

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1862.

Read—JOHN XV. 1-15: The vines and branches.
DEUT. XXXII. 15-35: Moses song continued.
Recite—JOHN XIV. 15-17.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN XV. 16-27: Christ's discourse continued.
DEUT. XXXII. 36-52: Conclusion of Moses' song.
Recite—JOHN XV. 1-4.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 197. Where in the old Testament is the doctrine of the resurrection of the body taught?
- 198. Had any person been raised from the dead before the resurrection of Christ?

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 195. When the angels learn of a sinner repenting, they rejoice. Luke xv. 7.
- 196. Sorrow of the world: Matt. xvii. 3-5; and godly sorrow: Acts viii. 39; ix. 6-20.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 15.

Paradise.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 16.

I am with the farmer the bright season through,
While he ploughs up his fields and harrows them too,
While his corn he hoos, and his hay he makes,
While his wheat he reaps and his oats he rakes.
Sometimes with the soldier in battle array,
The foe I pursue while he's driven away.
I'm with the sailor on the broad swelling wave,
While he plans and toils his vessel to save.
While sailing for home that to him is so dear,
Oft I run in the course in which he should steer.
I oft come in contact with iron and wood.
A forerunner I am of evil and good.
I'm not very polite, nor yet am I rude;
Where I have no right, I never intrude.
I oft go where I am not needed.
But yet when there I seldom am heeded.
I've always an object when to good I give rise
Yet you don't always know me because of disguise.
I'm of no moral worth—have no physical power,
I stay not in one place—no—not for an hour.
I go backward and forward and sometimes go round;
I was never heard to speak or to utter a sound.
Sometimes my career is quickly impeded;
Like the Sultan or Czar I am often succeeded.
I move in great affluence, yet sometimes I fail;
In accordance with law I am locked up in jail.
I'm as large as a ship, I'm as small as a pea,
I'm a hurt to no one—no one can harm me.
Though harmless I am, and its well known I'm dumb,
But yet it is said I'm a terror to some.
I'm as straight as an arrow, or a stock of corn,
And yet I'm as crooked as a ram's horn.
No bird of the air can exceed me in speed,
Yet nothing moves slower than I do, indeed.
I am found in the pulpit, I act on the stage;
I am always in fashion though never "the rage."
I am always at funerals and there still as death;
But am active as life though I never drew breath.
I'm met with indifference, as not worth a thought,
While for silver and gold I could not be bought.
Though near at hand I cannot be taken.
I'm followed by thousands—have millions forsaken.
To some I seem shy, to others appear bold,
But half of my actions will never be told!
Among the richest of blessings in the Bible I'm ranked,
And yet for my presence I never am thanked.
By some I've been sought almost in despair,
No doubt I was found in answer to prayer.
By a retrograde movement at one time I gave
Most heart-felt joy:—showed power to save!
On a later occasion, too, it was believed
That the sufficing by me, might be relieved.
And now search the Bible—its sacred lines trace—
There my name you will find in more than one place.

Cornwallis, Oct. 22nd 1862.

Reading the Bible.

"Oh, mother," said Willie, "I have read five chapters this morning." A look of pride flashed on his bright countenance as he closed his Bible, and uttering these words, locked up in his mother's face. He felt he had done something great, and expected commendation; for the little boy loved praise, as many boys do. But his mother said nothing then, for she understood well his habit of reading. Many days, I am sorry to say, passed without his reading a chapter; and then, when told of his neglect, he would take a sudden start, and run over four or five chapters, and feel that he had retrieved his past negligence. But from such hasty reading little good came; it was too hasty and irregular to make a deep impression.

This little incident led me to think of some hints about reading the Bible, which I here offer to my little readers.

1. Read the Bible regularly. A good man of old says, "I have esteemed the words of his mouth more than my necessary food." This is the true idea. The Bible is daily bread, to be taken regularly, that the seed may grow thereby.

