

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN VI. 22-34: Christ walking on the sea. DEUT. VI. 4: Obedience the end of the law.

Recite—JOHN VI. 1-4.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22ND, 1862.

Read—JOHN VI. 35-52: Christ the bread of Life. Deut. VII. 1: Union with idolatrous nations forbidden.

Recite—JOHN VI. 27-29.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

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

- 151. Mention the instances recorded in the Old Testament of the dead being restored to life. 152. Give the texts in the New Testament which record restoration from the dead.

Answers to questions given last week:—

149. Obadiah. He "took 100 prophets, and hid them by 50 in a cave, and fed them with bread and water." 1 Kings xviii. 4.

150. Gen. xviii. 6; xix. 3. Judges vi. 19. Exodus xii. 15, 34.

The Builders.

BY LONGFELLOW.

"All are architects of fate, Working in these walls of Time; Some with massive deeds and great, Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low; Each thing in its place is best; And what seems but idle show, Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise, Time is with materials filled; Our to-days and yesterdays Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these; Leave no yawning gaps between; Think not, because no man sees, Such things will remain unseen.

In the olden days of art, Builders wrought with greatest care Each minute and unseen part; For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well, Both the unseen and the seen; Make the house where gods may dwell Beautiful, entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of time— Broken stairways, where the feet Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure, With a firm and ample base; And ascending and secure Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain To those turrets, where the eye Sees the world as one vast plain, And one boundless reach of sky."

An affecting incident.

A gentleman from Morristown, New York, recently related an incident of the death of a little boy. He was a Sabbath school boy. He was seized suddenly with diphtheria, and was soon speechless. Just before he died, his parents, with the doctor, stood by his side, but he could not utter a word. At length he looked up to his father, a sweet smile was on his face—he lifted his two hands, put the fore-finger of his hand into the palms of his hands, then touched his feet, then drew a line with his finger across his forehead, and sank back with a look of calm resignation. His father could not understand this movement, and, turning to the doctor, said, "What can that mean?" The doctor went up to the bed, and leaning over the form of the dying boy, said, "Do you mean the Saviour and what he suffered on the cross? A smile of grateful joy lighted up the pallid features. A slight inclination of the head gave the assent, and then he passed away to join the Saviour who calls the lambs of his fold, and carries them in his bosom. A more touching recognition of the wounded Redeemer, and his presence on a dying couch, I have seldom heard of.—Boston Journal.

New mode of making shoes.

Among the new things of the age, is the manufacture of shoes cementing together the pieces of leather of which they are composed. A shoe is thus made without a peg or a stitch, which it is said will never rip and cannot be torn apart in the seams, because the leather will tear first. A large company has been started for this manufacture at Ballard Vale, their process being to cement the shoes on common wooden lasts, and then dry them in ovens. But we understand an improved process has been invented, by which a pair of shoes can be completed in five minutes. The pieces are cemented on a hollow metallic last, into which steam is introduced by turning a cock, and its heat sets the cement almost instantaneously.—Boston Telegraph.

Saint Patrick.

In a small Christian village of Scotland, on the banks of the Clyde, there lived a pious deacon, who had a little son named Succat. Succat was bright boy, fond of frolic and of having his own way, much, I suppose, like many boys now-a-days. His mother liked him to be happy, therefore she tried to lead him to the Lord Jesus, for she well knew her son could be truly happy only as he possessed the obedient and loving temper of the Son of God. In the morning she taught him to pray by her side, and in the evening she told him "that sweet story of old," which was just as sweet and tender a thousand years ago as it is now; nor has it lost any of its sweetness in passing through the ages. Succat was born more than a thousand years ago, in the year 372 or thereabouts, when the light of the gospel in England and Scotland glimmered in only a few believing hearts and pious householders scattered about. The rest were heathen dark, very dark.

