

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 28TH, 1863.

Read—Acts ix. 23-43: Paul persecuted. JOSHUA xxiv. 29-33: Death of Joshua and Eleazer. Recite—Acts ix. 20-22.

SUNDAY, JULY 5TH, 1863.

Read—Acts x. 1-26: Peter's vision. JUDGES i.: The settlement of the Israelites in Canaan. Recite—Acts ix. 20-22.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

25. Under what circumstances do we find in the O. T. Testament the leaven was omitted in making bread?

Answer to question given last week:—

24. Gathering of manna. Exodus xvi. 22-26. Making a fire. Exodus xxxv. 3. Numbers xv. 32-36.

For the Christian Messenger.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 30.

Genesis xix. 24: ev. 17. Leviticus ix. 24: x. 2. Exodus ix. 23. Numbers xi. 1: xvi. 35. Judges vi. 51: xiii. 19. 1 Kings xviii. 38. 2 Chronicles vii. 10: i. 10.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 31.

- 1. Her name who stole, and in that theft An honorable record left To all posterity. 2. And hers who bore her husband's name, And by that means,—as it is plain,— Had one more name than he. 3. Her name who travelled far away, To marry one upon her say, And doing this did well. 4. And his who hid, within a cave, God's prophets, that he might them save From wicked Jezebel. 5. Her name, too, I would like to know, Whose beauty laid her husband low, And raised her to a throne. 6. And hers, a Moabitess young, Sister to her by poets sung,— A widow left alone. 7. Her name whose wisdom did appease The angry David, and bring peace When death was just at hand. 8. And hers, who sung and prophesied,— Who once was leprous, and who died Near to the promised land.

These names' initials rightly spell A noted king's name. Please to tell His and his father's name. How long he reigned, and when and where. His good or evil acts declare, And give him praise or blame.

Yarmouth.

SIOL.

The power of little things.

When Dr. Beecher was at Litchfield, Conn., he called on a family in the remote part of his parish, and found the wife and mother in tears. Suspecting the cause, he sat down by her side, and asked compassionately, 'what is it?' She answered in anguish "both." The husband had, for sometime, been verging toward intemperance, and now the son had begun to follow his steps. Indeed, both had become drunkards.—It was more than she could bear. It had broken her heart.

The Doctor rose and returned home, and went into his study, determined to open all his emblems upon the sin of intemperance! He planned, and studied, and wrote—"the six sermons" on intemperance; which, like successive shocks of a mighty earthquake, made the nation to tremble. This may be regarded as the inauguration of the Temperance Reform; second, perhaps, to no other moral reformation that has visited and blessed the civilized world. A tear moved the heart and tongue of the Doctor to ask the cause of that grief,—which was too great to admit of more than a word in reply. That tear, how small,—that word how brief, but how significant! The good Doctor had seen many a husband and brother,—father and son, fall into a drunkard's grave. That was no strange thing. He had preached many a funeral sermon over the drunkard's coffin. But these great facts had not moved him effectually. Christian philanthropists had long seen and trembled in view of the ruin of the nation by intemperance. But this one, simple, touching scene; that tear, and that word—"both" were wanted to break the heart, and hand, and will of this great Reformer. "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that."

Deacon Scudder related to me the following anecdote of himself. "When I was a boy, I was apprenticed to a business house in Boston. As I was about to leave home for the great city, I

went over to bid my aged grandmother, good-bye! When I was about to leave her, full of joy and glee in anticipation of what was before me, she called me to her bed-side, and said, with many other excellent things,—"Charles, if you should see a pin on the carpet of your mistress, to whom would that pin belong?" "To her, I suppose, grandmother." "Then pick it up, and give it to her, and not keep it yourself! Never, my child, take so much as a pin that does not belong to you." This, said the Deacon, I never forgot. Whenever I was tempted to take any little trifle that was not my own, I could hear my old grandmother saying, "Charles, never take so much as a pin that does not belong to you." The human character is created or lost by trifles. It is undermined by very little things. In other matters, the foundations are of great things; but in morals and imperishable character, they are of little things.

A Snake Adventure.

A most perilous encounter with a snake occurred to me in a little up-country civil station called Chittoor, in the Arcot district, Madras Presidency. We had an out-house or go-down, as these stores and warehouses are called in India, where we kept our annual supply of European wines, beer, spirits, preserved fruits, jams, etc., which were precious treasures in such an out-of-the-way place as Chittoor, and which we kept under the safe custody of a huge padlock, the key of which was always a tenant of our waistcoat pocket.

