Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xii. 20-36: Miraculous Testimony to Christ's Divine Character. DEUT. xxvii.: The Law to be written on Stones.

Recite—JOHN xii. 12-16.

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 19TH, 1862.

Read-JOHN xii. 37—50: Christ declares his Divine Authority. DEUT. xxix.: An Exhortation to obedience

Recite—JOHN xii. 25-56.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

185. Did David claim to be an inspired writer?

186. Where the New Testament writers inspired to write?

Answers to questions given last week:—

183. Exodus xix. 19. Numbers vii. 89. Daniel iv. 31. Acts ix. 4.

184. Exodus iv. 15, 16. Ezekiel iii. 4, 10. John xvi. 13, 14. Galatians i. 12.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE No. 12.

Although you dive so deep in history,
We think that we have solved the mystery:
An animal it is you mean,
Which we have very often seen.
Though sometimes stubborn, it is kind,
And once surpassed poor Balaam's mind.
We think it was upon the ground,
That *jaw-bone of the ass* was found;
Which Samson used till he had slain,
The Bible says, "a thousand men."
From small means in God's hands, we see
Poor human beings fain would flee.
You never "did delight in slaughter,"
Nor knew that once you held the water,
Which Sampson of his God did crave,
From death by thirst his life to save.
This, Mr. Editor, we send to you,
Supposing it the answer true.

See Numbers xxii. Judges xv. 15, 19.

B.

South Rawdon, September 1862.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 13.

In rank ambition reared, I held my head,
Above the crowd; tho' not with passion swayed,
I neither feared nor favoured young or old,
Nor coveted the rich man's shining gold.
My first intention was to crush the poor,
And leave my haughty master more secure,
And wrought by measures that would render bliss
The more complete, and fill the mind with peace.
But inquisition made, twas plain to see,
That virtue's sure reward repaid must be,
For proud and haughty looks must have a fall,
The great, though high seek to be higher still,
('Tis my prerogative to elevate,)
When fortune flees, the noble and the great
Leave the wretch alone, to learn, too late,
The folly of ambition, pride and hate.
Thus they who still persist in rising high,
I sometimes lend a hand, yea help them die.
Now children by searching you'll find out quite plain,
What answer to give by calling my name.

Jod.

Yarmouth Aug. 1622.

Little words.

"Come on Sunday," said an elderly gentleman to a little boy three and a half years old—"come on Sunday, for I am home all day, and want to see you."

"Why, do you stay at home all day on Sunday?" said little Bob. "Yes," said the old man, "don't you?" "No, I go to church twice, and so does papa. It is wicked not to go to church, if you are well,"

It was only a little word, only a little voice that uttered it; but it went home to that man so old in sin, and it told him how wrong he was, and what a great sinner he was. Sunday came, and how astonished his wife and children were to hear him say he was going to church; and ever afterwards he was seen at the head of his pew.

Remember little Bob, and that you are never too young to speak a word for God—never too small to help others to love Christ.

A PUZZLE.—From six take nine, and from nine take ten, then from forty take fifty, and "six" will remain.

The solution is as follows:

SIX	IX	XL
IX	X	L
S	I	X

The family day.

"Talking of 'family ties,' and 'family love,' and 'family gatherings,' where would they all be, if it were not for a 'family day?'" said a working-man.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean," he replied, "that the Lord's-day is the 'family day.' Why, I and thousands of working-men would hardly know our own children, if it were not for that blessed day which brings us all together. We are off in the morning before the little ones are up, and when we get home at night, they are mostly gone to bed, or they are tired, and so are we, and it's not very much we can know of one another at the fag end of the week; but when that best day comes that's all our own, then we can gather together round the table or fireside, and talk to one another, and we can go to the house of God together, and thank him that he has given us one day in seven as a holy, blessed 'family day.'"

The cat and the puppies.

