Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xvi. 17-33: Conclusion of Christ's discourse. DEUT. xxxiii. 13-29: The tribes' blessings.

Recite—JOHN xvi. 1-3.

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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.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

203. What was the last act of Christ on earth in the work of atonement?

204. Had any ascended to heaven before Christ?

Answers to questions given last week:—

201. *Matthew* says Mary Magdalene and the other Mary came to see the sepulchre—Matt. xxviii. 1. *Mark* says Salome was with them, and that they brought sweet spices to annoint Jesus.—Mark xvi. 1. *Luke* says Joanna, the wife of Herod's steward, was with them.—Luke xxiv. 10. *John* only mentions Mary Magdalene. *Matthew* says they saw an angel setting on the stone at the door of the sepulchre. *Mark* says they saw a young man in the sepulchre, sitting on the right side. *Luke* says two men stood by them in shining garments.

202. They are perfectly reconcilable. They might all have been present, while some names are mentioned by one and others by the others. Some call the angels men, as they had been frequently called by that name in other parts of Scripture. See Gen. xviii. 2: xvi. 3: xix. 1, 5.

"Can ye help us a bit?"

The following stirring appeal on behalf of the distressed operatives in Lancashire, has been addressed to the workingmen of Victoria, New South Wales, by Mr. W. Stitt Jenkins, of Geelong:—

A "LANCASHIRE LAD" has been writing
Long letters at home to the press—
He tells how America's fighting
Has plunged in the direst distress
The men and the women and children—
The hands of the mill and the pit;
Heartbroken and famished they wander,
And cry, "Can ye help us a bit?"

No more at the bell's cheery ringing
We hurry away to the mill;
At our labor no longer we're singing,
The loom and the shuttle are still;
Lord, lead us not into temptation,
To thee, in our sorrow, we cry,
Oh! stretch forth thine arm o'er our nation,
Send succor, or thousands must die.

"Can ye help us a bit," O our brothers,
Who far from old England have fled?
Can ye help the poor fathers and mothers,
And children that perish for bread?
Can ye help us across the wide ocean,
For all kinds of work we are fit;
Dear friends, with the wildest emotion
We cry, "Can ye help us a bit?"

We are willing to work—oh! how willing!—
But work can no longer be had,
And gone is our very last shilling,
And hunger is driving us mad.
Ah! think of our sad desolation,
And say you can help us to flit
From wretchedness, woe, and starvation—
Can ye help us dear sisters, a bit?

To you, O our sisters! we're crying—
Can you spare some help from your store?
Alas! we are starving and dying,
And your eyes shall behold us no more.
Ah! say, can you revel in riches,
Or peacefully sleep on your bed,
While thousands of Lancashire "witches"
Are begging for morsels of bread!

Is it true—the fine tales they are telling
Of rivers and mountains of gold?
And that in the land where you're dwelling
Is room for the young and the old?
That there, in contentment reclinging,
Each man 'neath his fig-tree may sit,
While we with grim hunger are pining?
Oh! try; "Can ye help us a bit?'

It's very hard.

"IT'S very hard to have nothing to eat but bread and milk, when others have every sort of nice things," muttered Charlie, as he sat with his wooden bowl before him. "It's very hard to have to get up so early on these cold mornings, and work hard all day, when others can enjoy themselves without an hour of labor. It's very hard to have to trudge along through the snow, while others roll about in their coaches."

"It's a great blessing," said his grandmother, as she sat at her knitting—"it's a great blessing to have food, when so many are hungry; to have a roof over one's head, when so many are homeless. It's a great blessing to have sight, and hearing, and strength for daily labor, when so many are blind, deaf, or suffering."

"Why, grandmother, you seem to think that nothing is hard," said the boy, still in a grumbling tone.

"No, Charlie, there is one thing that I think very hard."

"What's that?" cried Charlie, who thought that at last his grandmother had found some cause for complaint.

"Why, boy, I think *that heart is very hard* that is not thankful for so many blessings."

The Waters and the shadow.

Victor Hugo thus describes the condition of one who, by crime, has cast himself out of the pale of society. We would answer the inquiry at the close in the words of St. Paul: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord."

