

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, April 21st, 1861.

Read—MATT. X. 1-20 : The Apostles sent forth.
Kings XIII. 1-18 : Jehoahaz's wicked reign.

Recite—M. MATTHEW IX. 36-37.

Sunday, April 28th, 1861.

Read—MATT. X. 21-42 : The Mission of the Apostles.
Kings XIII. 14-25 : Elisha's death.

Recite—MATTHEW X. 1-4.*"Search the Scriptures."*

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

31. To whom is the invention of musical instruments ascribed?
32. Where does an early mention of a whole choir occur in Scripture?

Answers to questions given last week :

29. Enoch. Genesis v.
30. That of Abraham interceding for the devotedites. Genesis xviii. 23-33.

Forbidden Fruit.

BY MRS. MARY A. KIDDER.

Some children think how sweet must be
 The luscious apples, red and fine,
 That grow upon a neighbour's tree;
 And wish, "O, dear! if they were mine?"
 And then they look little longer,
 The wish each moment growing stronger;
 Until they start with dread, and shrink,
 Lest some one near might hear them think

If now, poor little guilty eyes,
 And little, trembling, guilty heart,
 You'd learn in season to be wise,
 You'd never act a robber's part.
 A thief in thought, then soon in deed—
 Guilt spring from such a little seed—
 And thoughts and wishes made in sin
 Will never make us right within!

What though a voice, by art made bolder,
 So sweet it seems almost divine,
 Should whisper softly o'er your shoulder,
 "God made the fruit, 'tis yours and mine,"
 Remember 'tis but Satan's plan
 To make you pilfer if he can;
 Then from the spot, without delay,
 From sin and Satan hasten away!

Reflections in a Sunday-School.

"The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light."

This morning was ushered in dark and lowering, the sky heavy, and the rain falling with a steady pour. It was not pleasant, in prospect, to be compelled to go forth on any errand, either of mercy or duty or business. Not wishing or contented to be a fair-weather Sunday-school teacher, at the appointed hour I wended my way, umbrella over head, to the Sunday-school room to engage in the usual exercises held there. On the way, I encountered three or four men driving a drove of cattle to market in the metropolis, the drovers careering hither and thither and vociferating in the accustomed furious style, and seeming not to notice the rain, though their garments were dripping wet. Arrived at the school-room, I found that the sexton had been there and the room was comfortable and cheerful; but not a soul there, great or small, big or little, teacher or scholar, male or female. I sat by the fire and waited an hour, but not an individual more of all our 5,000 souls of population appeared to teach or be taught. I had walked three-quarters of a mile through the mud and rain, but had experienced no greater inconvenience than I had a hundred times before, and now that I was there, I was warm and comfortable, and such might have been the experience of others; but after all I was the only one who had ventured out, although others had bugbys and horses which could have been brought into use; and others lived nearer to the school than I did, and others still were privileged to walk on brick and stone sidewalks. I mention these things, not for the purpose of boasting of my superior industry or diligence, but only to say that I was there and others were not, and that perhaps if I had remained at home I might have been less inexcusable than they.

I was there, all alone, in that room, large enough for a school of 250 scholars, and I communed thus with myself: Why cannot Sunday-school teachers be as faithful, in season and out of season, rain or shine as the sexton? He has been here, regardless of mud and rain, and done his work, and done it well—why are not the teachers here to do their work? Why cannot Sunday-school teachers pursue their business as faithfully as the cattle-drovers were following their unrighteous and unlawful occupation—unrighteous and unlawful only because done on the holy Sabbath? The drovers were working for the wordly advantage of themselves or their families, or perhaps to make money to pay a debt, or perhaps merely to heap together a little more filthy lucre, and neither the command of the Most High nor the rains of heaven stopped them; and yet Sunday-school teachers can remain at home, detained there by a little mud and a little rain, and neglect their Master's business that he has sent them about. Why is this? To-morrow will be Monday; this mud will likely be as deep and as sticky then as

it is now; the walking will perhaps not be much improved, and it may still be raining; if it should be so, and these teachers, who ought to be here now, should then have a call of business or pleasure a mile or two from home, I wonder if they won't obey it! If any of them shall have an opportunity of making \$10 by going a couple of miles from home, I wonder if they won't embrace it! When the time appointed for the next party or social gathering shall come around, I wonder how many will stay away on account of the weather!