A little black spaniel had five puppies, which were considered too many for her to bring up. As, however, the breed was much in request, the mistress of the house was unwilling that any of them should be destroyed, and asked the cook whether she thought it would be possible to bring some of them up by hand before the kitchen fire. The cook replied that the cat had that day kittened, and that perhaps, two of the puppies might be substituted. The cat made no objection, took to them kindly, and gradually all the kittens were taken away, and the cat nursed the two puppies only. Now, the first curious fact was that the two puppies nursed by the cat were in a fortnight as active, forward, and playful as kittens would have been: they had the use of their legs, barked, and gamboled about; while the other three, nursed by the mother, were whining and rolling about like fat slugs. The cat gave hers her tail to play with, and they were always in motion; they soon ate meat, and long before the others they were fit to be removed.—When they were taken away, the cat became inconsolable. She prowled about the house, and on the second day of tribulation fell in with the little spaniel who was nursing the three other puppies. "Oh!" says Puss, putting up her back, "it is you who have stolen my children." "No," replied the spaniel, with a snarl, "they are my own flesh and blood." "That won't do," said the cat; "I'll take my oath before any justice of the peace that you have my two puppies." Thereupon issue was joined; that is to say, there was a desperate combat which ended in the defeat of the spaniel, and in the cat walking off proudly with one of the puppies, which she took to her own bed. Having deposited this one, she returned, fought again, gained another victory, and redeemed another puppy. Now, it is very singular that she should have only taken two, the exact number she had been deprived of.

A curious apology.

We have known some men whose apologies were sharper than other people's censures. A correspondent of the New York *Observer* gives the following account of an apology made by Ebenezer Webster, father of Daniel, when under church discipline:

In one instance only was he subjected to church discipline, when the minister suggested that a written acknowledgment would be proper, which the Colonel declined, saying he would have nothing on file, but make his confession orally, and in presence of all the congregation. Accordingly, on the following Sabbath he rose in his place at the conclusion of the services, and said:

"A few days since, I had some business with my neighbor, Stephen Bohenan, and went up to his house. I found him in the hall of the tavern, instructing the youth in dancing. They were in the midst of a dance when I entered the hall. I took a seat and waited till the dance was closed, when I took the earliest opportunity to do my errand with Stephen. I found the people civil and orderly, and nothing improper. Now, if in this I have offended my *weaker* brethren, I am sorry for it!"

How a child of God bore trouble.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler has contributed the following excellent article to the columns of the *Independent*. He says: "Go with me, good reader, for a moment to the dungeon in which a hero in Christ is passing the last night before his expected execution. It will do you good. It will make you bear more quietly some of life's lesser trials, over which you so often grumble. And when Christ is in prison, in the person of one of his faithful followers, it is a duty to go unto him."

"A horrible hole is this, into which they have thrust the fisherman preacher of Galilee. Worse than the Continental dungeons were before John Howard let the daylight of christianity into them; worse than the slave pens in which the captive patriots of Manassas are now immured, was a Jewish prison in the days of Cæsar. But let us go in and take a glimpse at Peter, on the last night that he is to worry through in that habitation of cruelty. To-morrow that Roman wolf will put his fang into him, and Peter must follow his friend James, in a martyr's bloody suit, out through the gateway of death. This is Peter's last night in trouble. To-morrow the executioner's axe will send him where trouble never comes.

The jailor, with a lamp at his waist, conducts us to the apostle's cell. A quaternion of soldiers watch him as a fire-eyed panther watches his sleeping prey. Twelve other soldiers relieve each other in guarding the unconscious slumberer; for if he escapes, their lives must pay the forfeit. This is stern Roman law. So they are all wide awake. The "keepers at the prison door" are awake too. The artful leaders of the persecution for the infernal *auto da fe* of the morrow.

But there are others, too, who cannot sleep through that eventful night. Away over in a retired chamber of a by-street there is a band of brother-hearts, tried and true, who are wrestling and pleading together at the mercy-seat.—Mary, the mother of John Mark, the missionary, has opened her house to-night for a gathering of prayer; perhaps a regular service—more likely, one summoned for this special emergency.—It is a genuine prayer meeting—a model prayer meeting—for they "pray without ceasing." Literally, they *strain* in supplication; the Greek phrase marking the most intense stretch of anxious importunity. How wistfully they gaze heavenward! how leaps the petition up from pleading lips, that God would deliver their imprisoned brother from to-morrow's bloody doom! Good Mother Mary entreats as if her own son lay in that dungeon deep, and gentle Rhoda breathes her maiden prayer in behalf of the valiant *Great Heart* who is fast in the gripe of Giant Grim. They are all praying for Peter. It is their last and best resort.

