

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 23RD, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVII. 23-38: The Crucifixion. Exod. XX. The Ten Commandments. Recite—MATTHEW XXVII. 24, 25.

SUNDAY, MARCH 2ND, 1862.

Read—MATT. XXVII. 39-53: Death of Christ. Exod. XXIII. The Sabbatical year. Recite—MATTHEW XXVII. 29-31.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 119. In bible history, in what country do we first meet with a reference to the horse? 120. Name a prophet who entertained a hundred men with a present of twenty loaves of barley, and full ears of corn, all of whom did eat, and left fragments?

Answers to questions given last week.

- 117. At least seven. 1. Simon, the Cyrenian; 2. Simon, the Cananite, or Simon Zelotes; 3. Simon, the Pharisee; 4. Simon, the leper; 5. Simon, the tanner; 6. Simeon Niger, or the black Simon; 7. Simon Magus, the Sorcerer. 118. Moses' rod turned into a serpent, and his hand made leprous and restored. Ex. iv. 1-9.

The old Miller's lesson.

It was noon recess at the little "Brookside school," and the boys had taken their dinner-baskets down to the old mill, according to custom. It was the pleasantest spot they could find those hot summer noons. The cool splash of the water was refreshing to hear as it flowed over the mill-dam-stones, while a little down the stream was a broad grey rock, overhung by the bank and shaded by trees, which was their favourite as it was always a comfortable spot, even on August days. The old miller stopped the rumble of his huge wheels at the noontime hour, and was always ready to take his lunch when the boys came down. He loved their bright young faces, and they in turn revered his grey hairs. He settled all their little disputes, helped them in their little troubles, and many were the words of earthly and heavenly wisdom they learned from his lips.

"Uncle Roger," said Benny that summer day, "how I wish I could find a mine of gold about this old creek. I read the other day, of a mine somebody found, by pulling up a little bush he caught hold of to help him up a bank. There was the shining yellow ore sticking to the bottom, among the dirt and pebbles."

"That shrub had a rich soil to grow from, had'nt it, Benny?"

"I should think it had," said Mark; "I would like to find a shrub growing in such soil."

"And yet, I'll warrant," said Uncle Roger, it was a poor dwarfed shrub, for gold isn't the right soil for trees to grow in any more than for boys. Did you ever know, lads, that it is the poor hard-working boys of our country, that made the most of our great men! They haven't money to waste in dissipation, and they are obliged to exercise most of the day in the pure fresh air. So they grow up strong in body and in mind. In our favoured country any one can get an education who has a mind to, and the harder he works for it the more good it will do him. Mind-power is better than money-power any day, boy. Don't fret because you can't fill your pockets with yellow earth, when you have such a good chance to fill your heads with true gold."

"There is another kind of riches, more important still, which we can all have, if we will only choose it. It is the love of God and the forgiveness of all our sins, which Jesus Christ died to procure for us. Without this, we shall be very poor in this life, even with millions of money, and in the next life most wretched beggars. You know the rich man the Bible tells us of, begged even for a drop of water to cool his tongue, and could not get it."

"Now, boys, say over this little text, each one, and then run along to school, for the master's first bell has rung."

"How happy shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of heaven.—Child at Home."

The fatal doctrine.

David B—had been an earnest advocate of the doctrine of universal salvation, writing much upon it, and laboring to convince all those with whom he associated. A sudden bereavement called him to his father's house. While there he was seized with typhus fever, and in a little time was past the reach of medical skill. As he lay on what he knew must be his dying-bed, he had an opportunity of testing the value of his own belief, which had not been the "faith of his fathers."

His aged parent was standing by his bedside one day, when he turned to him with sudden energy, exclaiming—

"Father, I find eternal punishment, which I have so often disputed, an awful reality now."

At another time he said, "When I am dead, write to my brothers, and say that the doctrine we have tried to propagate is an awful delusion. It forsook me on my dying bed."

In fearful mental agony, the weary days and the long night watches wore away. Sometimes he shrieked for mercy, and again would pray his Maker to annihilate him. Now he begged those around his pillow to pray for him, and then ex-

claimed, it was of no use, "I must be lost to all eternity." He begged that his recantation of the fatal doctrine of Universalism might be made as public as his defence of it had been.

"O that I could speak one word to those deluded Universalists!"