And so I left the school-room. Returning the road I had come, the rain still falling as before, I met a man driving a four-horse team. I saw him yesterday in town, and now I knew that he had gone some six miles in a contrary direction from his home and remained over night at a friend's house. In the night the rain had commenced, but he thought it was better for him to go home, so as to be ready for Monday's work; there was no necessity or urgent call for it—it was simply better for him to go than to stay—that was his conclusion; and so, notwithstanding the rain and the mud and the unpleasant weather, here he was, plodding on his way, through them all, a journey of twenty miles. And yet these Sunday-school teachers can't come half a mile, a mile, or two miles, to attend to the far more important concerns of the soul. While men labor for the bread that perishes, these teachers neglect the precious opportunity of giving their scholars that bread whereof if a man eat he shall never hunger.

Are these teachers improving, or burying their talents—which? Are they wise in their generation, or foolish—which? Are they consistent? Having put their hands to the plow, don't they look back? Are they not fair-weather folks? Are they instant, out of season as well as in season? And lastly, do they expect the Master to give them the praise, "Well done, good and faithful servant?"—S. S. Times.

Let go the Twig.

During a revival in Scotland, a lady was awakened, and went to a minister and told him how unhappy she was. He said he was glad to hear it. She was amazed and hurt, and yet could find no peace. He told her it was not by anything she could do, but by what Christ had done long ago, and finished on the cross, she could be saved. Nothing relieved, she went to a recently-converted friend and said, "What have you done to get peace?" "Done!" said her friend, "I have done nothing. It is by what Christ has done I have peace with God." In yet greater distress she went home and shut herself in her room, resolving not to rise from her knees till she had peace. Long she remained so, till worn out, her poor body fell into slumber, and she dreamed she was falling over a frightful precipice, but had caught a twig by which she hung over the gulf. "Oh save me," she cried; and a voice from below, which in her dream she knew to be Christ's said, "Let go the twig and I will save you." "Lord save me," again and again she cried, and again and again the same answer was returned, "Let go the twig and I will save you." She must perish, she thought, if she let go the twig. At length He said, in tones most solemn and tender, "I cannot save you unless you let go the twig." She let it go, and fell into the Saviour's arms, and in the joy of feeling herself safe, awoke. In her sleep she had learned the needed lesson. Her own doings were the twig. She saw she must let this go, and fall down into the arms of the Redeemer. She did so, and had peace.

Wait.

I saw the proprietor of a large garden stand by his fence and call over a poor neighbour. "Would you like some grapes?" "Yes, and very thankful to you," was the ready answer. "Well, then, bring your basket." The basket was quickly brought, and handed over the fence. The owner took it, and disappeared among the vines; but I marked that he was depositing in it all the while rich and various clusters from the fruitful labyrinth in which he had hid himself. The woman stood at the fence the meanwhile, quiet and hopeful. At length he reappeared with a well-replenished basket, saying, "I have made you wait a good while, but, you know, the longer you have to wait, the more grapes."

It is so, thought I, with the proprietor of all things. He says to me, and to all, "What shall I give thee? What shall I do for thee? Ask, and thou shalt receive." So I bring my empty vessel, my needy, but capacious soul. He disappears. I am not always so patient and trustful as the poor woman. Sometimes I cry out, How long! how long! At last he comes to me—how richly laden! and kindly chides my impatience, saying, "Have I made thee wait long? See what I have been treasuring up for thee all the while!" Then I looked, and behold! fruits more and richer than I asked or hoped for; and I pour out my heart's thanks to my generous benefactor, and grieve that I distrusted him; and I carry away my burden with joy, and find that the longer he makes me wait, the more he gives.—Home Circle.