Succat turned his back on his mother's instructions, and became wild and wayward. At length the family moved from Scotland and went to Bretagne, where they lived by the sea-side. Succat and his sisters loved to play by the sea-side. One day as they were at play some distance from home, a boat full of pirates landed near them. The pirates stole Succat, and in spite of his cries hurried him on board their boat and sailed away. They took him to the Irish coast, and there sold him. Ireland was heathen then. Succat was a slave in a dark cruel land. Poor boy! His master sent him to the fields to look after his pigs. While he was alone in those wild, solitary pastures, with only swine to keep him company, Succat remembered the lessons of his pious mother. He thought of the sins of his youth, and cried bitterly. He thought of his mother's Saviour, and he wondered if the Lord Jesus would take pity on him. He fell on his knees and prayed for forgiveness. "Did God refuse to hear him! O no. God spoke peace to him, and Succat felt his hard, thoughtless heart leaving him, and a tender, penitent, humble, believing heart taking its place. That is the "new heart" spoken of in the Bible. Succat had no Bible. There was no printed Bible in those days, no priest, no pious friend, nobody to instruct or comfort him but God. God was his teacher. It was his Holy Spirit which enlightened the poor lad's mind.

"The love of God increased more and more in me," said he, "with faith and the fear of his name. The spirit urged me so, that I poured forth as many as a hundred prayers in one day; and even during the night, in the forests and on the mountains where I kept my flock, the rain and snow and frost and sufferings which I experienced excited me to seek more and more after God."

So that preachers or priests, or sacraments or rites, are none of them indispensable for the forgiveness of sins, and that peace of mind which comes from God alone. God can give it to the penitent soul anywhere.

At length Succat found means to escape, and made his way home. You can well imagine the joy of his parents, not only at his escape from slavery, but from the worse bondage of sin.

He did not, however, stay long. He felt an unconquerable desire to go back and preach the gospel in Ireland. His friends tried to divert him from it. It was in vain. Succat's mind was made up. He found his Saviour in Ireland he found forgiveness and true joy there; and now above all things he wanted to tell the Irish what an almighty Saviour had died upon the cross to redeem them. And Succat went, carrying his whole heart into the work.

He again landed on their shores, not as a slave, but a Christian freeman with the truth that could make them free. Everywhere he told the simple story of the cross. He collected the Pagan tribes in the fields and hollows by beat of drum, and preached Christ. His short and simple sermons touched their hearts, many souls were converted, and many a precious little company of believers dotted the Emerald isle.

This was the beginning of Christianity in Ireland, and Succat was by and by put into the Romish calendar of saints, and called Saint Patrick.

A cold heart "lit up."

In a recent interview with a devoted Bible woman, engaged in the laboring for poor mothers in an adjoining city, she related in her simple manner many incidents connected with her daily work of seeking to carry the word of life to the ignorant and erring. One of these facts contains a thought worthy of being treasured.

"I found an aged woman," she said, "bent with rheumatism, too old and feeble to go out, I asked her how was it with her soul. She told me she was a backslider," and had been for a great many years. When I arose to go, after my visit was over and I had prayed with her, I gave her the tract, Are you prepared? She has told me since, it seemed to come from God. When I called again, she was rejoicing in hope and praising God. She is a very nice old lady, but as she lives up in an attic room no one had ever found her before, to pay her a Christian visit or speak to her of her soul."

"Do you think she had ever been a Christian before this change?" was asked of the Bible-woman.

"Oh yes, I have no doubt that she was a Christian, but her heart got very cold, and the little tract just lit her up, and warmed her heart towards Jesus. She says that it seemed to drop from God with that question to her alone.—Are you prepared?"

We are all surrounded with cold hearts, warm

and loving to us, but cold to Jesus; and they need, it may be, but one spark of heaven's fire to kindle and revive them. To apply this spark demands little time or talent on our part. A Bible text, a look of love, a prayer, a faithful warning, a little tract, proffered from a warm heart glowing with the love of Christ, may serve, though we see it not at first, to "light up" in some precious soul a flame of love and zeal, which shall be like the sun, "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

Preparing a Sermon.

