

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, September 22nd, 1861.

Read—MATT. XX. 17-34: Ambition corrected. GENESIS XXII.: God's command to sacrifice Isaac. Recite—MATTHEW XX. 1, 2.

Sunday, September 29th, 1861.

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

"Search the Scriptures."

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

- 75. Which of our Lord's miracles fulfilled a prophecy uttered by Job?
76. Name six events recorded in Scripture, in all which God saw fit to suspend the action of those laws by which he governs the universe.

Answers to questions given last week.

- 73. Three: that of the widow's son at Nain, the daughter of Jairus and Lazarus.
74. Yes; he swore "by the life of Pharaoh." It was very common among the Orientals to swear by the head or life of the king.

Poor Jack.

A gentleman going late one evening from St. Martin's Lane to Bloomsbury Street, London, saw a number of ragged lads—beggars, thieves, or both—standing in a knot, talking, laughing and swearing. Just as he passed, one of them shouted some jeering piece of impertinence after him. He turned around, and said kindly to the one who had spoken, "Did you speak to me, my boy?" He shambled a little away, muttering, "No, sir."

The gentleman then stepped into the middle of the dirty group, saying, "Boys, listen to me: I have something to tell you—a short story."

They were all silent in an instant; and then, in the plainest and shortest manner, he told them of God's piety and love for them. After which, he spoke to them of the life, and sufferings, and death of Jesus Christ. He said nothing of punishment or hell. He only tried to tell them all about Jesus, using the words of the Bible as much as possible. As he told them of how weary, and tired, and hungry the Saviour often was, all was silence. Then, as the end came nearer, trying to make the last awful scenes seem true to them, he heard an occasional shuffle, as one and another pushed nearer to hear how the good Lord had suffered for them. They listened with faces of awe—dirty enough but solemn—to hear of His agony and bloody sweat, His cross and passion; and by-and-by he heard—and God heard too—little vulgar sob of uncontrollable emotion. Dirty hands wiped dirty faces; and their round eyes never moved from his lips as he told them that now, while he spoke to them, Jesus was standing amongst them, and that He loved them just as much as when He died on the cross for their sakes. The story ended, no one spoke. Suddenly the gentleman said, "Now, lads, He loved us very much: ought not we to love Him? Who loves Him? Let every one that wishes to love Him hold up his hand. I do," and he held up his. They looked at one another. Then one held his up. A little mass of rags, with only one shoe, and a little grimy face, half hidden in a shock of hair, scarcely confined by an old battered hat with no rim, held up his dirty little hand. It was a touching sight. One and another followed, till all the hands, just twelve in number, were up.

The gentleman then said slowly, "You all wish to love Him. Now, dear boys, here what he says to those that love Him—if you love me keep my commandments." Then going straight up to him who had first held up his hand, the gentleman, holding out his, said "Shake hands on it, that you will promise me to try to keep his commandments." At once the little black hand was put in his; and the gentleman shook it hard saying, "God bless you!" So he went round to all. He then gave them three shillings, to be shared amongst them, for bed and bread, and said, Good night." So they parted.

About three weeks after this the same gentleman was going under St. Clement Dane's archway. A little ragged shoeblack was kneeling at one side. After the customary "Clean your boots sir?" the boy made a drive forwards, and stood grinning with delight, right in front of the gentleman and his friend. The former had not the least notion who he was: so at last he said, "Well, my boy, you seem to know me; and who are you?"

"Please, sir, I'm Jack."
"Jack—Jack who?"
"Only Jack, sir, please, sir."

All at once it came across him who the lad was. "I remember you now," he said. "Have you tried to keep your promise to love the Lord Jesus, and show how much you love Him by obeying Him?"

"Yes, sir, I have; indeed I have," he answered with the greatest earnestness.

Inexpressibly delighted, the gentleman stopped and talked to him a little, making an excuse by letting him clean his shoes.

"Can you read, Jack?" he asked.
"Yes, sir, not over well; but I can make shift to spell out a page."

"Would you like a Testament of your own, where you could read for yourself the story you heard the other night?"

There was no answer, but half a chuckle of

happiness at the bare idea. There was no pretence about the lad. The dirty little thief had set his face heavenwards.

"I see you would like it, Jack," added his friend. "Come to my rooms at—to-morrow, and you shall have one. Good bye."