He died without hope, and his renunciation of his belief was made in the presence of many witnesses.

A prominent Universalist in—, Mass. was very ill, and a minister called to converse with him. "Tell him," he said to the servant, "That when I want to see him, I will send for him."

The minister went away, and not long after was sent for by the man who knew himself to be dying. He went at once to his bedside, and as he took his hand, the dying man, with a look of utter despair in his wild, restless eye, exclaimed: "It is too late, sir! Do pray for me, but I don't expect God will hear. The die is cast and my damnation is sealed." He was pointed to Christ, but he found no rest in him, and died a few hours after in awful and utter despair.

A lost soul! Who can fathom the meaning of that fearful word?—S. S. Times.

Last words in a Prayer-meeting.

A good old minister was accustomed to say that every one ought to repent at least one moment before he died, and on being asked how this could be made sure, always replied: "By repenting the present moment." So every Christian would like to say a few words at the last prayer-meeting he is permitted to attend, and the only way to ensure it is by following out the spirit of the minister's advice, and improving the present meeting. A contributor to the American Messenger gives a graphic sketch of some remarks made by an aged Christian, who supposed they would be his last:

Some time since we enjoyed a season peculiarly solemn and interesting. Just before the close of the service, our pastor remarked that there was yet opportunity for any brother who desired to speak his heart's experience.

Near the pulpit sat Mr. L—. His feeble, faltering steps had led him once more to the place and company he loved so much. As he rose, his frail body, supported by clinging to a pillar near him, his tremulous tones and gasping utterance, produced impressions never to be effaced from the memory.

He said: "If ever I have been converted, our pastor was the means, but when I clasp his hand in the Celestial City, I will say, 'Saved by the grace of God.' It has been about fifteen years since I was led to see myself a sinner.—The holy law of God showed me my condition. I saw that His law was perfect, and the more I knew I was condemned. I thought if I could live without sin for the rest of my days, what could I do with the past sins of my youth and riper years? They were in the book of God's remembrance, and the law said, 'Pay me what thou owest.' While in this condition I saw in the distance 'One hanging on a tree.'"

"As I stood and gazed, the Saviour drew nearer, and I threw myself at the foot of the cross, and prayed that He would cover me with His righteousness. He heard my voice and cast it all around me."

"Since then I have had many changes in my experience. But now I have come to the dark river of death. I am going down its banks, and it looks so wide and so dark, and feels so cold, I shrink back from it. But I see on the other side, the Celestial City, and Jesus waiting to welcome me. O my dear unconverted friends, the river may be run in never to your feet than you are aware. I am not old, and yet it is near me. It is so wide you cannot swim it."

He closed his remarks amidst the tears and sobs of those who heard them; and each went home, grateful for having been permitted thus to listen to our brother's last words in the prayer-meeting.

The cow-bell dodge.

We copy the following from a New York paper.

The Southerners seem not only a match for their Northern fellow-citizens in the open field, but in this case in stratagem they appear to have more than Yankee cuteness.

We are told that the rebels on the Potomac have resorted to an ingenious way of luring men into snares. It is known as the "cow-bell dodge" and was very successful for a time, as especially with newly arrived regiments, companies of which were on picket for the first time. The enemy, approaching within thirty or forty rods of our outposts and concealing themselves in the woods, would commence the irregular tinkle of a cow-bell. The uninitiated picket, not suspecting the ruse, and not yet reconciled to drinking his coffee without milk, goes out to obtain a supply from the supposed Virginia rebel, flattering himself that he has got the desired article. Not until he finds himself surrounded by a half dozen or so armed rebels does he learn his mistake.—At Richmond there are nearly a dozen soldiers who are probably now regretting their ready credulity and appetite for milk. This is very shrewd of the secessionists and it is very natural for the uninitiated to get caught in the snare thus laid for them.

The bird sings in the storm; why may not the child of God rejoice too, even though passing clouds lower?

He that dares sometimes to be wicked for his advantage, will always be so, if his interest requires it.

Vegetable life in Moon.

It was for a long time the common opinion among astronomers that the moon was without an atmosphere, and destitute of water; and that consequently neither animal nor vegetable life could be supported on its surface. But several eminent modern astronomers have maintained that the moon has an atmosphere, though of very limited extent. And quite recently Mr. Schwabe, a German astronomical professor, thinks he has discovered signs of vegetation on the surface of our satellite.