A man overboard!

What matters it! the ship does not stop. The wind is blowing—that dark ship must keep on her destined course. She passes away.

The man disappears, she reappears; he plunges and rises again to the surface, he calls, he stretches out his hands, they hear him not; the ship, staggering under the gale, is straining every rope, the sailors and passengers see the drowning man no longer; his miserable head is but a point in the vastness of the billows.

He hurls cries of despair into the depths. What a spectre is that disappearing sail! He looks upon it, with frenzy. It moves away; it grows dim; it diminishes. He was there but just now, he was one of the crew, he went and came upon the deck with the rest, he had his share of the air and of the sunlight, he was a living man. Now, what has become of him? He slipped, he fell, and it is finished.

He is in the monstrous deep. He has nothing under his feet but the yielding, fleeting element. The waves, torn and scattered by the wind, close round him hideously; the rolling of the abyss bears him along; shreds of water are flying about his head; a populace of waves spit upon him; confused openings half swallow him; when he sinks he catches glimpses of yawning precipices full of darkness; fearful unknown vegetations sieze upon him, bind his feet, and draw him to themselves; he feels that he is becoming the great deep; he makes part of the foam; the billows toss him from one to the other; he tastes the bitterness; the greedy ocean is eager to devour him; the monster plays with his agony. It seems as if all this were liquid hate.

But yet he struggles.

He tries to defend himself; he tries to sustain himself; he struggles; he swims. He—that poor strength that fails so soon—he combats the unfailing.

Where now is the ship? Far away yonder. Hardly visible in the pallid gloom of the horizon.

The wind blows in gusts; the billows overwhelm him. He raises his eyes, but sees only the livid clouds. He, in his dying agony, makes part of this immense insanity of the sea. He is tortured to his death by its immeasurable madness. He hears sounds which are strange to man, sounds which seem to come not from earth, but from some frightful realm beyond.

There are birds in the clouds, even as there are angels above human distresses, but what can they do for him? They fly, sing, and float, while he is gasping.

He feels that he is buried at once by those two infinities, the ocean and the sky; the one is a tomb, the other a pall.

Night descends; he has been swimming for hours, his strength is almost exhausted; that ship, that far off thing, where there were men, is gone; he is alone in the terrible gloom of the abyss; he sinks, he strains, he struggles, he feels beneath him the shadowy monsters of the unseen, he shouts.

Men are no more. Where is God?

He shouts. Help! help! He shouts incessantly.

Nothing in the horizon. Nothing in the sky.

He implores the blue vault, the waves, the rocks; all are deaf. He supplicates the tempest; the imperturbable tempest obeys only the Infinite.

Around him are darkness, storm, solitude, wild and unconscious tumult, the ceaseless tumbling of the fierce waters; within him, horror and exhaustion; beneath him, the engulphing abyss. No resting place. He thinks of the shadowy adventures of his lifeless body in the limitless gloom. The biting cold paralyzes him. His hands clutch spasmodically, and grasp at nothing. Winds, clouds, whirl-winds, blasts, stars—all useless! What shall he do?

He yields to despair; worn out, he seeks death; he no longer resists; he gives himself up; he abandons the contest, and he is rolled away into the dismal depths of the abyss forever.

O implacable march of human society! Destruction of men and of souls marking its path! Ocean, where fall all that the law lets fall! Ominous disappearance of aid! O moral death!

The sea is the inexorable night into which the penal law casts its victims. The sea is the measureless misery.

The soul drifting in that sea may become a corpse. Who shall restore it to life?

GODWARD AND MANWARD.—"Is Mr. Jones good?" said a bank officer to a director, the other day. "That depends on whether you mean God-ward or man-ward," was the answer. "God-ward," continued the director. "Mr. Jones is good. No man in our church is sounder in the faith, or prays oftener in our meetings, or is more benevolent, according to his means. But man-ward, I am sorry to say Mr. Jones is rather tricky."

