

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1862.
Read—JOHN xi. 17-37: Martha's Confessions
DEUT. xviii.: The Lord is the Priest's Inheritance.
Recite—JOHN xi. 1-4.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN xi. 38-57: The Raising of Lazarus.
DEUT. xix.: The Cities of Refuge.
Recite—xi. 21-27.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

179. Name the passages of Scripture which show that Angels were employed in giving the Divine law to man.

180. What is said to be better than the power of working of miracles.

Answers to questions given last week.

177. They commenced at twenty-five years of age and ceased at fifty. See Numbers viii, 24, 26.
178. 1 Samuel, xxviii, 5, 6, 15.

Stray Leaves.—No. 6.

A HAWTHORN LEAF.

In the "Language of Flowers," which I suppose includes, to a certain extent, the language of leaves, I find the hawthorn set down as the symbol of Hope.

What a power hope is! What should we do in the world without it!

How much of cheer there is in it! To what does it impel! What is that which nerves your arm, my backwoods' friend, in the discharge of your laborious task?

What is it that urges you on, my poor, care-worn, business friend—steps in to your relief at every hard strain, and keeps up your spirits in the cloudy days of embarrassment?

What is it that cheers you, mother of those wayward boys, and enables you to do and to suffer so much for their welfare?

What is it that enables you to do and to suffer so much for their welfare? Is it not the hope that they will one day prove to be good, and perhaps great men, for you are pretty sure that no one else has such promising sons as you?

What impels you, my young friend, to pore over those dry, dusty books so much, depriving yourself of many a youthful pleasure? You know that it is Hope—hoping for the approbation of your teachers at school—hoping to graduate with all the honors at college—hoping to achieve distinction in future life.

And you, my brother minister, what enables you to bear up under the burdens of poverty; nerves overwrought, and the extraordinary crookedness of human nature with which you have to deal? Is it not hope? The hope that saints are edified, backsliders reclaimed, and poor sinners saved by your instrumentality—the hope that the Master will deliver you in the hour of your need, bring you through the stumps and underbrush of life, and by-and-bye call you up higher to receive the crown which fadeth not.

What is it that impels the barrister to master the dry and complicated details of that law case? It is Hope: he hopes to carry his cause, and add brilliancy to his reputation. What enables the politician to pursue his devious way? The hope that his pursuit will end in the obtaining of the coveted office.

What else is it that nerves the soldier to deeds of chivalric daring, and makes him fearlessly haste to meet the fire? It is the hope that the laurel wreath may yet enrich his brow and brighten with deathless fame a name as yet unknown. What enlivens every situation of life? Hope! What increases every joy? Hope! What renders every misery more endurable? I answer it is Hope—the angel of good to man.

Seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, amid the leafy luxuriance of the forest, dear reader, I am writing; and since I wrote the last paragraph, I have been musing of the numberless things I am hoping for. It is Saturday afternoon, my sermons are prepared for the morrow, and I wonder what kind of a congregation I shall have—hoping that it may be good one. What the effect of the preaching—hoping that it may be the savor of life and not death.

I came hither to this leafy glade for comfort—it was too hot in the "study"—here it is cooler, it is true, but the song of the mosquito has no charms for me, therefore I must move, hoping that it may be better somewhere else. Ah! here is a grassy knoll over which that oak casts its grateful shade—this will be a good place to finish the leaf.

I have said that we do not get all we hope for. No! our hopes are often blasted, our plans dissolve like castles in the air, our aspirations are quenched, our darling, pet projects obliged to be given up—we get poorer instead of richer, or our riches take wings and fly away. Yet, notwithstanding all these discouragements, we hope on. It is well. It is right that we should. If we are pursuing the pathway of rectitude, it is our privilege, though we may be in the midst of adverse circumstances, to hope on, and hope ever. Art thou, my reader, wading through the deeps of affliction—do the waters seem as if they would overwhelm thee? Hope! thou art nearing the shallows, thy foot will soon be on the dry land.