2. Read the Bible attentively. The meaning of the Bible is the Bible. Unless he that reads gets meaning, it will not do him any good. Hasty reading of a great many chapters at once is of no advantage. Read slowly, a little at a time, and think on what you read, and you will understand and remember it.

3. Read the Bible as God's book; not merely because father or mother wish you to read it, but for a better reason, because God speaks to you in the Bible. When I have seen a little girl run in, her eyes sparkling with joy, crying, "O mother, here's a letter from father to me, for my name is on the outside," I always feel a wish she might thus look on the Bible, for it is a letter from our Father in heaven. So feel, and so read, and you will not grow weary of the good book.

A free separation.

The following somewhat remarkable narrative (which we find in late number of the San Francisco Mirror) is related by a Western lady, now on a visit to that city from Mariposa. She is herself a character. She has crossed the plains twice—first in 1849, during which her husband perished—and is the first—American lady who returned to the East by the Isthmus of Panama. She is a genuine heroine—a fine specimen of stout-hearted Western womanhood—and her adventures in the wilds of the unoccupied West have been numerous and exciting. If the good people of Mariposa have missed a lady from their neighborhood, they are hereby apprised that she is comfortably located at the boarding-house of Mrs. Nesbit, on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and will not return to the mountains until Ho mes, of the Gazette, ceases to borrow the hearts of Mariposa mothers by calling their little babies "brats."

Well, while the train of which this lady was a member was encamped at a point on the Humboldt, where the Lessen trail intersects the Carson track of travel, she visited the tent of a family, consisting of an elderly couple and one child—a daughter of fourteen or fifteen. The old lady was sitting on a pile of blankets, under the canvas, encouraging a most determined attack of the "sulks," while the masculine head of affairs had planted himself on his wooden tongue, and was sucking his pipe as leisurely as though he expected to remain there forever. A single glance developed the difficulty in that little train of one wagon and three persons, and that it had attained a point of quiet desperation beyond the reach of peaceful adjustment. Three days before, they had pitched their tent at the forks of the road, and as they could not agree upon the route by which to enter California, there they had remained. The husband expected a preference for the Carson road—the wife for the Lessen—and neither would yield. The wife declared she would remain all winter; the husband said he should be pleased to lengthen the sojourn through the summer following.

On the morning of the fourth day, the wife broke a sullen silence of thirty-six hours, by proposing a division of the property, which consisted of two yoke of cattle, one wagon, camp furniture, a small quantity of provisions, and twelve dollars in silver. The proposal was accepted, and forthwith the "plunder" was divided, leaving the wagon to the old man, and the daughter to the mother. The latter exchanged, with a neighboring train, the cattle belonging to her for a pony and pack-saddle, and piling the daughter and her portion of the divided spoils upon the animal, she resolutely started across the desert by the Lessen trail, while the old man silently yoked his cattle, and took the other route.

Singular as this may seem, it is nevertheless true. It is among the many occurrences of life stranger than fiction. Of course both parties reached California, in safety. We say "of course," for it is scarcely possible that any obstacle, death included, could have interfered with stubbornness so sublime. Arriving at Sacramento with her daughter, the old lady readily found employment—for women were less plentiful than now—and subsequently opened a boarding-house, and in a few years amassed a handsome fortune. Two years ago she went to San Francisco, and the daughter, whose education had not been neglected, was married to one of the most substantial citizens.

And what has become of the old man? The wife had no seen or heard of him since they parted on the Humboldt. They had lived happily together as man and wife for years, and she sometimes reproached herself for the willfulness that separated them, after so long a pilgrimage together through this rough life. But he was not dead. We cannot trace his course in California, however. All that we know of him is that fortune had not smiled upon him, and that for years he had toiled without hope. Finally, feeling scarce able to longer wield the pick and shovel, he visited San Francisco, in the hope of obtaining employment better adapted to his wretched strength.