A clear Conscience.

How bravely a man can walk the earth, bear the heaviest burdens, perform the severest duties, and look all men square in the face, if he only bears in his breast a clear conscience, void of offence towards God and man. There is no spring, no spur, no inspiration like this. To feel that we have omitted no task, and left no obligation unfulfilled, this fills the heart with satisfaction, and the soul with strength.

Not taken in.

Mr. Field, the Boston publisher, has a wonderful memory, and his knowledge of English literature is so valuable, that when a friend wishes to know where a particular passage may be found, he steers at once for the corner, and consults the man who is likely to give the desired information. A pompous would-be wit, not long ago, thinking to puzzle him, and make sport for a company at dinner, informed them previous to Mr. Field's arrival, that he had himself that morning written some poetry, and intended to submit it to Mr. Field as Southey's, and inquire in which of his poems the lines occurred. At the proper moment, therefore, when the guests were seated, he began: "Friend Field, I have been much exercised of late, trying to find out in Southey's poems his well-known lines running thus"—(repeating the lines he had composed)—"can you tell us about what time he wrote them?" "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied Mr. Field; "and there were only two periods in Southey's life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" gleefully asked the witty questioner. Somewhere," said Mr. Field, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles and cutting his first teeth; or near the close of his life, when his brain had softened, and he had fallen into idiocy. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the expression clearly betrays the idiocy one." The questioner smiled faintly, but the company roared.

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Condition and Prospects of the Bible Union.

Since the last anniversary, events have occurred which have materially altered the condition of the Union. On that occasion, all was joy and hope. The scenes of former anniversaries were repeated with new zest. Finances were in good condition; friends were multiplied; speakers of eminence, who had never before associated with us, addressed the body; former opponents confessed their change of sentiment; every one felt happy, and looked forward with confidence to a prosperous year. But the prospect was soon and suddenly clouded. National troubles, commercial embarrassments, general depression, and individual distress, were ushered in with as little premonition as an earthquake or a whirlwind.

A VOICE FROM THE TREASURER.

There is no money to pay the revisers. I want four thousand dollars immediately. The receipts into the treasury, for the past three months, have considerably fallen off. The failure of crops in some parts of the country, and the political agitations throughout the land, have crippled many of our dear friends, so that they have not been able to remit to me with their usual promptness. The result is a diminution of the receipts. All the letters that come to me tell of hard times. But they speak of many warm hearts praying earnestly for the prosperity of the Bible Union. They breathe words of cheer and promises of help when the cloud shall have been lifted, and the pressure removed from the nation's heart. The Board of the Bible Union has retrenched in every possible way. Its agents have cheerfully given much of their time. The Secretaries have voluntarily consented to forego a portion of their compensation, in order that there may be "no lack" of means for the noble revisers, who have left other labors, and consecrated their services to this great work of the age. In view of these facts I venture to plead with you, dear reader, to help now. As I write these lines, I do it with the pressure of \$4000 upon me. As soon as you have read this statement, I believe that you will sit down, write a cheering word, inclose a thank-offering in your letter, and send it immediately to relieve the present needs.

A Sermon six miles long.

A devotedly pious man who lived some six miles from the house of worship, once complained to his pastor of the distance he had to go to attend public worship, while many others had but a few steps to walk to enjoy divine ordinances. "Never mind," said the good minister, "remember that every Sabbath you have the privilege of preaching a sermon six miles long—you preach the gospel to all the residents and people you pass."

A BAD HAND-WRITING.—When the father of Dr. Chalmers received his weekly or fortnightly letter from his distinguished son, he carefully locked it up. By the time a little store had accumulated, his son came to pay him a visit, and then he broke all the seals, and got the writer of the letters to read them!—*Frazer's Magazine*.

All the ignorance is not confined "out West" nor among the Hard Shells. A very worthy minister, settled not a hundred miles from Boston, was one Sabbath morning descanting upon the importance of plain speaking. "Why, my hearers," said he, St. Paul never used any 'high-falutin' expressions. No! He always spoke the plain Anglo-Saxon language!"

