

Doubt's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, July 21st, 1861.

Read—MATT. XV. 21-39: The woman of great faith. GENESIS 3.: The fall of man and the promise of a Saviour.

Recite—MATTHEW XV. 4-6.

Sunday, July 28th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XVI. 1-17: Reproof of the Pharisees and their doctrines. GENESIS VI.: The depravity of the world.

Recite—MATTHEW XV. 21, 22.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

57. When did the first persecution against Christ and his kingdom commence?

58. Give a scriptural description of the beds used in Shushan palace.

Answers to questions given last week:—

55. Solomon's Temple excepted, the Royal Palace was the most magnificent building; it was called "the Gate," 3 Sam. xv. 2; Est. ii. 19.

56. By computation it appears he was seventy-seven years old. Hosea xii. 12.

Bury me in the morning.

BY STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

The following lines which we cut from an exchange paper, are attributed to the late Senator Douglas. They have poetic beauty aside from the melancholy association with a name so distinguished.

Bury me in the morning, mother—

O, let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with the night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother,
'Tis a thought of terrible fear—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother;

I feel it is in my heart—
But O, from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part!
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay;
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I'm alone with the night.

No Mansion to go to.

Many years ago you might have noticed, in one of our large cities, a sorrow-stricken young man, with a lady leaning upon his arm, making their way through the crowd and onward, entering a large, handsome house on—street. They ascend silently, to a chamber in the third story, in the northwest corner of the house. The room is spacious and airy, the furniture all rich and elegant, but the room darkened to the sombreness of twilight, for a sick man lies stretched upon the couch. He is panting for breath, yet he is fully conscious of all that is passing around them.

The young man who has just entered is his eldest son. In that same room are a group of younger children, from Anna, the child of seven, upward to the eldest brother. The wife of the sick man, the mother of the children, is well nigh prostrate in her grief, for it has come upon her in an unexpected moment. Two weeks ago her husband was the strong, active man of business, full of his plans, and prosperous in them all.

These two weeks, how quickly have they been numbered! The slight illness, the feeble, palor-struck frame, then the deep-seated fever, and the mastery of disease, these have brought the strong one to the gate of the grave, and he is summoned his family together that, in as brief a manner as possible, he may dispose of his property to them.

"Henry must have the house on—street, and half the ownership of—block; Adnan and James the block of houses in—Place; Maria, the house on—street. Wife and Anna must remain here and—"

But the father can proceed no farther. Choking with emotion, and his great weakness, have overcome him; he falls back, draws his arms across his eyes, and remains silent. Dear little Anna, his pet, his darling, she comprehends but slightly the meaning of their doings, but her heart is breaking for her father. He is going to die, to leave them, this she knows; but where is he going?

It is not a religious family; they have been kind, amiable and true to each other, but they have been living for this world. In the bosom of this child untrammelled thought pierces beyond the present, and in that deep, sad stillness, with the sick man just about to step into the dark, unknown future, she makes the startling inquiry—Have you a house, papa, where you are going?

Oh, no! the poor man had not a house prepared for him. He had never wanted the Saviour

to prepare a place for him, and nobody in the wide universe could give him a heavenly mansion. Are there not many, very many, in his condition?

Reader, have you a house where you are going?

Troublesome Children.

When you get tired of their noise, just think what the change would be should it come to a total silence. Nature makes a provision for strengthening the children's lungs by exercise. Babies cannot laugh so as to get much exercise in this way, but we never heard of one that could not cry. Crying, shouting, screaming, are nature's lung exercise, and if you do not wish for it in the parlor, pray have a place devoted to it and do not debar the girls from it, with the notion that it is improper for them to laugh, jump, cry, scream, and run races in the open air. After a while one gets used to this juvenile music, and can even write and think more consecutively with it than without it, provided it does not run into objurgatory forms. We remember a boy that used to go to school past our study-window, and he generally made a continuous stream of roar to the school-house and back again.—We supposed at first he had been nearly murdered by some one, and had wasted considerable compassion on the wrongs of infant innocence; but, on inquiring into his case, found him in perfectly good condition. The truth was, that the poor little fellow had no mirthfulness in his composition, therefore couldn't laugh and shout, and so nature, in her wise compensations, had given him more largely the faculty of roaring. He seemed to thrive upon it, and we believe is still doing well. Laughing and hallooing, however are to be preferred, unless a child shows a decided incapacity for those exercises.