For three months he remained idle after arriving here, and then, for want of occupation, became the humble retailer of peanuts and oranges, with his entire stock of traffic in a basket upon his arm. This was about six months ago. A few weeks since, in passing the open door of a cottage in the southern part of the city, he observed a lady in the hall, and stopped to offer his merchandise. As he stepped upon the threshold, the lady approached, and the old man raised his eyes and dropped the basket, and no wonder, either, for she was his wife—his "old woman!" She recognized him, and throwing up her arms in amazement, exclaimed—

"Why, John! is that you?"
"All that is left of me," replied the old man. With extended arms they approached. Sud-

denly the old lady's countenance changed, and she stepped back.

"John," said she, with a look which might have been construed into earnestness, "how did you find the Carson road?"

"Miserable, Suky—miserable," replied the old man, "full of sand and alkali."

"Then I was right, John?" she continued inquiringly.

"You were, Suky."

"That's enough!" said she, throwing her arms around the old man's neck; "that's enough, John;" and the old couple, strangely sundered, were again united. Both are living with their daughter, on Second street.

The minimum Christian.

The minimum Christian! And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. The Christian who intends to get all of the world he can and not meet the worldling's doom. The Christian who aims to have a little religion as he can without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to Church in the morning, and in the afternoon also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has headache from eating too much at dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very sensibly, sometimes to himself, oftener to his neighbours. He goes to the weekly lecture occasionally, more rarely to the prayer-meeting, as the latter is very apt to be uninteresting. He is always, however, at the preparatory lecture, and at all the services of the communion Sabbath, and is frequently quite regular in his family prayers for a week or two after it.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sabbath school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week that he needs rest.

He thinks it a good thing for laymen to assist at prayer-meetings and in social religious circles, but he has no gift for public prayer, or for making addresses, and he must leave it to others. He is very friendly to home and foreign missions, and gives his "mite." He thinks there are "too many appeals;" but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it—at all events he aims at it.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The opera and dancing, perhaps the theatre and card-playing, and large fashionable parties, give him much trouble. He cannot see the harm in this, or that, or the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against it. He does not see but that a man may be a Christian and dance or go to the opera. He knows several excellent people who do. Why should not he?

In short, the minimum Christian knows that he cannot serve God and mammon—he would if he could—but he will come just as near doing so as he can. He will give to himself and the world all that he may, and to God as little as he can, and yet not lose his soul. He stands so close to the dividing line between the people of God and the people of the world, that it is hard to say on which side of it he actually is.

Al! my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware lest your find at last that in trying to get to heaven with as little religion as possible you have missed it altogether—lest, without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul. The true child of God does not say, "How little," but "How much may I do for my God?" They thus judge that if one died for all, he died that they which live should no more live for themselves, but for him that died for them. Leaving the things that are behind, they reach forth toward those that are before, ever exclaiming, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

Reader, are you a minimum Christian? There is reason to fear that such are no Christians at all. "Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

A COSTLY JOKE. A letter from Prague of the 5th mentions a curious affair, which proves that jesting in matters of business may sometimes cost dear. About a fortnight ago a hop-dealer of the neighbourhood entered the counting-house of a large merchant at Prague, with whom he had had commercial relations. The latter asked him how business was going on, when he replied: "I am doing so little that I am almost inclined to enter your service as a clerk." "What salary should you require?" asked the merchant. "Only 2,000 florins a year," replied the other, laughing. The merchant shook hands with him, saying: "Then it is a bargain." After a little further conversation the hop-dealer retired, and neither one nor the other appeared to think any more of the matter. Six days after, a considerable rise began to take place in hops, and the merchant went to Saaz, the largest market in Bohemia, to make purchases, and to his annoyance found that the dealer had got the start of him, and purchased all he could find. Meeting the dealer in the street, the merchant asked him what hops he had purchased, and the price? "That is my affair," was the reply. "What do you mean by your affair? You forget then that you are my clerk, and that I have a right to inquire what business you transact or my account. You are free to cancel your engagement hereafter, but for the present you act for me." The dealer

went to consult an advocate, who told him that his engagement was valid, and that in any case a trial would be a tedious affair. He then went to the merchant, and after a long discussion agreed to pay 4,000 florins (10,000*fr.*) damages for cancelling his engagement in order to retain for his own account the profitable speculation he had made. When the money had been paid the Prague merchant declared that he would not keep a farthing of it, and distributed it among some poor relations of the dealer.

