

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 27TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN viii. 1-20: The hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees. DEUT. xl. 18-32: A blessing and a curse proposed.

Recite—JOHN vii. 32-24. SUNDAY, AUGUST 3RD, 1862.

Read—JOHN viii. 21-32: Christ continues his discourse. DEUT. xii. 1: The place of God's worship. Recite—JOHN viii. 12-14.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

163. Where did Jesus spend the last Sabbath previous to his crucifixion? 164. At the house of Simon of Bethany what reference did Jesus make to his coming death?

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 161. The hill of Samaria. 1 Kings xvi. 24. 162. Hosea. 2 Kings xv. 30.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle, No 7.

Your signature is a very odd one, Who ever heard before of "Munkwon," What tribe or nation, beast or bird, Is called by such an ugly word? Your puzzle too is full of darkness. Its qualities combined are sparkless. In paradox you largely deal, Thinking your answer to conceal. A heavenly sign is plainly meant To quell men's fears, in mercy sent When'er it now appears, at night, To shepherds 'tis said to give delight; But when discovered, in the morning, Of storms and rain, it gives them warning. When Noah from the ark came trembling, God gave his promise with this emblem. What else from dark and light can flow, But the beautiful form of heaven's "bow." See Genesis ix. 13. DROPPINGS FROM A CLOUD.

Scripture Puzzle, No. 8.

O'er all the earth where man has been, There our likeness has been seen, Yet we to man but once appeared— And man our presence then revered— Most awful truths we did fortell, And in a palace told them well. The mighty at our words did shake And yet a word we never spake. Nor yet to us did any speak Or ask us what we came to seek. The great by us were agitated: Our words were well investigated. We have a very common name And yet we're rare in books of fame. Now tell us children, if you can, Were we angels? gods? or men? When we delivered our oration? Among what people? in what nation? GIMEL.

Victoria Road, Wilmot.

"Got a-going and couldn't stop."

This is the way a great many boys get into difficulty; "they get a-going and can't stop." The boy that tells lies began first to stretch the truth a little—to tell a large story, or relate an anecdote with a very little variation, till he got a-going and couldn't stop—till he came out a full-grown liar!

Those two boys that you see fighting, began by bantering each other in fun. At length they began to get angry, and call each other names, till they got a-going and couldn't stop. They will separate with black eyes and bloody noses!

Did you hear about the young man stealing from his master's drawer? He came from the country a promising boy. But the rest of the clerical went to the theatre, and he thought he must go too. He began, thinking he would only go once. But he got a-going and couldn't stop. He has used up his wages, and wants more money. He cannot resist the temptation, when he knows there is money in the drawer. He has got a-going—he will stop in the prison!

Some young men were, some years ago, in the habit of meeting together, in a room at a public-house, to "enjoy themselves." One of them, as he was going there one evening, began to think there might be danger in the way. He stopped and considered a moment, and then said to himself, "Right about face!" He turned on his heel, and went back to his room, and was never seen at the public-house again. He has become rich. Six of the young men followed his example. The rest got a-going and could not stop, till they landed, most of them, in the drunkard's grave. Beware, then, boys, how you get a-going. Be sure, before you start, that you are in the right way; for when you are sliding down hill, it is hard to stop.—Sunday School Banner.

Never take a wife till thou hast a house to put her in.—Poor Richard's Proverbs.

The most pleasant things in the world are pleasant thoughts; and the greatest art in life is to have as many of them as possible.

Brother Grimwood.

BY LYNDE PALMER.

"And who is that?" asked my friend (whom I had persuaded, somewhat unwillingly, to accompany me to the evening prayer-meeting), and as he spoke he pointed to a figure walking with stern, uncompromising step upon the other side of the street.

I hesitated. We had been having a long talk upon life—its responsibilities and trials; for we had both emerged from the rosy dream-land of youth, and knew but too well that "Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward." But I had been trying to convince my somewhat sceptical friend that there were still many happy hearts in the world, and that, almost without exception, the only truly cheerful persons, who had passed the seasons of childhood, were Christians.—those who had always the shadow of the Great Rock in every weary land, and who, "though the fig-tree should not blossom, nor fruit be in the vines, though the fields should yield no meat, and the flock should be cut off from the fold," could yet "rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of their salvation." And in the heat of my argument, I even ventured the somewhat hazardous statement, that I could decide, by glancing at the countenances of the passers, which were those whose minds were kept in that "perfect peace."

