

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 5TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS iii. 1-22: Peter and John brought before the council. JOSHUA x. 1-22: The confederacy of the five kings.

Recite—ACTS iii. 22-24.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS iv. 23-27: The prayer of the Apostles and its answer. JOSHUA x. 23-43: Victories obtained by Israel.

Recite—ACTS iv. 10-12.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answer to the following question.

13. Give a list of the unclean animals.

Answer to question given last week:—

12.—The ox, sheep, goat, hart, roebuck, wildgoat, fallowdeer, chamois, and pygarg or bison Deut. xiv. 4-5.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 24.

A dying mother sadly said, "The glory is from Israel gone, My husband and his father dead, So "Ichabod, I call my son." 1 Samuel iv. 21.

From Sapphira's history we may see What liars in God's sight must be. Acts v. 1-11.

Aaron the priest as spokesman sent, By Moses' side to stand, Israel to save from punishment, In cruel Pharaoh's land. Exodus xiv. Psalm cvi. 16.

"Where'er my Lord the king may be," Ittai the stranger followeth thee. 2 Samuel xv. 19-21.

The race from which proud Haman came Is called Agagite by name. Esther iii. 1.

Hazael in Benhadad's place, As Syria's king did reign, With murder stamped upon his face, For he that king had slain. 2 Kings viii. 15.

The initials the Prophet ISAIAH will spell, The finals, God's servant DANIEL as well. B.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 25.

- 1. The land where Rahab hid the spies, Upon the roof in dark disguise, Beneath the flaxen stocks.
2. The land in prophecy renowned, In book of Obadiah found, That dwelt in clefts of rocks.
3. The land through which our Saviour came To Jacob's well of time-worn fame, And on it sat to rest.
4. The land from whence the gold was brought, And into idol gods was wrought, In blue and purple drest.
5. The land beneath time's ancient wing, In which Melchisedek was king, And priest of God Most High.
6. The land beyond the shores of time, Where millions reap the fruit of crime, And raise their woful cry.
7. The fruitful land of Joseph's fame, To which the starving nations came, And money paid for corn.
8. The land in which a certain Jew, Perhaps his wife Priscilla too, In scripture days was born.
9. The land from whence the woman came, And was baptized in Jesus' name, And native purple sold.
The primal letters of each land, If read in order as they stand, A scripture verse unfold. D. O. P. Brookfield, Queens County.

Giant Covetousness.

"This giant is very large in size, and very strong in limb; but he has the tiniest little bit of a heart you ever saw. It isn't bigger than a Bantam chicken's heart. You might put it in a nutshell. The only wonder is how so huge a frame can be supported by so little a heart. But this is not all, for little as his heart is, it is as hard as a stone. We sometimes hear of people dying with what is called the ossification of the heart. Ossification means, turning to bone. When a man's heart gets hard, or turns to bone,

he dies. According to this rule the giant Covetousness ought to have been dead long ago. It's a perfect wonder how he manages to live, with his heart all turned to stone. But he does live; yes, and not only lives, but is hearty and strong. He is very active. His castle is of great size, and he always has it crowded with prisoners. Those whom he once fairly gets into his chains, find it very hard to break loose. Yet this is very strange, for he is a most disagreeable creature. He drives the poor away from his door. If a shivering beggar comes by he buttons up his pocket, lest by any means a penny should happen to get out. He can hear about poor widows and orphans starving with hunger, and perishing with cold, but never sheds a tear, or heaves a sigh, or gives the least trifle for their relief. When he knows of worthy people being in need, he 'shutteth up his compassion from them.' His heart is hard as a rock, and cold as an iceberg. He loves money better than anything else in the world. He gets all he can, and keeps all he gets. He is ashamed of his name, and won't answer to it. He pretends that his right name is—Frugality. But this is a great story. Frugality is a very different person. He is a good, true, honest fellow. I know he is a sort of second cousin of the giant; and some people think he looks, very much like him; but I don't think he does at all. At any rate this is not the giant's name. His own real proper name is Covetousness; and his puny, little stony heart proves it."—Dr. Newton.