It is well known that there are certain dark lines or scratches, as they appear, extending across the slopes of the highest mountains in the moon. These have been variously explained; some regarding them as the beds of dried-up streams, others as the channels left by torrents of lava, and others as having some other origin. But Prof. Schwabe claims to have discovered in these lines a greenish color, which appears at a certain season, lasts a few months, and then disappears. He therefore regards these lines as belts of vegetation. If his observations should be decisively confirmed by those of other astronomers, it will settle the question that the moon has both air and water, and will therefore remove any presumption against the existence of animal life on its surface.—W. & R.

The British N. A. Provinces.

We have now reliable returns of the personal Census of the British North American Provinces. The result is as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Province and Population. Canada: 2,566,755; New Brunswick (over): 250,000; Nova Scotia: 330,000; Prince Edward Island: 80,857; Newfoundland: 122,633; Total: 3,260,250.

The population of the United States when they became a nation was scarcely so great as this. In 1790 it had not reached 4,000,000. With the development of their resources now in progress—with the construction of railways and great public works completed or in progress in the three larger Provinces—above all, with the union which we hope to see ere long brought about, a great destiny will doubtless be worked out for British America. We look forward to the settlement of the districts lying contiguous to the new colonization, and post-roads leading from the St. Lawrence, to the St. John, and the Restigouche, as the most important work which the Crown Lands and Immigration Department can undertake. With a continuous line of settlement, making the two Provinces in reality one their political union cannot be long deferred. The new roads connecting all the country from the St. Lawrence to Little Falls and the Restigouche, with the railway station at Riviere du Loup, operate a veritable annexation of it to Canada. The supplies from that country can best be obtained from Riviere du Loup and Quebec. The new settlements formed there, on whichever side of the Province line they may be, will be virtually parts of Canada, furnishing supplies and deriving them from Canadian towns. These are steps leading surely, sooner or later, to railway and political connection.—Montreal Gazette.

Extraordinary surgical operation.

A paper was recently read by Mr. Nunneley, of Leeds, surgeon, before the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, London, on a remarkable case in which that gentleman had successfully removed the entire tongue, for cancer of the organ, and restored the patient to comfort and apparent health. The man otherwise of robust constitution and in the prime of life, was wasting under agony of the diseased tongue, and such difficulty of taking food as threatened soon to destroy life by starvation. The operation of extirpating the diseased member was most severe and painful and, in fact, involved a series of processes, extending over several days; but at the end, and when the tongue was finally removed, that the man ate and enjoyed a good dinner the next day, and continues to this time in vigorous health. But what will, perhaps, still more surprise some people is that he can talk without even a stump or a bit of the root of a tongue. He can pronounce every letter of the alphabet, many of them perfectly (all the vowels), most of them distinctly. The three there is the most difficulty in are K, Q, and T, which are difficult and indistinct in the order they are named, K being much more so than T. In conversation he can be readily understood if not hurried or excited.—Leeds Intelligencer.

"VICTORIAN ENIGMAS."—The authoress of a little work just issued, entitled "Victorian Enigmas," states that the following enigma was written by the Queen for the Royal children. It is called the "Windsor Enigma."—"The initials of the following places form the name of a town in England, and the initials (read upwards) what that town is famous for:—A city in Italy, a river in Germany, a town in the United States a town in North America, a town in Holland, the Turkish name for Constantinople, a town in Bothnia, a city in Greece, a circle on the globe."—The following is the solution:—Naples, Elbe, Washington, Cincinnati, Amsterdam, Stamboul, Tornea, Lepanto, Ecliptic, Newcastle, famous for its coal mines.

God's mercies are like a large chain, every link leads to another; present mercies assure you of future ones.

Ages of the Nobility.

