

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21ST, 1862.

Read—JOHN xvii. 1-26: Christ's prayer for his followers. DEUT. xxxiv.: Moses vieweth the land. Recite—JOHN xvi. 32, 33.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xviii. 1-18: The apprehension of Christ. JOSHUA i.: Joshua succeedeth Moses. Recite—JOHN xvii. 1-3.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 205. What was the most striking difference between the ascension of Christ and that of Elijah?
- 206. What was the most significant type of Christ's ascension into heaven?

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 203. His resurrection. Rom. iv. 25. 1 Cor. xv. 12-17.
- 204. Yes, Enoch and Elijah.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 17.

You sure must have been a queer combination, And changing your nature, your state, and your station.

I guess you were mud, clay, mortar and brick. Running as dough runs, when not very thick. Clay soured well in water and hardened in fire, becomes just as hard as one can desire. In the broad Plains of Shinar, I guess you were found, Dishonored and trodden, as men do the ground. But when all completed, and polished, and square, You rose, pile on pile, high up in the air. Well I wren that your builders, in national pride, Saw order and glory on every side. High heaven beheld you and crowned you with fame, Giving you an imperishable name. Yes; and taught us, our works—how vile and unstable!

All weakness, disorder, confusion and BABEL.

ANOTHER.

In Shinar's slimy plain you lay, Helpless, indeed,—a mass of clay. Like mud, 'till in the fire you shone,— You then became as hard as stone. As you rose high "proportion grew," And also "wild confusion" too. When brick was called, mortar was brought; And thus perplexed, the men who wrought, "Left off to build;" and your creation Became the cause of emigration. Your famous top-stone,—reared so high,— Scarce visible to the naked eye. Your name 'will certainly endure,' While you have sunk to rise no more. Babel's your name,—that is, confusion; Given by Heaven for such intrusion. Gen. xi. 1-9.

Yarmouth, Dec. 9, 1862.

DALETH.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE No. 18.

My name is well known everywhere, A common visage, too, I wear. In solitude I had my station, In a dreary Eastern nation. No will had I, or power to move, Nor did I ever hate or love. Exposed to storms by night and day, I stood beside a king's highway. A famished host I once did save, And, to the feeble, strength I gave. I saved from death, the maiden fair, The aged sire, with hoary hair. And though they beat me sore indeed, I sent them help in time of need. Mine is indeed a curious history, And ever will remain a mystery. For few like me would scour give To those who scarce deserved to live. For doubtless thousands would have died, If I their wants had not supplied. But though to them I freely gave, By God's command, their lives to save. For me they showed no love or care, But left me in the desert there, To buffet still the winds and sun, As from my bosom life did run. But the ble-sings that I did furnish, Have helped the sacred page to burnish. In books of poetry sublime, You often find my name in rhyme. Now tell me children if you can, Of what,—a figure true,—I am. Point out my name, my place reveal, Nor do my character conceal.

Wilmot.

VAU.

A sweet story.

A somewhat singular discovery was made recently in a house in St. Louis. The *Argus* gives the following account of the story: "The inmates of one of our largest uptown mansion houses, a few days since, were surprised to find a large number of bees flying about in two of the upper rooms. As the little fellows continued to occupy the place, a bee naturalist was sent to investigate. On entering the rooms he exclaimed: 'You have honey somewhere here,' and proceeded to search for it. On removing the fire-board he discovered that one flue of the chimney was full of honey-comb, which was hanging down into the fire-place, and the honey dropping from it; proceeding to the top of the house to sound the chimney, he found the same; one flue of the chimney was full, and the bees

were industriously at work there also. These flues of the chimney had never been used; they were plastered smooth inside, and were perfectly dark, a stone having been placed on the top of each flue. The bees had descended the adjoining flues, and found small holes about ten inches from the top of the chimney, leading into the closed flues, and through these holes they made their way in and out. They have, as is supposed, occupied these places for three years, having been kept warm in the winter by the heat of the adjoining flues. On removing the fire-board, the bees, seeing the great light which had broken in upon them, descended to the room and gathered on the windows, until they were covered to thickness of three inches. It is estimated that there are in the two flues from 40,000 to 50,000 bees, and from 2000 to 3000 pounds of honey.

