

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, March 12th, 1861.
Read—MATT. vii. 15-29: Conclusion of Christ's Sermon on the Mount. 2 KINGS v. 1-14: Naaman's leprosy cured.
Recite—MATTHEW vii. 13-14.
Sunday, March 24th, 1861.
Read—MATT. viii. 1-15: Healing of the Leper and the Centurion's servant. 2 KINGS v. 15-27: Gehazi's leprosy.
Recite—MATTHEW vii. 21-23.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.
21. Which is the first revealed allowance of animals for food?
22. Refer to a passage which contains a magnificent description of the war horse.
Answers to questions given last week.—
19. The Ishmaelites and Midianites were returning from Gilead with spices and other articles of merchandise, which they were carrying into Egypt, see Gen. xxxvii. 23-28.
20. Deuteronomy, xxii. 10.

The lent Half-Dollar.

When Charles Gleason was about ten years old, a bright half-dollar was given him by his grandfather, to buy anything he pleased for his New Year's present. The boy's mother had that morning taught him the verse, "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." The words were running in the boy's mind on his way to the store to purchase a toy which he had seen in the window of the shop on the previous day.
Just before Charlie reached the store, he met a poor woman who had sometimes washed for his mother, and she seemed to be in great distress. "What is the matter, Hannah?" said the kind-hearted child.
"Oh, Master Charlie, I've got to be turned into the street this cold morning, and my little Bill so sick, too."
"Turned into the street, you and Bill! what for?"
"Because I can't raise my weekly rent, I've just been to see my landlord, and he says it's three days overdue, and he'll not wait another hour. There go the men now to put my bed and stove and few things on the sidewalk. Oh, what will I do?"
"How much is your rent, Hannah?" asked the boy with a choking voice.
"It's half a dollar," said the woman. "It will kill Bill to be put out in this cold; and sure I will die with him."
"No you won't; no you shan't," said the tender-hearted child, and feeling in his pocket, he brought forth his treasured half-dollar, and placed it quickly in her hands. Seeing she hesitated to keep it, notwithstanding her great need, Charlie told her it was all his own, to spend as he pleased, and that he had rather give it to her than have the nicest toy in the store. Then walking away swiftly from the shop windows, which were all full of tempting New Year's presents, he went bravely home to his mother, sure of her approbation.
The first person he met was his grandfather. He had observed Charlie go down the street, and was waiting for his return, that he might see what he had bought. So his first salutation was, "Well, child, what have you done with your money?" Now Charlie's grandfather was not a religious man; and the boy knew, that though he sometimes gave money to his relations, he seldom or never bestowed it upon the poor, so he rather disliked to tell him what he had done with his money; but, while he hesitated, the verse which he had that morning learned, came into his mind and helped him to an answer. Looking pleasantly into his grandfather's face, he said, "I've lent it, sir."
"Lent your half-dollar, foolish boy! You'll never get it again, I know."
"Oh yes I shall, grandpa, for I've got a promise to pay."
"You mean a note, I s'pose; but it isn't worth a cent."
"Oh yes, grandpa, it's perfectly good, I'm sure about it, for it is in the Bible."
"You mean you've put it there for safe-keeping, eh? Let me see it." Charlie brought the book and showed him the verse: "He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again."
"See you gave your money to some poor scamp. Well, you'll never see it again. Who's got it, pray?"
"I gave it to Hannah Green, sir," and Charlie told him the sad story.
"Oh, fudge!" said his grandfather, "you can't pay poor folks' rent; it's all nonsense. And now you've lost your New Year's present, or will, if I don't make it up to you. Here," he added, as he threw him another half-dollar, "seeing your money's gone where you never will get it again, I must give you some more, I s'pose."
"Oh, thank you," said Charlie, heartily. "I knew the Lord would pay me again, grandpa, because the Bible says so; but I didn't expect to get it so quick."
"That boy's too much for me," said the old gentleman, and he walked quickly away.
When you dispute with a fool, he is very certain to be similarly employed.