I have been sitting here for upward of an hour with a book on my knee, and upon that a piece of paper, whereon I have been noting down some thoughts for the sermon which I hope to write during this week, and to preach next Sunday in that little parish church of which you can see a corner of a gable through the oaks which surround the church-yard. I have not been able to think very connectedly, indeed; for two little feet have been pattering round me, and a little voice entreating that I should come and have a race upon the green. Of course I went; for, like most men who are not very bad, I have learned, for the little owner of the hands and the voice, to love every little child. Several times, too, I have been obliged to get up and make a dash at a very small weed which I discerned just appearing through the gravel; and and once or twice my man-servant has come to consult me about matters connected with the garden and the stable. My sermon will be the better for all these interruptions. I do not mean to say that it will be absolutely good, though it will be as good as I can make it; but it will be the better for the races with my little girl, and for thoughts about my horse, than it would have been if I had not been interrupted at all. The Roman Catholic Church meant it well, but it was far mistaken when it thought to make a man a better parish priest by cutting him off from domestic ties, and quite emancipating him from all the worries of domestic life.—That might be the way to get men who would preach an unpractical religion, not human in interest, not able to comfort, direct, sustain through daily cares, temptations and sorrows. But for preaching which will come home to men's business and bosoms; which will not appear to ignore those things which must of necessity occupy the greatest part of an ordinary mortal's thoughts; commend me to the preacher who has learned by experience what are human ties and what is human worry.—The Recreations of a Country Parson.

What to do with troubles.

When we are fully conscious that the cup of adversity lifted to our lips by the hand of God, is lifted by one who tenderly loves us, and whom we supremely love, it becomes sweet,—even as the waters of Marah became sweet when touched by the wand of the prophet. Says a great writer—alluding to a fact in natural history, "The cutting and irritating grain of sand, which by accident or incaution, has got within the shell of the pearl oyster, incites the living inmate to secrete from his own resources the means of coating the intrusive substance, and a pearl is the result. And is it not, or may it not be even so with the irregularities and unevenness of health and fortune in our own case? We too may turn diseases into pearls."

Personal effort of a heathen convert.

About five years ago, a Chinese, who had been converted through the labors of a colporteur, came to the missionaries at Hong Kong for instruction. He was instructed, baptized, and returned home. The next year he came bringing a new convert, and the two succeeding years, bringing each time two converts. Early in 1860 he came bringing nine converts. That year a missionary visited his place, and baptized forty-four more. This year the aged Christian came again with sixteen more. The missionaries soon visited his place, and found the people prepared for the gospel. A great number offered themselves for admission to the church, and a chapel and mission house were to be purchased and fitted up at once.

Unmarried Women.

I speculate much on the existence of unmarried and never-to-be-married women now-a-days; and I have already got to the point of considering that there is no more respectable character on this earth than an unmarried woman, who makes her way through life quietly, perseveringly, without support of husband or brother; and having attained the age of forty-five or upwards, retains in her possession a well regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, and fortitude to support inevitable pains, sympathy with the sufferings of others, and willingness to relieve want as far as her means extend.—Charlotte Bronte.

It is no wisdom to go to the edge of the precipice—the safe path is the middle of the right way.

God's word is certainly a restraint; but it is such a restraint as the wire which prevents children from getting into the fire.

Agriculture, &c.

June.

The gentle Spring came knocking at the door; And surly Winter gruffly bade her wait; Her timorous foot she placed upon the floor, But winter growl'd and show'd his wrinkled pate, And she, affrighted, swiftly fled away The southern winds invited her to stay, And she return'd and softly knock'd again, And nature smiled and beckon'd her to entre. Now round her pathway flowering beauties centre, And pleasure overfills the hearts of men. The Spring arrives at Summerhood in June, When flowers are young and beautiful and bright, And brooks and birds emit their sweetest tune, And longest is the day and balmiest is the night.

