

Young's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21ST, 1863.

Read—ACTS XXII. 1-16: Paul's defence before the Jews. JUDGES XVII. 14-21: The Danites carry off Micah's images.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XXII. 17-30: Paul brought before the Jewish Council. MATTH. I: The death of Nazareth's husband and sons.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

50. In whose day does it appear to have been the custom to occupy the spare time at feasts in asking riddles?

Answer to question given last week.—

49. The tower of Babel. Gen. XI. It was built in the plain of Shinar, now part of Asiatic Turkey.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO PRINTER'S PUZZLE, No. 42.

Your puzzle 's, formed of letters, For T, K, N, are three. This breaks the other's letters, 'Tis plain enough to see.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 43.

I once did dwell among the great, 'Mid men of high renown, And lords and princes of estate Rejoiced where I was found.

No higher power, then, did I fear, Nor lower did regard, None to put forth a hand then dare My progress to retard.

When I had reached my greatest height, As often is the case, A sudden change fell to my lot, My splendour to efface.

As grass is dried up by the sun, My head was bowed the same, And I dwelt with a tribe I once Thought of inferior fame.

But when a length of time expired, Not being quite forgot, For reasons which I cannot state, A wondrous change was wrought.

I've pass'd thro' scenes most wond'rous strange, Was highest, lowest, great and mean, Now Bible readers if you please, Come make the picture plain.

Onslow.

TWILIGHT.

A story of cruelty and youthful bravery.

The following account of cruelty to a cabin-boy, from a book lately published by the secretary of the Boston Seamen's Friend Society, is given as told by the Captain himself. The wonderful providence of God in saving a ship from foundering and the crew from a watery grave, illustrates the mercifulness of His dealings with wicked men. A perusal of the story may serve a good purpose, if it lead any to "try kindness" instead of the severity which often renders sailors so reckless of their character and hardened against good influences.

When I was about forty years of age I took command of the ship Peterham. She was an old craft, and had seen full as much service as she was capable of seeing with safety. But her owners were willing to trust a valuable cargo in her, so I would not refuse to trust myself. We were bound to Liverpool, and nothing unusual happened until about the eighth day out, when we ran foul of a small iceberg. It was early in the morning, before sunrise, and not above six or eight feet of ice was above the water, it having nearly all been melted in the warm waters of the gulf stream. I did not think we had sustained much injury, for the shock was light; but I was very angry, and gave the look-out a severe punishment, without stopping to inquire whether he could have seen the berg in time to escape it.

My cabin-boy was named Jack Withers. He was fourteen years of age, and this was his first voyage. I had taken him from his widowed mother, and had promised her that I would see him well treated, that was, if he behaved himself. He was a bright, quick intelligent lad. I soon made myself believe he had an awful disposition. I fancied that he was the most stubborn piece of humanity I had ever come across. I had made up my mind that he had never been properly governed, and had resolved to break him in. I told him I'd curb his temper before I'd done with him. In reply, he told me that I might kill him if I liked; and I flogged him with the end of the mizzen top-gallant halliards till he could hardly stand. I asked him if he'd got enough, and he told me I might flog him more if I wished to. I felt a strong inclination to throw the boy overboard, but at that moment he staggered back against the mizzen mast from absolute weakness,

and I left him to himself. When I reasoned calmly about the boy's disposition, I was forced to acknowledge that he was one of the smartest and most intelligent and faithful lads I had ever seen. When I asked him to do anything, he would do it like a rocket; but when I roughly ordered him to do it, then came the disposition with which I found fault.

One day, when it was very near noon, I spoke to him to bring up my quadrant. He was leaning over the quarter-deck, and I knew he did not hear me; the next time I spoke, I tripped out an oath, and intimated if he did not move I'd help him.

"I didn't hear you," he said, with an independent tone.

"No words," said I.

"I suppose I can speak," he retorted, moving slowly toward the companion way.

His looks, words, and the slow, careless manner in which he moved, fired me in a moment, and I slapped him by the collar.

"Speak to me again like that, and I'll flog you within an inch of your life," said I.

"You can flog away," he replied, firm and undaunted as a rock.

And I did flog him. I caught up the end of a rope, and beat him till my arm fairly ached; but he never winced.

"How's that?" said I.

"There's a little more life in me, you'd better flog me out," was the reply.

And I beat him again. I beat him till he sank from my hand against the rail; and I sent one of my other men for my quadrant. When it came, and I had adjusted for observation, I found that the sun was already past the meridian, and that I was two late. This added fuel to the fire of my madness, and quickly seizing the lad by the collar, I led him to the main hatchway, and had the hatch taken off. I then thrust him down, and swore I would keep him there till his stultification was broken. The hatch was then put on, and I went into the cabin. I suffered a good deal that afternoon, not with any complications of conscience for what I had done, but with my own temper and bitterness. It made me mad to think that I could not conquer that boy—that I could not break down his cool, stern opposition. "But I will do it," I said to myself; "I'll starve him into it, or he shall die under the operation."