Reading the Sky.

"Come here, Patty," said uncle Philip; "and come here, Peter. You have read your books, and now I will teach you how to read the sky.
" When the sky is clear, it says, 'Love God;' when it is stormy, it says, 'Fear God;' when it is lit-up with the sun, it says, 'Praise God;' and when one part is clear and shining, and another part cloudy, then it says 'Love God, fear God, and praise God,' all at the same time."
Little Patty said she would read the sky every day; but Peter said if she did, she would be sure now and then to read it wrong. She would fear God when she ought to love him.
"Never mind that," said uncle Philip; "never mind that, Patty; for you cannot be much wrong while you love, or fear, or praise God."—Christian Index.

Small Debts.

Nothing (says the Village Record) does more to soften hard times, or to sustain credit, than prompt payment of small bills. By paying your small bills, you enable your creditor to pay the storekeeper, the storekeeper pays bills he owes to others, and the same money, passing through a half dozen hands, pays as many debts, and leaves the parties at ease. But if the first one fails, through neglect or carelessness, or indifference, to pay the debt he owes, it breaks the chain, and all are disappointed. And yet a man who would not fail to meet a heavy demand, or have his note protested on any account whatever, will put off paying his small bills, time after time, without a thought!

Curious Epitaphs.

The following epitaph is to be found in the churchyard of Upton-on-Severn in England:—
" Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the landlord of the 'Lion.'
His son keeps on the business still,
Resigned unto the Heavenly will."
Cherning-le-Clay, in Dorsetshire, rejoices in the next. After recording the death of his beloved wife, Ann Hughes, the afflicted husband breaks forth in this pious strain:—
" Who far below this tomb doth rest,
Has joined the army of the blest.
The Lord has ta'en her to the sky,
The saints rejoice, and so do I."
At Fosbrooke, in Northumberland, Matthew Hollingshed deploras his untimely doom in these lines. It will be observed that although Matthew is circumstantial, he is by no means grammatical:—
" Here lieth Matthew Hollingshed,
Who died from cold caught in his head.
It brought on fever and rheumatiz,
Which ended me—for here I is."

A Noble Horse.

Grant Thorburn says: "I once saw a horse, in the neighborhood of New York, drawing a load of coal, twelve hundred weight, in a cart. The lane was very narrow—the driver, some distance behind, was conversing with a neighbor. The horse on slow walk, came up to a little child sitting on his hind quarters in the middle of the road, gathering up the dust with his little hands, making mountains out of mole hills. The horse stopped—he smelt at the child—there was no room to turn off. With his thick lips he gathered the frock between his teeth, lifted the child, laid him gently on the outside of the wheel track, and went on his way rejoicing. And well might he rejoice—he had done a noble deed."

A Hobby.

There is a deal of sound sense at times in the remarks of insane persons. At the South Boston Asylum, a few days since, a patient was asked if he was fond of riding horseback.
"No, sir, I ride a hobby."
" There's not much difference between the two," carelessly remarked a gentleman.
" O, yes there is," said the patient, "and it is this. If you ride a horse, you can stop him and get off, but when you mount a hobby, you can't stop and you can't get off."

What the Echo answers.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right? Write. What is necessary for a farmer to assist him? System. What would give the blind man the greatest delight? Light. What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace? Peace. Who commits the greatest abominations? Nations. What is the greatest terrifier? Fire.

"Mary, my love, do you remember the text this morning?"
" No, papa, I never can remember the text, I've such a bad memory."
" Mary," said her mother, "did you notice Susan Brown?"
" Oh, yes! What a fright! She had on her last year's bonnet done up, a pea green silk, a black lace mantilla, brown gaiters, an imitation Honiton collar, a lava bracelet, her old ear-drops, and such a fan! Forlorn!"

From Zion's Advocate.

Who Killed the Prayer-meeting?

No. 3.