Hope on! Art thou struggling with poverty? Hope! The Lord will provide. Hope on! Art thou having a hard-to-hand conflict with temptation? Does the enemy press thee sore? Courage! "Resist the devil and he will flee from thee." Hope on! Art thou withering under the effects of that "canker of conversation" that

—vexin Slander, bred in abject minds Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate?"

This is a terrible infliction, yet I bid thee—Hope! Thou wilt yet come out of the cloud brighter for being in it—then Hope on! Art thou mourning because of thine exceeding sinfulness—almost despairing relief? Yet hope on, for black as midnight as thy sins may be, yet the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Jesus says "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out"—therefore, Hope on!

Whatever becomes of us in this world let us each make sure that we have a HOME FOR THE FUTURE founded on the rock—Christ Jesus—thus shall we avoid the depth where hope is forever extinguished, and gain the height where hope shall be swallowed up in perfect realization.

COPE in Canadian Baptist.

Chips.

GIVE HIM A HOLIDAY!

What a capital thing a change is! How good it seems to get rid of the pressure of the collar for a season, after working hard and continuously through weary months—to feel that we have nothing earthly to do but enjoy ourselves. Just as that horse enjoys the roll on the greensward after his day's work is done, so do we. The harness of every-day toil is thrown off, and we feel the luxury of the change.

I am speaking from a recent experience. I have been recuperating for a fortnight, looking into the faces of old friends, chatting of days past, and talking hopefully of the future. Boating, fishing, bathing in terspered—walking some, but riding more—reading little and preaching less. And now I have got back again, better far for the two weeks out, yet glad to get home. Yes, there is after all no place like home. I appreciate it better for being away. How pleased the children are; Willie is ready to stand on his head with delight; Louise climbs up one knee, the baby (who has decidedly improved) occupies the other, whilst Charlie and Rose tell over the wonderful things that have occurred in my absence—how the kitten was drowned, how one of the chickens was carried off, how the ducks have grown, and many other things interesting only to "Pa." Then, how glad my people seemed to be as they gathered round to shake hands at the close of the evening prayer meeting. Well, it is good to go off, but I declare it is better to get back. Now then to work with a keener relish.

Let me ask my lay friends a question—Has your pastor had a vacation this summer? If not let me advise you to see about his having one. Depend upon it, it will pay. He will be much benefitted, and what benefits him is good for you. It is "penny wise and pound foolish" for you to keep him always at home: If you are farmers, you know that it is not good for your horses to keep them up all the time—you know that it is better for them to run a spell. And if it be good for your horses, it will be much better for your pastor with his overwrought nerves and overtaxed brain.

Let him have a holiday by all means. "All work and no play makes jack a dull boy." And as what is everybody's business is nobody's, do you, my good friend, Deacon Bigsoul, just start it. Call a meeting of the church, vote him heartily and unanimously leave of absence two or three Sabbaths, and then pass round the hat and make up a little purse to pay his expenses. Do this, and you will feel better yourselves, your pastor will have had work to crowd back the tears of joy, and will thank God he has such a kind and appreciative people. He will go on his way rejoicing, have a good time, and return a better man physically and spiritually, to give you in future months ample reward for your kindness and consideration. Sow liberally and reap bountifully. Give your pastor a holiday is the counsel of ADZE.

BATTLE OF LIFE.—If life be a battle, how mad must he be who fails to arm himself for the contest. If life be a storm, how infatuated is he who sleeps while his bark is driven amid unknown waters. If life be a pilgrimage, how unwise is he who strays from the right road, nor seeks to return until the twilight shadows gather round his pathway.

Lost in the Church.

