

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, September 29th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXI. 1-16: Christ's entrance into Jerusalem. GENESIS XXXVII. 1-13: Joseph's dreams. Recite—MATTHEW XXI. 17-19.

Sunday, October 6th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XXI. 17-34: Discourse of Jesus respecting his authority. GENESIS XLI. 1-38: J. seph's interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams. Recite—MATTHEW XXI. 1-5.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

77. By whom was the latest testimony to our Lord's divinity borne previous to his burial? 78. Quote a saying of Moses, and refer to an action of his recorded in the New Testament and not in the Old.

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 75. His walking on the sea.—Job xi. 76. 1.—The universal deluge, by means of which the heavens and the earth of the primeval world were destroyed.—2 Peter iii. 6, 7. 2.—The Egyptian darkness, which lasted for three days and nights. 3.—The passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea, when the waters were made to stand as a wall on either hand. 4.—The sun apparently standing still at the command of Joshua. 5.—The shadow going back on the dial of Ahaz. 6.—And the supernatural darkness that took place over all the earth at our Saviour's death.

Joe Benton's Coal-yard.

It is hard for poor human nature to return a kiss for a blow. Boys and girls love to call hard names and do unkind things to those who have injured them, and say, "It served them right, they can't complain, for they have richly deserved it." But they might have a better revenge, and make their malicious companions feel far worse, if they should try another kind of treatment, enjoined by our Saviour, and practiced by Joe Benton, in a story we take from the Tract Journal:—W. & R.

Just imagine the loveliest May morning that ever was made; the sun so lately risen that his long, golden hair still trailed on the hill-tops, and the robins singing such extravagant songs that the violets opened their blue eyes as wide as possible, and asked a neighboring lilac-bush if he ever heard of any one getting drunk on sunshine. There must have been something very curious in the air that morning, for when little Joe Benton sprang out of the back door with hair as golden as the sun's, and eyes as blue as the violet's and voice almost as sweet as the robin's he took one long breath, shouted a vigorous hurrah! but seeming to grow just as crazy as the birds, he didn't feel at all relieved till he had climbed a tree, turned three somersaults, and jumped over the garden fence.

"Saturday, too," he said to himself, as he rested upon the other side. "Was there ever anything so happy? Now I'll have time to run down to the brook before breakfast, and see if our boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home, and learn my lessons for Monday, for we boys are to meet and launch her at nine o'clock, and the captain ought to be up to time."

So Joe's small feet clattered vigorously down to the little cove where the precious boat was hidden. But as he neared the place, an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for there were signs of some intruder, and the big stone before the cave had been rolled away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure, he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there was the beautiful boat which Cousin Herbert had given him with its gay sails split in a hundred shreds, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then, with a face as red as a peony, he burst forth, "I know who did it, the mean scamp! It was Fritz Brown, and he was mad because I didn't ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay him for this caper," said little Joe through his set teeth, and hastily pushing back the ruined boat, he hurried a little farther down the road, and fastening a piece of a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, he carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Now the good, honest sun was afraid something was going wrong, and he held a little cloud handkerchief over his eyes, but Joe did not notice it. He only knew that he was very angry and miserable, and he wondered that he had ever thought it was a pleasant morning.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. How provoking; instead of Fritz, it was Cousin Herbert, the very last person he cared to see, and hastily unfastening his string, Joe tried to lie very quiet. But it was all in vain, for Cousin Herbert's sharp eyes caught a curious moving in the bushes, and brushing them right and left, he soon came upon little Joe. "How's this?" cried he, looking straight into the boy's blazing face; but Joe answered not a word. "You're not ashamed to tell me what you were doing?"

"No, I'm not," said little Joe, sturdily, after a short pause; "I'll just tell you the whole story and out it came, down to the closing threat, and I mean to make Fritz smart for it."

"What do you mean to do?" "Why you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string, and smash 'em all."