I find, Messrs Editors, that my memory calls up from the buried past, more prayer-meetings which have been killed in my presence, than I thought of, when I sent my first communication on this subject. And if I proceed to tell the whole truth, I shall be under the necessity of implicating some good men, and possibly myself also. You will perhaps say, or at least some of your readers will say, "Is it possible that good men have been guilty of such a crime?" Yes indeed it is possible. Good men in past ages have done some strange things. That is, their general characters were good, but they fell into sin. The fairest characters on the page of history, like the great luminary of day, have some spots to dim their brightness. And just so it is with good men at the present day.

Now I have some acquaintances, who are good men. This is generally conceded in respect to them. There are two or three of them against whose integrity of purpose, and uprightness of conduct, I never heard a word of complaint. They are peculiarly good men. But yet, I have known these very men, kill more than one prayer meeting. It was not murder of the "first degree" as the law has it, because it was not their intention to commit such a deed. There was no malice or evil purpose in their hearts at the time, but still the result was nearly the same as if they had previously contemplated the deed. You will perhaps inquire, in what manner the deed was committed. It was in this way on one occasion: The meeting had been well commenced, and was proceeding with the usual degree of interest, when there was a momentary silence. It was but momentary just like a comma or semicolon, in reading. Then one of these good men got up and commenced thus: "I do not know that I have anything in particular to say, but I cannot bear to have the time run to waste." And from that, he went on and talked fifteen minutes about things in general, since he had nothing to say in particular. The people were restless, and when he got through, the meeting was evidently in a dying state. Shortly after he had taken his seat another of those good brethren proposed to pray. And having nothing in particular to ask for, he spent about seventeen minutes in asking for things in general, in a very indifferent manner, and when he closed, the meeting was dead as a stone. Those two good men had killed it. One other man thought he saw some signs of life left, and he made some attempt at resuscitation; but it was dead, and the only thing to be done, was to take the lifeless form away. This was done, and the mourners went about the streets; a few of whom, seemed very sorrowful, while the grief of others was not very deep.

Now, I am sorry to feel obliged to give my testimony against such good men. But the good of others, perhaps, their own good, demands it. I have already acquitted them of any evil intention; and am moreover disposed to believe that their motives were commendable. They desired to help along the meeting, and took that method of doing it. But in spite of their good intentions the result was fatal.

It may be asked, was any blame attached to those men if they acted with good intentions? Blame! yes, most certainly. Not for their intentions, but for their ignorance. They ought to have known before that time, that such a course would produce such results. In the first place the good man was to blame for not having something to say, and also for intimating that he was talking merely against time. And then he was to blame for not knowing that in a prayer meeting no man ought to talk over three minutes if he has nothing to say, nor over five minutes at one time, even if he has something to say. And the man who prayed so long, was to blame for not knowing, that in such a meeting, that prayer from one to five minutes in length, were better in their influence, upon those present, than those longer than that. Short prayers have more directness, more fervency, more life. Besides, it is always to be remembered in these meetings, that no one has a right to infringe on time that belongs to another. If there are twelve or fifteen, who desire to take a part in the meeting, and only one hour of time for them all, it is assuming a little too much when two brethren occupy one half of that hour. It is better that all should have the opportunity to speak or pray, and that each one should improve his portion of the time. We must all guard against stealing another's time, as well as against wearying another's patience, or chilling another's feelings. Our motto should be "Long prayers in the closet but short ones in the prayer meeting." And then our practice should be in accordance with our motto. So thinks your friend

BUNYAN.

Backbiting.

The longer I live, the more I feel the importance of adhering to the following rules, which I have laid down for myself in relation to such matters:

- 1. To hear as little as possible of what is to the prejudice of others.
2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.
3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.
4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness expressed toward others.
5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.—Rev. C. Simcox.

Agriculture, &c

Oxen that have been worked make the best Beef.