It is a fearful thing to be lost amid the darkness of heathenism, far away from Sabbaths, and sanctuaries and Bibles, and the sound of the church going bell—so far beyond the farthest outskirts of Christendom, that rumor hath not carried there even the name of Jesus, or the word of salvation; but a deeper, darker wo is his who is lost in the church, and sits dead before minister and altar on the seat hallowed by the late presence of the glorified pious, the Bible leaves beside him marked with texts and tears. There are such in all churches—dead souls at the altar of the living God—lost souls at the Redeemer's feast and table. It was an Egyptian custom, at festal banquets, to introduce a corpse, and seat it at the table to remind the guests of their mortality. Its fleshless, skinny hand rested on the board, but moved not the viands: the glassy eyeballs fixed their dead stare upon the guests, but the light of life in which those eyes once swam, was extinguished forever. In such a presence proceed often the festivities of Zion. I have seen the corpse at the sacramental supper stone dead amid the guests of Jesus. Not a tear on the cheek; not a quiver of the lip, when Jesus showed his wounds. The dull, dead, unlighted eye, never sparkled, the bosom heaved not, the entombed tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, amid all the outbreak of a Savior's love and tenderness! Do I speak in figure? I only give a Bible application, and alas! figures are inadequate to set forth the entire melancholy of the case.

The Fatal Treasure.

It is related that once the city of Pleurs stood in the quiet valley of the Alps, beneath the shadow of the snow-crowned summits, a pleasant and prosperous town. Above it hung the avalanche, threatening destruction. One night a wakenful man heard the ominous sound breaking on the still air which heralds the descending mass of ice. Starting from his repose, he awoke his daughter, and with her hastened towards the only gate. There she recollected that her casket of jewelry had been left in the house, and turned back to secure the treasure. In another moment, the overwhelming deluge of the avalanche fell with the noise of thunder between father and daughter, burying the city beneath it. When the morning dawned, the spires of the churches alone rose above the cold white grave of the just before busy town. The maiden perished with her idol, while he who sought to save her escaped.

We are reminded often in a revival of religion of this story. Not only does the charmed victim of worldly pleasure, with whom the eternal Father is striving, grasp a toy and seal the doom of the soul, but the unseen line of destiny runs between the abandoned sinner and the weeping friend, who, like the angels when Lot was led from Sodom, had almost rescued, under God, the reluctant trifier with mercy.

"How far may we go on in sin? How long will God forbear? Where does hope end, and where begin The confines of despair?"

An answer from the skies is sent: 'Ye that from God depart, While it is called to day, repent, And harden not your heart.'

—Tract Journal.

Agriculture, &c.

Manures.

All decomposing animal matters form most energetic fertilizers, and the collection of carcases of animals, the blood from slaughter-houses, the residue from the manufacture of preserved meat, fish, &c., are all substances which, if given to the soil, would be the source of abundant crops. But these substances are difficult to preserve. The abominable stench they give out prevents their transport to any distance by land or sea. It is also extremely difficult to remove the excess of water they contain, which insensibly augments their weight, and at the same time contributes to their more rapid decomposition.

To render blood, flesh, &c., impudrescent while desiccating and during the time necessary to keep them, but nevertheless to preserve their fertilizing properties, so that when added to the soil they may give out the putrefying elements required for the nourishment of plants, is a subject of great importance. To the solution of this problem, M. Chevallier, son of the distinguished chemist who has done so much for the advancement of industrial science and pharmacy, has lately directed his attention. M. Chevallier has found that a small quantity of acid sulfates, (from two to four per cent. of the chloride acid of commerce,) for partially drying blood or flesh without giving out sensible odor. It is highly desirable that this suggestion should be practically tested, and, if verified, generally adopted. The London-Manure Company, for instance, some time since endeavored to bring into notice an animal manure, consisting of the waste flesh of cattle imported from the River Plate, which contained 11 per cent. of nitrogen. The detestable stench of this substance, however, fully accounts for the repugnance of captains and owners in bringing it over. The adoption of some such process as that of M. Chevallier might, however, remove this objection, and bring into use this manure, which would prove nearly as valuable as the blood manure of the same company, containing about 16 per cent. of nitrogen. The

quantity of animal matter at present wasted in the countries of the New World is enormous. In South America there are killed annually, for their hides alone, more than 5,000,000 head of cattle, the carcases being left to rot. There is thus wasted not less than 500,000 tons of manure, equally rich with the best guano. On the banks and shores of Newfoundland, again, there is thrown into the sea more than 10,000 tons of waste fish and bones, besides quantities of seal blubber. On the coast of France, especially of Brittany, there exist considerable quantities of waste fish, available for manure, but which is not cared for, although equal in fertilizing properties to guano. We may estimate that it is possible to furnish to agriculture an annual quantity equal to 400,000 tons of valuable animal manure, at present lost.—Mark Lane Express.

