

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 17TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS vii. 17-43: Stephen's discourse. JOSHUA XXI.: Cities assigned to the Levites. Recite—ACTS vii. 6-8.

SUNDAY, MAY 24TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS vii. 44-60: Stephen's discourse concluded.—HIS MARTYRDOM. JOSHUA XXII. 1-20: The two tribes and a half dismissed. Recite—ACTS vii. 17-19.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

19. Two instances are given in the Bible of guilty persons being discovered by casting lots: Name them.

Answer to question given last week:—

- 18. Garments were made of—Leaves. Genesis iii. 7. Skins. Genesis iii. 21. Hebrews xi. 37. Wool. Prov. xxvii. 26. Ezekiel xxxiv. 3. Silk. Proverbs xxxi. 22. Linen. Leviticus vi. 10. Esther viii. 15. Camel's hair. Matt. iii. 4. Sackcloth. 2 Sam. iii. 21. 2 Kings xix. 1.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 27.

Your claim to the victory may rest on the ground, That by you the old wicked world was drowned.

Genesis vii. 19-23.

The culprit must pump you as punishment due, While the poor slave quaffs you with gladness so true. In vapour you ream with, your blessings untold, But by floods you bring sorrow to hearts young and old.

Your home is on earth, but in mist you arise, And form the storm-clouds which appear to our eyes. In the Nile you were changed, both in nature and look,

And your friends, the Egyptians, your taste could not brook. Exodus vii. 20, &c.

The army of Moab beheld you as blood, And rushed to the spoil, but met slaughter instead. When the proud king of Moab escaped from the slaughtered,

His own son in burnt sacrifice immediately offered. 2 Kings iii. 22, &c.

At Marah you proved to be very obnoxious, And your murmuring friends again became anxious, Till Moses, with saplings, restored your fine flavour, And thus brought you back to the Israelites favour. Exodus xv. 23.

At Cana you were changed in both name and nature, By that mighty miracle wrought by our Saviour. John ii. 3.

In Rephidim's plains you were not to be found, And the people took up the old murmuring sound; When Moses by special command smote the rock, And out you came rushing, and followed their track. Exodus xvii. 6.

It is true you relieved Israel's famishing host, In the fair plains of Edom, to the Moabites cost: As the prophet Elisha by prophecy told, Which proved that he heaven's commission did hold. 2 Kings iii. 20.

'Tis true you've been held in such high estimation, As to wash away sin by a drop from the basin. But this mystery's a myth, and worthy of laughter, And I now pronounce your name to be WATER. A GROWN UP CHILD.

May 2, 1863.

* Referring, perhaps, to the method of punishing desperate criminals, by putting them in a box, and letting water in as fast as they can pump it out, which they must do or drown.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 28.

I have no desire for heaven or love, I came not from heaven nor yet from above. To stand up for God I never refused, And for my firmness I often am used. The law of the Lord I revealed unto man, And still I regard not the gospel plan. One of God's chosen I struck and he fell, And yet I care not for the fires of hell. I went with a youth to fight for the Lord, [word. And slew the Lord's foe, but still loved not his A pillow I've been for a patriarch's head: So far I am blind and likely to be, Though the Lord has said seven eyes are for me Much more in the bible about me is said; Besides I commonly watch o'er the dead.

Amherst.

Our Father's Care.

BY MRS. SEWELL.

Third Part.

(Concluded.)

"That's beautiful, Nelly! I soon shall be gone, You'll need such a Friend in this hard world alone."

"We'll not be alone, father—Jesus did say, I never will leave you, I'm with you always; And, dear mother says, though the heavens may shake, He'll never forsake us, He'll never forsake."

"That's beautiful, Nelly! 'tis balm to my mind, And now I'm contented to leave you behind; My last chain is broken, and taken away, And I have no wish any longer to stay— Tell mother, I'm willing to leave her alone, But don't let her grieve, Nelly, when I am gone; 'Twould kill her to go to the workhouse, I know, Oh! Nelly, my darling! you'll not let her go! But do your best for her, and work for the bread, And may the Lord keep every hair of your head,

He looked at her fondly, and then closed his eyes, "Now tell me the poor sinner's way to the skies; I've learned it, my darling—but still I would die

While seeing the poor sinner's way to the sky, And hearing about the white robe, and the feast,

The city of gold, and the mansions of rest; So tell me of the sweet words that you know, I'm longing to hear them, I'm listening now."

Then Nelly sat still, and bethought her again, Of what her good mother had taught her so plain,

And kissing his ashy cold cheek as he lay, She went on again in her own simple way; Nor deemed that her dear father's labouring-breath,

Would soon have a close in the silence of death. "Tis easy for sinners to come to the Lord, They've but to repent and believe in His word, And God, for the sake of His well-belov'd Son, Will pardon them all the bad things they have done,

And give them His Spirit, that so they may grow

Just like Jesus Christ, when He lived here below; And they are so happy when they are forgiven, For they are the sons of our Father in heaven."

