

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 27TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN iii. 19-36: Further testimony of John concerning Jesus. DEUT. ii. 1-20: The story touching the Edomites, &c.

Recite—JOHN iii. 16-18.

SUNDAY, MAY 4TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN iv. 1-26: The woman of Samaria. DEUT. ii. 21-37: Sihon discomfited.

Recite—JOHN iii. 19-21.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

137. Name two of our most valuable institutions which had their origin before sin entered into the world.

138. Which of the sacred writers after Moses, most frequently refers to Eden, and what precious stones does he mention as having been there?

Answers to questions given last week:—

135. Three. Noah's ark, made of gopher wood; Moses' ark, of bulrushes; and the Lord's ark, of shittim wood overlaid with gold.

138. The translation of Enoch. Gen 5:24.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO "ANOTHER RIDDLE," IN C. MESSENGER APRIL 9TH.

The Riddle read,—by L. C.'s rule, I sought the answer true to find: Lo! like the "Rule of Three" at School, It brought it out just to my mind. I will not trouble you with rhyme, The afflatus's gone,—but with my pen A hint I'll give about some "kine."— See 1st Samuel vi. and 10.

ONE OF THE MIDDLING-SIZED.

We have received from different parts of the country several answers to "Another Riddle," some in prose and others in verse. Some are very good, but too long. Some have supposed the answer to be—the Israelites who were drowned in the Red Sea,—and have put that answer in verse, but they will find that the two last lines are not quite sustained by that answer. The above we consider the best, and we doubt not that after reading it, the writers of the others will be of the same opinion.

For the Christian Messenger.

AN ORIGINAL SCRIPTURE PUZZLE.

I lived, moved about, was nourished and fed; Supported by feet, lungs, stomach, and head. A mother I had, and I clung to her side, Where she went I attended, her glory and pride; 'Till the rude hand of violence tore me away, To encounter new scenes and new glories display. My mother was torn from my warm embrace, And a new cherished rival anon took my place. I was chosen a sign 'twixt man and his God, Of deliverance and slaughter, salvation and blood. I was cast to the ground, all exposed there I lay, And night after night did divine power display; I was seized by a warrior and rudely compressed, And streams from each pore brought joy to his breast, Fire divine filled his soul and flashed from his eye, And he rushed to the field with a fierce battle cry, Then the hosts of the mighty lay humbled and low; But Jehovah alone triumphed over the foe.

My successors still live, tho' I long ago died; In field, flood, and forest, and at royalty's side; I'm sought by wise women, and by cunning men, Teased, tortured and torn, changed again and again; I provide for the hungry, the naked I dress; The prince I adorn, and the peasant I bless. I'm to field with the soldier, with the sailor to sea, Not a prosperous merchant but traffics in me. I'm the emblem of purity, though oft sadly stained, And of blessings the highest by mortals attained. Oft uttered in sermons, oft mentioned in prayer, An emblem of faith, and of God's watchful care.

Now say what I am, and mention the cases; Give my name, and the time, with the persons and places.

[Some knowledge of natural history and the mechanical arts, as well as of Scripture history and emblems, are necessary for the full solution.]

ONE OF THE LARGER CHILDREN. Meedie Cottage, Hansport.

A bright child of some nine years of age, while one day reading the New Testament, looking up to her father enquired with great earnestness, "Father, where do we read about John the Presbyterian, and John the Methodist? It tells me here about John the Baptist, and I want to know where it tells about John the Presbyterian and John the Methodist?"

TALE WITH YOUR CHILD.—A want of familiarity between parents and children upon religious matters, and a constrained intercourse between them, is a key to the failure of many parents in their efforts to train up their children in the way they should go, as well as a fruitful source of infidelity in the child.

CORRECT yourself betimes. You will seldom or never keep from falling if you cannot recover yourself when you first begin to totter.

Coming out. A Sketch.

BY MARIANNE FARINGHAM.

PART I.

