

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, September 1st, 1861.

Read—MATT. XVIII. 21-35: The duty of Forgiveness. GENESIS XII.: The call of Abraham.

Recite—MATTHEW XVIII. 1, 2.

Sunday, September 8th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XIX. 1-30: Jesus blesses little children. GENESIS XIII.: Lot's separation from Abraham.

Recite—MATTHEW XVIII. 21, 22.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

69. Name a city, whose inhabitants sold the Jews for slaves, and afterwards were themselves sold into slavery according to prophecy.

70. Give the name of a pious lawyer mentioned in the Scriptures.

Answers to questions given last week:—

67. Elijah and Moses, who appeared on Mount Tabor at the time of Christ's transfiguration.

68. Yes: Paul, when enumerating various classes of offenders who are obnoxious to law, expressly denounces "men stealers, 1 Tim. i. 10.

Crows only half-witted.

The instincts of birds are very limited in range, and outside of a certain limit are of little service. Even the crow, so sharp-sighted and suspicious, may be easily outwitted, as in the following good story:

The following incident occurred in the State of Kentucky, some years since: An ox died, and the carcass was lying near to an old stable. The crows soon flocked together to eat of the flesh. The boys seeing this, thought it would be a fine opportunity to shoot the crows. So they loaded their guns and went to the stable. The crows, who are cautious fellows, of course flew away when they saw the boys and the guns approaching near them. The boys said, "Let us go into the stable and wait till the crows come back, and we will shoot them through the cracks." They waited long, but the wily crows did not return. When the boys finally left the stable the crows came back to their feast. Again the boys went to the stable, and waited for the crows till their patience was all exhausted. After repeated trials, and as many failures, an old man said to them: "Boys, let me suggest a plan. Three of you go to the stable. The crows will fly away as usual, and place a sentinel of their number on some high point to watch you. Then let two of you leave the stable and come to the house. The crows will conclude that the stable is empty and soon come back—for they can remember but they cannot count." The boys acted on the old man's counsel, and soon killed the crows.

May not some lessons for your youthful readers, at once useful and interesting, be drawn from this little incident?

- 1. The wisdom and cunning God has given to bird and beast for their self-preservation.
2. The wisdom of age. "Multitude of years should teach wisdom." The old man knew more than the boys, though some boys will hardly believe it.
3. Though a very cunning bird, the crow is, like some children I have known, a very poor scholar in arithmetic.
4. "Wisdom is better than strength." "Wisdom is better than weapons of war."

What came by the water, goes by the water.

This is a very wise saying, and worthy of all acceptance, but a few words may be necessary to make it perfectly intelligible.

I have been trying to remember how long ago it was that Nannie Rankin the milk merchant, flourished, I have lost it. A very street was Hog alley then. Boylston street was Frog lane, a part of Kilby street was Crab alley, and High street, where and whereabouts Nannie kept her cows, appropriately enough called Cow lane. Extraordinary milkers were there. It is certain that full forty quarts were sold daily by Nannie Rankin, to the neighbours, in Cow Lane's, Gray's, Gibb's, and Belcher's lanes, and that region. The keep cost was little, or nothing; for Nannie's cows were intelligent cattle, had a ready knack of lifting a latch with their horns, and found picking almost everywhere.

He or she who hasteth to be rich, shall not always be innocent. Nannie was finally detected, in the act of watering her milk, fell into disgrace, utterly lost her customers, and found her social position so very uncomfortable, that she resolved to break up. So Nannie Rankin sold her two cows, and converting her property into gold and silver, she put it into a stocking, and placed it in her trunk and having engaged her passage on board a coaster, she departed for a distant town in the province of Maine, where she was born, intending to pass the remainder of her days in a private station.

The captain of the craft had on board a monkey of unusual proportions, whose incessant pranks and gambols were infinitely amusing. He was a great favourite with the sailors; though now and then it was absolutely necessary to correct his mischievous propensities, by the application of the rope's end.

One delightful morning in June, as they were

sailing on their way, upon an even keel, with a mackerel breeze. Nannie Rankin was knitting upon deck—"Holloa!" cried one of the sailors, "What the dogs has Jocko go up aloft there?" All eyes—Nannie's among the rest—were turned upward—"Good Lord!" cried the poor woman, wringing her hands, "I left my trunk open, and if that wretch has not gotten my stocking, and all the money I have in the world. What will become of me!"