Notwithstanding the professed religious antagonisms to strong drinks and European abominations, there were many of our servants (especially the coachman, an old rascal who had been half a century with various members of the family, and invariably got drunk on pay day, and every opportunity that presented, and then thrashed his poor old wife unmercifully) who had what the Irish call a "strong weakness" for liquor of any description. It was the duty of one or the other of us to serve out to the head dubash, or butler, such requisites as were required for consumption.

One fine morning I had preceded the dubash, who was busy entering the cook's morning market account, and entering the store, walked across to the further end in search of some hermetically sealed viands and vegetables, which were not procurable in the place at that season of the year for love or money. The place was lighted only by the entrance door, through which, however, there entered a sufficient flood of brilliant daylight to answer all my purposes. I had just laid my hand upon a tin case of green peas, and was speculating upon the best means of opening it, when a sudden scuffling, squeaking and hissing close behind me attracted my notice; and turning abruptly round, I saw that a huge cobra and an angry rat had tumbled just by the door of the entrance, and were engaged in deadly combat. The former had in all probability intruded upon the latter's nest of young ones somewhere in the rafters of the roof, and met with a hostile reception.

Springing up with the agility of fear, upon a strong projecting shelf, for I durst not make a rush at the door under peril of my life, I became an unwilling spectator of this most unequal contest. The rat for some time, conscious of the venomous foe it had to contend with, kept leaping round and round, like an agile prize-fighter, availing himself of every opportunity to rush in and bite the snake, which had worked itself into a frenzied state of rage, and hissed and darted at the rat with its forked tongue in a manner that was truly awful to witness, while its little venomous eyes sparkled again in the sunlight with rage. At last the cobra succeeded in inflicting a deadly wound upon the brave little animal, who, apparently conscious that soon all would be up with her, put aside all previous caution, and rushed boldly in upon its adversary, fixing itself firmly, closely under the left eye of the snake, and never letting go its hold, notwithstanding all the desperate lashing about of the tail and body of its much more powerful opponent, till the convulsions of death forced it to let go, and fall prostrate before the snake.

The cobra, which had evidently received a severe, if not mortal wound, to my terror made its way directly to the shelf where I had taken refuge, and was wriggling up one of the posts that supported it. I had nothing in the shape of a weapon of defence of any kind of description. But there chanced to be on a shelf over my head some heavy bags of rice, grown somewhere in the interior of Bengal. I clambered up to this shelf, and seizing a heavy bag, waited until my ugly aggressor had wriggled itself half way across the shelf below, when I let drop the sack, and so completely crushed the snake. It was not long, you may be sure, before I retreated from the storehouse. I caused every article in it to be removed (displacing and killing in the operation a whole family of young cobras,) to a more commodious warehouse, where such venomous reptiles could easily be discovered, and as quickly dispatched.

Shall I send him away?

The Rev. Robert Maguire, incumbent of Clerkenwell, at the late anniversary of the National League, mentioned the following affecting case. Comparing intemperance to the giant of Gath, he said, "This uncircumcised Philistine was not only 'defying' but 'destroying' the armies of the living God, and he could not be slain by one little David issuing forth with sling and stone. All the army of the living God must fight, for the giant was strong against all comers. He had defied our fathers and he was still standing astride the path of the influence

and the work of the Church of Christ. And yet the Christian Church and Christian ministers sanctioned the presence of the foe in society, at their tables before their children—everywhere. A lady living in the western part of London had a very dearly beloved son, who was brought under the influence of strong drink and almost compromised the good name and reputation of the family. For his own safety, his mother determined to send him to sea, and took the further precaution that he should sail in a teetotal vessel. He soon regained health of body, and was fast recovering the lost health of soul. He returned in the same vessel conducted upon the same principles, and arrived home a wiser and better man. But that young man's home upon the waters was safer than his mother's home. The enemy that was banished from one was admitted into the other; and straightway upon his return he met his old foe upon the dinner table. He drank and fell once more.—Fond hopes were blighted, and in this crisis of affairs the mother consulted the reverend gentleman's informant on the subject, asking the question, 'Shall I send him away?' No; he is your son. Send away the cause; send away the wine, and keep your son."

Maxims for Wives.

Avoid all thoughts of managing your husband. Never try to deceive, or impose upon his understanding, nor give him uneasiness, but treat him with affection, sincerity, and respect.

Remember that husbands, at best, are only men, subject like yourselves to error and frailty. Be not too sanguine, then, before marriage, or promise yourselves happiness without alloy.

Should you discover anything in your husband's humor or behavior, not altogether what you expected or wish, pass it over.

Smooth your own temper, and try to mend his by attention, cheerfulness and good nature.