Our eye alights just now upon the following touching little scrap, written by an English labourer, whose child had been killed by the falling of a beam:—

"Sweet, laughing child! the cottage door
Stands free and open now;
But oh! its sunshine gilds no more
The gladness of thy brow!
Thy merry step hath passed away,
Thy laughing sport is hushed for aye.

"Thy mother by the fireside sits
And listens for thy call;
And slowly, slowly as she knits,
Her quiet tears down fall;
Her little hindering thing is gone,
And undisturbed she may work on."

—Religious Magazine.

The Dear Old Home.

I recall a home long since left behind in the journey of life, and its memory floats back over me with a shower of emotions and thoughts toward whose precious fall my heart opens itself greedily like a thirsty flower. It is a home among the mountains, humble and homely, but priceless in its wealth of associations. The waterfall sings again in my ears, as it used to sing through the dreamy, mysterious nights. The rose at the gate, the patch of tansy under the window, the neighboring orchard, the old elm, the grand machinery of storms and showers, the little smithy under the hill that flamed with strange light through the dull winter evenings, the woodpile at the door, the ghostly white birches on the hill, and the dim blue haze upon the retiring mountains, all these come back to me with an appeal which touches my heart and moistens my eyes. I sit again at the doorway at summer nightfall, eating my bread and milk, looking off upon the darkening landscape, and listening to the shouts of boys upon the hill-side, calling or driving homeward the reluctant herds. I watch again the devious flight of the dusty night-hawk along the twilight sky, and listen to his measured note, and the breezy boom that accompanies his headlong plunge toward the earth.

Even the old barn, crazy in every timber, and gaping at every joint, has charms for me. I try again the breathless leap from the great beams into the hay. I sit again on the threshold of the widely open door—open to the soft south wind of spring—and watch the cattle, whose faces look half human to me, as they sun themselves and peacefully ruminate, while drop by drop the dissolving snow upon the roof drills holes through the wasting drifts beneath the eaves.

The first little lambs of the season toddle by the side of their dams, and utter their feeble bleatings, while the flock nibble at the hayrick, or a pair of rival wethers try the strength of their skulls in an encounter, half in earnest and half in play. The proud old rooster crows upon his dangleth throne, and some delighted member of his silly family leaves her nest, and tells to her mates, and to me, that there is another egg in the world. The old horse whinnies in his stall, and calls to me for food. I look up to the roof, and think of last year's swallow—soon to return again—and catch a glimpse of angular sky through the diamond-shaped opening that gave them ingress and egress. How I know not, but that old barn is part of myself—it has entered into my life, and given me growth and wealth.

But I look in the house again, where the life abides which appropriated these things, and finds among them its home. The hour of evening has come, the lamps are lighted, and a good man in middle life, though very old he seems to me, takes down the well-worn Bible, and reads a chapter from its hallowed pages. A sweet woman sits at his side, with my sleepy head upon her knee, and brothers and sisters

are grouped reverently around. I do not understand the words, but I am told that they are the word of God, and I believe it. The long chapter ends, and then we all kneel down, and the good man prays. I fall asleep with my head in the chair, and the next morning remember nothing of the way in which I went to bed. After breakfast the Bible is taken down, and the good man prays again; and again and again is the worship repeated through all the days of many golden years. The pleasant converse of the fireside, the simple songs of home, the words of encouragement as I bend over my school tasks, the kiss as I lie down to rest, the patient bearing with the freaks of my restless nature, the gentle counsels mingled with reproofs and approvals, the sympathy that meets and assuages every sorrow and sweetness every little success; all these return to me amid the responsibilities which press upon me now, and I feel as if I had once lived in heaven, and straying, had lost my way.