Then Nelly tried hard to remember the text, And wondered what words she had better say next;

Her father looked at her as if he would say, "Go on, Nelly dear, I shall leave you to-day."

"Yes, father, I will," and she held his hand fast, Tears stood in her eyes, but her words came at last.

"I know that some beautiful clothing is wrought, A beautiful dress for poor sinners is bought, And when they have nothing at all of their own,

They come to the Saviour, and He puts it on: 'Tis white as the snow, and as bright as the day, Not even the angels are fairer than they; In this they may stand by the heavenly throne, So welcome to God through the well-belov'd Son.

In this they are called to a heavenly feast, Prepared for all people, the greatest and least; For kings that like David sit up on a throne, And beggars who cry on a dunghill alone; But none may come in, not the king on the throne,

Except that fine garment be over him thrown; And poor humble people are glad of this dress, I think mother called it 'Christ's righteousness.'"

The child paused a moment—he motioned again; He spoke not a word, for he could not speak then;

A trembling look on her father she cast, Tears stood in her eyes, but her words followed fast.

"I know that poor sinners are welcome to God, Whose souls are made pure by the dear Saviour's blood; I know they will come to the heavenly rest, And lay their tired heads on the dear Saviour's breast,

I know they will never be hungry again, Nor cry with their trouble, nor suffer with pain."

His eyes looked again—"Oh! I know they will stand

With the sheep of the fold, on the Saviour's right hand; He'll wipe all the tear-drops away from their eyes,

And poor sinners will not shed tears in the skies; They'll walk in the streets with the pavement of gold,

Or rest in the shade with the lambs of the fold; And that not for anything good they have done, But all for the sake of the well-belov'd Son. No candle burns there, in that happy abode. The city is bright with the glory of God; And music is sounding there all the day long, Our own little baby could join in the song, And you will sing there with poor mother and me;

Oh! father, how happy and joyful we'll be! For ever and ever our songs we shall raise, And never be tired of glory and praise; And that not for anything good we have done, But all for the sake of the well-belov'd Son."

She ceased, and her dear father opened his eyes, "Yes, that is the poor sinner's way to the skies; I'm going there, Nelly; the sins I have done, Are all put away through the well-belov'd Son; That beautiful raiment is over me thrown, And I shall stand there by the heavenly throne; My Saviour is coming, I'm catching the sound Of sweet angel music, all floating around.

I'm going there now— There was light on his brow, Then up to the skies He lifted his eyes, With a bright sweet smile On his face the while; One struggling breath, And the hand of death Had broken the chain Of his grief and pain, And the soul had fled From the silent dead,

And free as the lark, And above the dark, And above the cloud, And the toiling crowd, Had entered the rest Of the good and blest; But the hand that was grasped, And so fondly clasped, Now lifeless and cold, Had relaxed its hold, And the orphan child Was left in the wild.

Oh! there was a sound of weeping, In that lonely home, And the shade of terror creeping, O'er the days to come.

He was gone—no farewell taken, Gone, without caress; And the mother was forsaken, In her sore distress.

All around looked dark and dreary. Troubled, full of care, And her spirit was so weary, Nigh unto despair.

Weeping, weeping, sad and lonely, On her bed she lay; For some transient hours only, Nature had its way.

"Mother must not grieve," thought Nelly "Now we are alone; I must try and be her comfort, Now dear father's gone."

Then she went and stood beside her, In her loving way; And her simple heart soon found her Just the words to say.

"When father heard the promise, The pretty text you sent; He said, it made him happy, And he could die content."

"What was the promise, Nelly? I want to hear it now,— But did there shine a glory, Upon your father's brow?"

"Oh! yes, dear mother, never, Did I see such a sight; His face was beaming over, All with a shining light.

"And such a smile he gave me, As I did never see; He must have seen the angels, As plain as he saw me.

"He looked beyond the ceiling, High up, and far away; He said, he saw his Saviour, And heard the music play.

"If you had seen him smiling, I'm sure you would not cry; He looked so happy, mother, He did not seem to die.

"And there was such a stillness, So peaceful round the bed; I almost thought the angels Where hovering round my head.

"I laid my cheek to father's, His cheek was cold as clay; And then, I kissed and kissed him, And then I came away.

"And running home, so lonely, I always seemed to hear, The words that made him happy, Keep sounding in my ear.

"For I am now an orphan, And you're a widow, too; And don't you think its certain, We'll find that promise true?"

"Yes, Nelly—yes, my blessing? And we must trust it now; And trust that God will help us, Although we see not how.

"We've nothing but His promise, We hang upon his word; But not in vain 'tis written, That faithful is the Lord.