"See," said I, as Dr. Freeman passed, with a blessing in his kind, benevolent eyes; "could any one mistake that face? He has seen great trouble, but he is one of those who in every sharp affliction, God but nearer to him brings, And the darkness gathering round them in the shadow of his wings."

And that is Miss Faith B.—her eyes are homes of silent prayer. And that earnest face belongs to young Mr. Goldby.—

But here my friend interrupted me with the question, "And who is that?" pointing with inexorable finger to the object of interest.

I hesitated. Not that I did not know him—who could ever mistake "Brother Grimwood?"—but was ever anything so unfortunate for my theory? How could I have forgotten that the followers of the Lamb were not yet all sealed in their foreheads? I confess to being cowardly, and I began rapidly.—

"As I was saying, this young Mr. Goldby—" "But I don't care for Mr. Goldby now," interrupted my friend, "I want to know who that thoroughly wretched-looking person is, with those cold, lifeless eyes, and that thin compressed mouth, that looks as if it shut with a snap like a purse-clasp."

I still hesitated, and my friend continued,—"He must have some crime upon his soul, poor fellow! Perhaps he is some wretched Wall Street speculator, who has just failed, and dragged so many down with him that his conscience is turned into a sort of special train, with a load of ruined widows and orphans. Or has he poisoned any body, committed a forgery, or any other crime, which he thought safely buried, and which threatens to rise from its grave in these grand resurrectionary times? Or, lastly," and my friend's eye twinkled with the climax, "is he a Secessionist?"

It was certainly growing no easier; and I hastily began, "You were never more mistaken in your life. That is Brother Grimwood, one of the pillars of the church—a most excellent and devoted Christian."

My friend started, and slightly smiled. "Yes," continued I, with some warmth, "I wish we were all as sure of heaven as is Brother Grimwood. He is truly an Israelite without guile, and—"

"Eminently cheerful," suggested my friend. I confess to being somewhat annoyed; and in the silence that followed, I eagerly, but vainly, ran over my small stock of argumentative artillery, to see what could be used in Brother Grimwood's defence. I could not in truth say that he was cheerful or genial. On the contrary, if I spoke at all, I must admit that he had one of the coldest, most unsympathising faces I ever knew. How then convince my friend that he was walking in the "ways of pleasantness?" I knew that children, with their sure instinct, avoided him, and started in fright if he suddenly addressed them, fearing that they had been caught in some contraband pleasure, and having a vague idea that he considered them all young reprobates. Indeed, I knew one sensitive child who, during the Sabbath services, suddenly burst into tears, and knew no reason, only that she had been looking at Brother Grimwood's mouth—those stern, unloving lips, that seemed long since to have forgotten how to smile. And yet, who could doubt that Brother Grimwood was a Christian? Where could we look for more unflinching honesty, more patent self-denial, more uncompromising warfare with evil, a more relentless exacting conscience, or a more earnest desire to spend and be spent in the service of Christ? And yet,—

"They say the world has dealt harshly with him, and every one knows that he is a lonely man. Poor Brother Grimwood! there were no sweet domestic ties, no small baby fingers to carve more genial wrinkles in that thin face; and—"

Eyes grow early cold and dim, which light of love have missed; And Patience weaves a ghastly smile on lips that ne'er were kissed."

Poor Brother Grimwood! Filled with these and kindred thoughts, in silence we reached the church. They were singing; and lo! as we entered, Brother Grimwood's voice swelled the chorus: but he sang,—

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

with the same tone and expression he would bestow upon—

"Plunged in a gulf of dark despair."

