

## Youth's Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVI. 64-75: Christ denied by Peter. ExODUS XVIII. 1-12: Jethro's visit to the camp of Israel.

Recite—MATTHEW XXVI. 57, 58.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9TH, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVII. 1-10: Death of Judas. ExODUS XVIII. 13-27: Jethro's counsel to Moses.

Recite—MATTHEW XXVII. 64-66.

## "SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

113. Name a master, who, at the expense of his life, went in pursuit of two runaway slaves.

114. What text shows the heinous crime of slavery in its threefold form, and say what penalty God enjoined for either.

Answers to questions given last week:—

111. That of the widow's son of Zarephath, by Elisha. 1 Kings xvii. 17-24.

112. Jehoram. Once before the battle of Ramoth Gilead, in which Ahab was killed; compare 1 Kings xxii. 31, with 2 Kings i. 17, and 2 Kings iii. 1. Once upon his father's going to war against the Moabites, and again on his father's death. 2 Chron. xxi. 5; 2 Kings viii. 17.

## Our Reward.

"Father, you know my school term ends in a week, and then school will be over for me. I am sure I am fitted for college. Do you think there is any chance of my being able to go?"

I paused in my writing, and looked sadly at my boy. He was my eldest son, and poor as I had always been, by pinching economy just making the ends meet with the small salary which my church gave me, I had thus far given him every advantage of education our little village afforded. And I had fondly hoped that in my own illustrious *Alma Mater* he would complete the course of study he had so well begun. It was the only legacy I could hope to leave him—a cultivated mind. That he might follow in his father's footsteps and devote himself to the service of the Master—a service which experience had taught me might have its cares and its poverty of earthly riches, but still was opulent in spiritual treasures, and of a dignity unequalled—had been our prayer since first we looked upon his baby face.

We had gladly diminished our personal wants that Ernest might have his books. Coats had been worn till the fashion was far past and the nap well gone. Dresses had been worn out once, rejuvenated, and worn out again. Little luxuries had been dispensed with. The pastor's library could have few additions to its scanty store. Ernest must be well educated. The younger children must have advantages. We—father and mother—are of the generation that is passing away. They are of the generation that is coming on. We must yield to them. Our life is in them. We have lacked advantages which our sacrifices shall give them. And proudly do we accept the privilege of working for them.

But to the point. Is there any chance of our being able to send this studious, talented boy to college? Ah, can we farther economize? Is there any possibility of my poor salary holding out to meet the increased expense of his college board and tuition, and pay the demands of my growing family? I cannot, cannot however sanguine I may be, see any hope of such a thing.

Thinking of these things, I did not answer the question Ernest put me. But catching his bright eye, I raised my head from my hand, and said as cheerfully as I could: "Ernest, I can see no prospect now of my having means to send you to college, but God is good, and He has cared for us well hitherto. I am sure He will do what is best for you. And there, my son, we must leave it."

"I know how it is, father, and I did not expect to go. No; I am going to help myself now. I should like to go to college, but I would rather earn my living. I must get a place. What do you advise me to go into?"

"My dear Ernest, we must not give this up so early. I trust I may yet find means to send you to college. I am sure I can get you a scholarship, and your board and books. You know you might do something by teaching in vacations."

"I don't give anything up, father. I want to do something for myself."

"You know, Ernest, I have wished to educate you, and how much your mother expects of you, and how grieved we will both be if you cannot go to college."

"But I will try something else for a while at least, and perhaps, I may be able to earn enough to send myself to college. Other fellows have done it, and why not I?"

Further talking with the youth, I found he was resolved that we should not sacrifice any more for his sake. So that evening, my Mary and I talked the matter over. It was a terrible blow for us, but it seemed almost necessary that it should be so. Any way, we determined to wait on Providence. There was a long summer vacation between this and the beginning of the college term, and before that something might turn up. And so we rested the case.

For two weeks our household went on as quietly as ever. There was the same round of duties. There was the same careful economy, the

little consultations over expenditures, the wifely encouragement, the perplexities of a pastor's office, the studying, the ministering to the sick and dying—it was a simple routine of life, but it was a happy one.