There had been a baptism at Brookdale.—Many persons, young and old, had been constrained, by Divine love, to throw off the burdens of Satan, and unite themselves with the Lord's people. There had been a moving among the dry bones, and the Spirit of the Lord had blown upon them, bringing new life and new desires. And the numbers of Christ's Church were swelled thereby—the new influences were thrown into the proper channel—the new pilgrims joined companions, whose feet were, like theirs, travelling heavenward.

It was evening in Brookdale at the commencement of our Sketch—the quiet, thoughtful, dreamy time, which we all love so well, which sometimes does us so much good. For then, when the noise of the busy outer world is hushed, the spirit holds its festival; the heart looks in upon itself and sees things as they are, not as they seem. Well is it for us, if, in the dim twilight, to keep our thoughts in their right places, we have the companionship of Jesus, and, when all other loved ones are absent, "his presence makes our Paradise."

Rather perplexing thoughts had the sole inhabitant of a cosy little room in Brookdale.—She was a maiden of about eighteen, and you would have been sure, had you seen her, that she was intelligent and thoughtful; for a bright light shone in her eyes, and a serious expression rested on her brow. An open Bible lay before her, and she read softly, again, and again that important verse, *Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing: and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty.*

Lucy Leighton would rather not have understood that text as fully as she did. She was young and interesting, full of life and vigour; not yet had she proved earth, and its loves and pleasures, to be "vanity of vanities, and vexation of spirit." On the contrary, they had many charms for her. Her heart bounded as buoyantly, her step was as light, her voice as ringing as any of the pleasure-seekers around her. A word of praise, a graceful compliment, brought the warm blood to her cheek, the quickened throb to her heart. And she had no wish to give them all up, and "come out from among them."

But the previous Sunday, she had sat by the water-side, and witnessed the baptism. She had heard the words of the Saviour reiterated, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," and her soul was awaking from its sleep. She had seen the young disciples immersed, had heard the pastor's solemn charge to them, and she admired, from her heart, the devotion to the Redeemer which they were commencing. And beside that, her own heart was touched with a new love to him; she, too, longed to follow him; she prayed to be made his, for time and for eternity. And this evening she had shut herself in her chamber, to think over, and to make the surrender.

"Lord, help me do what is right!" she prayed. "Come out from among them" was the answer. But there were little counter-influences at work. Lucy would not be a half-Christian. She was no coward. If she prepared to follow the Lord, it would be "whithersoever he goeth." She would not compromise the matter. She would not try to hold Christ in one hand, and the world in the other. The time was come to choose the one, and let the other go.

"Let the other go!" Which? Her eyes fell on a little envelope resting quietly on the mantelpiece. Quietly, and, yet it spoke to her very eloquently. She knew, well enough, what was inside, and yet she opened it, and read again. It contained a well-known, and manly handwriting. Lucy was very fond of that handwriting.—Here, then, was the first trial? And it was a hard one. Suppose she gave up the opera, could she ever give up the writer of that invitation?

She buried her face in her hands, and tears sprang to her eyes. Well, she thought she loved Jesus better still, and He had said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

A tap at the door startled her. It was opened almost simultaneously from without, and a young lady, all smiles and sunshine, came in.—"Lucy, my dear, excuse me; they told me, down stairs, you were engaged, and seemed to think I had better not interrupt you; but, you see, I have ventured to do even that."

"I am glad to see you," and it was the truth, for to poor Lucy's aching heart her friend's presence was a relief.

"Well, dear, I'm come to talk about the opera; not having any taste of my own, I have come to consult yours. What shall you wear? What shall I?"

"I think, dear—that is—I believe I shall not go."

"Not go! And Charles has asked you!"—The young lady opened her eyes very wide with astonishment. Then Lucy told her all: told her how the love of Jesus had touched her heart how she longed to serve him, how she felt that in his service alone there was perfect happiness—perfect freedom, and how she thought she had come to the conclusion to unite herself with his people.

"Become a member of the Church, Lucy; You don't mean that, surely?"