Now Joe knew well enough that he was not showing the right spirit, and he muttered to himself, "Now for a good scolding," but to his great surprise Cousin Herbert said, quietly—

"Well, I think Fritz does need some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What!" cried Joe, eagerly. "How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What, and burn him?" said Joe, doubtfully. Cousin Herbert nodded with a queer smile. Joe clasped his hands. "Now that's just the thing, Cousin Herbert. You see his hair is so thick he wouldn't get burned much before he'd have time to shake 'em off; but I would just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it, quick!"

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: For thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee," said Cousin Herbert, gravely; "and I think that's the best kind of punishment little Fritz could have."

Joe's face lengthened terribly. "Now I do say, Cousin Herbert, that's a real take-in. That's just no punishment at all."

"Try-it once," said Cousin Herbert. "Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain he will feel so ashamed and unhappy, that he would far rather have you kick or beat him."

Joe was not really such a bad boy at heart, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said sullenly.—"But you've told me a story, Cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, and they don't at all."

"You're mistaken about that," said his cousin cheerily. "I've known such coals to burn up a great amount of rubbish,—malice, envy, ill-feeling, revenge, and I don't know how much more—and then leave some very cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll see about it."

"You know," said Cousin Herbert, smiling; "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is extravagantly fond of reading, but you have quite a library. Now suppose,—ah! well, I won't suppose anything about it. I'll just leave you to think over the matter, and find your own coal, and be sure and kindle it with love for no other fire burns so brightly and so long," and with a cheery whistle sprang over the fence and was gone.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand, and a pail of milk in the other.

For one minute the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string," and then again he blushed to his eyes, and was glad enough that the string was safe in his pocket.

Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe, but the boy began abruptly, "Fritz, do you have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've driven the cows home, and done all my chores, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is, I've read every thing I could get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes danced. "O, may I, may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've some others you'd like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help sail my boat to-day, but some one has torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom. Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped upon his breast, but after a moment he looked up with a great effort, and said,

"I did it, Joe; but I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know I was so mean, when you promised me the books."

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't"—Fritz couldn't get any farther, for his cheeks were in a perfect blaze, and he rushed off without another word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to himself; "that coal does burn, and I know Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg in his basket, than offered to lend him that book. But I feel fine," and little Joe took three more somersaults, and went home with a light heart, and a grand appetite for breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little vessel met at the appointed hour, they found Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to repair the injuries, and as soon as he saw Joe he hurried to present him with a beautiful little flag which he had bought for the boat with part of his egg-money that very morning. The boat was repaired, and made a grand trip, and every thing turned out as Cousin Herbert had said, for Joe's heart was so warm and full of kind thoughts that he never was more happy in all his life. And Joe found out afterwards that the more he used of this curious kind of coal, the larger supply he had on hand,—kind thoughts, kind words, and kind actions. "I declare, Cousin Herbert," said he, with a queer twinkle in his eye "I think I shall have to set up a coal-yard."

The little school boys, who saw that Joe was always happy, studied the secret, too; and at last if any trouble or dispute arose, some one would say, "Let's try a few of Joe Benton's coals," and it was astonishing to see how soon all the evil passions were burned to ashes, and how quickly the young hearts grew warm towards each other. Come, little Tom, Dick and Harry, who have ever so much rubbish to be burned, whose hearts are all in a shiver with the cold, unloving looks you gave each other this morning, won't you try just for once, to find out the happy secret that lies in little Joe Benton's queer coal-yard?

"Instant, out of Season."

Nearly twenty years ago, a pious lady, accompanied by her little child, applied for a passage on board a vessel about sailing from Boston for New-York. The captain refused to receive her on board, saying, "Ladies are only a trouble; and mine is not a regular passenger vessel."