Mr. Jones is here used as a name for many men in the church. They are a reproach to the name of religion. They cause the church to be evil spoken of, and do more harm to the interests of Christ's kingdom, than a score of open enemies.

The Scotch Baker in London.

A rotund, full-priced baker, who was in the habit of bringing his miserable debtors into "Westminster Court of requests," one day stepped into the plaintiff's box with papers and ledger in hand, to make his claim for twenty-five shillings, for bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard.

A tall, young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla, and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be either eighteen or twenty-eight; the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early privation or sorrow, prevented a closer approximation to the truth.

A commissioner. Is the amount disputed?

Young Lady. Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the amount at once.

Chairman. How will you pay it?

Young Lady. I have five shillings to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half a crown a week.

Commissioner. The bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it difficult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill.

Young Lady. Appearances are deceitful.—It is equally distressing to my father and myself to ask for even one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means.

Baker, (pocketing the money.) Two and sixpence a week is not enough. To gang about toon with a grand boa, an' a fine silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and a cotton goon, because the likes o' ye will eat an honest mon's bread wi'oot paying for't. That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun have cost, may be, sax gowden guineas.

"It is true," said the young lady, coloring, "my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress at less cost I would do so; but upon a respectable exterior in my part, as a teacher of music, depends the subsistence of a sick father and two young sisters. [The baker shut his book abruptly, and thrust his papers in his pocket.] As for the boa you allude to, that was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to pay you the five you have received, and to provide for those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for the last week. The tippet I have on was lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet and cold."

"Well, Mr. Baker," said the Chairman, in a tone of compassion, "perhaps you will agree to the young lady's terms"

"O, ay!" said the baker, "twa and saxpence a month. Pit it down if ye weel."

Chairman. Two and sixpence a week was offered.

"Make it just what ye like," said the baker.

The order was made and handed to the young lady. As she was leaving the court the baker stopped her:—

"Gie me your hand o' that bit o' paper," said the baker. The request was complied with.

"Noo," said the baker, thrusting some silver into her hand, "tak back your croon piece, and dinna fash yourself ava wi' the weekly payment. Ye shall hae a four pund loaf ilka day at my shope and ye may pay me just when ye're able and if I never get the siller, may be I'll never miss it; but mind, young leddy," said he angrily, "gin ye deal wi' any ither baker, I's pit this order in force agin ye're father."

The young lady looked her gratitude. The baker had vanished.

Agriculture, &c.

DECEMBER.

Winter reclines his head upon the lap
Of Autumn; and his snowy locks he flings
Upon her bosom. Closely doth he wrap
His arms around her, till her quiverings
Subside in death. His voice breaks forth in wild
And piteous howls, as if he mourn'd the death
Of the meek one who perish'd at his breath.
Stern on his brow the angry clouds are piled,
And bitter are his rage and vengeful spite;
And seamen on the rocky coast at night
Fall victims to his ire. At times he seems
To put away his wrath, and melting tears
Run down his icy cheeks in copious streams;
But soon anew the icy freeze, and all his rage appears.

THE WAY TO PLOW WET GROUND IN THE FALL.

As farmers cannot complete all their underdrains in one year, nor usually in ten years, there is a mode of plowing wet fields in autumn which will improve very much the friability of the soil, and thus be the means of producing a much larger and better crop the next season than when plowing is performed in the usual way.

The first consideration is to lay out the lands for plowing, up and down the slope, as nearly as may be. The slope is sometimes in a diagonal direction across the field, and sometimes a field does not all slope in one direction. But where the ground is decidedly wet the lands should be up and down the slope, so that the middle furrows may carry off the surplus water more readily than they would were they made *across* the slope.

When wet land is plowed *across* the slope in late autumn, the surplus water will be retained in a great measure by settling across the lands, from one middle furrow towards another, by which the soil will be kept well saturated and sometimes completely flooded with water.

In case a field should slope gradually from two directions, and form a shallow valley, the true way would be to plow a land in the lowest part of the valley, and then let the middle furrows of all the lands, up and down the slope or slopes, empty into the main middle furrow.