The marks on the sheep.

Every shepherd must have a flock, and so has Jesus Christ. I once saw a flock in a valley near Jerusalem, and the shepherd went before them and called the sheep, and they knew his voice and followed him. I said, This is the way Jesus leads his sheep.

In almost every flock the sheep are all marked, in order that the shepherd may know them. The mark is often made with tar on the woolly back of the sheep. Some times it is the first letter of the owner's name. The use of the mark is that they may not be lost when they wander among other sheep. So it is with the flock of Jesus. Every sheep and lamb of his has two marks. Do you know what they are?

One mark is made with the blood of Jesus.—Every sheep and lamb of Christ's flock was once altogether unclean and defiled with sin. But every one of them has gone to Jesus and been washed in his blood, and they are clean, like sheep "come up from the washing." They can all say, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Have you this mark, dear child? Look and see.—You can never go to heaven unless you have.—Every one there has "washed his robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

Another mark is made by the Holy Spirit.—This is not a mark you can see outside, like the mark on the white wool of the sheep. It is deep in the heart, where God's eye only can penetrate. It is a new heart. "A new heart will I give you." This the Holy Spirit gives to all that believe. Have you a new heart, dear child? You can never go to heaven without it. "If any one have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." A little boy who was a lamb in Christ's fold, had a playmate who told a lie. It grieved him very much, and he told him he could never come and play with him again until he was a better boy. His mother asked him how he could tell when Alfred was a better boy. "I shall soon see some marks of it," said he. "And what marks will you know by?" asked his mother. "I think," replied the little boy, "the biggest mark will be that he loves God." Oh yes, for a "new heart" is always a heart loving God.

Pray for these two marks of the lambs of Jesus—forgiveness through his blood, and a new heart. Be in earnest to get them, and get them now. Soon the great Shepherd will come to put his sheep on his right hand, and the goats will be set on his left.

Where will you be in that day?—*Child's paper.*

Temperance.

HOW SHALL I DROP TOBACCO?

1. Don't trifle with the habit as a thing of little consequence. Nothing is contemptible, nothing should be treated as puerile, which conquers you and your fellow-men.
2. Don't imagine you can drop it by degrees. The idea of using less and less, till the habit tapers down to nothing, is well nigh ridiculous.
3. Use no substitutes. Men of distinction, whose names are at hand, have recommended spices, hemp, pitch-pine, paper saturated in tar and even tobacco of bad quality. These gentlemen, for the most part, however, found them of no service, in their own case; for, in spite of substitutes, they died as they lived, using tobacco.
4. Don't try to give it up, but give it up. Unless you have considerable grit and will of your own, you will find trying and doing a different thing, in killing off this kind of appetites.

WARNING TO THE INTEMPERATE.

Charles Lamb tells his sad experience as a warning to young men, in the following language:

"The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have set a foot on the perilous flood. Could the youth, to whom the flavour of the first wine is delicious as the opening season of life or the entering upon some newly-discovered Paradise; look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when he shall feel himself going down a precipice, with open eyes and passive will to his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet feel it all the way emanating from himself; to see all godliness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise, to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with the last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for to-night's repetition of the folly; could he but feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feeble outcry to be delivered it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

The Teacher.

FAITHFUL PROMISES.

All parents desire to see their children grow up virtuous and respected; all christian parents certainly desire to see them become pious as well. Indeed this is, or should be, the absorbing desire and effort of heart and life. Can it be accomplished? Can this desire be realized? And how? To be a christian, experimentally and really, is not the offspring of a wish; it is not a mere image of the fancy. It is a great fact in human character and destiny—a great moral reality. We can do many things directly for our children, but we cannot make them christians. We can, however, procure the blessings of God's grace for them. Is not the great Father of our spirits a faithful promiser? Will he not perform his word to his children? And those who comply with his conditions, and obey his commands, shall they not see his salvation? Thus it has been ever of old, "Know therefore that the Lord thy God,—he is God,—the faithful God, which keepeth covenant and mercy with them that love him and keep his commandments, to a thousand generations."