At last, one morning when Ernest came up from the post office with the letters, I saw his face was flushed with excitement, and pleasure beaming in his eye. He handed me my own letters, and seeing my questioning glance, hastily pulled a note out of a broken envelope and put it before me. It was from a gentleman in New York, who had two summers before spent some time in the village, and with whom I had become quite intimate. A son of his had been sent to the village academy and was a school fellow and loved companion of Ernest's. It seems that previous to the vacation and the departure of Alfred Morris, Ernest had confided to him his plans, and had received a promise that his friend would use his influence with his father, who was a leading merchant, to get him a place in New York. Ernest had written soon after his talk with me, reminding Alfred of his promise, and this letter from the father was the result:

New York, Aug. 15, 18—.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:—My son Alfred tells me that you are desirous of getting a situation in New York, where you may do something to make yourself independent. I honor your ambition, and fully appreciate the delicacy of feeling which has induced you to make an application to me without first consulting with your father. But being aware how great has been his desire that you should be educated, I advise you to consult with him and be governed by his wishes in what you do. If he is willing, I shall be pleased to take you into my store as assistant entry clerk, with a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year. You may come as soon as it is convenient for you, and will make my house, at No. — street, your home for the present. Alfred encloses a note for you.

Yours, &amp;c.

R. B. MORRIS.

I looked at the beaming face of my son, tears already in my eyes, and to his quick asking, "You'll let me go, won't you father?" I could only respond, "God go with you, my son."

In family conclave that evening we carefully weighed the new question. There were many misgivings, but Ernest at length triumphed. Two busy weeks were spent in preparing him an outfit for his new sphere. A fond mother attentively considered all his wants, and as best she could, provided for them. Many tears fell into that little trunk in which she packed his clothes and as the packer knelt at her work there often went up anxious petitions for the protection of a firstborn son from the temptations of the great city.

At last the day came,—the buggy kindly lent us to carry him to the station was at the door—and first kissing the little crowd of sisters that afterwards stood at the gate to throw him parting kisses, the brave boy with a quivering lip drove off, his father and mother parting with him at the cars, the tears not obeying the effort of his young will to keep them back,—and then we drove home to pray for him.

Two years have passed since Ernest left us. It is the closing days of August. The country is rich with its ripened and ripening harvests. Round about the parsonage roses are blossoming, and the honeysuckle that climbs high up over my study window sends fragrance to me as I sit musing at my desk. I glance at the bare room, with its scanty furniture of books, and feel prouder of this poor show than if shelf and desk and floor groaned under the weight of the choicest literature of all time. For in the nakedness and poverty I see VICTORY! God is good. He has sustained us.

And now the rumbling stage drops a passenger at our door. "Mother,"—"My son," and then comes the father's turn to greet the tall, handsome youth, taller and handsomer than when he left us two years ago, Ernest, with the same honest eye, the same clear, high forehead, the same cheery voice, and thank God! the same guileless heart—aye more—now Ernest my son and my brother—my brother in the Lord. When the simple supper is finished and we have talked together of his adventures, and have told our little of family and village news and incidents, I look suggestively at the pastor's wife, and say:

"Ernest, I hope you have done as you intended, and have kept up your Latin and Greek."

"Yes, as well as I could, and tutoring Charley Morris has kept me from entirely rusting over. But I am afraid that a year or two more of business will wipe out my little classical learning."

"But Ernest, what say you now of undertaking a college course?"

"O, father, I know what you want, you want to sacrifice something more for me. But no, I am doing well. I am satisfied and hope before long to help you more instead of having you help me. No, I have given up all idea of college."

"But Ernest," and my voice trembled a little with excitement and I could see tears in the eyes of the pastor's wife, "we are plenty able to send you now."

"Why father, it cannot be."

"Yes, Ernest, I have already enough for more than a year at college if you spend it economically—and after that we can trust in God. Four hundred dollars is enough to start on."

"Four hundred dollars—why father!"

It was easily explained. The sums which Ernest had carefully saved from his salary and sent to us had been quite large in the aggregate. Boarding in the family of Mr. Morris, who insisted upon considering his tuition of a young

son of his an equivalent, he had sent all he earned except barely enough to pay necessary expenses. These sums we had carefully laid by for him. He had intended them for our use, but we had learned to have few wants—and no desire so great as that of educating our eldest boy. To the \$250 he had sent us, I had by the produce of the efforts of my pen succeeded in collecting \$150 more, and hence the FOUR HUNDRED. Well might I triumph.