"Yes, dear, I believe I shall be happier and safer then. It seems such a blessed thing to belong so that happy family. I've been reading this hymn, and it makes me wish to join them. Come and read it."

The fair young heads bent together, and read—

"Blest be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

"Before our Father's throne
We pour our mutual prayers,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares."

And again—

"O blest society
Of saints in friendship joined,
From envy, wrath, and malice free,
In words and actions kind.

No strife, but to excel;
No hatred, but of sin;
A perfect harmony without,
Substantial peace within."

"Very beautiful, if true." And there was a bitterness in her friend's voice which made Lucy look at her earnestly.

"Very beautiful, if true; but, Lucy, believe me, there never was a greater falsehood written." "Oh, Emily!" exclaimed Lucy, shudderingly, "take care what you say. I have ever looked upon the Church of Christ as a band of loving Christ-like people, with whom it would be an honour to have my name enrolled."

"I know them! Haven't I lived with Church-members all my life? Lucy, if they are better than others, why don't they show it? I, too, have grown weary of sin—I, too, have longed to love and serve the Saviour—but, with such examples as I have before me, I cannot join the Church. They tell us they are heirs of glory—they are redeemed from sin; "old things have passed away, all things have become new." If they would let us see the fruits we might believe. I can tell you of one, who comes home from the prayer-meeting—where he has offered supplications—to make his whole household tremble with fear at his anger, who because of some trifling thing which has aroused his temper, sends his children weeping to bed, nearly breaks his wife's heart, and disgusts his servants. I can tell you of another, whom I know to be a dishonest man, who takes advantage of feeble women, and anything else by which he can get gold for his coppers. You think they are 'a blest society'—loving one another, forgiving one another, caring for each other—as Jesus would have them! I was one of a party of Christian ladies last night. I never heard so much scandal in an hour before! You and I could not be so uncharitable, so un pitying toward a sister's weakness if we tried. What are they better than us? Do they spend less time and money on dress? Do they follow the fashions of the world less closely? Do they debar themselves from luxuries, that they may help others, any more willingly than we? I trust, and the voice that had been so scornful grew soft—"I trust that I shall be pardoned through the merits of an all-atoning Saviour; but I hope it is not necessary to join the Church. Do not weep, dear Lucy; I am sorry to have grieved you."

But Lucy did weep after her friend had gone, and her room grown quiet again. Oh, Christians! careless of their outer lives, what stumbling-blocks they are! Lucy knew her friend had spoken passionately—almost angrily—because her life had been embittered by the inconsistencies of which she spoke; but she knew, also, on reflection, that her friend's harsh strictures were too true. Some whom she knew did not seem to have "come out from among them," to be "separate," to "touch not the unclean thing," although they bore Christ's name, and professed to be his disciples.

Still, she believed in her heart that this did not make her own duty any the less imperative. The command was just as plain to her, "If ye love me keep my commandments." But it made the trial greater. How could she, for this, give up her friends, her pleasures, her love?

So she halted between the two opinions—and the struggle within was just such a struggle as many of our young readers have had. Which gained the mastery? To which were her talents devoted—the Church or the world? We shall see in our next—and, meanwhile, God help us to throw no stumbling-blocks in the way of inquirers.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there be a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, Waste, cries "More," like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

WHO ARE THE COWARDS?—The captain of a ship says, "I am in the habit of reading the Scriptures to the crew. I have suffered much lately at sea; having been dismasted, and had all my boats washed away, a little to the westward of Cape Clear. I then had an opportunity of seeing who was who; and I found the most unprincipled men the most useless and the greatest cowards in this awful gale, and the Bible men altogether the reverse, most useful and courageous."

'Tis little troubles that wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bomb-shell a mile than a feather—even with artillery. Forty little debts of a dollar each will cause you more trouble and dunning than one big one of a thousand.

Agriculture, &c.

Vermin on Cattle.