A short time since we were present at a funeral. An aged christian mother had passed from among the living. Her venerable and bereaved companion, with whom she had lived partaker of domestic cares and joys for more than half a century, sat at the head of the coffin. Ten children still lived to mourn the loss of a mother revered and loved. One had gone to the grave before her, removed by sudden casualty. A large circle of grand-children, and several great-grand-children that pious mother had lived to see before she passed away. She and her companion had been for about half a century sincere and devout followers of Christ. Simple and plain in their manners and habits of life, without ostentation or vain show, quietly and prayerfully they had pursued their way, believing God and serving him. And in all this they had received the end of their faith. They consecrated their children in prayer and faith to the Lord; taught them his precepts, trained them according to his commands, and trusted him for the rest. The result of their faith and God's fidelity was stated in remarks at the funeral services. Every one of the children had become professing christians, and members of christian churches, as also had each of their husbands and wives, and in like manner, each grand-child of mature years. Was not God a faithful promiser to them?

Nor is this a solitary case. Many such bear witness to the Divine fidelity. None have trusted him and been deceived.—But why are there so few such cases? Why so few children of christian parents early brought into the ark and covenant of mercy and grace in Christ Jesus? But one answer can be given: they fail to obey his counsels, and to trust his promises. Many parents grieve exceedingly over the impenitency and waywardness of their children, amazed that they are not converted as well as others, when they have utterly neglected the training which might by divine favor, have secured it, and as utterly failed to exercise a confiding trust in God. He is pleased to be importuned and desires to be trusted. His faithful promises are the comfort of his saints and the staff on which they lean.—*Mother's Journal.*

WHO HELPED YOU?

I had often noticed how attentive little Harry was in school, and how good he was in church, and how glad he was if I gave him a hymn to learn, or heard him say a psalm when I called to see his mother, or his brother, or sister, all three of whom died in consumption. I was very fond of him, and used to look lovingly at him as he sat with a bright pink flush on his pale face, and his flashing eyes like stars fixed earnestly on his book. "He was so thin and small that the black clothes he had worn for his mother hung loosely on him. One Sabbath I said to him: 'Harry, have you found the verses?'"

Now the way he was taught was thus: he had a subject given him, such as "Jesus Christ loved little children," and he had to find proofs of it in the New Testament. He came up looking in his usual serious, earnest way, with his Bible in his hand. I looked at the paper on which he had marked down his texts, while he turned them out, and I was surprised to see how very suitable they were; if the minister had selected them they could not have been better chosen. I began to think he must have had help, and I said: "Harry, did any one help you to find these texts?"

He looked at me and said, "Yes, ma'am." I was pleased for I thought "how sincere this child is; he will not tell an untruth." And then I began to think, who could have helped him? His mother is in heaven. His father? There was little hope that he had done it; nor had he a brother or sister who knew as much as himself.

I said to him, "Harry, dear, who helped you?" I never shall forget his earnest expression as he fixed his bright eyes on me and said, "God, ma'am." Here then, I thought, is a truly Christian child; not only an amiable, affectionate child, but one taught by the Holy Ghost, who asks the Spirit's help to understand God's word.—*S. S. Teachers' Journal.*

The heart that soars upward escapes little cares and vexations: the birds that fly high have not the dust of the road upon their wings.

Wise men are instructed by reason, men of less understanding by experience, the most ignorant by necessity, and the beast by nature.

Agriculture, &c.

THE KEEPING OF GOATS.

