

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 13TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN vii. 19-32: Opinions of Christ's character. DEUT. x.: An exhortation to obedience. Recite—JOHN vii. 14-17.

SUNDAY, JULY 20TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN vii. 32-53: Christ's discourse on the last day of the feast. DEUT. xi. 1-17: Exhortations to obedience. Recite—JOHN vii. 24-26.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

159. Give the texts in which the Scriptures are compared to a sword.

160. Who were the workmen employed in building the temple?

Answers to questions given last week:—

157. The followers of Christ. Gal. iii. 7, 29.

158. Yes, to Peter. John xxi. 18, 19.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to Scripture Puzzle, No. 6.

Your "career" was singular, you say: True, there's been no cause for such display. You darkly hint your "lowly" form. Yes, nothing was more like a worm. Your "honor" was in being hung, And seen by those whom serpents stung. Your length of days was but a curse, Your owners were by you made worse. Though you were but "a piece of brass," They incense burnt before your face. Hezekiah saw your exaltation, And took you from your lofty station. 'Twas "look and live," when in your glory, But now we read the sacred story Of Him who died, that "whosoever," Will look, may have a greater Savior.

See Number xxi. 9. 2 Kings xviii. 4. John iii. 14.

Q IN THE CORNER.

For the Christian Messenger.

Scripture Puzzle, No. 7.

From judgments dire, from mercy bright. I sprang—from darkness or from light. Sunshine and storm, vengeance and love In me are seen. I'm from above, And from below. I come—I go: Have form—am seen—decay and grow. Am seen by night and seen by day, Beauty and grace and power display. Have arms, no mortal arm may touch. Have feet your foot can ne'er approach. May claim a father and a mother: And may reckon many a brother. But leave no offspring when I die: And totally unlike am I To those from whom I sprang—and they Are to each other every way— In form, in substance, name and features,— The most unlike of all God's creatures. I stand upon the solid earth And die by that which gives me birth. Now give my origin and name. With verse and chapter for the same.

June 14.

MUNKWON.

How God calls.

"Mother, I wish God called to children nowadays, just as he did in old times, when he called Samuel."

"Why so, my child?"

"Because we should know then just exactly how to be good, and all what we ought to do."

"I think if my Lillie would listen, she would find that God still calls children. I remember many times when he called me."

"You, mother! when did God ever call you?"

"The first time I remembered was before I was six years old. There was much particular attention to religion in my native place, and many meetings. People did not think much then about children being christians; but as I listened to frequent conversations on the subject, and heard the names of many that I knew, who had begun to live for Christ, I felt very badly; and when my mother asked me why I cried, I told her that I believed every body would be christians but us.

"My mind was, however, then diverted to other things, and after a time God called again. My mother had the Memoir of Harriet Newell, one of the first missionary ladies who went to the heathen. There was some beautiful poetry in the book, and I loved to read it over and over. I could not understand it all, but I could see that she loved her Savior, and had given herself to him, and I knew I ought to do so too, though I hardly knew in what way to do it. I have reason to fear that my dear mother was not then a christian, for she did not teach me my duty to my heavenly Father, and I forgot God's call as I had done before.

"I soon had another call. It was while reading the sixteenth chapter of Acts, about Paul and Silas being in prison, and how the prison doors opened of themselves, and the affrighted jailer fell down at the apostle's feet, and asked

what he must do to be saved. I felt that I wanted to be saved, and I cried over it, and read it many times.

"When I was seven years old, God called very loudly again. He said, 'Though you are young, you may die. Prepare to die!' I was nearly killed by an accident; indeed, for many days I expected to die—and I knew I was not prepared. But as I recovered, I forgot again the call of Him who preserved me.

"I do not remember any calls for some time after this. Probably I did not not listen, and they grew fainter and fainter. At last God spoke very loud, and showed me the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, where Christ is spoken of as 'despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and we hid our faces from him.' I could not help listening, and when I read all he had done for us, I resolved to love and obey him as long as I lived. And so I have found ever since that God has spoken to me in the Bible, just as plainly as he did by his voice to Samuel. Now, has not my Lillie heard such a voice as this?"

"Yes, mother, I think I have; but I always thought it would be easier to obey if I could hear a voice myself, and not read what God says."

"I am afraid, my dear, that you would not believe the voice, any more than you do God's words in the Bible; but the call is as real in one case as the other. Now, will not my little Lillie remember this conversation, and try to feel that it is another of those calls by which God is seeking to draw her young heart to himself?"

