

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 5TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS x. 1-26 : Peter's vision. JUDGES i. : The settlement of the Israelites in Canaan.

Recite—ACTS ix. 26-29.

SUNDAY, JULY 5TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS x. 27-48 : Peter receiving the Gentiles. JUDGES ii. 1-16 : Disobedience and sorrow of the Israelites.

Recite—ACTS x. 21-23.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

26 Name three good men who expressed great happiness in the absence of earthly enjoyments.

Answer to question given last week :—

25. When it was necessary to prepare the bread hastily. Genesis xviii. 6 ; xix. 3. Judges vi. 19. Exodus xii. 15, 34.

The Pigeon's advice.

"I never shall know this long lesson," said George Nelson. "I wish there were no such books, then I wouldn't have to get lessons from them."

"What's the matter, George?" asked his grandma, who at that moment entered the room. "Oh, this lesson, grandma. I'm sure I can't get it. Just look! both of these long columns, and I don't know one word."

"Well, never mind that, you soon will know every word of it, if you try right hard. And then, only think how much more you will know than you do now. I wonder if my white pigeon wouldn't help you get your lesson?"

"Your pigeon, grandma! I didn't know you had any pigeons."

"No, I haven't it now; but when I was a very little girl, my brother had a pair of beautiful white pigeons presented to him. He told me I might call one of them mine. They were both very tame, and they would eat corn from our hands. What pleased us the most, was that they seemed to know us both; for my brother's pigeon would go and take the corn out of his hand, while mine always came to me. Well, I was going to tell you how mine helped me to get my lesson."

"Did it really help you, grandma?"

"Yes, and I think it will help you just as it did me."

"I'm sure I wish it would, for this is a very hard lesson!"

His grandma smiled as she continued, "One morning I was sitting near the window, trying to get my spelling lesson. It seemed so long, and the words looked so hard, I was sure I couldn't learn it. I sat there a long time wishing I knew it, so that I could run out and play. The sun was shining so brightly, and it looked so pleasant out of doors. All at once I noticed my pigeon fly up to its house, and then in a short time it flew again to the street. I watched to see what it was doing. It picked up a piece of straw, and flew up as it had done before, and then returned to get another. It did so for a long time."

"It was building its nest, wasn't it, grandma?" asked George.

"Yes. Sometimes it would fly up with a very little piece of straw, and several times it picked up quite long pieces, and when it would get about half way up to the window, the straw would drop down, and then it would go right after it, and pick it up again. I saw it try to get one piece up three times, and the third time it reached the window safely. Just then my eyes fell on my book. There was my lesson yet. How much my pigeon had done while I had been doing nothing, I thought to myself, and yet it only took up one straw at a time. My lesson did not seem near so long as it had at first. In a few moments I knew the whole of it."

"My lesson looks easier already, grandma. I will only have to learn one word at a time, and I'll soon know all of them."

George set to work in earnest, and but a short time had passed till he had learned it perfectly.

"Now, George," said grandma, afterwards, "do you think you will remember the pigeon's advice?"

"Oh, I am sure I will," he replied, laughing.

"And when I come to the longest words I'll do as the pigeon did when the straw fell down—I'll try again!"—*Sunday School Times.*

The Teacher's test.

On one occasion, when the scholars in a certain sabbath-school had been rearranged as to their classes, a little girl came to the superintendent and asked to be returned to the class whence she had been taken. The reason she gave was this: "The teacher I used to have spoke to me so much about Jesus; and seemed so anxious about each one of us; and she would pray with each one of us; and sometimes the tears would be in her eyes; and she was so kind."

You may start, dear teacher, when I ask you if your scholars, each one, can say this of you; but are you willing to have a lower standard of faithfulness? Can you be satisfied with any other *spirit* than that it dictated above, though you do not evince the same emotional evidences of its possession and play? "Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus."—*Id.*

How to settle difficulties.