And so Ernest went to college, and there he is now. We proudly hear of his successes. But more do we triumph and rejoice that we know he has consecrated all to the service of his Lord and, obedient to the Divine call, is fitting himself to enter into His ministry.

Have not we an abundant reward? How sweet seem sacrifice and denial, for God has granted us our prayer.

PASTOR.—W. &amp; R.

## "Excesse in Apparrill."

In the early history of New England are some curious specimens of legislation, among which is that relating to dress. It is found in the Records of the Colony of the Massachusetts Bay, and bears date 14th October, 1651. It will interest the reader, as showing what was worn by the fashionables more than two hundred years ago, what ideas of style and extravagance prevailed, and what restraints it was thought fit to impose upon the love of fine things. We give the original orthography also, which shows, we think, that the former times were not in all respects better than these. Here is the law:

"Although several declarations and orders have bin made by this Court against excesse in apparrill, both of men and women, which hath not yet taken that effect which were to be desired, but in the contrary we cannot but to o'regreife take notice that intollerable excesse and brauery hath crept in vpon vs, & especially amongst people of meane condition, to the dishon'r of God, the scandall of o'r p'fession, the consumption of estates, & altogether vsutable to o'r povertie; & although we acknowledge it to be a matter of much difficultie, in regard of the blindness of mens mindes & the stuburnnes of their wills, to set downe exact rules to confine all sorts of p'sons, yet we cannot but accompt it o'r duty to comend vnto all sorts of p'sons a sober & moderate vse of those blessings, which, beyond o'r expectation, the Lord hath been pleased to affo d vnto vs in this wilderness, & also to declare o'r utter detestation & dislike that men or women of meane conditione, educations, & callings should take vpon them the garbe of gentlemen, by the wearinge of gold or siluer lace, or buttons, or poynts at, their knees, to walke in greate bootes; or women of the same ranke to weare silke of tiffany hoodes or scarfes, which though allowable to persons of greater estates, or more liberal education, yet we cannot but judge it intollerable in p'sons of such like condition; its therefore ordred by this Court & the authoritie thereof, that no p'son within this jurisdiction, or any of their relations depending vpon them, whose visible estates, reall & p'sonall shall not exceede the true & indeferent value of two hundred poundes, shall weare any gold or siluer lace, or gold or siluer buttons, or any bone lace above two shillings p'r yard, or silke hoodes or scarfes; upp'n the penalty of ten shillings for every such offence; & every such delinquent to be p'sented to the grand jury. And forasmuch as distinct and p'tievruler rules in this case, suteable to the estate or qualitie of each p'son, cannot easily be giuen, it is further ordred by the authoritie afores'd, that the select men of every towne, or the major part of them, are hereby enabled & required, from time to time, to haue regard & take notice of apparrill in any of the inhabitants of their severall townes respectively, & whosoevr they shall judge to exceede their rankes & abilitie in the costlines or fashion of their apparrill in any respect, especially in the wearinze of ribons & great bootes (leather being a commoditie scarce in this country,) the s'd select men shall haue power to assess such p'sons so offending in any of the particulars above mentioned, in the county rate, at 200lb according to that proportion that such mer. use to pay to whom such apparrill is suteable & allowed."

We see from this ancient legal document, that men and women in 1651, of "meane condition," were ambitious to dress as well as the rich—precisely as in our day. But if selectmen, in 1862, were to attempt to enforce such a law, we think they would suffer somewhat from "stubborn wills" and "great bootes." Perhaps it would be well, however, to try this law on the *croakers*, who decry the present, and see no good but in the past. A few presentations to the grand jury for wearing a coat, dress or "hood" after their own taste, would probably enlighten them a little as to their rights in the "particulars above mentioned."—16.

## Which way does the tree lean?

"If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be." (Ecl. 11: 3.) There is a solemn meaning couched under this metaphor. The tree will not only lie as it falls, it will also fall as it leans. And the great question which every one ought to bring home to his own bosom, without a moment's delay, is this. What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections, lean towards God, or from Him?—J. J. Gurney.

FRIENDSHIP.—Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends in.—*Plutarch*.