"I will try, mother; and won't you pray for me now?" and so the mother and her little one knelt down, and asked God to lead this lamb into the fold of Christ, and make her his obedient child for ever.

My mother's voice.

A friend told me, not long ago, a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady living in one of our large cities, was passing a drinking-saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with oaths he brandished his clenched fists, threatening to be revenged upon the man who had so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady, who stood very near to him until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, asking what was the matter.

At the first kind word, the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said:

"I thought it was my mother's voice, it sounded so strangely like it! But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother, then," said the lady, "and she loved you?"

With the sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, sobbing out, "O, yes! I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy! But since she died, all the world has been against me, and I am lost—lost to good society, lost to honor, lost to decency, and lost forever."

"No, not lost forever; for God is merciful, and his pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling, which had been long untouched, in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and wakening a host of tender emotions which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way, the young man followed her. He marked the house which she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver door-plate in his little memorandum book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face, and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlour, where she found a noble-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said:

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago."

She was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognized it anywhere. And your voice too—it is so like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking-saloon so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheek.

After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down, and told the lady how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he was.

"The earnest expression of, 'No, not lost forever,' followed me wherever I went," said he "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and

grace of God, I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolutions."

"I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."—From "Sunny Faces."

The last one saved.

I recollect an incident that occurred on the Miami Bottoms, when the Ohio overflowed, and the country for four or five miles about, was submerged. To one dwelling, in which the water had been driven from bottom to roof, and which was crumbling, boats came, and the father and mother, and two or three children, were taken, and it was supposed that all were rescued; but after they had got a little distance, it was found out that one of the children had been left behind. Great consternation and alarm was occasioned by the discovery, and a boat was instantly sent to secure the child. The house was already disjoining, and timbers from it were floating off; but the child was found and taken into the boat. And thus the last child was saved. And suddenly the flood swelled; and in a short time the fragments of the building were swept down.

And oh, what joy, what gladness, is there in families whose last child is converted to Christ! The floods of temptation and sin swell and surge, and threaten the household, and one is rescued from danger, and another, and at last the ark of life is sent to take the last child, and it is saved. Is it not time to bring in the whole of your household? Can you imagine any happiness greater than that of the parent who can say, "Christ has twice given me my children; once for this world, and once for the world to come? Now, happen what may, nothing can befall me or mine, whether poverty or riches joy or sorrow. Pledges of immortality. God has given me in my children." Sing! sing! break forth in rejoicing. There are seldom places in this world for such triumphs as there are for such experiences—experiences of souls renewed, and sins forgiven; in these victories of grace in the family, where God sanctifies the father's and mother's heart and brings in one by one, the children.

Importance of a Public Profession of Religion.

In one of the villages of Massachusetts there lived, some years ago, an excellent man,—Christian in all his deportment, benevolent, beloved by all the community; a man of prayer in private and in his family, a lover of all good men, the best friend of the minister, and a generous contributor to every charitable institution. But he was a retiring man, and, on account of his natural modesty of disposition, he was guilty of one serious neglect. Year after year he delayed connecting himself, by public profession, with the church of Christ. He tried to believe that by his watchful, Christian character, he would do as much good out of the church as in it.

One slight circumstance opened his eyes to his error, in such a manner that they were never shut again. The conversation of a company of men was incidentally reported to him, and he heard, to his utter amazement that the members of the church were spoken of as on one side, that he was spoken of as on the other; and that his very excellencies were set down by contrast to the disparagement of the church. He was affected, as every truly Christian man would be affected, by such an incident. He saw in a moment the whole fact before him, like a new revelation, that the false position he occupied was silently proclaiming to all the youth around him the small value of the institutions and ordinances of the visible church. His resolution was immediately and solemnly taken. He requested those young men to suspend further judgement until the first communion-Sabbath, and then to come to the house of God and see him publicly retract his error. He kept his word. With penitential tears he took his proper official place in the church, where he abode, bearing his cheerful witness to divine grace, until his death.

This incident illustrates the important truth that personal example is either for or against a religious institution; and if it be against it, then all excellencies of character, instead of atoning for the one neglect, are an occasion of enhancing the evil influence of that neglect. Think of this, my friend, if you still refuse a personal connection with the visible church of Christ, lest your very integrity, honor, graces of character, and social position, unconsciously to yourself, become arrayed against that precious kingdom of righteousness for the establishment of which the Son of God became obedient unto death,—even the death of the cross.—Tract Journal.