Well the good man grew old and weary, and fell asleep at last with blessings on his lips for me. Some of those who called him father lie side by side with him in the same calm sleep. The others are scattered and dwell in new homes and the old house and barn and orchard have passed into the possession of strangers, who have learned, or are learning to look upon them as I do now. Lost, ruined, forever left behind, that home is mine to-day, as truly as it ever was, for have I not brought it away with me, and shown it to you? It was the home of my boyhood. In it I found my first mental food, and by it was my young soul fashioned. To me, through weary years, and many dangers and sorrows, it has been a perennial fountain of delight and purifying influences, simply because it was my home, and was and is part of me. The rose at the gate blooms for me now. The landscape comes when I summon it, and I hear the voices that call to me from lips which memory makes immortal.—Dr. J. G. Holland.

A Lesson of Love.

Not very long ago, a valued friend requested me to visit a young woman lodging in an alley in Holborn (London), who was dying of the most painful of all diseases.

The small room was delicately clean and neat, and on a little table stood a jar adorned with a few country flowers—the offering of an early friend. By the bedside stood a pale young woman, with a gentle and sympathizing countenance, smoothing the sufferer's pillow. It was scarcely whiter than her face, the mouth and chin of which were covered by a cambric handkerchief, to veil the ravages which her terrible disease had made.

After a few inquiries of the nurse, I spoke a little to the sufferer; and then, remembering that it must seem so easy for one in comparative health to speak to her of the goodness of God; but how much harder it must be for her to believe it,—lying there, hour after hour, in anguish, which suffered her scarcely to sleep by night or by day, increasing during the thirteen months past, and leaving no hope of alleviation in the future but by death; I thought it best to tell her all that was passing in my mind. And then I added, "If you can believe that the blessed Saviour, who, when He was on earth, healed all manner of disease with a touch or a word, and who has the same healing power now, yet withholds it from you—does so from some infinitely wise and loving reason; it would do me good to know it. If it be so, will you just lift up your finger in assent?"

She raised her pale, transparent hand, and waved it over her head, with an expression in her sunken eyes which almost glorified her face.

I could not help saying to her, when I could command my voice enough to speak, "I believe that one wave of your hand gives more honor to your Saviour in the sight of all the angels of heaven than whole years of any little services which He might permit me to render Him, in comparative health and ease; because your faith is so much more severely tried." It seemed a new and delightful thought to her, that patience having its perfect work would glorify her Saviour. She had just wearily borne it, because it was His will. The tears gathered in her eyes, and she made a sign for her slate, and wrote upon it, "This makes me so happy. How wonderful and how kind, if He will make glory to Himself out of such a poor creature as me."—Soon after she added, "He has taught me to say of Him, 'My Beloved is mine, and I am His—He has forgiven all my sins. He loves me freely. He fills me with peace and joy in believing.'"

When her companion came down stairs, I asked her if she tried to go out for a little fresh air sometimes, and had any one to relieve her occasionally of the nursing by night?

She said, "I take a turn in the alley to get a little fresh air, now and then; but I should not like to leave her for many minutes, nor to be sleeping much, while she is suffering."

"Is she your sister?" I inquired.

"No, ma'am, we are no relations; we were fellow-servants together at a hotel at the West End. And once, when I was ill, she nursed me very kindly; so when this terrible illness came on her, I could not let her leave her place alone to go among strangers, for she's an orphan, so I left with her."

"And may I venture to ask, how are you both supported?"

"She had saved a good bit, which lasted some time; and now I have still some left of my own savings whilst I was a housemaid."

"A housemaid! a queen!" I thought to myself, and could have laid down my hand for her to walk over, and felt it honored.

That woman of a royal heart sent me through London that day, feeling the whole world better because I had met with such an instance of dis-

interested, self-sacrificing love. "We are as good as sisters," she said; "we both know that our Saviour loves us, and we love Him, and want to love Him better."

It seems scarcely necessary to add, that when a few weeks later the afflicted one entered into rest, in the full assurance of salvation through the blood of the Lamb, her faithful and devoted friend was not left friendless. Five houses were thrown open to receive her, but she preferred returning to her original situation, where she had been treated with uniform kindness and consideration.—W. & R.