## Agriculture, &amp;c.

HAVE AN ICE-HOUSE.—It can be made very cheaply, and when the luxury of ice in summer is once enjoyed it will not be readily given up. If no better structure can be erected, build an ice-room in one corner of the wood-house, or any shed where room can be spared. The north-east corner is the best. Set a row of upright posts one foot from the inner sides of a building and two rows of posts a foot apart from the other two sides of the room; make the enclosure say eight or ten feet square. Cover these with rough boards or slabs and fill the space between with spent tan-bark. Lay down a loose floor, and cover a foot deep with straw. When ice is formed select that which is pure, clear and hard, cut it in pieces of convenient size, and pack it closely in the room. Leave six inches space between the ice and the sides of the room, and fill this with sawdust. Also cover with sawdust a foot thick, and fill up to the roof with straw. Packed in this way ice enough to supply a family of average size has been kept safely the season through.

SOAKING HAY.—A correspondent of one of our exchanges states that he tried the experiment of heating water and pouring it over hay, covering up the vessel in which it was placed, and allowed it to soak for twelve hours. Of this mixture, he gave the cows and cattle two feeds per day. Under this his cattle gained flesh, and the milk cows gave an increased quantity of milk. The amount of hay consumed was a little less than two per cent of their live weight.

THE SEEDS OF WEEDS.—It is not wonderful that weeds multiply so fast, as all farmers know to their cost they do, when we consider the enormous number of seeds each plant produces. Professor Buckman, who has made this subject peculiarly his own, gives most interesting and valuable statements on this point, in his papers on the subject. Thus the number of seeds a single plant of the red poppy produces is 50,000, the chickweed 500, the groundsel 6500, the charlock 4000, black mustard 1200, corncockle 2590, wild parsnip 1200, and corn-sow-thistle 19,000.

CURE FOR THE STING OF A BEE.—Three years ago, says a foreign writer, one of my little ones poked his spade into a bee-hive. You may suppose he was severely stung. I immediately mixed with water some ipecacuanha powder and applied it to the places stung, (of course extracting the stings where visible,) and in ten minutes he was playing about and all irritation was gone. The nurse was stung, too, in several places, and the same remedy was applied with equal success. The Indians use this remedy for the stings of scorpions, and a friend has (since my publication of the cure in the *West-Sussex Gazette* at the period) called my attention to the fact that Dr. Livingstone states in his journal, that the African tribes use ipecacuanha for snake-bites. I have not the book to refer to, but I think they mix the powder with oil.

BE KIND TO HORSES.—Almost every wrong act the horse commits is from mismanagement, fear or excitement, says Mr. Rarey; one harsh word will so excite a nervous horse as to increase his pulse ten beats in a minute. When we remember that we are dealing with dumb brutes, and reflect how difficult it must be for them to understand our motions, signs, and language, we should never get out of patience with them because they do not understand us, or wonder at their doing things wrong. With all our intellect, if we were placed in the horse's situation, it would be difficult for us to understand the driving of some foreigner, of foreign ways and foreign language. We should always recollect that our way and language are just as foreign and unknown to the horse as any language in the world is to us, and should try to practise what we could understand were we a horse, endeavoring by more simple means to work on his understanding rather than on the different parts of his body.

GRAIN PITS.—Pits in the earth, lined with masonry coated with sheet-iron, have been successfully tried in France for the preservation of grain. The English War Department had five hundred and seventy-six quintals of wheat buried for twenty-five months and a half, and it only lost fifteen pounds in its weight.

THE GARDENS NEAR ROME.—The gardens of Rome are very happily daguerreotyped in these few words from an article in the last number of the *Cornhill Magazine*:—

"All round about Rome there are ancient gardens lying basking in the sun. Gardens and villas built long since by dead cardinals and popes; terraces, with glittering shadows, with honey-suckle clambering in desolate luxuriance; roses flowering, and fading, and falling in showers on the pathways; and terraces and marble steps yellow with age. Lonely fountains plash in their basins, statues of fauns and slender nymphs stand out against the solemn horizon of blue hills and crimson-streaked sky; of cypress trees and cedars, with the sunset showing through their stems. At home, I lead a very busy, anxious life; and the beauty and peace of these Italian villas fill me with inexpressible satisfaction and gratitude toward those mouldering pontiffs, whose magnificent liberality has secured such placid resting-places for generations of weary men."

Two thousand letters are received daily by the Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862.