It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing his passions and laying aside his prejudices.

It is the best proof of the virtues of a family circle to see a happy fireside.

Agriculture, &c.

Planting Trees.

Persons intending to plant trees should begin to think of the matter now, so as to be ready to enter upon the work as soon as the opening of the ground will permit. If the selection of the land, the selection of trees, the varieties to be used and the distances apart at which they are to be set, are to be left until May, when the lark is whistling on the top of the maple, the work will probably be done in such a hurried manner as to cause many mistakes. All these preliminaries may be arranged by the sitting-room or kitchen fire, and may be aided by suggestions of the women, or by those of the sons who are to assist in the labor. This is the engineering, or planning part of farming, and never should be left to be decided upon when the time has come to do the work, any more than the carpenter should decide what kind of a barn he is to build for you, when he has got his force together to raise it!

Having decided what distances shall be preserved, they may be set off, and then the holes should be dug as early as possible. It would have been better had the earth been thrown out last fall. The holes should be large—never less than four feet in diameter by eighteen to twenty-four inches deep, and if six feet in diameter, they are all the better.

The earth thrown out should be turned over two or three times, so that it may all receive portions of the rain that falls, and the energizing influences contained in the atmosphere. Under this process, that which was taken from the bottom of the hole will be greatly improved. It may answer to dig the holes only a foot deep, and spade the bottom six or twelve inches; but this process is not so thorough as that of throwing the earth entirely out.

Before setting the tree, the black top soil should be thrown into the bottom of the hole, with a sufficient quantity of other black soil near to fill the hole up to within two or three inches of the surrounding surface. If it can be afforded, a little well-rotted compost may be mingled in with decided advantage. In this manner a complete root bed is formed for the new comer; one favorable to excite numerous fibrous roots, because it is rich, light, and capable of attracting both heat and moisture. In such a position, the tree will soon start into active and vigorous growth, and will be likely to continue this habit for several years, as the roots will not be soon checked by coming in contact with a hard and cold soil.

Great care must be observed not to set the tree too low in the soil. A good rule is to leave the crown of the root just on a level with the surface. If there are plenty of roots, and one or two of them come up quite near the surface, while all the others are well below, cut off the upper ones, as they will be likely to throw up suckers continually.

Trees should be selected that have been formed in the nursery, as those that have not been are materially checked in growth by frequent alterations in their amount of top. When trees in the nursery are formed, those may be selected that are much alike in size and figure, and the planter may have before him an orchard not only of good fruit producing trees, but those doing him credit in their similarity to each other, and in their symmetry of form.

Fifty trees, such as we have described, and set as suggested above, will be more productive than one hundred of an indifferent description, and set in a careless manner.—*N. E. Farmer*.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE.—The human hand has often been taken to illustrate Divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's foot? It is hardly less curious, in its way. Its parts are somewhat complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone fastened to the leg by a joint. It is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves, of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely fitted to each other and forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers belonging to what is called the "coffin bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one, into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangements of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet,—about 4000; and this is contrived, not only for the easy conveyance of the horse's own body, but whatever burdens may be laid on him.

HORSE WITH A BROKEN LEG.—In August, 1857, as my neighbor, H. Burton, was training a young horse of three or four years, he threw himself, and the second time he got up it was with one hind leg broken about two inches above the ankle. Mr. B. came over to my house and wished me to go and see it. I did so, and on examination I found it so badly broken, that when we moved the foot the bones would rattle like a parcel of broken crockery. Mr. B. bound it up rather ordinarily, turned him into the meadow and there let him run without bathing it at all. It swelled, corrupted and discharged, and pieces of bone came out from time to time, and in about one year he became able to work. The past winter he has been able to go into the woods harnessed with another to the short sled, and draw the biggest logs without fear or favor.—JOHN PATTENGILL in *N. E. Farmer*.