The skipper yelled at the top of his lungs, calling the monkey to come down. The mate went for moral suasion, and tried to allure him by holding an apple aloft in his hand. But all to no purpose. There sat Jocko on the cross trees, winking and trying with his teeth and nails to unloose the string with which Nannie Rankin had secured the top of the stocking. In this he soon succeeded; and taking out a guinea, after viewing it attentively for an instant, jerked it overboard. Nannie cried bitterly as one piece after another the mischievous monkey threw them into the sea. In the meantime, the sailors had commenced running up the shrouds; and at length, when Jocko felt that there was no longer any chance of escape on the cross trees, he cast the stocking and its contents into the sea, and clambered aloft to the very truck.

Nannie Rankin swooned and was carried below. When she recovered, she clasped her hands, raised her eyes, and said in a faint voice, "It is the will of God—WHAT CAME BY THE WATER, GOES BY THE WATER."

Riches, however honestly acquired, proverbially take to themselves wings and flee away—but if obtained by extortion, by wrong and robbery, it is rare to find them abiding in a family beyond a single generation. There is truth in the Scotch proverb,—"What comes over the devil's back, gangs under his belly."

A Due Reaping.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Believer! all the glory of thy salvation belongs to Jesus—none to thyself; every jewel in thine eternal crown is His,—purchased by His blood, and polished by His Spirit. The confession of time will be the ascription of all eternity: "By the grace of God I am what I am!" But though "all be of grace," thy God calls thee to personal strenuousness in the work of thy high calling; to "labor," to "fight," to "wrestle," to "agonize," and the heavenly reaping will be in proportion to the earthly sowing: "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he that soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully!" What an incentive to holy living, and increased spiritual attainments! My soul! wouldst thou be a star shining high and bright in the firmament of glory?—wouldst thou receive the ten talent recompense? Then be not weary. Gird on thine armor for fresh conquests. Be gaining daily some new victory over sin. Deny thyself. Be a willing cross-bearer for thy Lord's sake. Do good to all men, as thou hast opportunity; be patient under provocation, "slow to wrath," resigned in trial. Let the world take knowledge of thee that thou art wearing Christ's livery, and bearing Christ's Spirit, and sharing Christ's cross. And when the reaping time comes, He who has promised that the cup of cold water cannot go unrecompensed, will not suffer thee to lose thy reward!—Faithful Promiser.

A Samaritan Passover.

Rev. J. P. Newman, who is writing an admirable series of letters from the Holy Land to the Methodist, in the last number of that paper gives a description of a Samaritan Passover, which he saw celebrated in Mount Moriah, the Gerizim of Old Testament mention, upon whose summit the Samaritans once erected a temple rivaling that of Solomon's, but which, like that splendid structure, is now a heap of ruins. Mr. Newman says:

"The Samaritans had assembled upon the Mount to the number of one hundred and thirty, whom the priest informed me are all that are known to exist in the world. It was evidently a gala day, as the women and children were attired in their gayest costumes, and all were full of glee. The ceremonies commenced at five p.m., conducted by the venerable high-priest and his two assistants. The male part of the audience stood on a small mound chanting psalms and reciting portions of the Pentateuch. Everything had been prepared to slay and roast the paschal lamb. In one corner were six sheep without spot or blemish; immense cauldrons of boiling water were near the altar to scald the sheep like instead of flaying them in the ordinary way, swine, and to the left was a circular furnace four feet in diameter and eight feet deep, in which the sacrifice was roasted. The going down of the sun was the appointed moment to slay the paschal offering; all eagerly watched the last rays of sun-light reflected from the highest peaks of Moab. At length the solemn moment came, and the lambs were slain; the worshippers bowed their faces to the ground, touching their foreheads to the earth, and after an interval of silent prayer, they rose, greeting each other with a holy kiss, and then sprinkled the blood of the victims upon the forehead of the first born child. The scalding of the sheep now begins, and after the fleece is removed, they are suspended upon a thick oaken stick, and with much ceremony placed in the furnace. When thoroughly roasted they are withdrawn; the right shoulder is removed as the priest's portion, and the rest eaten by the people with bitter herbs and unleavened bread; and after the meal, which was partaken of with anything but religious solemnity,

the ceremonies closed with a prayer and a chant. "It was an interesting spectacle for a Christian to witness, as illustrating the sacrificial law, but it is equally painful to reflect upon the blindness and unbelief of a people, whose prophetic writings, if only candidly examined, would lead them to the 'Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world,' and to the feet of 'Shiloh, unto whom shall the gathering of the people be.'"