Rev. Dr. K., of Albany, lately preached from the text, "This man's religion is vain." Following out his subject, he referred to the proud Pharisee in the parable as furnishing a sample of such religion. "This Pharisee," said he, "in thanking God that he was not as other men were, was merely rendering thanks to God for his bigoted and intolerant spirit, and there is no doubt that he had a great deal to be thankful for!"

MISS CHAMBERLAIN, of Templeton, Mass., a school teacher, recently walked eleven miles in a somnambulant state, in the course of one night. She had retired as usual at her boarding place in Westminister, where she had engaged to teach school, but awoke to find herself at her father's house in Templeton.

Agriculture, &c.

TIME TO CUT TIMBER.

When is the best season to cut building timber other than evergreens—say oak, maple, beech, basswood, &c., to be cured in the old-fashioned way, after it is in the frame? Our people differ very much upon the subject; some say when the leaf is off; others when it is on—some say when the bark will run, others prefer the winter in February. Another class, that when the sap is out of the wood, which they claim to be in summer, while others maintain that that time is in February. I have had but little experience, but that little leads to the time when the bark will peel, which is generally in the early summer. What say you? It is of importance to me just now, and I should like to know.—G. CLARK, East Springfield, March, 1862.

P. S.—I notice in many of our frames, much of the oak has powder-posted. That ought not to be. I am a great lover of oak on account of its strength, but don't want a powder-posted building. I don't mean white oak; that has all left long ago.

[Summer is the best time to cut timber, chiefly because it seasons rapidly at that time. It should, of course, be left in the logs as short a time as practicable. Timber cut in winter is long drying, and incipient decay commences before the process is completed. There is rather more sap in a tree in winter and early spring than in summer, when the leaves have carried off a part. The wood is also rather less watery after midsummer than before, and dries better, and makes harder seasoned stuff. It is, therefore, not quite so well to cut it till rather after midsummer.]—Country Gent.

CHOISE OF SITTING HENS.

A good sitting hen should be large. Size is important, because of the greater amount of warmth imparted to the eggs, as well as giving the hen the ability to cover the eggs thoroughly and thus secure regular hatching. Again, a good sitting hen should be well feathered. If the hen which shows a desire for incubation has a meager coat of feathers, try and get her out of the notion; if she will set in spite of you, give her but few eggs. Next, avoid cross-grained, "fuss and feather" hens. They may do the hatching very well, but they prove poor mothers. They mean well, and are anxious to their brood from danger, and as a consequence frequently kill some of the chicks, in their over anxiety for their welfare, by treading on them, particularly while the chicks are very young.

A pretty good way of attesting the sincerity of a hen that has manifested a disposition to sit, is to remove her at night from the box or place in which she has located herself, and having prepared a suitable nest, at a place where she can remain, (provided she has not been playing "sham.") put two stale eggs under her. If she is determined to stick to the profession, she will not leave the prepared nest. After a day's trial you can give her the eggs you wish her to hatch, the number not too exceed a dozen, unless she is an unusually large fowl.—Farmer and Gardener.

NAILS IN FRUIT TREES.

A singular fact, and one worthy to be recorded, is mentioned by Mr. Alexander Dake of Albemarle. He states that while on a visit to a large peach orchard, every tree of which was totally destroyed by the ravages of the worm, with the most thrifty and flourishing peach trees he ever saw. The only cause of their superiority known to him, was an experiment made in consequence of observing that those parts of worm-eaten timber into which nails had been driven were generally sound. When his trees were about a year old, he drove a tenpenny nail through the body, as near the ground as possible; while the balance of his orchard had gradually failed, and finally yielded entirely to the ravages of the worms, these three trees, selected at random, treated precisely in the same manner with the exception of the nailing, had always been healthy, furnishing him at the very period with the greatest profusion of the most luscious fruit. It is supposed that the salt of iron afforded by the nails is offensive to the worm, while it is harmless, perhaps beneficial, to the tree.

A chemical writer on the subject says: "The oxydation or rusting of the iron by the sap, evolves ammonia, which, as the sap rises, will of course impregnate every particle of foliage, and prove too severe a dose for the delicate palate of intruding insects." The writer recommends driving half a dozen nails into the trunk. Several experiments of the kind have resulted successfully.

AGE OF ANIMALS.

A bear exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy years; a squirrel or hare, seven or eight years; rabbits, seven; elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years.—When Alexander the Great had conquered Porus, the king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription; "Alexander, son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the Sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years afterwards. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years, the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages not more than twenty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived; sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years.—Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live one hundred and seven years.