After a while, he rose to pray, and in a cold, monotonous, almost hopeless voice, offered his petitions. There was much about God's justice, and his anger with sinners, but so little of his love and mercy. We felt oppressed and almost despairing, and as the last words died away, with a long sigh of relief, we turned to look at Brother Grimwood. The stern, unyielding mouth was again closed as if it could never open again, the cold eyes were shut, and the whole face and form motionless and rigid as an antique statue. And again we thought, "Is this truly one of Christ's disciples? Are the minist'ring spirits sent unto him in answer to his prayers? And what do the angels, 'fresh from looking upon God,' think of this stern, sad, unsmiling brother? And yet he must be a Christian;" and in vain speculation our minds wandered on. We tried to picture the solemn resurrection morning, when "the dead in Christ shall rise first," and wondered, Should we know the cold eyes and sad mouth then? When upon ears that have never thrilled with earthly love shall fall those sweetest words, "Come ye blessed," we looked at Brother Grimwood, and thought, "Will they fall upon your ears, brother, plain and unlovely? Will it be said to you—words so full of love, to you—'Come, thou blessed?' Oh, Brother Grimwood! is it not enough to make one's heart leap for joy?"

But, brother, if this should chance to meet your eye, forgive me for one word more. You are not yet called to receive your reward, for your work is not finished, I know that, with sleepless conscience, you are eager and ready for that work, but do you never think that, by your stern, forbidding face, you dishonour that Master whose service is joy? You discourage the lambs of the flock, who look up to you for example and guidance; for though, doubtless, you would willingly give a cup of cold water to one of those little ones, I do not know of one who would have the courage to ask you, for it. You frighten and dismay those who are striving to enter in at the strait gate; for, seeing your shadowed brow how should they suspect that "light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart?" And what shall I say to my friend, who, looking at you, decides that this harvest must be very dim and uncertain?

Ah, brother! if, at the coming of the Lord, the floods clap their hands and the hills rejoice together, have you no streaming lights and banners of joy, no songs of rejoicing and of praise, to show to all the world that the great King has come unto you, and has made a "guest-chamber," of your poor unworthy heart?

A Jewish Passover.

From an English paper we copy the following notice of a visit paid by the Prince of Wales to a Jewish Passover, during his recent visit to the Holy Land:—

After visiting Jacob's well in the morning, the whole party ascended Mount Gerizim in the evening, and there witnessed this ancient ceremony, the only direct vestige of the Jewish Passover.

The whole Samaritan community were assembled on a terrace just short of the summit. About an hour before sunset the prayers began, and six sheep, tended by young men in white garments, appeared among the crowd. As the sun sank behind the western ridge the young men burst into a wild chant, drew their long bright knives, and brandished them in the air. In a moment the sheep were thrown on their backs and the knives drawn across their throats. In the stream of blood which poured from them the young men dipped their fingers, and marked their foreheads and the noses of all the children.

Next came the skinning and roasting—the first in a trough, the second in a hole prepared for the purpose.

The Prince and most of his suite returned to the tents, one or two remaining through the night on the mountain top to witness the "feast" which was eaten in haste in the early morning by the Samaritans, girded and shod and with staves in their hands.

Try kindness.

"We once had a very awkward horse to shoe," said a smith, "and I was punishing it severely to make it stand still." My shop was just before the kitchen window, and my wife, who is a kind-hearted woman, came out and reproved me for my conduct to the animal. She went up to it, patted it, stood close up to it, and it stood as quiet as a lamb, and we could have done anything with it." Oh, that people would try kindness. It is a mighty cure.

How to jump off cars.

It has been said there is art in everything. There is certainly some art in jumping from a car when in motion. Most persons imagine they must jump forward, in the direction the car is moving. It is a mistaken notion. The proper way is to look forward, that is, the way the car is going, and step off backward; and if the car is moving very rapidly, give a spring backward just as you let go the rail. In this way, by springing against or opposite the motion of the car, you overcome the impetus carrying you forward, and are left standing perfectly still; whereas when you jump with the car, you are plunged forward by the motion.

Beware of little expenses, a small leak will sink a great ship.

Agriculture, &c.

SOAKING OF SEEDS.