Woman's Dress

A HEALTHY dress permits every organ in the body to perform its function untrammelled.—The fashionable style does not allow this free action of the vital parts, and hence the present feeble, crippled condition of the women of America. This evil, together with other physiological errors, is doing much to shorten the lives of our women, and compromise the health and life of the whole American race. To avert these sad results, and to improve the health of our women generally, it is proposed that the following style of dress be adopted. The dress has been worn by the writer nearly nine years, and she is happy to say that it has saved her from a consumptive's grave, to which she was slowly but surely tending.

The waist should be several inches longer than the body, a little shorter than the present fashion, and full in front, that the chest may enjoy the freest action. The bands of the skirt should be much larger than the body, buttons to be placed on the band of the inside skirt, just as they are on a gentleman's pants for suspenders, and the same elastic suspenders worn, crossing behind. Make button-holes in the bands of the other skirts to correspond with the button on the inside skirt, and button on; thus one pair of suspenders will carry three or more skirts.

This style of dress is attended by no discomfort to the wearer, and allows full action to every organ of the body. At the same time it is sufficiently fashionable to escape observation. Of course corsets should never be worn. And with the skirt supported as above described, there is no apology for wearing them.

Whalebones have no business in a woman's dress. They spoil all the beauty of outline which the great est artists have found in the natural woman. They interfere not less with that peculiar undulating action of the chest and abdomen which results from the normal action of the thoracic and abdominal viscera. And if the waist be short and loose, as advised above there will be no need of whalebones to keep it down. God knew what he was doing when he made the human body, and made it just right in every way; and we cannot alter its shape without destroying its beautiful symmetry, and causing disease and premature death.—Lewis' New Gymnastics.

Bring the Books.

There is a fine touch of nature in that message of Paul to Timothy, "When thou comest, bring with thee the books." The veteran sent that message from a Roman prison. Before him was Nero's bloody sentence, and the executioner's bloody axe. Beyond them both arose the judgment seat of Christ, and the crown that fadeth not away.

In this soul-trying hour the old man sends his pathetic farewell to his stanch friend Onesiphorus, a tender message to Mark his fellow laborer, and an urgent request to Timothy to hasten to him before the dreary winter should set in. And then he bethinks him of his books. Those silent friends that have never been unfaithful to him; those companions that have sweetened many a lonely hour; that have strengthened him for theological encounters at Ephesus and Athens, and cheered his wintry journeys up to Jerusalem—their familiar faces he longs to greet once more. They could not have been many, or else Timothy would not find room for them in the "travelling case" left at Troas. Paul was too poor to own many books. Perhaps he had but a copy of one of the Hebrew Scriptures and a few choice classics; David's incomparable Psalms; the ancient law and the sublime visions of the prophets; the hearse-like melodies of Job and the love-lay of Solomon; the life of Jesus by the four Evangelists; all these must have been among the well-thumbed handful of volumes left behind in Asia. Paul needed them. In the long dreary "night hours of the Mamertine jail, such solace would he find in the company of the mighty dead, that he especially reminds his spiritual child to bring the books and the parchment.

We like this simple message of the old man eloquent. It is one of those touches of nature that make the whole world kin. Every student of truth can appreciate it. To how many a poor minister has a book been a gold mine! Next to his children came the pored-over, prayed-over, wept-over copy of his Matthew Henry, his Bunyan, his Calvin, or his Leighton. What a long controversy had he with his poverty before he could make the coveted work his own! How sternly he resolved to scant himself in raiment, or in the little luxuries of the table, in order to feed on the "angels' food" in those precious pages; His was the feeling of old Erasmus—"When I get a little money, I buy books; if there is any left, I buy clothes." And through the quiet hours of evening, how oft has his soul found sweet fellowship with Edwards, over "Redemption;" or with Baxter, in measuring the gates and the golden streets of the "Saints Everlasting Rest;" or with Thomas-a-Kemp in studying the "Imitation of Christ." While wife and bairns are hushed in slumber, he holds midnight converse with these unburied kings. He feeds at their table on royal dainties. His slowly study becomes a banquetting chamber, where honey