FEEDING OATS TO HORSES.

The same quantity of oats given to a horse produces different effects according to the time they are administered. I have made the experiments on my own horses, and have always observed that there is in the dung a quantity of oats not digested, when I purposely gave them water before corn. There is another bad habit, that of giving corn and hay on their return to the stable after hard work. Being very hungry they devour it eagerly and do not masticate; the consequence is, it is not so well digested and not nearly so nutritious. When a horse returns from work, perspiring and out of breath, he should be allowed to rest for a time, then given a little hay, half an hour afterward water, and then oats. By this plan water may be given without risk of cold, as the oats act as a stimulant.

Address to the Annapolis Volunteer Companies.

BY HON. J. W. JOHNSTON.

Among the news items of our last issue was a notice of the presentation of a Medal by the Hon. J. W. Johnston to the Annapolis Volunteers on the 30th ult. The following is the speech made by the honorable gentleman on that occasion.

Gentlemen,—Officers and Privates of the Annapolis Royal or Prince of Wales Volunteer Artillery and Rifle Company:

It gratifies me to be permitted the honor of presenting to you a Medal to serve as a stimulus to improvement in the rifle firing of the company.

Your kindness in electing me an honorary member I appreciated as a compliment from valued and tried friends—but there exists associations which give to the appointment a still higher value. It renews a connexion formed more than 50 years ago, and awakens the memories of half a century—recalling that season, which I spent here, when life is free from care, and when youth draws from the passing moment hilarity and joy and gilds the future with bright visions. These memories recall too the images of departed friends.—More than 50 years ago—about the years 1811, '12, and '13—I was a private and clerk of the Annapolis Royal Volunteer Artillery Company, of which your company is the continuation and revival—then commanded as Captain, by my brother-in-law, the late Judge Ritchie, with whom I was at the time a student at law. Where are the comrades with whom I then fell into the ranks at drill with the musket, and at exercise with our brass field-pieces, and united in active spots—cricket and the ball? A few and very few remain, who like myself, have stood the vicissitudes and dangers that beset life; and preserved by a merciful Providence, have survived our early associates—by far the greater part have passed away; and it is a reflection of the deepest interest, that among those I now address are sons and grand-sons of departed compatriots in arms in years long past.

The scenes of youth leave an impression seldom effaced. Allow me to recall some of these connected with the present occasion.

The war with the United States had made it necessary to organize and drill the Militia to an extent not known in recent years; and real or apprehended aggressions on our exposed coasts and harbours made vigilance needful. Between musters for drill and reviews we were called together many times in a year—if I am not mistaken, as many as twelve times—and two inspections of arms and accoutrements were made at each man's house twice a year by an officer and the clerk. Filling the latter office I always took part in this service, and I can recall the exhilaration of spirits and merry humor with which on well appointed steeds, on some bright autumnal day—such as this—we cantered along the gorgeous scenery of this noble valley, from house to house, fulfilling our military errand, and passing words of cheerful salutation with their inmates. In the village and up the river we had on our lists, Buhlers and Grays and Bobsors—the Motts and Jeffersons—the Feans, Williamses, Whitmans, Harrises, the Spurts and Kents—the Kents I think were the last on the main road, but on our way we had to drop the bars, and traverse the marsh to reach the Winstchesters and Sanders—on returning it was necessary to sweep round the head of the Cape and come back on the opposite side of Allen's river to take in the Easons, Rices, Ryersons, and others—the company, as you will see, occupied a considerable circuit. The military command was then held by Col. Darling—whose son—the present Governor of Jamaica, was, I believe born in Annapolis Royal. At one time it was deemed prudent to establish nightly sentinels on the Allen's Creek road, near the Court House, and in other places in and adjacent to the town;