"He will not disappoint us, I feel it in my heart; Although I sorrow, Nelly, My faith will not depart.

The widow and the orphan, Are God's especial care; Now let us read His promise, And then well make our prayer."

And scarcely was the promise read, And scarce the prayer prayed, When through the hand of Providence, There came the timely aid.

The gentleman—poor Nelly's friend, So good to her before, Had found the lowly lodging house, And tapped upon the door.

And he became their comforter, He wiped away their tears, He softened all their poverty, Through many coming years.

And he was blessed in what he had, And what he gave away, For why? he did it unto Him, Who doth so richly pay.

"It is the Lord," the widow said, His promise cannot fail;

And faith that's built upon His word, Is certain to prevail."

It will prevail for all who trust, And cast on Him their care; God has united evermore, His providence with prayer.

And it will last the journey through, And brighten all the days; And then both prayer and providence Shall change to endless praise.

Agriculture, &c.

FARMERS' HOMES.

"Should Farmers adorn and beautify their homes and farms before they become wealthy? and if so, how may it be done in the easiest manner?"

Every farmer who owns the land upon which he resides—every man who owns a house and garden, should strive to make it as beautiful as possible. It cannot be expected that the man of small means can procure the expensive adornments of the rich; his house may be small and plain, but he can beautify and adorn it, nevertheless. I say he can make his home beautiful and attractive, even if he is poor, and I will state the reasons why I think he should endeavour to make his home beautiful and adorn it as much as possible.

The moral influence of an attractive and beautiful home is great, both upon old and young. It tends to make them love the pure and beautiful, wherever it may be found. Nothing will banish vicious thoughts and feelings from the mind, sooner than to be surrounded by what is attractive and lovely. I have never known but few instances where victims of crime had been favoured with pleasant homes, either in childhood or manhood; everything rough and unattractive, makes man the same. But few persons ever leave a pleasant home for the tavern or dram-shop. Notice where you will the first signs of reform in bad men are usually the adorning of their homes. Beautiful and attractive homes tend to increase all the good qualities of the occupants, and remove the bad. Beauty and loveliness in nature tend to all that is noble in thought and deed, and make mankind better, both as concerns their own happiness and that of others. If your house is poor and plain, it makes no difference; if you cannot afford to build a new one, adorn the surroundings of the old one. In odd spots build a neat yard—it will cost almost nothing; set out some pretty trees in front, and surround the house with them if possible. Fill the yard with flowers; they will cost nothing but the trouble of getting, unless rare varieties are procured, and your wife and children will see to the cultivation—never fear for that. Build a wood-house, if you have not one already. Don't deface your dooryard with woodpiles, old rails, sleds, cart-wheels, and other rubbish; remove the hopen from its conspicuous position near the roadside to the rear of the house, and build a neat frame structure, instead of sticks and slabs—'twill pay for itself in a few years. Have good, neat fences; they look and are much better. Remove all sticks, stones, and stumps from the fields. Build good barns and sheds, if not already built; they will pay for themselves, and look better than the unsightly objects on many a farm. Don't allow loose boards on your buildings; they are very unsightly. Have good yards around your farm buildings. They add greatly to the beauty of the premises. And above all, have the best books of the day, where yourself and family can gain instruction in their leisure hours; and take at least one good agricultural paper. Strive to make your home, farm and family a pattern one—and in no way can it be done so effectually and easily, as by adorning it externally as well as internally.

GOOD PLOUGHING.

Good ploughing cannot be done on clayey land while wet. The furrow slice may roll smoothly as from a brick mould, but it will be compacted into lumps which no harrowing will reduce. A crop put in two weeks later than ordinary on ground in good condition, would stand a better chance than if sown on a field of lumps. The advantages of draining will be readily seen at ploughing time. On drained ground a week or fortnight is often gained for growth of crops.

Much will depend upon the excellence of the implement used. We cannot name the best plough, for the reason that the styles must be varied on the different soils. A variation of one or two inches in depth of ploughing may require a radical change in the implement. A plough working easily on stubble may entirely fail on sward. As a general rule it is safest to use a plough adapted for deep work. I may be adjusted to run light; but a plough for shallow work, cannot be made to go deep affectively. If possible, purchase a new plough only on trial at first. If it runs with light draft, turns a furrow slice well at from four to eight inches, is easily kept at uniform depth, and if well put together, it is a good implement.

A good ploughman strikes a straight furrow, leaves it clean behind him, and the surface of the field as nearly level as the nature of the ground will admit. No written instruction will explain how this can be done. A man must learn the art at the plough-handle, and it will require thought and ingenuity as well as strength and agility. Paying a few dollars extra to an expert hand at this business, rather than entrusting it to an awkward bungler, will in the end be found to be a profitable investment.—American Agriculture.