It happens not unfrequently that arbitrators in any difficulty widen the breach and increase the alienation, by allowing their own personal attachments and prejudices to bias their judgment. Instead of seeking to reconcile the estranged parties, they espouse one side with zeal, and add new fuel to the flame. The Independent tells a capital story of Dr. Beecher in his early days, and his power and tact as a peace-maker. His example is worthy of general imitation:

The death of Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, and especially his last touching request, "Lay me by the side of Bro. Taylor," brings before me so vividly an incident connected with these two noble New-England divines, which occurred nearly forty years ago, that I cannot well forbear to relate it.

The scene was laid in old Connecticut, where a small Congregational church in a rural district had become involved in a bitter and implacable quarrel. The parties in controversy were nearly equally divided, fierce animosity was fast taking the place of brotherly love, and Christ was being cruelly wounded in the house of his professed friends. A majority in the church had excommunicated the minority, the latter had established a separate place of worship, and it was hard to tell where the mischief would stop.

At length, one of the excluded members, a sister, who was deeply grieved at the reproach which this quarrel was bringing upon the Christian name, proposed an appeal to the Association. The step was taken, and a day appointed for the hearing of the case. Meanwhile, the appellants were advised by a neighboring minister to secure the services of Dr. Taylor in presenting and defending their cause. The doctor had some personal friends in the aggrieved party and consented to undertake their case for them.

There was and had been no settled minister in the parish for several years, so the respondents felt that they must have an advocate before the Association. Whom should they seek? Dr. Taylor was a man of pre-eminent ability. Where should they find a champion able to contend with him? A divinity student from the Seminary at Yale supplied their pulpit, was told of their perplexity. "O," said the young theologian, "there is but one man for you—get Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Litchfield. He is fully the equal of Dr. Taylor, and if your cause is sound, you may be sure of success. It will be worth something to see the two pitted against each other," he added; "and you must have the pleadings in the meeting-house, so that we can all come and hear them."

When Dr. Beecher was invited to defend the church against the appeal of its aggrieved and excluded members, he strongly objected to the proposal. No inducements seemed likely to win his consent until he was told that the other party had secured the services of Dr. Taylor. "Ah," said he, in his quick, abrupt way, "Is it Bro. Taylor you want me to fight? Well, I should certainly have a fopman worthy of my steel. I'll come—I'll come." On the appointed day the Association met. The two champions, who had come to the village from the opposite points of the compass—the place being near midway between Litchfield and New Haven—were each to be entertained by a leader in their respective parties, and after dinner to meet the church and council at the meeting-house. The two families where the doctors were to dine lived about half a mile apart. While the hospitalities were in preparation, each of the reverend gentlemen was fully posted by his party upon the merits of the case, so as to be ready for the contest.

But when the dinner was fairly on the table, neither of the distinguished guests could be found. Members from each household were despatched in search, and meeting each other in the street, stared strangely at their mutual perplexity. At length a little girl whom an errand had led to an orchard in the rear of Dr. Taylor's stopping place, found the two missing ones together. They were seated upon a low fence beneath a spreading apple-tree; and to the child's surprise, who supposed they must necessarily share the hostility of their respective parties, Dr. Beecher's arm was thrown around Dr. Taylor's neck. Both the dinners were cold ere the two gentlemen could be persuaded to eat, and at last they dined together.

This more significant fact foreshadowed the issue. More intent upon healing the wounded cause of Christ and the divisions among brethren than of winning a suit in the ecclesiastical court, Dr. Beecher had sought Dr. Taylor's help in devising plans of reconciliation. Their united efforts were successful. The two contending parties were made to see their error—mutual confession and forgiveness followed—the excluding act was rescinded—and a resolution of thanks was heartily and unanimously voted by the reunited church to the two champions.

The Queen's Visit to the Royal Victoria Hospital.

TOUCHING INCIDENT.