Animals that have not been worked, have not, therefore, taken so much exercise, nor made much if any involuntary exertion. They have not worn off their tissues, nor thus created the necessity of their renewal. They have not breathed so much air, and its necessary proportion of oxygen, for the same reason, viz., because the rate of breathing as well as that of wear, depends upon, and is naturally proportioned to the amount of activity or exercise.

The purification of the blood depends upon the rate and completeness of its renewal; and its renewal is regulated by the degree of exercise, controlling the quantity of supply of oxygen. Hence it will be evident that those animals which at a given age have made the most active and largest degree of exertion, must have had their muscles most worn, and their blood oftenest renewed and purified.

Animals that walk at the rate of two and a half miles per hour—about the pace or what should be, of cattle at work—inhalate and pass through their blood twice the amount of air consumed by those standing still, in the same length of time. This involves double the amount of exertion of worn off, and therefore effete matter to be expelled from the system, commingled with and contaminating an equal volume of exhaled air, or poisonous exhalations, from both skin and lungs. The greater portion and amount of oxygen consumed, the more complete is the renewal of the blood, by the corresponding expulsion of its impurities; and as is the arterial or red blood in quality and purity, so must be the muscular flesh which is formed by its liquid and solid deposits, as a matter of cause and consequence.

On the one hand, then, we perceive that cattle that have not worked come to the stalls with blood and meat that have not been so often renewed, purified, and changed. And such animals having more effete matter in their circulation, the latter is more sluggish, and digestion and assimilation less rapid. When thus put up they are less capable of rapid change and nutrition, and gain less rapidly in a poorer product of beef. On the other hand, previously worked animals come in with purer blood, and firmer, better muscles; with better appetites, and healthier digestive power; they accumulate substance faster, because of their better blood and digestive power. And with a purer and healthier muscular structure for its foundation, to begin with, oxen and steers that have been worked and therefore had their tissues renewed and purified, in proportion to their extra exertion, make sweeter and more wholesome beef. Such is my experience and observation, as well as that of Judge Megis and many others.—American Stock Journal.

A Concert by the Cows.

When, as it oftentimes happens, we hear the tinkling of a sheep-bell or a cow-bell on the hills, or in the woods, we are reminded of the many pleasing allusions of the British poets to this cheerful rural sound. The bells, it is true, are not generally as musical as they might be, yet they strike a pleasant chord in the heart of every one who loves the country. It has often occurred to us, that if the manufacturers of these bells would make some of a superior quality of tone, not a few farmers would be glad to buy them for their herds. It would be a pleasant sound for the traveller to hear from a distance, as the animals wended their homeward way at night, and it would gladden the ear of the proprietor and his family. We have heard a few such bells.

Within a short time we have seen it stated that a certain English nobleman has suspended musical bells on the necks of all his cows, each bell tuned in a different note of the scale, and the whole running through several octaves. A visitor to this farm is charmed by the music, as well as by the sleek sides of the cattle. Some times he hears several notes in unison, than a slight discord, and than a sweet harmony, and all varied by distance, and by the raising and falling of the breeze.

One who is familiar with cattle gives the following directions for relieving them from choking: "Put one arm over the neck, so as to have one hand on each side, find the substance that the animal is choked with, then place your thumb below it on each side, and shove it gently up into the mouth. I have relieved a great many choked cattle for myself, and neighbors, and never found a case but I succeeded in. One case I had where the animal would not take it into the mouth when it was shoved up; in that case we put a ring into the mouth, and another person easily took out the offending substance, while I held it up to the swallow."

To make butter come from milk in Winter, two methods are given: One is, to set the pan of milk on the stove, or in some warm place, as soon as strained, and let it remain until quite warm—some say until a bubble or two rises, or until a skim of cream begins to form on the surface. Another mode recommended is to add a table spoonful of salt to a quart of cream when it's skimmed. Cream thus prepared will generally come to butter in a few moments when churned. It is thought the salt acts upon the coating of the butter globules and makes them tender, so that they break readily when beaten by churning.