After supper I went to the hatchway and called out to him, but he returned me no answer. At 10 o'clock I called again, and again got no answer. I might have thought that the flogging had taken away his senses, had not some of the men assured me that they had heard him, not an hour before, talking to himself. I did not trouble him again until morning. After breakfast I went to the hatchway and called to him once more. I heard nothing from him, nor could I see him. I called out several times, but he would make no reply,—and yet the same men told me they had heard him talking that very morning. He seemed to be calling on them for help, but would not ask for me. I meant to break him into it. He'd beg before he'd starve, I thought; and so determined to let him stay there. I supposed that he had crawled forward to the fore-castle bulk-head, in order to make the sailors hear him. Some of the men asked leave to go down and look for him, but I refused, and threatened to punish the first man that dared to go down.

At noon I went again, and as he did not answer me this time, I resolved that he should come to the hatchway and ask for me, ere I went any more. The day passed away, and when evening came again, I began to be startled. I thought of the many good qualities the boy had, and of his widowed mother. He had been in the hole thirty-six hours, and all of forty hours without food or drink. He must be too weak to cry out now. It was hard for me to give up, but if he died there from actual starvation, it might go harder with me still. So at length I made up my mind to go and see him. It was not quite midnight when I had the hatch taken off, and I jumped down upon the boxes a one.

A little way forward I saw a space where Jack might easily have gone down, and to this point I crawled on my hands and knees. I called out there, but could get no answer. A short distance further was a wide space, which I now remembered had been left open, on account of a break in the flooring of the hold, which let anything that might have been stored there rest directly upon the thin planking of the ship.

To this place I made my way, and looked down. I heard the splashing of water, and thought I could detect a sound like the incoming of a tiny jet or stream. At first I could see nothing; but as soon as I became used to the dim light, I could distinguish the faint outlines of the boy at some distance below me. He seemed to be sitting on the broken floor, with his feet stretched out against a cask. I called out to him and thought he looked up.

"Jack are you there?"

And he answered me in a faint, weary tone,— "Yes, help me! Do help me! Bring men and bring a lantern,—the ship has sprung a leak!" I hesitated, and he added, in a more eager tone.

"Make haste,—I will try and hold it till you come back."

I waited to hear no more, but hurried on deck as soon as possible, and returned with a lantern and three men. I leaped down beside the boy, and could scarcely believe the evidence of my own senses. Three of the timbers were completely worm-eaten to the very heart, and one of the outer planks had been broken, and would burst in any moment the boy might leave it, whose feet were braced against the plank before him. Half-a-dozen little jets of water were streaming in about him, and he was wet to the skin. I saw the plank must burst the moment the strain was removed from it, so I made my men brace themselves against it, before I lifted him up. Other

men were called down with planks, and spikes, and adzes, and, with much care and trouble, we finally succeeded in stopping the leak and averting the danger.

The plank which had been stove in was six feet long by eight inches wide, and would let in a stream of water of that capacity. It would have been beyond our reach long before we could have discovered it, and would have sunk us in a very short time. I knew it must be where the iceberg struck us.

Jack Withers was taken to the cabin, and there he managed to tell his story. Shortly after I put him in the hole, he crawled forward, and when he became used to the dim glimmer that came through the dead-lights, he looked about for a snug place in which to lie, for his limbs were very sore. He went to sleep, and when he woke he heard a faint sound like water streaming through a small hole. He went to the open place in the cargo and looked down, and was sure he saw a small jet of water springing up through the ship's bottom. He leaped down, and in a few moments found that the timbers had given wholly away, and that the stream was increasing in size. He placed his hand upon the plank, and found it broken, and discovered that the pressure of the water without was forcing it inward. He had sense to see that if it gained an inch more it must all go, and the ship be lost, and perhaps all hands perish. And he saw, too, that if he could keep the broken plank in its place he might stop the incoming flood. So he sat himself upon it, and braced his feet against the cask, and then called for help. But he was too far away; so he lay down, with such a mass of cargo about him, that his voice scarcely reached other ears than his own. Some of the men heard him, but thought he was talking to himself.

And there he sat, with his feet braced, for four-and-twenty dreary hours, with the water spurting all over him, and drenching him to the very skin. He had several times thought of going to the hatchway and calling for help; but he knew that the broken plank would be forced in if he left it, for he could feel it heave beneath him. His limbs were racked with pain, but he would not give up. I asked him if he should not have given up if I had not come as I did.— He answered that he could not have done it while he had life in him. He said he thought not of himself; he was ready to die,—but he would save the rest if he could,—and he had saved us, surely saved us all, from a watery grave.

The boy lay sick almost unto death; but I nursed him with my own hands,—nursed him all through his delirium; and when his reason returned, and could sit up and talk, I bowed myself before him and humbly asked his pardon for all the wrong I had done him. He threw his arms around my neck, and told me if I would be good to him, he would never give me cause of offence; and added, as sat up again, "I am not a coward, I could not be a dog."