The first public act of the Queen after her bereavement has been a characteristic one. On the 8th of May she paid a long visit to the military hospital at Netley, the foundation stone of which she and the Prince Consort laid nearly seven years ago. The Prince Consort always took a great interest in this hospital, and frequently visited it. He was very anxious to have a Military Hospital worthy of the nation, and fitted for the brave soldiers whose health had failed in foreign service. Her Majesty participated in these wishes, and her visit so soon after

the opening of the hospital shows how much she has at heart the carrying-out the Prince's views for the welfare of the soldier. On Friday morning the 8th of May, the commandant of Netley, Colonel Wilbraham, received notice from Osborne, that the Queen would visit the hospital in the afternoon. Instructions were sent, however, to make the visit perfectly private, and consequently every step was taken to secure this. No orders were issued till 2 o'clock, and it was not till just before her arrival that the news of her visit spread through the hospital.—The Queen arrived at half-past 3, accompanied by Prince Alfred and Prince and Princess Louise, and attended by Lady Mount-Edgcumbe, Lord Charles Fitzroy, Sir Charles Phipps, Sir James Clark, Major Cowell, &c. She was received on landing by Colonel Wilbraham, C. B., Inspector-General Dr. Anderson; and the hospital staff. Her Majesty expressed a wish to visit the foundation stone. She stayed here a few minutes, but it was evidently a painful reminiscence. She bore it, however firmly and then entered the hospital. It was intended to take her only to three or four of the wards to show her the arrangements; but she stated she desired to go into all the wards. On being told that there were no less than 99 wards, she said she would then visit as many as she could, and she did actually enter into a very great number. In the first ward into which she went, a Victoria Cross man from India was lying very ill in bed. She immediately went up to him, addressed him most kindly, and sent for Dr. Maclean, the officer in charge of the division to tell her about his state. She continued this in every ward into which she entered. Whenever she saw a man very ill, she walked up to his bedside, spoke to him, inquired about him from Professor Longmore or Dr. Maclean, and showed the greatest interest in his case. In one ward an incident occurred which affected those who were present. An old soldier from India lay nearly at the point of death. After the Queen had spoken to him, he said "I thank God that he has allowed me to live long enough to see your Majesty with my own eyes." The Queen and the Princess Alice were both touched by this speech, which came from the very heart of the dying man. It is now almost filled with the Indian invalids' splendid old soldiers, bearded and bronzed; many of them magnificent men of the anti-Crimean class. They thronged the corridors, drawn up in lines, and absolutely adored their Queen with their eyes. She kept bowing to them as she walked along, making inquiries about the arrangements of the hospital from Colonel Wilbraham and Inspector-General Anderson.

After looking at the chapel, bath-room, and kitchen, she expressed a wish to see the rooms of the Army Medical School, and accordingly visited the library, museum, lecture-room, laboratory, and microscopical room. At each place the professors were sent for to explain the arrangements. She then went into the quarters of the married soldiers. It had been rather wished that she should not see these, as, owing to the recent opening of the hospital, it has not been possible to arrange so comfortably as could be desired for the great number of soldiers' wives who have recently arrived with their sick husbands. However, the Queen said she desired to go, and accordingly she went into most of the rooms. Both she and the Princess Alice spoke to several of the women, and enquired after their comfort. This was the only part of the hospital which did not satisfy her; but it was explained to her that the present arrangements were only temporary. The Queen then re-embarked, after spending nearly two hours in the hospital. The day was beautiful, the sky cloudless, and nothing could be more cheerful than the look of the hospital grounds. Everybody connected with the institution was, of course, most highly gratified, not merely with the honor of the visit, but with the way, at once so thoroughly Royal and womanly, in which she had shown her interest in her sick soldiers. The Queen's appearance was deeply interesting. When she is silent, her face is sad, and bears the marks of a heartfelt and abiding sorrow. Her smile is, however, as gracious as ever, and her voice, though low and very gentle, has all its old sweetness and earnestness. She did not seem fatigued with her long walk through the hospital, though she must have gone over several miles of ground, and had many stairs to mount. So carefully had the news of her visit been concealed, that there was scarcely any one to see her except the inmates of the hospital and the workmen still engaged there, and their wives and children.