"Exactly at the appointed hour on the morrow came one modest, eager tap at the door. In walked Jack. He had been to some neighboring pump, poor fellow, and washed himself, not clean, but streaky. He had plastered his hair down meekly, in honor of his visit. There was nothing "taking" about him. He was very ugly and, had it not been for a humble, repentant look, would have been repulsive. That, however he was not. The gentleman shook hands with him, and said he was glad to see him, and made him come and sit by him.

"Jack, why do you want a Testament?"
"To read about Him you told us of," said he shortly.

"Why do you want to read about Him? because you love Him is it?"

Jack nodded once, shortly and decisively. There was no doubt about the matter, not a whit.

"Why do you love Him?"

Jack was silent. His little ordinary features moved in a singular way; his eyes twinkled; his breast heaved. All at once he dropped his head on the table, sobbing as if his heart would break. "Cause they killed Him," gasped poor Jack.

It was with some difficulty the gentleman restrained his own tears. The fervent belief in the Lord's death; the clear view which he had of it—that it was for him, and that he did in no way deserve it—had melted this poor little wandering heart as it never had been melted before.

He was allowed to cry till his sobs became less frequent, and then the gentleman read to him from St. John's Gospel, and talked to him of the great love of Jesus our Saviour, and of that happy home where we should fall at those blessed feet that were pierced for us, and try to tell Him a little of the love we bear Him. He was then shown how he could serve Christ here by being a little missionary, and striving to bring others to Him.

His name was written or rather printed, at his request, "werry large," in his Testament. The gentleman then prayed with him that the Good Shepherd might help and guide this poor little lamb in his dark and difficult path; and with a little more talk about his prospects, they parted.

We need scarcely point out the secret of this happy history. That has been clearly shown already. Poor Jack believed that what the Lord did in dying on the cross, He did for him, even for him who was so sinful, so unworthy! The belief of his won his heart, as it always will win the hearts of those who really believe it. Nothing else was needed. This heart was now full of Christ and of His love, and he longed to tell other dying sinners of the way in which they too might be happy, both here and forever in heaven. This is the true Missionary spirit—to know Christ so far to feel His dying love in our hearts, and then try to make it known to others.—Instructor.

A Methodist Camp-Meeting in Ireland.

They have tried the experiment of a camp-meeting in the American Methodist style, in Ireland, this summer. It was in every sense an experiment, for camp-meetings have not yet been naturalized among the Wesleyan Methodists. This one originated, says the Irish Evangelist, "with the Rev. Mr. Greaves, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now in this country for the benefit of his health. The idea was warmly taken up by our lay friends in Enniskillen and the neighbourhood. Ministers, lay-preachers, and leaders were secured in abundance to preach and conduct the Penitent Prayer-Meeting. A suitable site was selected, away from all disturbances, and the tumult of business, on the banks of Lough Erne. Cheap tickets for the Camp-meeting were issued at all the stations on the Dundalk and Enniskillen Railway, and also on the Derry and Enniskillen line, and the excitement became intense."

The meeting must have been a great success, for it lasted over fourteen days! A visitor describing his impressions of the place and the services, says:—

"The camp-ground is situated about three quarters of a mile distance from the railway stations. The wall to it is along the road which skirts the eastern shore of Lough Erne, where a gate leads to the water's edge. Over this gate is a large sign-board, with the words, 'Entrance to the Camp-ground' upon it. Passing through the gate on the roadside, there is a pathway through shrubbery until the water-side is reached. Here there are three cuts to convey visitors across the water, a distance of some two or three hundred yards, to a grove on the other side. The grove is thickly planted with trees, and it is in the midst of this grove that the camp-ground has been laid out.

"In the centre of the lower side of the plot selected a tent or platform, formed of wood, has been erected for the accommodation of the speakers. Immediately in the front of this tent or platform, a large square plot has been cleared of the trees and brushwood, and seats, made of deal planks, erected for the accommodation of 8000 or 4000 persons. Some nine or more tents fringe the border of this plot, one of which forms the residence of some three or four of the ministers who have come from a distance. Two are used by respectable families who have also come a long journey to be present at the services of the camp. The others are used for prayer-meetings, and also for preaching services when the weather is inclement. There is also a refreshment tent, in

which coffee, tea and sandwiches are dealt out at moderate charges.