We find from "Whose Who in 1862" that the oldest Duke is the Duke of Cleveland, whose age is 73, the youngest is the Duke of Norfolk, aged 14; the oldest Marquis is the Marquis of Lansdowne, 81, youngest the Marquis of Ely, 12; the oldest Earl, is the Earl of Charlemont, 86, the youngest the Earl of Charleville, 9; the oldest Viscount is Viscount Combermere, 88, the youngest Viscount Downe, 17; the oldest Baron is Lord Sinclair, 93, the youngest Lord Rossmore, 10; the oldest Archbishop is the Archbishop of Armagh, 88, the youngest the Archbishop of York, 67; the oldest Bishop is the Bishop of Exeter, 84, the youngest the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, 42; the oldest Colonial Bishop is the Bishop of Toronto, 82, the youngest the Bishop of Madras, 41; the oldest Privy Councillor is Lord Lyndhurst, the youngest Earl Spencer, 26; the oldest member of the House of Commons is Sir Charles M. Burrell (the member for Shorham), 87, the youngest Mr R. A. Vyner (the member for Ripon), 22; the oldest judge in England is Dr. Lushington, 79, the youngest Mr. Baron Wilde, 45; the oldest judge in Ireland is Chief Justice Leffroy, 85, the youngest Mr. Justice Keogh, 44; the oldest judge in Scotland is Lord Wood, 73, the youngest the Lord Justice-Clerk, 51; the oldest baronet is Sir Tatton Sykes, 89, the youngest Sir Grenville L. J. Temple, 3; the oldest knight is General Sir James L. Caldwell, G. C. B., 91, the youngest Sir Charles T. Bright, 29.

Agriculture, &c.

HOW TO SELECT POULTRY.

A young turkey has a smooth, dark leg, feet supple and moist, and the end of the breast-bone pliable like gristle. If the head is on, the eyes will be full and bright, if fresh-killed. Fowls, when young, have smooth combs and legs. In other respects, they are like young turkeys. Young geese will have yellow bills and feet, and a pin-head may be easily forced through the skin of the breast. (It requires considerable pressure to thrust a pin through the breast of an old tough goose.) If fresh, the feet will be pliable. The same rules apply to the selection of ducks. As a general rule, all old birds have hard, bony claws, that are not easily straightened. Young birds have pliant and easily-yielding claws. The spurs of old male turkeys and roosters are hard, long, and sharp. Of young ones but the first development is seen.

WORK FOR WINTER.

Transplanting.—Next to the fall, when the soil is warmer than the air, and new roots immediately form, mid-winter is the best time for transplanting all hardy deciduous trees. At any time during the winter, when the ground can be spaded freely, the planter should be on hand setting out his apples, pears, cherries, &c., in the orchard; or the maples, lindens, wicgelias, &c., in the ornamental part of the ground. Trees planted at this time almost invariably succeed well and the spring labor is just so much advanced as the weather and your energies facilitate progress.

Grafts.—Grafts can now be cut at any time when the mercury is above thirty degrees.—When cut, place them in a dry cellar, and cover them with sand. Some wrap them in a cloth, before covering, the cloth serving to keep the sand from adhering to the grafts, and thus preventing the necessity of washing them when required for use. At this season of the year grafts can be sent a long distance by mail, without other covering than a little paper. If dry when received, burying them in sand in the cellar will soon restore them.

COMPOSITION TO STOP LEAKAGE.

A correspondent of the Lynn News gives a recipe for a cheap composition with which leaks in roofs may be effectually stopped. Having a leaky "L," he says: "I made a composition of four pounds of resin one pint of linseed oil, and one ounce red lead, and applied it hot with a brush to the part where the "L" was joined to the main house. It has never leaked since. I then recommended the composition to my neighbor, who had a dormer window which leaked badly. He applied it, and the leak was stopped. I made my water-tight tight by this composition, and have recommended it for chimneys, windows, etc., and it has always proved a cure for a leak."

A BEAUTIFUL FANCY.

In the "Legend of the Tree of Life," published in New York, in 1776, occurs the following: "Trees and woods have twice saved the world—first by the ark, then the cross; making full amends for the evil fruit of the tree in Paradise, by that which was borne on the tree in Golgotha."

LOCKJAW IN HORSES.

English papers report a late case of lockjaw in a horse, which was cured by eight ounces of chloroform. The animal lay prostrate under the effect of the medicine for nearly four hours when it passed off, and the malady went with it.

Professor Owen of London, has just received a specimen of that rare bird, the New-Zealand Alpine parrot. Its plumage is of a rich metallic green the tips of the feathers being edged with a lighter shade of the same colour. Under the wing the plumage is a vivid beautiful red.—The beak of the bird is large and powerful, fitting it to feed upon the hardy Alpine plants found above the snow-line.