"I think you had better try us, captain," said the lady, pleasantly; "I do not believe you will find us such unpleasant passengers as you seem to apprehend." The captain at last consented reluctantly, and the lady passed on board. After making herself as comfortable as she could for the voyage, she went out to watch the sailors at their work. There was something in her appearance and manner which won their good-will; and when she inquired pleasantly about their work, they seemed glad of the opportunity to give the information she asked. From such subjects she glided easily to questions about home and friends, or something of their own history. Soon there appeared a change in the crew; they showed a kind watchfulness to meet the lady's wishes, and gratefully received a few select tracts which she gave them. Seizing the favorable opportunity, she pointed them affectionately to Christ as the only way of salvation, and met such a response as showed her that the appeal was not without its deep effect.

When the vessel reached New-York, the captain and crew gathered around her, some with moistened eyes, and begged pardon for their incivility when she applied for a passage. "We want to thank you," said the captain, "for the good you have done us." "You are the first one," added a weather-beaten tar, "who has said a word to me about my soul since I left my poor old mother years ago to follow the sea."

The Christian who has cultivated his spiritual eye will be quick to detect, at home and abroad, "a prospect of doing good" to some soul, and the opportunities which he is enabled to discover will multiply as he grows in grace, and his spiritual sight continues to improve.—American Messenger.

Gen. Havelock's Prayer Tent.

Many people excuse themselves from God's service for want of time. The apprentice does; the school boy in the hurry of term-time does; the man at his workshop; the mother with her large family around her.

General Havelock, that distinguished General in India, whose wisdom and bravery did so much to put a stop to the cruel and bloody mutiny of the Sepoys, never made this excuse to get rid of the service of his heavenly Father. He had time among all the hurry and worry of camp life, to make the business of religion his first business. He found time. He did not believe God ever put men in posts where they could not serve him. He was a man of prayer, and he found time to pray; not only to pray by himself, but with his men.—Among his camp baggage was a praying tent, the largest one he had, and this he used to pitch at the stations, and hold prayer meetings in it, and read the precious word of God to his soldiers.

He well knew if there was a class of men in the world that needed the comforts and help of the Lord Jesus Christ, it was soldiers. And many a poor soldier found how superior was a heavenly service over anything the Queen of England could offer. In the hurried and awful marches which General Havelock and his regiments were forced to make in the late war, he arose two hours before his men, in order to have time to pray. If they were to march at six o'clock in the morning, he was up at four. If the camp was to break up at four, he was up at two. He believed there was time for the business of religion. And the papers tell us there were no soldiers so prompt and faithful in duty, so reliable, in those dreadful times, as General Havelock and his praying regiments.—Era.

A Crushing Retort.

Some white men from a Christian land engaged natives in New Zealand to go with them on a journey, to carry their luggage. The Sabbath overtook them on the road. The men wished to go on, but the natives, who had been under the pious instruction of missionaries, said: "No; no, it is the Sabbath; we must rest." The travellers, however, went on, and left their attendants behind, who in good time arrived safely with their goods, but the men refused to pay them, because they would not travel on the Sabbath.

"What are we to do with the law of God?" asked the natives.

"What have we to do with the law of God? What is that to us?" cried the men, angrily.

"You have much to do with that law," answered one of the natives, firmly. "Were it not for the law of God, we should have robbed you, taken all you had, and set you adrift; perhaps we might have murdered you. You have that much to do with the law of God."

Try Again.

Try again, try again, there is always a turning; The lane may be long, but the end you must find, Look firmly before you, all obstacles spurning, For a fixed resolution will not look behind.

Fail at first. Never mind! Others did so before you. Courage and prudence were never in vain; The reward of your toil must be hovering o'er you. Have patience and faith; try again, try again. —Welcome Guest.

Agriculture, &c.

Dissolving Bones.

We are told from all quarters that bones which are by some means converted into a powder or paste are excellent for nearly all the plants we cultivate. The chemist tells us so, and gives us the reason for his opinion; while the observing farmer, who has used them on his growing crops, leaving a portion of them side by side, without the bone, assures us that the superior growth and weight of seed where bone dust is applied, is too obvious to leave any room for doubt. It is said also, that the animals fed upon herbage where bone in some form is applied, are more healthy, grow faster, and yield larger products in milk, butter and cheese, than on those farms that have long been cropped without the use of bone.