Agriculture, &c.

Value of shelter for Sheep.

Wm. H. Ladd, one of the best farmers of the State of Ohio, who has given especial attention to sheep, gives the following careful estimate in the *Ohio Farmer*, of the value of shelter to sheep suggested by the remark of a neighbor, that "It won't pay to build shelter for sheep." This neighbor kept 1000 head and lost many animals, and it was from his losses that a part of this estimate is made:

Let me make some very low estimates in reference to the loss occasioned by this treatment in thirty years. First, if the sheep sheared two pounds of wool per head under this treatment, they would have shorn three pounds had they received good care. Second, one pound difference per head on 1,000 sheep makes 1000 pounds; 1,000 pounds in 30 years, at 40 cents per pound, \$12,000. It is a very low estimate, counting sheep at the lowest common price, that a flock of 1,000 sheep should yield \$500 worth of surplus stock to sell each year; this in 30 years amounts to \$15,000. Feed saved by shelter, say \$200 each year, worth, in 30 years, \$6,000; simple interest at 6 per cent on amount saved in 30 years, \$30,680; difference of the value of the flock on hand at the end of 30 years \$1,000; value of shelters to the proprietor at the close of 30 years, \$1,000; amount saved, \$65,680. Per contra—shelters cost say \$3,000; additional grain fed, say \$400 each year, in 30 years \$12,000; interest as above, \$16,560; for keeping shelters in repair, \$1,000—total \$32,560. Difference in favor of shelters and good care \$33,120. Don't look at this as a fancy sketch; it is a reality, and the only incorrectness about it is, that the estimated difference in favor of good keeping is in every particular below the reality.

Give your Horses light and air.

History informs us that a certain emperor loved a favorite horse so much that he had a golden manger made for him. This extravagance appears unpardonable in the estimation of many, now-a-days, and yet it is more pardonable than the opposite extreme—meanness in the treatment of the horse. In looking at the construction of a very large portion of our horse-stables, I am sometimes led to think that the object of the builder must have been to see how widely he could depart from every principle of humanity and expediency—humanity in compelling a patient and faithful animal to remain penned up in a close, dark filthy apartment—expediency in thus sacrificing not only the comfort, but the health, and consequently the usefulness and value of the animal.

Light is indispensable to the plant and to the man,—is it less so to the horse? If it is, why? When the tyrants of the old countries sought to inflict their most fearful punishments, next to death, confinement in a dark cell was considered the most severe. Is it reasonable that the horse—whose native home is in the desert and wilderness, where there is nothing to obstruct the free light of heaven—is it reasonable, I ask, that he should not suffer from confinement in our generally dark and gloomy stables? Is it not a shame, in a land like ours, where glass enough for a moderate sized window can be had for fifty cents that a valuable horse should be shut up day after day in a dark stall or stable? Let every horse owner's heart, if he has one, answer!

Is foul air wholesome for plants? Certainly not. Is it wholesome for men? Most emphatically, no! Is not wholesome for plants or men can it be for horses? The answer is as emphatically, no!

Why then are the majority of our stables constructed without the slightest regard to that most important feature, ventilation? In thousands of cases, an animal, than which none other loves the fresh air better, is doomed to confinement for days and nights at a time, in a stable, the atmosphere of which is so foul that a man would die in it. How many of the diseases to which our horses are subject, may be traced to this unpardonable error. I say unpardonable, for no man possessed of either common sense or common humanity would thus punish one of his best and most faithful friends—the horse.

A word in conclusion. Farmers! if you would have healthy, lively, serviceable horses, give them plenty of light. God will supply it, if you will only furnish the means whereby it can be made to reach your stables.

Look to the ventilation of your stables, if you would not have prematurely old and worn out horses. Depend upon it, plenty of light, and plenty of fresh air in your stables, will save you many a dollar in the course of a life-time.—*Cor. Farmer and Gardener.*

The army worm still continues its ravages in the counties of Central Illinois, and has done, and is still doing very great damage to all kinds of growing crops.