yes, my son," I replied. Then the little fellow started up in the cold room, and kneeling down on the bedclothes, folded his little hands and prayed: "O, good Heavenly Father, please to make dear Mother well by morning, for Jesus' sake. After this he crept back into his bed, and in a few moments he was fast asleep.

Next morning he woke with the earliest light, and waking me, said, "Are you well this morning, mother?"

"Yes, my son, I feel very well indeed this morning."

"Oh, I knew you would," said he clapping his hands for joy. "I knew you would, for I prayed to God to make you well, and Jesus always hears little children when they pray."

Often since that time have I recollected my little boy's faith, and wished that the same simple, child-like confidence in the word and promise of God, were mine.—Can. Chr. Advocate.

A Little Boy's Prayer.

A LITTLE boy, after saying nightly the prayers which had been taught him, was quite tenacious of what he called praying his own way. He had a large number of brothers and sisters, whose needs and peculiarities he sometimes made the subject of his petitions. On one occasion, at commencing this exercise, he was overcome with sleep. Wrestling with his stupor, he said:

"Oh, Lord, bless Elizabeth, and make her better than she is."

His head fell back on his pillow, but soon rousing, he murmured, drowsily, "Bless Henry too." It was in vain; the tongue refused its office—so he added, indistinctly:

"Oh, Lord, I can't; there are too many of 'em," and he sank into the deep slumber of childhood.

At another time, while conducting this exercise in a somewhat more wakeful manner, he said:

"Lord, please to bless father, and give him a new heart. Be so kind as to bless Mary my little sister, and give her a new heart. Oh, Lord, bless mother—but you need not give her a new heart, for she could not have any better one than she's got; and I don't see how she'd go to work to be any better woman than she is now."

Selections.

Young Men's Christian Associations.

The following excellent speech is extracted from a Report of the Annual Meeting of the Montreal Young Men's Christian Association.

MR. JAMES BAYLIS, Ex-President of the Association, being called upon, rose and said, those charged with the conduct of this meeting thought it well that some of the Association should be its representatives among the speakers of this evening. And therefore I appear before you to say a few words, I pray you, then, to pardon the imperfections of the speaker, and give me your attention on behalf of those I represent. Young Men's Christian Associations are no longer a theory, they have become a fact. Starting from a single organization they have encircled the earth, and this was, I will not say the father, but the forerunner of all upon this continent, and some here have known, and loved and worked, and prayed for it from its birth, and now rejoice in its

prosperity. They have become a fact, and prosperous, because such Associations are based upon principles in accordance with the spirit of the age, namely extended activity, self-reliant action, individual responsibility. Laymen understanding that upon them devolves labor in things pertaining to Christ's kingdom, and that in building the spiritual temple, they have a work to do; and knowing that this temple is built of living-stones, even the souls of men, and that it becomes them to strive that these should be not the rough and the unhewn, but the polished and the corner-stones, and it may be, some as the cornice or the capitals of the beautiful columns; and this is achieved by the training and service, experience and knowledge, that those acquire who take part in enterprises like this, whose aim is not to be independent of the church, but subservient to her interests, by seeking to attract to her pale the thoughtless and the erring, by aiding to disseminate truth in its most attractive forms, and this we do in our lectures, bible classes, and our social gatherings. Truth and error have ever been at issue; now one and now the other has ever and anon taken the vantage ground, and striven for the mastery over the world of mind, and though error may at times appear to have prevailed, yet the destiny of truth is universal dominion, and she is even now bearing her onward way through every system of opposition. She requires her friends to harness themselves for the battle, and never lay down their arms till her dominion is complete, in all its fullness, and a universal shout is heard from her ransomed millions. "He is the freeman, whom the truth makes free." We seek not to end our labors in an outward reformation of the vicious and erring, though that is well, but our hopes and our aims are to lead men to Jesus; and then it will not be a mere outward reformation, as when the serpent casts its gaudy skin and remains in fact a serpent still; but as the butterfly, bursting the tomb of the chrysalis, rises into life, a thing of beauty and power, soaring upward to the skies to mingle thenceforth with sunshine and flowers forever, so the soul renewed and sanctified, enters into a life it knew not of before, and if this Association has been instrumental in winning but one soul to the Redeemer, is not all its toil, and thought, and care, well repaid? Yea, one soul weighed in the balances of Jehovah far outweighs the world.—Aye, was the world one solid, brilliant gem, with moon and sun and stars of purest gold, all poised in space against a single soul, the soul outweighs them still. To live and labour for this end, bearing the name of Christian is no small honor, for—

What is the warrior's laurel wreath, Or what the statesman's fame, They're but a shade, a passing breath, Beside the Christian's name.