But where is Peter himself? Hold hither the lamp. Lo; *he is asleep!* "Between two soldiers," with a fetter on each wrist, he sleeps on the cold prison floor as sweetly as a tired child on dear mother's breast. Oh, what a picture! The children of heaven awake to pray for him. The children of hell awake to destroy him. But the heart, for which others are throbbing, dismisses its own anxieties, and falls asleep in the arms of infinite Love. Was there nothing to keep him awake through that drear night? Had he not a far-away wife, for whom his noble, impatient spirit might have chafed itself, as caged eagle chafes itself on its prison bars? Perhaps, too, there were dark-haired Jewish lads and unsandaled girls who had played with their father's fishing-boat that day on the beach of Galilee. For them he might have wrung his soul in agony. Like John Bunyan in Bedford jail, he might possibly have said, "This parting from my wife and children hath often been to me, in this prison, as the pulling of my flesh from my bones." "Especially," writes Bunyan, "from my poor blind child, who lay nearer my heart than all I had besides. Poor Child! thought I, thou must beg, thou must suffer hunger, and cold, and nakedness, and a thousand other calamities, although I cannot now endure that the wind should blow upon thee. But I must venture you all with God, though it goeth to the very quick to leave you."

So the brave apostle ventured all with God. Family, home, life, labors for Jesus Christ, the welfare of his infant churches hanging upon him—all, all were handed over to God's keeping, and he, the trustful child sinks down to rest in his Father's arms. So God giveth his beloved sleep.

Now, what lesson, my friend, shall you and I learn from this prison scene? It is a very simple one, and yet one exceeding hard to learn—the lesson of composure in the time of trouble. That is the truth I gather from the sublime spectacle of the sleeping hero in Jerusalem's dungeon. Sublimer is the childlike repose of that hero of faith than many another man in the full strain of intensest activity.

How did the apostle attain that placid serenity of soul? Simply by keeping his conscience void of offence, and by anchoring his soul fast to God. An uneasy conscience would never have allowed Peter to cover himself thus under the sweet refreshment of slumber. The first great secret of composure of soul is to be at peace with God. Peter had both. It was not through his fault, but through his faithfulness, that he had reached his prison cell. It lay right across his path of duty, and he kept that path unflinchingly. How he should escape from that dungeon, or whether he would or not, he left entirely with his heavenly Father. *Faith* was the pillow beneath that persecuted head, or that dungeon would never have witnessed such a sublime sight of calm, tranquil sleep while the executioner's axe was sharpening for the blow.

Troubled child of God, go look at that prison spectacle. Look at it until your eyes melt into tears. Look at it until your are thoroughly ashamed of your own peevish complainings, and your own cowardly distrust. Learn *how to trust God*. Study the glorious and suggestive scene until the prayers of Christ's people in the house of Mary begin to come back from heaven in the form of white-robed angels who touch the chained captive, and in an instant the fetters fall off from his hands, and he walks forth through iron gates that open to him "of their own accord." The hour may not be afar off when God shall surprise you with a like deliverance.

Agriculture, &c.

Putting knowledge to good use.

A certain nobleman, very pround of the extent and beauty of his pleasure-grounds, chancing one day to call on a small squire, whose garden might cover half an acre, was greatly struck with the brilliant colors of his neighbor's flowers. "Ay, my lord, the flowers are well enough," said the squire, "but permit me to show you my grapes." Conducted into an old-fashioned little green-house, which served as a vinery, my lord gazed, with mortification and envy, on grapes twice as fine as his own. "My dear friend," said my lord, "you have a jewel of a gardener: let me see him!" The gardener was called—the single gardener—a simple-looking young man under thirty. "Accept my compliments on your flower-beds and your grapes," said my lord, "and tell me, if you can, why your flowers are so much brighter than mine, and your grapes so much finer. You must have studied horticulture profoundly." "Please your lordship," said the man, "I have not had the advantage of much education; I ben't no scholar; but as to the flowers and the vines, the secret as to treating them just came to me, you see, by chance."