"If I had wealth!"

It is a frequent feeling, if not utterance, "Oh, if I had wealth, how much pleasure it would afford me to contribute largely to all benevolent and religious objects!" To one thus expressing himself, an aged Christian replied:—

"I am not quite so sure of that, and that for several reasons:—

"First, You do not seem to realise that God demands a charity commensurate with that which we have not; and hence, if we do not come up to this real standard, it is not probable that we would with an imaginary one.

"Second, It is the willing heart which is most commendable in the sight of God; and if the heart refuses when our means are small, it is vain to excuse our delinquency by promise of generosity in circumstances which may never occur.

"Third, You forget that, by God's blessing, the mite of the poor may go much further than the affluent gifts of the rich.

"Fourth, If the love of Christ does not impel us to show our attachment to him under one arrangement of circumstances, what warrant have we to believe that it will become influential in a different position?

"And fifth, Charity is like a plant, which must be cultivated before it will grow. If we do not then begin early to give it our attention, it will die out. To postpone giving until we can give largely is equivalent to an indefinite postponement. The lust of accumulation is most unfriendly to the growth of charity; if our charity be reluctant when we are poor, it will not likely be very prompt when we grow rich."

Dr. Beecher's "temperate" parishioner.

Dr. Beecher's views upon the use of alcoholic drinks, were, previous to year 1825, like those of many wise and good men of that day, adverse to excess, but tolerant of moderate drinking. A writer in the Recorder, after stating the above fact, gives an interesting account of the occasion of the radical change that made the doctor so bold a champion in the temperance crusade:

"The revolution in Dr. Beecher's views originated in discussion with one of his parishioners, Mr. Hezekiah Murray. This man, who lived in the extreme south-eastern corner of the parish, was remarkable for the depth and clearness of his ideas, and for his far reaching grasp of truth. Without more than ordinary education, his mind, cultivated by thought, and exercised with great themes, ripened in wisdom and judgment. Nor were his convictions speculative. To know duty was, with him, to yield unflinching obedience. In the intervals of his farm-work he carried, for himself and others, produce and merchandise to and from New-Haven. Upon the wagon-box, slowly threading the long route among the hills, his thoughts were busy with questions of religion and humanity.

"On one of these occasions he reviewed the list of his neighbors and acquaintance from childhood up, and was startled to find how many of them had reached a drunkard's grave. His own habit of moderate use and his example in thus setting temptation before his family, disturbed him. At length, step by step, he came to the point of total abstinence, then to a resolution against furnishing spirits to others, and then against aiding and abetting the manufacture, traffic in or use of alcoholic drinks.

"He even refused to transport the article with his team. More than this. He had for some years distilled cider-brandy for himself and others. That very year, at an expense of one hundred dollars, a new copper still had been set up on his premises. Now he determined it should never be used for distilling. These conclusions he had reached not only without hearing a word in behalf of temperance but even before any public effort had been put forth in that cause.

"The apple harvest arrived. No persuasion, no price could shake Mr. Murray's purpose. People called him a fool—said he was insane—tried various intimidations or inducements, all in vain. At length Mr. Beecher came down in

hot earnest to cure him of his fanatical delusion. Mr. Murray stated the process by which he had been led to adopt these principles. Mr. Beecher rejoined, and urged the Scriptures: 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, Let not your good be evil spoken of,' etc. He argued, that if Mr. Murray were consciously too weak to resist the fascinating cup, he might abstain, but why judge for others, etc. Mr. Murray defended his position, and with such effect that this pastor went home discomfited, though not convinced. It did not so end. Mr. Murray followed his minister home, and again and again pressed him to come out thoroughly for temperance. 'He would not give me peace,' said Dr. Beecher to the writer; 'he stood up in the middle of my floor and counted the names of my people who had died drunkards, and of those who were going to ruin; he pictured some dreadful death scenes, and pleaded with me till the tears rolled down his face. And do you believe—after all that, I made flip with a crow-bar;—alluding to the bar used for rolling back logs on the fire in the huge chimney-place, and which, being always hot, served instantly to thrust into the pitcher of flip when one returned from a wintry ride.