OXEN and cows, and especially young cattle, are very liable to be attacked by vermin,—and unless care is taken to prevent their depredations, they will seriously impair the growth and productiveness of the stock. In the spring these exotics usually show themselves the most numerous; and for this reason we call especial attention to the matter now. Applications are annually made to us for some remedy to destroy these pests, and among those suggested are,—

Any clean oil, applied to the skin and thoroughly rubbed over all the upper portions of the animal,—and particularly along the line of the back bone, between the horns and ears, and on the shoulders and neck. The reason for covering such large portions of the creature is, that lice do not breathe through the mouth, but through breathing-holes or pores in the body, and when they come in contact with oily substances, these pores are stopped, and they die.

Fine sand, or dry loam, carefully sifted over the animal, and frequently repeated, will greatly annoy vermin, and perhaps drive them from their places. It is probable that cattle paw the fresh earth and throw it upon themselves, for the same reason that fowls burrow in the ruts or the dry garden soil.

Ashes.—Some persons apply wood ashes, and it is good, but requires to be used with much care. If it is applied plentifully, and the animal is exposed to rain soon after, the ashes are leached, trickle down in ley, and take off the hair.

Tobacco-Water is also employed by many, and is frequently effectual. This may be purchased in a highly concentrated and convenient form.

Kerosene has been latterly used, and with success. If applied too freely, it seems to set the hair and partially tan the skin. Where it has been applied profusely, we have seen the old coat of hair remain on nearly through the summer, while the skin under it was hard and dry, and appeared to be inactive.

Yellow Snuff is often successfully applied.

Unguentum is a certain remedy, but is a dangerous one in unskilful hands. Its active property is probably quicksilver, (mercury,) and has a powerful influence upon the skin, rendering the animal liable to take cold upon exposure.

Spirits of Turpentine is another remedy, and is said to be a most effectual one. The mode of using it is to take a common wool card, and pass it over the animal until the teeth are pretty well choked with hair, then pour on a small quantity of spirits of turpentine, but sufficient to moisten the hair in the card, and again pass it over the animal's coat—applying the card first in places where the vermin "most do congregate." In this way every insect will be compelled, almost immediately, to "vamoose." The operation should be repeated in the course of three or four days, as newly-hatched lice many supply the place of their progenitors which have been destroyed or driven off by the first. As turpentine is of a very diffusive and penetrating nature, one wetting of the hair in the card will be sufficient to dress off an animal of ordinary size. This last remedy we give on the recommendation of others, and not as the result of our own experience.—N. E. Farmer.

TAPES IN POULTRY.

A writer in the *Country Gentleman* says he cures this disease in chickens by feeding them on food described as follows.

I take of cracked corn (chicken feed,) four quarts—four quarts coarse wheat bran—scald the meal and bran at the same time—add two table-spoonfuls of good wood ashes sifted, as also one table-spoonful of best ground black pepper. I feed my turkeys and chickens in the same way. I feed often, say once every three hours.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

A Philadelphia gentleman states that, "in a fit of despondency—I resolved to try bran bread and good sweet milk. I carried my resolution into effect, and the happy result is, that I am now perfectly well. I have regained my flesh and strength. I sleep as soundly as a rock, and feel as happy as a lark, under this new state of affairs." He takes but one cup of coffee, eats few vegetables, and eschews pastry and puddings.

STEPPING BARLEY BEFORE SOWING.

A writer in the *Homestead* recommends that seed barley should be stepped before sowing in a solution of copperas or blue vitrol, the same is often done for wheat and then rolled in plaster enough to dry it. He says it has the effect of giving it a rapid start, and makes it come up strong and bark colored. He thinks the benefit equal to ten extra cords of manure per acre.

TO REMOVE STAINS.

Alcohol will wash out stains of oil, wax, resin and itchy substances; so will spirits of turpentine, and generally without injury to colors. The turpentine may afterward be removed with alcohol, as it is liable to leave a slight stain. Common burning fluid, which is a mixture of alcohol and turpentine (or camphene,) is an excellent solvent of oil, wax, tar, resin, etc., and it soon dries off after use.