The increase of goats within a few years, in some sections of the county, has been noticed by many people. We do not allude to the introduction of goats which are valued chiefly for their coat, but to such as are kept for their milk. They belong chiefly to Irish families, and are undoubtedly of great service in furnishing milk at comparatively little cost. Under some circumstances the goat has many advantages over the cow. It can be kept almost anywhere, and the coarsest herbage—such as would be rejected by any other animal—suffices to support it. The leaves and tender twigs of trees and shrubs are eaten by it with avidity. In fact it is almost an indiscriminate feeder, cropping even poisonous plants with apparent relish and entire impunity. We frequently see it eat the leaves of the wild cherry, which is so poisonous to the cow, and even hemlock and water-hemlock are not rejected. It is a singular fact, too, that no kind of herbage perceptibly affects the goat's milk. The milk of the cow if often rendered unpalatable by a mess of turnip tops or cabbage leaves; but none of these things affect the milk of the goat. Even onion tops given to the goat at night are said to impart no taste to the milk given by it the next morning.

According to Low, a goat will give an average of two quarts of milk a day, for three months after producing young. After this the quantity will gradually diminish, and the animal should be allowed to go dry for six weeks or two months before giving birth to another kid. The milk is said to be richer than that of the cow, and children which are accustomed to drink it, give it a decided preference. It is considered very wholesome, and less likely to curdle on the stomach than cows' milk. For tea and coffee it is much esteemed.

In the mountainous districts of Wales, Ireland, and other countries, goats are kept in large numbers. They are regularly milked, and the milk, sometimes combined with that of the cow and sheep, is made into cheese. The flesh of the young goat is highly esteemed, and that of the castrated males, when they are well fattened, is said to be equal to venison. The fat is very hard and white, and is preferred to any other for candles.

But it is chiefly for yielding milk to families who cannot keep a cow that the goat is to be recommended in this country. It is not unusual that there are extensive tracts of poor, stony land near our manufacturing towns and villages, producing little vegetation except huckleberry bushes and briars, on which the goat would live well. It might kill out the shrubs after a while, but grass would take their place wherever the soil is good enough for it. Goats can also, as we see every day, be tethered by the road-side, or on the border of the garden, and thus subsist on grass which would otherwise be wasted. They must not run at large where there are small trees and shrubs which it is wished to preserve. In winter the coarsest hay, corn fodder, or straw, with a few cabbage leaves, turnips, or other roots, will maintain them.—*Boston Cultivator.*

THE LATE PRINCE ALBERT'S FARM.

Prince Albert's farm is situated near Windsor Castle, about twenty miles southwest of the city, occupies one thousand acres, one hundred of which are never plowed, and is wooded and sown with orchard grass, top-dressed every four years with liquid manure. The arable land is subsoiled every two or three years with four enormously large Scotch horses, driven tandem; rotation of crops much the same as ours, without the Indian corn.

Barley and oats are crushed in a mill driven by steam; eighty short horn and Alderney cows are kept; cow stalls made of iron; iron troughs always full of water in each stall with waste pipe to gutter behind them, and thence to the manure shed from which it is pumped into carts similar to ours for watering the streets, and sprinkled over the grass; keeps none but Suffolk and Berkshire pigs; prefers former on account of their taking on fat; as one of the swine-herds said: "A dale of a fat dale quicker."

The pig-pens are stone, and paved with stone, being lower in the centre, from which a pipe conducts the liquid manure to keep. In the garden I saw peach, apricot and plum trees, trained espalier; pine apples, strawberries and grapes, in all stages of growth; the latter finer than in countries to which they are indigenous, and ripe all the year round. Melons will not grow in the open air, but they have very fine in frames. Her Majesty must certainly tare sumptuously every day. There are forty-men to attend to the garden alone.

Mr. Tait, the gentlemanly manager of the farm, gave me every information desired. I also went to see the Queen's stables at Buckingham Palace; they would make more comfortable dwellings than two-thirds of the people of London live in. English farriers have found out that the upper part of the stall ought to be the lowest by two inches at least. There are in those stables one hundred and six horses. Her Majesty is partial to greys, and may be seen driving two in hand in Windsor Park. The Princess Alice drives four ponies, and is said to be an excellent horsewoman. I saw the eight cream-colored horses that draw Her Majesty at the time of opening or dissolving Parliament. Their harness is red morocco, gold mounted, cost \$10,000; and the State carriage cost \$95,000 ninety years ago.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

So long as we are among men, let us cherish humanity, and so live that no man may be either in fear or in danger of us.