"The first impression, on looking round the scene, was the admirable choice of the ground, away from all noise, protected by the water from the intrusion of persons who have no respect for the solemnities of worship, and amid the most charming scenery, one could scarcely conceive of a spot more desirable for a series of open-air meetings. The hours for service are—ten o'clock A.M., two o'clock P.M., and seven o'clock P.M."

It will be perceived, that the most striking feature of the American Camp-meeting, the circle of from fifty to one hundred and fifty tents, was wanting. Most of the worshippers retired to their homes at the close of evening service. Neither could they transfer to Ireland our dry summer weather; dry weather is indeed essential to the full success of an open-air meeting of any kind. On the wet days, of which they had a full share, spirited and profitable services were held in the large tents provided for public worship. On the first Sunday five thousand persons were computed to be present, and on the following Sunday eight or ten thousand. The ministers were from England and Scotland, as well as various parts of Ireland. "This," says a visitor, "was the greatest day of the meeting. The day was fine, with the exception of a few showers, and the ground clean. Contrary to expectation there were far more than on the previous Sunday. About four o'clock, there were from six to eight thousand on the grounds. Many of the towns-people were out for the ten o'clock service. There was a large audience at that hour, and we were particularly struck with the proportions of the sexes that composed it.

"Two thirds of the morning congregation were males. At the three o'clock service we went round the whole meeting, in order to get some idea of the numbers; and we think that in that solid mass of people more than one half was men. We don't depreciate female religious congregations as long as we believe they have souls to be saved as well as men. But let those who do, and talk of congregations composed of females and female excitement, take these proportions for what they are worth to them.

"After the sermon Mr. Greaves gave a short exhortation, and invited all who were anxious for present salvation to come forward to the 'forms' that were arranged for that purpose in front of the preacher's stand.

"About forty to fifty came forward and knelt down under the clear sky, in the presence of the Great God 'who is not confined to temples made with hands.' We thought what could be objected to this? We have often heard of religious feeling being accounted for on the ground of 'heated rooms,' 'suffocation,' 'sympathy,' 'hysterics,' 'boiling blood,' and such like, but we thought that none of these could produce the feeling that was manifested under those circumstances. There was no heated room—it was the great temple of God. There was no suffocation—the air passed freely among the people. It was not the power of sympathy that caused men and women to leave their companions and in the face of thousands, kneel at the 'penitent-benches.' We saw nothing to produce hysterics or boiling blood, but we saw many who obtained the love of God in the forgiveness of sins."

One can perceive from the guarded manner in which these meetings are described, that they are regarded by many excellent persons as of doubtful expediency. We commend our brethren of Ireland for the care they are exercising to have all things done "decently and in order." Extravagance and "wild-fire" are the bane of every meeting in which they are permitted to spread.

In speculating upon this camp-meeting and its probable results, an intelligent gentleman expresses the fear that the changeableness of the climate, and other difficulties in the way, will prevent Camp-meetings from becoming an institution of Methodism in Ireland. We do not know how this may be; but we are gratified that the first experiment of such a meeting among Wesleyans has succeeded so well.—N. Y. Methodist.

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—Well has a writer said:—"Flowers are not trifles, as one might know from the pains God has taken with them everywhere; not one unfinished, not one bearing the marks of brush or pencil. Fringing the eternal borders of mountain winters, gracing the pulseless breast of the gray old granite, everywhere they are harmonizing. Murderers do not ordinarily wear roses in their buttonholes. Villains seldom train vines over cottage doors." And another adds:—"Flowers are for the young and for the old, for the grave and the gay, for the living and for the dead; for all but the guilty, and for them when they are penitent."—American Agriculturist.

A SHARP INFANT.—A friend of ours has a little fair-headed youngster theologian of four summers, who, after being the other day for some time lost in thought, broke out, thus: "Pa, can God do everything?" "Yes, dear." "Can He do everthing, pa?" "Yes, dear." "Could He make a two year old colt in two minutes?" "Why, He would not wish to do that, Freddy." "But if he did wish to, could He?" "Yes, certainly, if He wished to." "What, in two minutes?" "Yes, in two minutes." "Well, then, he wouldn't be two years old, would he?"

I have frequently seen men and women of superior culture and extraordinary intellect eclipsed in conversation by one whose talk was made up of delightful nothing strung on the merest raveling of a thought!