I never forgot those words; and from that hour I have never struck a blow on board my ship. I make my men feel that they are men that I so regard them, and that I wish to make them as comfortable and happy as possible; and I have not failed to gain their respect and confidence. I give no undue license; but make my crew feel that they are a friend and superior in the same person. For nine years I have sailed in three different ships, with the same crew. A man could not be hired to leave me save for an officer's berth.

And Jack Withers remained with me thirteen years. He was my cabin boy; one of my fore-most hands; my second mate; and the last time he sailed with me, he refused the command of a new barque because he would not be separated from me. But he is a captain now, and one of the best the country ever afforded. Such, gentlemen, is my experience in government and discipline on shipboard.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE is an operation which has puzzled thousands. We give one below, however, which has been squared by some and may be by others. Those who have not performed the operation are invited to try the experiment.



A TRUTH—"Died poor!" as if anybody could die rich, and in that act of dying did not lose the grasp upon title deed and bond, and go away a pauper out of time. No gold, no jewels, no land, or tenements. And yet men have been buried by charity's hand who did die rich; died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, and a thousand hopes restored.

A humble soul, being once in a great conflict with Satan, said thus to him, "Satan, reason not with me, I am but weak; if thou hast any thing to say, say it to Christ; he is my advocate, my strength and my Redeemer; he shall plead for me." There is no surer way of vanquishing the foul fiend than this.

Two marriage ceremonies were performed on a railroad train in Missouri the other day by a minister who then, for the first time in his life, took a ride in the cars.

Agriculture, &c.

N. S. CORNWALLIS FRUIT AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The following correspondence, received by Richard Starr, Esq., of Cornwallis, from His Excellency the Administrator of the Government, concerning the apples sent to Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Newcastle, has been made public during the past week.

BELLE VUE HOUSE, 11th December, 1863.

Major General Doy's presents his compliments to Mr. Richard Starr, and has much pleasure in transmitting to him an extract from a letter he has just received from His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.

"DOWNING STREET, 28th November 1863.

Will you inform Mr. Richard Starr that the boxes of very fine Apples arrived safe and in beautiful condition. I at once forwarded one to Windsor and another to Sandringham. I have to offer him in the name of the Queen, and the Prince, and in my own, thanks for these fine specimens of Nova Scotia Horticulture.

(Signed) NEWCASTLE."

The perseverance of Mr. Starr in cultivating fine fruit, and making the capabilities of the province in this respect, known in the mother country will secure for him a foremost place amongst the honorable fraternity of fruit-growers of Nova Scotia.

REASONABLE HINTS.

To Prevent Tools from Rusting.—Thousands of dollars are lost each year by the rusting of plows, hoes, shovels, etc. Some of this might be prevented by the application of lard and rosin to all steel or iron implements. Take three times as much weight of lard as rosin, and melt them together. This can be applied with a brush or cloth to all surfaces in danger of rusting, and they can be easily kept bright. If tools are to be laid away for the winter, give them a coating of this, and you will be well repaid. It can be kept for a long time, and should always be on hand and ready for use.

Care of the Buildings.—Buildings will soon be subject to scorching winds and driving storms, which will find entrance through all neglected crevices; one dollar's worth of lumber used in making them water proof will save many dollars in fuel and feed. See that cave-troughs and leaders are free from leaves or other obstructions and drains in order to carry off water. Apply paint where needed. It is more to be thrown out of stable windows, build a shield of boards to keep it from contact with the sills and sides of the building, and thus prevent their decay.

WORTH TRYING.—The Ohio Farmer says that coal oil has been found, by accident, to be a most effective means of protecting fruit trees against the ravages of the curculion, by placing saw dust, saturated with the oil, at the foot of the tree.

DIPHTHERIA.—The N. Y. Tribune has received a recipe for the cure of diphtheria, from a physician who says that of one thousand cases in which it has been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus:—Table salt, 2 drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, 1 drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup which half fill with boiling water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two, and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply 1 oz. each of spirits turpentine, sweet oil, and aqua ammonia, mixed, every hour to the whole of the throat and to the breast bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part.

A PUNCTUAL man is very rarely a poor man, and never a man of doubtful credit. His small accounts are frequently settled, and he never meets with difficulty in raising money to pay large demands. Small debts, neglected ruin credit, and when a man has lost that he will find himself at the bottom of a hill he cannot ascend.

HORSE WISDOM.—Anything that the horse can touch with his nose without being harmed, he does not fear. Therefore, the hand, the halter, girth, blanket, saddle, harness, umbrella, buffalo robe, or whatever is brought in proximity to him, should first be "introduced" to, and touched by that sensitive organ. A knowledge of these important facts, as we learned by attending a course of his lectures, is the main secret of Rarey's success in his horse-taming. His strap method of throwing horses is useless, except in cases of aggravated ill-temper; and such cases are usually the result of mismanagement.

The cure of an evil tongue must begin at the heart. The weights and wheels are there, and the clock strikes according to their motion. A guileful heart makes a guileful tongue and lips. It is the workhouse where the forge of deceit and slanders is, and the tongue is only the outer shop where they are vended, and the lips the door of it. Such wars as is made within, and no other, can come out.