Little streams.

Little streams are light and shadow.
Flowing through the pasture meadow,
Flowing by the green wayside,
Through the forest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,
By the ruined abbey still;
Turning here and there a mill,
Bearing tribute to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocent and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearless of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing,
In their little waves is dancing.

Little streams have flowers a-many,
Beautiful and fair as any;

Typha strong, and green bur-reed;
Willow-herb, with cotton-seed;
Arrow-head; with eye of jet;
And the water-violet.
There the flowering-rush you meet,
And the plummy meadow-sweet;
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

Little streams, the voices cheery,
Sound forth welcomes to the weary;
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay;
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old time pilgrims drank—
Here have seen, as now, pass by,
King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling,
Where the little streams are welling.

Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring now and gliding slowly;
Up in mountain-hollows wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

—Mary Howitt.

Agriculture, &c.

TO INCREASE THE SIZE OF FRUIT.

Prof. Dabreuil points out ten ways by which the size of fruit may be increased; and as fruit-raisers are discovering that fine specimens bring a higher price in city markets, these modes may be worthy of attention. We condense his rules:

1. By dwarfing.
2. Thinning the branches by pruning.
3. By keeping the bearing shoots short and near the centre of the tree, small specimens growing on the tips of the shoots.
4. Thinning the fruit.
5. Shortening in.
6. Supporting the fruit on its foot stalk.
7. Diminishing evaporation from the surface.
8. Moistening the surface with coppers.
9. Ringing.
10. Inserting spurs of old trees on vigorous young ones.

These different modes have various degrees of merit. Dwarfing, by working on smaller growing stocks, sometimes produces striking results. Some varieties of the pear are of little value except on quince stocks. A successful marketer of pears has informed us that he would propagate the Bartlett in no other way, for although the tree might perish after one or two crops (as it does not commonly endure long as a dwarf), yet the double-price he obtains for the larger and finer specimens more than repays all expenses.

MEADOWS.

Allow no stock to graze or trample them.—While waiting for ploughing grounds to dry, time may be profitably employed in taking out weeds, bushes, etc., from mowing lands. A dressing of lime will aid in eradicating moss and five-finger, and give grass a vigorous start. Harrow and reseed bare spots, top-dressing with fine manure.

FORESTS A NECESSITY OF FERTILITY.

The value of forests to a country in retaining moisture is well illustrated by the late severe frosts of the Connecticut Valley. The snow melts quicker in an open country, and is retained longer among groves. Formerly the Connecticut River and its tributaries were clothed with forests; now they are largely denuded, and we have reason to expect greater frosts than formerly. The present barrenness of Greece and Palestine, as contrasted with their former fertility, is similarly accounted for. Dr. Unger, a celebrated naturalist of Vienna, claims that the climate lacks its original moisture. He says the hordes of warriors that have followed each other for centuries on that soil have burned up the forests, and every effort of nature to make restoration is subdued by a superabundance of goats. The population live on the products of goats, and the goats crop every twig, thus bringing barrenness. If the forests should ever again grow, Dr. Unger thinks fertility would be restored.—*Springfield Republican.*

HORSERADISH.

New beds may be made by planting crowns or pieces of the root. Make the bed where it can remain permanently, as it is almost impossible to eradicate it to make room for another crop. The benefit of liberal manuring will be seen in the increased size of the roots.

HINTS TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS.

A most beautiful and easily attained show of evergreens may—says a writer in a weekly contemporary—be had, by a very simple plan, which has been found to answer remarkably well on a small scale. If geranium branches, taken from luxuriant and healthy trees, be cut as for slips, and immersed in soap-water, they will, after drooping for a few days, shed their leaves, put forth fresh ones, and continue in the finest vigor for weeks. By placing a number of bottles thus filled in a flower-basket, with moss to conceal the bottles, a show of evergreens is easily insured for the whole season. They require no fresh water.