A hungry man will be sure to find time for a meal, and a lively Christian will find time for devotion.

Agriculture, &c.

Harvesting Roots.

Some persons say that "potatoes should be taken from the ground as soon as they are ripe. That it is bad policy to allow them to remain in the hills till the tops become entirely dry, as is the practice with some farmers. That potatoes managed in this way are almost always inferior to those harvested at maturity, and are not unfrequently watery and unfit for use."

These notions do not commend themselves to our views of the matter. It seems to us that no place can be found so completely adapted to the preservation of all the good qualities of the potato, until severe frosts come, as the cool moist soil where it grew. It comes to maturity there, the vines die, so that all action ceases between tuber and stem, the potatoes are not crowded or losing their moisture by evaporation, and are in the precise condition to be kept in their greatest perfection.

Some persons leave potatoes upon the ground, exposed to a hot sun during the day in which they are dug; thus those that are turned out in the morning, lay in the sun during an entire day. We cannot think this practice a good one. If the potatoes are moist, and a considerable quantity of soil adheres to them, it is very much better to put them in the bin as they are, for it is quite impossible to thoroughly dry them without injuring their eating qualities, as there is a principle in them, which exposure to the sun concentrates, and converts into an actual poison. The small tubers which sometimes grow near the surface, and which, by the washing of rains or other causes, are left bare, assume a greenish hue, and, when boiled, possess a disagreeable, copperish taste. The same result is produced, in less degree, by exposure to the sun and air after digging. It is a common practice in some places to deposit the potatoes in boxes or barrels, and protect them from the sun and air, by a covering of sand or loam. This retains them moist, and effectually secures the preservation of all their excellences.

Turnips may remain in the field till late, as they are not so much injured by frost as is generally supposed. When "caught out" by frost, the turnip, if allowed to remain in the ground till it thaws, will not be essentially injured, either in its eating or keeping qualities; the soil abstracts the frost and leaves the texture of the vegetable fibre nearly unimpaired. It is of importance to give the roots a cool place, where they can be occasionally ventilated during the winter, as in warm positions they are liable to become "corky," and are much injured as to their nutritional properties; besides, when stowed in large and compact masses, they will heat and most likely spoil. When ruta bagas are raised in large quantities, they require much room. If piled up, like cord wood, into stacks, the air will pass through the heaps much better than if thrown into one large mass. Barn cellars in which the temperature can be retained a little above the freezing point, will be found sufficiently warm for this purpose.—N. E. Farmer.

An Extraordinary Hawk.

Mr. W. Jardine, draper of this town, has been for some time in possession of a hawk. A few months ago, she laid two eggs, soon after which she sat upon them; her own eggs, however, were subsequently removed, and two guinea fowl's eggs placed in the nest. The hawk sat upon them the usual time, when to the surprise of all, two fine chickens were hatched, with which their step-mother appeared highly delighted, and over which she continued to watch with all the tenderness of a natural parent; the only thing at which she appeared uneasy, and evidently showed surprise, was the fact of her young "picking up" the moment they were hatched, and many were the efforts she made to induce them to offer their bills, that she might cram in pieces of raw meat. We consider this circumstance well worth the attention of the naturalist.—Dunstable Eng. Chronicle.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM TEASING HORSES.—Take two or three small handfuls of walnut leaves, upon which pour two or three quarts of soft cold water; let it infuse one night, and pour the whole next morning into a kettle, and let it boil for fifteen minutes. When cold, it will be fit for use. No more is required than to wet a sponge, and before the horse goes out of the stable let those parts which are most irritated be smeared over with the liquor.

EXCHANGING BOYS.—An exchange of farmer's sons is proposed by the Homestead. It is argued that it would prove mutually advantageous for a Massachusetts farmer's boy to exchange, for a season or two, with a Maine or a Vermont boy. Among other reasons it is suggested they would each act somewhat in the character of a "hired man," learn new processes, &c. &c.

SAVE YOUR BOOTS.—The fishermen, in some parts of the country, preserve their boots waterproof by the following composition: One pint of boiled linseed oil, half a pound of mutton suet, six ounces of pure beeswax, and four ounces of resin. These ingredients are melted together over a slow fire, and the boots, when new and quite clean, are warmed and rubbed with the composition, till the leather is completely saturated.—Scientific Artizan.