Now that the work is laid out, the next step will be to execute it. If the ground is sod-ground, the plowing should be performed—if it be done with a single plow—with lapped furrow-slices, and not with the furrow-slices laid flat. And more than this, the plowing should be done in narrow lands—not more than sixteen or eighteen feet in width. Then, after every land has been finished, adjust the plow for running as deep as the team can draw it, and cut the middle furrows six or eight inches deeper than the rest of the plowing.

After this has been done let the middle furrows be shovelled out, so as to form a free channel for the water, and let the earth which is shovelled out, be spread evenly each way from the middle furrows, over the ridges.

One active man with a good round-pointed shovel will shovel out a long line of such furrows in a day; and the good effect upon the crops next season where wet land is treated in this manner will amply remunerate for the labor bestowed. This kind of work can be performed when the weather is so unfavorable and cold that workmen can do little or nothing else to good advantage.—*Country Gentleman.*

INFLUENCE OF SUNLIGHT UPON STOCK.

How few, even for a moment, are willing to give this subject the attention it deserves. To suppose that an animal confined in a dark, damp, unventilated stable will thrive, and be able to yield the same profit that it would if occupying a place the reverse of these, is to suppose an impossibility. Disease, though it may not at first be apparent to the eye, is, nevertheless, doing its work, and in some way will make itself felt to the loss of the owner.

Hogs that have their pens so made that the sunlight can be freely admitted thrive better and are more easily fattened than when confined in pens where the rays of the sun never penetrate. So with horses. Serious diseases are engendered from badly constructed stables. The horse is fond of fresh air and light, and his stable should be provided with the means of thorough ventilation and the admission of the sun's rays. He enjoys these quite as much as his master, and it seems thoughtless and cruel to deprive so good a servant of that which costs nothing, but yet serves to make him happier and more contented with his lot in life. Doubtless animals, like men, have their gloomy days, in which things are turned topsy-turvy; and could their feelings be expressed in words we doubtless should hear sad stories of their being compelled, under the whip, to do heavy and exhausting work when sick, and of being deprived of comforts through the ignorance and thoughtlessness of those who have them in care.

If any one doubts that sunlight has a beneficent influence on health and spirits, let him compare his feelings during a long term of cloudy, wet weather, and then again, when every day is pleasant with warm, bright sunshine. The difference, we think, will be observable, at least with most persons.—*Dairy Farmer.*

MAKING BUTTER.—Here are three very essential points in butter-making: have the cream sweet, work out every particle of the butter-milk, and pack so as to exclude the air.

The silent Mills, or Lancashire in October, 1862.

Under this heading a long and interesting article appears in the November number of *The Christian Spectator* from the pen of the esteemed editor. The following extract will be read with deep interest:—

"Early in the morning I set out in company with the Chairman of the Relief Committee for the township of Hulme, a suburb of Manchester, numbering a population of 80,000 souls, on a visit of inspection to some of the Sewing-schools of his own district. He informed me that there are at this time 15,000 persons wholly out of work in Manchester alone, besides a large number of persons working half-time, and requiring aid. Of these the larger proportion are women, and girls. These statements sounded terribly enough when presented in this summary and abstract form. Their full meaning was apprehended only when the eye rested upon the details. Our first call was at the house of the Working Men's Institute, now wholly devoted to the purposes of a Sewing-school. I was here introduced to Mr. Birch, an *employe* in a Manchester warehouse, who originated the system which is now saving from starvation and demoralisation many thousands of the young women of Lancashire. Mr. Birch is a person of too much character and intelligence to be injured as to his motives by public approbation, and it may therefore be said here, as it is said everywhere in Manchester, that he has indeed deserved very well of every one of his fellow-citizens. With him we found in council, in a side-room roughly furnished, two considerable manufacturers, gentlemen who were devoting this early hour to deliberation on the possibility of doing something for the 'Lancashire lads,' as they had already done so much for the 'lasses.' An experiment was to be made of opening a large room, well-lighted and warmed, supplied with papers, draught-boards, story-books, and other devices for lightening the hours of sorrowful men, with an ante-room for smokers, 'the tobacco not to be furnished by the relief-fund.'