But I close, and in doing so I appeal to your sympathy and prayers. It is training men for future usefulness. Our fathers are passing away, and who are soon to bear the burden and heat of the conflict, but the young men just stepping into the busy stage of earnest life? Then encourage and sustain them in their strivings after excellence, and their efforts to do good; and I think after the excellent admonitions of our honest friend and teacher, the Rev. Mr. M'Leod, we shall be found harnessed for the work, in mission bands under the supervision of our indefatigable missionary. I can bear testimony to the influence of this Association in the formation of character; in myself and others it has developed traits which would otherwise have lain dormant, and while part may be traced to family training, and part to Sabbath School and pastoral instruction, yet much is traceable directly to this. Then I would say, and call upon all the members associated with me, to say—

All hail! to this cause with its sacred claims, That calls us from selfish things, And fits us before our Father to stand, As prophets, and priests, and kings.

I will go to the Prayer-meeting

Because I have solemnly pledged myself in covenant with my brethren, to seek the prosperity of the church; and in particular, to do all I can to sustain the appointed meetings of the church. This meeting is one of the most important of these appointments. The united prayer of God's people is indispensable to the bestowment of the Holy Spirit's influence, without which all other means of grace will prove ineffectual to the salvation of the lost, and the real prosperity of the church. Social blessings are promised in answer to social prayer only. "Thus saith the Lord God, I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." (Ezek. 36: 37) Jesus said "For where

two or three are gathered together in my name (there am I in the midst of them." (Matt. 18: 20.) My obligation to help sustain this meeting is no less than that of my brethren. My presence and participation in the services, is the most direct and effectual method of exerting my influence. It is more than possible, that punctual attendance on my part might influence some others, now habitually absent, to attend. Sure I am that by absenting myself, when I might be there, I am doing nothing to sustain this meeting; and I have reason to fear that such neglect is exerting some influence against its continuance. Those who do attend constantly must feel grieved, if not disheartened, at the absence of any whom the providence of God has not detained. I must admit, that if all were to excuse themselves on grounds as trivial as those upon which I have sometimes attempted to justify my absence, the Prayer-meeting would soon be wholly abandoned.

Gough at Home.

REV. T. L. COYLE, of the Dutch Reformed Church in a letter from Massachusetts, thus speaks of Mr. Gough at home.

Mr. Gough resides about five miles from Worcester, in a retired portion of the township of Boylston. Here, amid the bracing air of the Massachusetts hills, and with all the indoor comforts of a fine library, and a happy household, he refits body and mind for next winter's new campaign against the Demon of the Bottle. Friend Gough is not rich—save in moral trophies and the benedictions of the good; but he has managed to lay by enough to buy a very attractive house. The house is a white Italian cottage. Far up on a commanding elevation, with a retinue of royal hills about it, looking right down into waving groves of maple and chestnut, and into meadows kneedcep in verdure, with all the unending green of New England uplands in full view, stands the summer home of our young Boanerges.—Here he throws off the panoply of the reformer, and turns practical farmer. His corn bespeaks good tillage; his "Malcoatoons" would grace a Jersey peach-basket. The humor that convulses vast audiences abroad makes our brother a most entertaining host, and quietly streams off him in abundance of pleasant sketches and anecdotes.

During my late visit, a deep and delightful revival of religion was in progress in the rural church of Boylston. I preached every evening to solemn auditories; after service, a brief meeting was held for inquirers. Mr. Gough is an extemporized bishop of the flock, as they are without a regular pastor. He superintends the Sabbath school, leads the choir, and addresses the inquiry meeting. What an April shower of blessings to a Church one lay-man can be, if he only has a heart to work and to give. The "Lee Avenue" Sabbath school in Brooklyn can testify to this.

The Bottomless Pit in the Mammoth Cave.

The Bottomless Pit in the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, is suspected by many to run through the whole diameter of the earth. The branch terminates in it and the explorer suddenly finds himself brought upon its brink, standing upon a projecting platform, surrounded on three sides by darkness and terror, a gulf on the right hand and a gulf on the left, and before him what seems an interminable void. He looks aloft; but no eye has yet reached the top of the great over arching dome; nothing is there seen but the flashing of the water dropping from above, smiling as it shoots by in the unwonted gleam of the lamp. He looks below, and nothing there meets his glance save darkness, as thick as lampblack, but he hears a wild mournful melody of water, the wailing of the brook for the green and sunny chancel left in the upper world never more to be revisited. Down goes a rock, tumbled over the cliff by the guide, who is of opinion that people come here to see and hear, not to muse and be melancholy. There it goes—crash! it has reached the bottom. No—hark, it strikes again; once more and again, still falling. Will it never stop? One's hair begins to bristle as he hears the sound repeated, growing less and less until the ear can follow it no longer. Certainly if the Pit of Frederick shall be eleven thousand feet deep, the Bottomless Pit of the Mammoth cave must be its equal.