"However, the stern, fixed conviction at length seized the pastor's heart, and shaking off every prejudice, he poured into the temperance work his whole energy of body and soul. Then, ere long, bame the 'Six Sermons' into being."

The moment after death.

What a moment must that be! how vast its consequences! how overwhelming its revelations! Let us try by illustration to realise it.—There dies a saint of God. The summons was sudden, but his house is in order, and with a smile on his face he bids a glad adieu to the scenes and friendships of earth. Coldness passes from point to point in his system, his vision grows dim, his tongue faltering; but in strong faith he commends his all to the conqueror of death, and passes away hailing an everlasting victory. The spirit soars,—angels attend it, the gates of the city are open to receive it,—the King is seen in his beauty,—and now heaven is enjoyed in all its bliss and glory. "Waking up from his life-dream the first sight is Jesus as he is,—no flight through immensity,—no pilgrimage of the spheres,—for the everlasting arms are the first resting-place of the disembodied soul; it will be in the bosom of Immanuel that the emancipated spirit will enquire, 'Where am I?' and read in the face of Jesus the answer, 'Forever with the Lord.'"

But another and a different scene. There dies an impenitent sinner, and, as he feels life ebbing away, his soul is filled with unutterable anguish, his sins are arrayed before him, his conscience accuses him, lost opportunities mock him, hope perishes, and eternity is made terrible by its treaured-up wrath. But he must die. "He that cuts him down, sways as the feller of wood sways the tottering tree,—now a root breaks,—now a heart-string,—now an eye-string snaps asunder!—at last out goes the weary trembling soul." How awful to such a one is the moment after death! The narrow confines of time passed, a boundless eternity stretches itself before him, and in the twinkling of an eye he is ushered into outer darkness, the region of unending woe, where the worm dieth not and where the fire is not quenched. The torments of hell are already begun, and the soul's bitter reflection is that they are merited and will never end.

Yes, solemn thought! one brief moment will effect an entire change in our mode of being,—will make plain what, with respect to a future state, is now involved in mystery, and will bear the soul to the fearful retributions or to the glorious rewards of eternity.

Six short rules.

I. Never neglect daily private prayer; and when you pray, remember that God is present, and that He hears your prayers.—(Heb. xi. 6)

II. Never neglect daily private Bible reading; and when you read, remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of those two rules.—(John v. 39.)

III. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself what am I doing for him.—(Matt. v. 13-16.)

IV. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and kneel down and ask God's blessing upon it.—(Col. iii. 17.) If you cannot do this, it is wrong.—Rom. xiv. 23.)

V. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because such people do so and so, that therefore you may.—(2 Cor. x. 12.)—You are to ask yourself, "how would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow him.—(John x. 27.)

VI. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, Can what I feel be true, if God's Word is true? and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar.—(Rom. iii. 4; 1 John v. 10, 11.)—Brownlow North.

Agriculture, &c.

APPLE-SCIENS.

Scions may be cut at any time between the falling of the leaves in autumn and the starting of the buds in spring. When taken off in the fall, one method of keeping them is to bury them a foot or two deep in the earth. I once set several hundred which had been kept in

this way. They appeared as fresh when taken from the ground as those recently cut from the tree—nearly all lived and made good growth. In this case a trench was dug and some straw laid at the bottom; the scions laid on and another layer of straw put over them, and the trench then filled with earth.

When taken from the trees in winter my method of keeping them is to put the lower ends in loose earth on the bottom of the cellar, and put a box over them to retain the moisture. They may be kept in this way till June, in good condition, as I have found by twenty years' experience.