and milk divine are "under his tongue," and the spikenard giveth forth its pleasant smell.—It is no wonder then, that when he has gone home to Jesus, his widow or his child, would as soon barter away his raiment, or the love-letters he wrote them, as the well-worn commentary or concordance that dwelt ever at his side. It is no wonder that our mother's Bible is a treasure that no gold can buy. For the hand that pencilled those notes upon the margin was the hand that smoothed our cradle-bed; and the printed characters on the pages of the dear old book are the way-marks of the path she trod towards heaven. Perhaps the household Hebrew Bible, which Paul's childhood had studied at Tarsus, was in that satchel which he bade Timothy bring to his prison cell. So "when thou comest, bring with thee the books."

We count it one of God's richest mercies to us, that in these latter days we can succumb ourselves, on such easy terms, with the best and holiest men and women whom our earth has ever borne. They come at our invitation. We can choose our company. None of the illustrious dead is too lordly to enter beneath our lowly roof. They stay with us as long as we choose (provided that no rapacious book-borrower breaks the eighth commandment) and they open themselves to us without reserve or concealment. Our hallowed fellowship is not only with the Father and with our Lord Jesus Christ, but with the ripest saints whom the Father has created, and whom the Son of God has redeemed.—Thanks be to the infinite love which has provided us such delightful antepasts of the society of heaven!—Evangelist.

Agriculture, &c.

Cattle chewing bones.

Can you tell me, through your paper, the cause of cattle gnawing the fences, barns, and every old board that they can find, bones, old leather, &c.? My cattle have done so for the last six months, and I know not what to do for them: they lose their flesh, and their eyes look bad. Any information in regard to it would be gratefully received. GRATHAM.

Gratham, N. H., July, 1861.

REMARKS.—When cattle are found chewing such substances as you mention, they have an appetite occasioned by the want of some substance which the system needs for its full and healthy development. When cows have long fed upon the same pastures, the food they get there lacks some important elements that they must have, or become sick, and when they are found chewing bones, it is evident that something is lacking. In such cases they should have, first, all the salt they will eat; then collect all the bones you can find, put them in the hot stone oven until they are thoroughly dry and become brittle, then pound them as fine as meal if you can, and lay before the animals. If they refuse to eat it in that form, mix a little with meal and feed in that form. The animals need phosphate of lime and other bone-forming materials, of which, by constant cropping, the fields and pastures have become greatly exhausted. Bone-meal may be purchased at the agricultural warehouses in any quantity.—N. E. Farmer.

CABBAGE FOR FODDER.—There is no vegetable that can be planted after the first of July that will give so great a yield of fodder as cabbages; and no one who is likely to be short of pasturage, or winter feed, should neglect this highly important adjunct to his other crops.—The notion that cabbages should only be grown by the dozen, for cooking in the kitchen is an old and we may add a foolish one. Grow them by the thousand, and after pasture fails, feed them from where they are growing to every domestic animal on the farm. When the ground freezes, pull up your cabbage crop and store it in the cellar, or the barn, or under straw, until you can feed it out.

LIME FOR GREEN FLIES AND ROSE-HOPPERS.—A few days ago, we discovered that a number of our rose bushes were thickly covered with the green-fly and rose hopper, and tried what effect air slaked lime would have upon them. Bending the branches over so as to expose the underside of the leaves, they were thoroughly dusted and in particular, all the young shoots where the green fly was most abundant, leaving the plants quite white. On examining them afterwards, we found that wherever the lime went, the insects had disappeared, and they are now clearer than they have been for many years, although care has always been taken to destroy these insects by soap suds, and even tobacco water applications.—Ohio Farmer.

Everybody is interested to know how to drive away mosquitoes. Camphor is the most powerful agent. A camphor bag hung up in an open case will prove an effectual barrier to their entrance. Camphorated spirits applied as perfume to the face and hands will prove an effectual preventive; but when bitten by them, aromatic vinegar is the best antidote.

Were you permanently rending the calyx which contains the coming rose or lily, perhaps it would only get a crumpled, stunted flower. God's way is better. With gushing Summer He fills the bud within—with sap and strength He makes it glad at heart, till the withering ceremony bursts, and the ripened fragrance floats through all the air of June. The soul must be ripe within, and then it easily puts off this tabernacle. And nothing matures it faster for that immortal expansion than an abundant joy.