EDUCATION.—Rev. Theron Baldwin, Secretary of the College Society, has elaborated from the United States census returns, for his annual report, a tabular view of the whole number of native whites over 20 years of age, who can neither read nor write. We give some examples:

Table with 4 columns: State, Number of Whites, Number of Whites who can neither read nor write, and Percentage.

Agriculture.

Trees received frozen.

PACKAGE of trees, sent long distances late in autumn, and arriving frozen in winter, are often needlessly sacrificed by the want of a little knowledge and attention. If the roots are frozen stiff, and are not allowed to thaw, until they thaw buried compactly in soil, they will be uninjured. These which stand in open ground have, as a matter of course, the roots frozen every winter, with the soil in which they stand. But they thaw out while still imbedded in the earth, and are unharmed.

Whenever, therefore, trees are received with frozen roots, immediately procure some place where mellow earth may be dug up, either out of doors, under snow or leaves, or in a cellar, and bury the roots closely at once—settling the earth about them by dashing cold water on the earth which has been freshly placed over the roots. If they have not been previously frozen and thawed out of the ground, little fear need be felt of their growth. But if they have been previously frozen and thawed, the roots, when cut with a knife, will have a dull brown color, and not exhibit the lively, white, fresh appearance possessed by uninjured trees, and nothing can save them. If taken into a cellar, avoid thawing the roots in the warm air—bury them immediately.

Trees well mudded before packing, and then compactly imbedded in plenty of fine damp moss, will be as little liable to injury by freezing as if packed or buried in moist earth.—Country Gent.

The Farmer's Life.

The life of a farmer is much longer, in a general sense, than the life of an individual who resides in the city; their average age at death is 64 years, while the average of machinists is little more than thirty-six years, and that of Bank-officers is more than sixty-three; that of coopers more than fifty-eight; that of public officers more than fifty-six; and that of clergymen more than fifty-five. It is stated that the average of teachers is little more than thirty-four years. We think, however, that there must be some mistake in this. The average for editors is forty, and gentleman sixty-eight. The contrast is somewhat striking. Physicians, it will be observed, average nearly fifty-five years, while printers go a trifle beyond thirty-eight. It is said that like results have attended similar examinations in England.

Horses' Coats.

Lately going to the country to spend a few weeks with a friend of mine, I drove a very handsome horse, and a good one—but was always annoyed about his coat. It was more like a lot of bristles than a horse's smooth skin, and all the grooming he could get "wouldn't do it no good." My friend, who is a great horse breeder and fancier, made me try giving him a few raw carrots every day to eat out of my hand, saying that he would have a good smooth coat in three weeks,—and he was right, for in that time my horse had a beautiful, sleek, glossy coat, and all from eating a few raw carrots daily. He tells me it is infallible.—Cor. Porter's Spirit of the Times

To preserve Lard Sweet.

Instead of putting it into large vessels, put it into stone crocks or jars, of from one to four gallons each; when cooling or thickening, put in your salt, which will mix through the lard, instead of settling on the bottom of the crock. The next day take clean bits of cotton cloth, rather larger than the top of the vessel, and after putting it smoothly down and pressing the edges snugly around so as to exclude all air, pack in a close layer of salt, then lay another piece of cotton cloth and turn over it a plate or a cover which will fit tightly; then tie over the cover two thicknesses of paper, and set it in a cool, dry place. In this way I have kept lard perfectly sweet eighteen months. Crocks of butter should be kept the same way.—Michigan Farmer.

Ashes,

Both dry and leached are a good manure for dry and sandy loams—also, for dry peaty meadows. But they are not suitable for heavy and clayey loams because their mechanical operation is to render all soils more compact and more capable of retaining moisture.—Mass. Ploughman.

The Southern Planter says—"What number of inches make deep ploughing is not yet a settled point. We hear of twelve and fifteen inches much oftener than we see it. We think from seven to ten inches, rarely as much as the latter, is as deep ploughing as is usually accomplished, or is desirable."