Agriculture, &c.

November.

"Sweet Summer, sighing, flies the plain,
And waiting Winter, gaunt and grim,
Sees miser Autumn hoard his grain,
And smiles to think it's all for him."

Home Journal.

November, in anticipation at least, is generally regarded as an important month. We think of it as a sort of transition period, a mingling of Fall and Winter, with just enough of Summer to give an edge to his sharp corners. But in realization it is often found that these corners are so rounded that its short days, coming as they do one at a time, glide away more comfortably than we expected, when looking upon them as a unit, and at the close, as we look back upon the month, the remark is often made that "November has been quite pleasant after all!"

How the month will prove, this year, remains for each one to determine for himself. With an eye to see and a heart to enjoy the beautiful and the poetical in nature, such as the unknown writer of the four lines at the head of the article must have possessed, November and all the other months of the year will indeed prove a "joy forever."—N. E. Farmer.

BEST WAY TO DRY APPLES.

The best method that I have ever used to dry apples is to use frames. These combine the most advantages with the least inconvenience of any way, and can be used with equal advantage either in drying in the house or out in the sun. In pleasant weather the frames can be set outdoors against the side of a building, or any other support, and nights, or cloudy and stormy days, they can be brought into the house and set against the side of the room near the stove or fire-place.

My frames are made in the following manner: Two strips of board, 7 feet long, 2 or 2½ inches wide—two strips 3 feet long, 1½ inches wide, the whole three-quarters of an inch thick—nail the short strips across the ends of the long ones and it makes a frame 7 by 3 feet, which is a convenient size for all purposes. On one side of the long strips-nails are driven 3 inches apart, extending from the top to the bottom.

After the apples are pared, they are quartered and cored, and with a needle or stout twine or stout thread, strung into lengths long enough to reach twice across the frame; the ends of the twine are then tied together, and the string hung on the nails across the frame. The apples will soon dry so that the string can be doubled on the nails, and fresh ones put on, or the whole of them removed, and others put in their places.

As fast as the apples become sufficiently dry they can be taken from the strings, and the same strings used to dry more on. If large apples are used to dry, they may be cut in smaller pieces.

I suppose that pears, quinces, and perhaps other fruits that can be strung, might be dried in this way, although I have never dried any in this way except apples.—C. T. ALFORD in Country Gentleman.

KEEPING WINTER SQUASHES.

There is this one simple rule for keeping winter squashes: Put them in a dry, warm place, and they will not rot. It is a warm, damp atmosphere, like that in moist cellars, that causes decay. A dry stove-room or furnace heated room which never gets cold, or a closet near the fire-place, which never gets cool enough to freeze, are places to winter squashes and pumpkins. They also keep well hung up in baskets or bags overhead in the kitchen or on a hanging shelf. They should always be stowed singly—never in piles—when you wish to preserve them a long time.

HEADING LATE CABBAGES.

It sometimes happens, either through the lateness of the season, or neglect in early planting, that cabbages do not head completely before cold weather sets in. These are often set out to cattle, or thrown away, while by a little care they might be made to head during the fall and early winter. To accomplish this, proceed as follows: First, make a wide trench and transplant the cabbages into it, setting them together in a triple row. At each end of the row, drive in a crotched stake, and lay a rail from one to the other, to form a ridge-pole a foot or more above the cabbages. Make a roof of old boards or slabs, one end resting on the pole, and the other on the ground, so as to shed water. Over this, lay a little straw, six or more inches thick, and when winter sets in, put on as many inches of earth, making the surface smooth and hard, so as to be nearly rain-proof. At each end of the row, leave a ventilating hole, which must be loosely filled with straw in cold weather. Cabbages so managed, will continue to grow, and will fill up their heads considerably before midwinter.—When taken out in spring, they will be tender, crisp and beautifully blanched.—American Agriculturist.