When grafting is performed early in the season, scions may be taken from the trees and set immediately with good success, but they should not be kept much length of time before using. My usual custom is to collect them in February and March, before the starting of the buds, but it may be done at any time during the winter when most convenient. The fall is the best time on some accounts; the weather is not so cold, and the ground is usually free from snow, rendering it less laborious travelling in the orchard.

When cutting scions we should be careful to select first rate varieties of thrifty growth, with well-developed buds, and from healthy trees. Scions may be sent hundreds of miles by mail, if closely enveloped in oiled silk to exclude the air. I have received and forwarded many in this manner, but few of which failed in growing.—Boston Cultivator.

POULTRY IN FROSTY WEATHER.

There is something exhilarating in a frost—When the early morning breaks on the earth covered with rime, and the hard ground seems to spurn the foot that treads on it, and the sun rises like a disc of burning copper there is something cheerful about it. Nature has donned her masquerade dress of white. Your horse cannot contain himself; and the straggling old friend for some months past content to shake his head, or whisk his tail, as the only answer to what a grand-daughter of ours calls a "good cut o' the whip," now seeks to devour space, and to try conclusions with your strength or that of your reins. In like manner your tried friend, the old dog, gambols, and in the pleasesomeness of his feelings he picks up a shred of cloth in the field, and shakes and tosses it for very wantonness.—The appearance of real winter is then a holiday to many, but (ah! those buds) not to all. It is none to the poultry. Water is frozen; the ground is so hard they cannot scratch; there is not an animal of any kind on its surface; and they must depend on their owner for everything they want. See they lack nothing. First, they must have water. Few people have any idea of the suffering caused to birds by the lack of water. Their power of maintaining life on the smallest possible quantity of food is wonderful provided they have water; but a practiced eye can tell in a dead fowl or pigeon whether it suffered or not from thirst. The skin becomes hard dry, and red; the flesh contracts, as it were, and becomes brown, and the whole body looks as if it had been suddenly shivelled and dried up. You must bear in mind they require more food and better than they do in milder weather; and, if you can, let them have a greater variety. They want substitutes for the worms and insects. Now, the scraps of meat and fat from the table should go to the fowls. Save the drainings of all the glasses, put them together, and sweep all the crumbs and old corners of bread into it. Feed the birds often, and if there is snow, sweep a place clean, and feed there. Never feed any kind of bird in such a manner that they shall pick up snow with their food; it is a strong medicine to them. The lark that fattens in two days, on the white hoar-frost becomes a wretched skeleton after two days' snow.—Cottage Gardener.

YOKES.

It has been my painful conviction that oxen exercise their muscular strength and tax their noble powers to a great disadvantage. There is a fearful waste of muscular exertion to the ox, and a consequent loss to its owner in the use of improper yokes and bows. Owners of working-oxen, in the majority of cases, I believe, pay indifferent attention to the shape of their yokes and bows.

The bulk of farmers, in many places, subject their oxen to enormous outlays of strength in the use of too straight yokes. In the use of a straight yoke the ox is obliged to awkwardly exert the muscles of the upper part of the shoulders and chest to the exclusion of the use of the powers that lie at the base of the chest and neck. The weight or load attached is too high. A yoke that is deep through the staple-holes and crooked, brings the load down to the power of the ox. By bringing the load down to the middle of the neck, which is done by a crooked yoke, the yoke firmly rests on the heaviest part of the neck, and as the ox straightens his legs in moving, the incalculable power of the strong muscles of the middle part of the shoulders and the lower part of the chest are directly applied to the yoke, and the load moves. In the use of the crooked yoke the fulcrum is brought near the weight, and in the use of the straight yoke the fulcrum is removed farther from the weight.

As regards the bows worked on oxen, I have known them so tight on the upper portion of the neck as to inflict injuries on the ear and neck in the act of backing or holding a load down hill. Let your bow holes be eight and a half inches apart, for good-sized oxen, and the yoke wide in the neck, then the bows will slip by the ears, and the yoke strike the horns, and then the ox will hold his load easily and willingly. As a general rule make bows the shape of an egg.—New-England Farmer.