"By chance? explain."

"Well, my lord, three years ago, master sent me to Lunnon on business of his'n; and it came on to rain, and I took shelter in a mews, you see."

"Yes; you took shelter in a mews; what then?"

"And there were two gentlemen taking shelter too; and they were talking to each other about charcoal?"

"About charcoal?—go on."

"And one said that it had done a deal o' good in many cases of sickness, and specially in the first stage of the cholera, and I took a note in my mind of that, because we'd had the cholera in our village the year afore. And I guessed the two gentlemen were doctors, and knew what they were talking about."

"I dare say they did; but flowers and vines don't have the cholera, do they?

"No, my lord; but they have complaints of their own; and one of the gentlemen went on to say that charcoal had a special good effect upon all vegetable life, and told a story of a vine-dresser, in Germany, I think, who had made a very sickly poor vineyard one of the best in all those parts, simply by charcoal-dressings. So I naturally pricked up my ears at that, for our vines were in so bad a way that master thought of doing away with them altogether. 'Ay,' said the other gentleman, 'and see how a little sprinkling of charcoal will brighten up a flower-bed.'"

"The rain was now over, and the gentlemen left the mews; and I thought, 'Well, but before I try the charcoal upon my plants, I'd best make some inquiry of them as aren't doctors, but gardeners; so I went to our nurseryman, who has a deal of book-learning, and I asked him if he'd ever heard of charcoal-dressing being good for vines, and he said he'd read in a book that it was so but had never tried it. He kindly lent me the book, which was translated from some forren one. And after I had picked out of it all I could, I tried the charcoal in the way the book told me to try it; and that's how the grapes and the flower-beds came to please you, my lord. It was a lucky chance that ever I heard those gentlemen talking in the mews, please your lordship."

"Chance happens to all," answered the peer, sententiously; "but to turn chance to account is the gift of few."

His lordship, returning home, gazed gloomily on the hues of his vast parterres; he visited his vineries, and scowled at the clusters; he summoned his head gardener—a gentleman of the highest repute for science, and who never spoke of a cowslip except by its name in Latin. To this learned personage my lord communicated what he had heard and seen of the benignant effects of charcoal, and produced in proof a magnificent bunch of grapes, which he had brought from the squire's.

"My lord," said the gardener, scarcely glancing at the grapes, "Squire ——'s gardener must be a poor ignorant creature to fancy he had discovered a secret in what is so very well known to every professional horticulturist. Professor Liebig, my lord, has treated of the good effect of charcoal dressing, to vines especially; and it is to be explained on these chemical principles"—therewith the wise man entered into a profound disputation, of which his lordship did not understand a word.

"Well, then," said the peer, cutting short the harangue, "since you know so well that charcoal-dressing is good for vines and flowers, have you ever tried it on mine?"

"I can't say I have, my lord; it did not chance to come into my head."

"Nay," replied the peer, "chance put it into your head, but thought never took it out of your head."

My lord, who, if he did not know much about horticulture, was a good judge of mankind, dismissed the man of learning; and, with many apologies for seeking to rob his neighbor of such a treasure, asked the squire to transfer to his service the man of genius. The squire, who thought that now the charcoal had been once discovered, any new gardener could apply it as well as as the old one, was too happy to oblige my lord, and advance the fortunes of an honest fellow born in his village. His lordship knew very well that a man who makes good use of the ideas received through chance, will make a still better use of ideas received through study. He took some kind, but not altogether unselfish pains, with the training and education of the man of genius whom he had gained to his service. The man is now my lord's head forester and bailiff. The woods thrive under him, the farm pays largely. He and my lord are both the richer for the connection between them. He is not the less practically pains-taking, though he no longer says "ben't and "his'n;" nor the less felicitously theoretical, though he no longer ascribes a successful experiment to chance.—*Sir E. B. Lytton in "Blackwood."*

In one ton of cabbage there are 189 ounces of sand, 184 of salt (chloride of sodium,) 279 of sulphuric acid, 156 of phosphoric acid, 72 of magnesia, 652 of lime, 208 of soda, 661 of potash.