IS CLAY DUG FROM BENEATH THE SURFACE A FERTILIZER?

In digging a cellar, I threw out a quantity of stiff, hard clay, which was exposed to the air a few months before winter, and then was frozen and covered with snow. In the spring I set some cabbage and turnip plants in it, and they grew as well, looked as rank, and produced as much as if set in good rich soil; cucumbers, also, flourished exceedingly well. If this proves clay to be a fertilizer, those owning clay farms have an inexhaustible source of manure, and a great inducement to plow deep. J. H. M.

REMARKS.—Clay is an important fertilizer, especially when it contains magnesia, potash and lime, which it sometimes does. From the investigations of Mr. Thompson and Professor Way, "On the Absorbent Power of Soils," it has been ascertained that a subsoil, abounding in clay, loam, or mould, has not only the power of arresting ammonia, but of absorbing and retaining "everything which can serve as a manure for plants." The common, yellow earth, on the banks of the road side, is a fertilizer in a considerable degree and will sometimes bring fine crops.—Extracts and Replies in N. E. Farmer.

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.

A single instance of the foresight of a field mouse has just been brought under our cognizance. A person clearing the garden ground of Mr. Thos. Thompson, Dalkeith, Scotland, came upon a growing turnip, which he pulled up by the root. Guess his astonishment when he found that the turnip was completely hollowed out as neatly as if it had been done by the chisel of a joiner, and the interior filled by large garden beans. The work, from the size of the hole whence the inside of the turnip had been extracted, was manifestly that of a mouse, and the object, no doubt, of filling the interior with beans was to provide against hunger in the barren winter weather. Near the place where the turnip was growing there were several stalks of beans, upon which some pods had been left, and it is supposed that the "cute mouse had helped itself to these. We counted the beans in the turnip—a small one—and found that they amounted to no less than six dozen and two.—Scottish Farmer.

FOWL MANURE.

No manure obtained by the farmer is as valuable as the manure from the poultry house. Of this there is no question, "In what way is it best to use it?" This manure is made only in small quantities, and it may be that, as a general thing, much of this is wasted. It may be thrown with other manure, muck and refuse on the compost heap, but our plan is to save for special purposes, and we generally use it in the vegetable garden, where it is not only valuable, but exceeding convenient. When dry, it may be sown with onion or other seeds in the drills, at planting-time, and four or five quarts put into a barrel of rain water makes a most superb liquid manure for any beds of young plants that need stimulating. In this form we use it for our melons and cucumbers, as soon as they appear above ground, to put them out of the way of the "bugs," and on beds of cabbage, cauliflower plants, &c., for the same purpose. Celery plants after being set out in the trenches, may be hurried up amazingly by being watered two or three times a week with this liquid food. If magnificent sweet corn is wanted, half a pint of the dry hen dung, finely scattered in each hill, will give it, and no mistake. If you have been able to grow only hard, hot, wormy radishes, sow the seed in very shallow drills, (not too early) in a warm, sheltered place, then cover the bed with a thin dressing of coal ashes, and water with the liquid hen manure each alternate night, and if the season is as favorable as ordinary you will have no cause to repent the trial. A little charcoal dust is better than coal ashes.—Rural New-York.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.

Take two quarts of sweet skim milk, one table-spoonful of saleratus, one of salt, half a cup of molasses, put in equal quantities of rye and Indian meal until the dough is as stiff as can be conveniently stirred with a spoon, then put it into two two-quart tins. Place sticks across the bottom of the kettle to keep the water from the bread; place one of the tins on these, and the other in a tin steamer on the top of the same kettle, and let it steam three hours. The water should be kept boiling, while the bread is cooking. When done, put it in a warm oven long enough to dry the top of it, not bake it. Yeast can be used instead of saleratus, if any prefer it, but the bread must rise well before putting it in the kettle.