One of the best methods of preparation of seeds for an early start is to soak them in diluted liquid manure. Hen dung is much recommended for this purpose. Sometimes soaked seeds do not come forward, or rot in the ground; but frequently it is the case that the seeds are not attended to, but are allowed to heat, or sometimes to get dry, before they are sown. Another point is to have, for small seeds, the soil in a warm friable condition; if the seeds are soaked and the surface of the soil itself is pressed down close to the seed, by rolling, or the hoe, when the sowing is done, it will make a material difference in the time which they will take to sprout; and besides this, the manure with which their outer coat is saturated protects them from the attacks of worms and insects.—Michigan Farmer.

A SHYING HORSE.

Nine out of every ten horsemen start in their seat whenever a horse shies, and then the horse is either by whip or spur driven up to the object. This makes horses look at any singular object with more nervousness, for they expect a thrashing at the same moment. The rider should never shy himself, nor notice it in his horse; and far less punish him.

CRIBBING IN HORSES.

This disease originates from a sour stomach, first caused by a habit of biting the crib whilst eating, and in so doing, the horse swallows wind which causes the stomach to become sour. Over-eating and drinking would aid in this disease. A horse with this disease in the same as a person who, after eating, belches up wind from the stomach, and will, in time become a dyspeptic.

Cure.—Take one tablespoonful of pulverized charcoal, one teaspoonful of sal. soda, mix in a gill of corn meal, and give three times a week until a cure is effected, which will depend on the length of time the horse has been addicted to the habit. The horse should be fastened in the middle of the barn floor by a rope from the beam overhead, so that he cannot get hold of anything to bite, and feed him from a basket fastened on the head. It is said by those who have tried it to be a sure cure. M. New Hampshire, 1862.

REMARKS.—One leading cause of the habit of "cribbing," is in the irregularity of feeding, and in not satisfying the appetite of the animal. If a horse is fed liberally and regularly, we doubt whether he will ever contract the unpleasant habit of "cribbing." Is it not the neglect of this regularity and supply that occasions the "sour stomach?"—N. E. Farmer.

PROTECTING ANIMALS FROM STORMS.

I believe that farmers, generally, are not aware how much loss they sustain in the flesh of their domestic animals, and how much they suffer, during cold storms of rain in the summer, or at any other season of the year. Warm showers never injure animals; indeed, they appear to have a good relish for such a sprinkling as they frequently get, providing it is not as cold as ice. Most animals will endure pretty severe cold as long as they can keep dry; but as soon as their bodies have been wet and kept wet, evaporation is a cooling process, the heat of their bodies is carried away very rapidly; and the sudden transition from heat to cold chills them in a very short time, and injures them more than a severe storm in winter.

Animals will endure a very sudden change from cold to heat, with impunity; but sudden changes from heat to cold are often attended with very injurious consequences. We are apt to think, because it is summer, or not freezing weather, that a storm of rain will not hurt our animals. But could they communicate to us their feelings during a storm of cold rain, there would not be so much negligence about protecting them, especially during the cold and stormy days and nights of autumn.

I well remember, that about twenty years ago, there was a severe rain storm in the month of June; and although our sheep had been shorn more than two weeks we thought they ought to be brought home to the barn. But many of them were so cold and feeble in consequence of the rain that it was necessary to go after them with a wagon.

About the first of July, 1861, there was another very cold storm of rain, which swept away hundreds of sheep in the town where I reside. One farmer lost about sixty of his choicest sheep although they had been sheared several days before the storm came on. I have heard of more than three hundred lost during the storm.

It is infinitely better for animals to keep them in a stable or shed, where they cannot get a mouthful of food for twelve successive hours, than to allow them to be exposed for only two hours to a storm of cold rain.

When I was accustomed to keep sheep I was always careful to let them have the benefit of a shed, if they needed it, not only in winter, but during the summer; and it was very unusual that our horses and neat cattle were left for one hour in the field during a cold storm. Cold storms not only make horses look bad, but they do really injure them, by rendering them stiff and dull; and they often contract severe colds, which, in many cases, will superinduce catarrh and glanders.

Young calves and colts often suffer extremely from exposure to cold storms, even in summer; and to shelter them, will be time and money well appropriated. "A merciful man regardeth the life of his beast."—S. E. T.—in Country Gentleman.