If such is the case, it is well worth the attention of the farmer to save and secure all the bones he can, and convert them into a fertilizer in one form or another. If he but commences saving, he will be surprised at the amount collected in the course of the year, especially if he have an old horse to compost during the time. In order to make the saving certain, there must be a specific vessel in which to deposit them, such as a barrel or box of sufficient size, which should always stand in some convenient place. When thus collected, the question arises, how they may best be reduced to the form of powder or paste, so that they may be evenly applied to the soil.

In former years we have given the modes practiced to dissolve bones by the use of sulphuric acid, commonly called oil of vitriol. But as the acid is high, and there is some danger of accidents in its use, some other mode is preferable. We have also given a mode of producing the desired result by bedding the bones in horse manure—but that process is a tedious one, and few, we fear, will avail themselves of its use.

In a recent number of the Country Gentleman, a writer over the signature of "A. R. A.," introduces a new mode which is at once simple and cheap, and which, if effectual, is a valuable one. It consists in "putting the bones through a process of fermentation." We give it below as he states it, intending to employ it on the bones we have now collected, and will then state to the reader the result—whether favorable or no.—He says:—

"To a ton of crushed or ground bones, add two to four cwt. of common salt, and enough of hot water or urine or liquid manure of any kind to wet or dampen thoroughly the whole mass; mix thoroughly, and then cover up the whole heap with dried muck, charcoal dust, sawdust, sods, or common soil. The heap will soon become warm and ferment; and after several weeks will be fit for application in the same way, and in about the same doses, as ordinary superphosphates of bones dissolved by the agency of sulphuric acid. Of bones thus prepared the North British Agriculturist says: 'Bones fermented by adding liquid manure or hot water with a portion of salt, are manurally of about equal value, weight for weight, with those treated by sulphuric acid.' As sulphuric acid is, at present, higher in price than formerly, and as there is always liability to accidents and injuries to both the clothing and the body of persons handling this strong acid, the process of dissolving by fermentation is at once more safe and more economical than dissolving by acid.—N. E. Farmer.

TOADS AND BLOODY MILK.

I used to be told when a boy, not to kill toads and frogs, as it would make the cows give bloody milk.—But I did not suppose that any one really believed it, until lately, I have met with two or three that professed to believe in it. The idea always appeared ridiculous to me, and does now; but they have so much faith in it, that I take the liberty to ask you to give your opinion of it, and should like the opinions of your readers, if any are willing to say what they think of it.

Conway, July, 1861. AN INQUIRER.

REMARKS.—Yes—we believe in it, in this way—and in no other: Any person who will throw clubs and stones at toads, frogs, and other useful creatures, and wantonly murder them, will be quite likely so to abuse their cows as to make them give bloody milk!—Tb.

A CURE FOR GLANDERS.

As it may be of service to some people, I give you an account of a cure I made of glanders a few years back. My horse was a valuable one, and had had the glanders some 12 or 18 months, and so badly did he have it, that I offered to sell him for \$15. He could be heard to breathe from fifty to one hundred yards every breath; indeed, we could not sleep well, so distressing was his breathing, the stable being close by. I determined to kill or cure, so for experiment: On Monday, I gave him as much dry colomel as would lay on a ten cent piece; on Wednesday, I did the same; on Friday, I gave it again; on Saturday, he could not bite a pumpkin; on Sunday morning, I looked in his trough, and found at least one quart of old matter scales, with a mixture of matter, all in a lump. From that time he breathed easy, and never was troubled again with the glanders; it was a perfect cure. I worked him in my buggy for two years after, and traded him as a sound horse, to a neighbor who was familiar with his disease all the time he had it. He was slightly salivated—was as good as before. A neighbor tried the remedy with equal success.—Correspondent Cotton Planter.