Never reproach him with misfortunes, which are the accidents and infirmities of human life, a burden that each has engaged to aid the other in supporting, and to which both parties are equally exposed; but instead of murmuring and indulging in reproachful reflections, divide the sorrow between you, and make the best of it, and it will be easier for both.

It is the innate office of the softer sex to soothe the troubles of the other.

Resolve every morning to be cheerful that day, and should anything occur to break your resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with your husband.

Dispute not with him; but rather deny yourself the trifling satisfaction of your own will, or claiming the better of an argument, than risk a quarrel which it is impossible to foresee the end of.

Implicit submission in a man to his wife is ever disgraceful to both. Implicit submission in a wife to the just will of her husband is what she promised at the altar—what the good will reverse her for, and what is in fact the greatest honor she can receive.

Be assured a woman's power as well as her happiness has no other foundation than her husband's esteem and love, which it is her interest by all possible means to preserve and increase.

Enjoy with him his satisfaction, share and soothe his cares, and with the utmost assiduity conceal his infirmities.

If you value your own and your husband's ease, let your expenses and desires be ever within the reach of his circumstances, for if poverty should follow, you must share the evil.

Be careful never to give him any cause of jealousy, and let not many days pass without an examination into your conduct as a wife; and if, on reflection, you find yourself guilty of any foible or omissions, the best atonements to be made are careful in future.

A Missionary's Horse.

The late Rev. William Peacock, an Irish Wesleyan Missionary, in the year 1806, visited the North of Ireland. He had a fine horse, but being constantly travelling, the horse became lame and not able to proceed any further. My brother gave Mr. Peacock an excellent horse and kept him. After some considerable time, by rest and attention, the horse partially recovered. The first work the horse had afterwards was to take the family in a carriage to a Quarterly Love Feast. By the time they arrived at the church, the service had commenced. The congregation was singing, and as soon as the horse came within hearing of the singing, he stopped, and all that could be done he would not proceed further; the family had to alight and walk. The servant remained with the horse, who started as soon as the singing ceased, and went on as usual. I have seen him tried by a person on his back, and two or three persons together singing a hymn. As soon as the horse came within hearing of the singing he immediately stopped, and would not proceed further as long as they continued to sing. Mr. Peacock said he had travelled through every province and county and preached in every market town in Ireland on that horse's back. The horse was so accustomed to stand during the singing and preaching that he never moved.

Gossiping and tattling arise not so much from actual malevolence as from a peculiar restlessness, common to uncultivated minds. Enlarge the stock of knowledge and we remove all desire for communicating such trifles as are retailed by gossip. As a man who is really rich and has thousands would not wish to exhibit a few shillings, so a truly wise woman would feel no pleasure in dwelling upon or communicating matters of no importance.

Agriculture, &c.

FARMING IN SCOTLAND.

Dr. Forrester, now on a visit to Great Britain, is giving some attention to agricultural matters. He has written a letter to the editor of the Sun from which we make an extract or two. He says:—

"In some parts of this county farming is progressing at a very rapid rate, and that mainly by reason of the encouragement given by government to drainage. It seems that there is a legislative enactment, which extends to the whole of Britain, on the ground of which any farmer may borrow any amount of money, on the condition that he pay for 21 years at the rate of 6 1/2 per cent on the capital borrowed. There is a Government Inspector or Surveyor in each county or district, whose office it is to see that the draining is properly conducted, and who gives a certificate accordingly. It need not surprise any one that under such circumstances the draining is extensive and thorough—so thorough that it is no uncommon thing to have drains at the distance of twelve feet asunder, and at the depth of three feet. This, as we may well conceive, affords the highest possible encouragement to farmers, and produces the most beneficial results. The land, on an average—when drained and fertilized by guano and bone dust, along with stable yard manure—yields about four times more than by following the old usual system, and this is considered by far the cheapest style of farming.—When in Cumberland I paid a visit to one of the most extensive and enterprising farmers in the locality. The farm is on the estate of Lord Lincolfield, and consists of not less than 1300 acres, 1100 are under the plough. The rent is £900 sterling, which is supposed to be very moderate. The capital necessary to carry on such a farm is somewhere between £5,000 and 6,000. This is an immense establishment. Everything is on a grand scale. I saw in one field, of about 40 acres in extent, not less than 10 ploughs at work—a greater number than I had seen on any former occasion. The offices are large, and possess all the most recent improvements. There is, for instance, a large threshing machine driven by water power—granaries 70 feet by 24—accommodation for 70 head of cattle—first rate piggeries—every possible convenience for the preservation of the manures—means for the fermentation of bone dust—all the different sorts of the most improved agricultural implements, &c., &c. The regular ploughmen, of which there are ten, receive 11s. per week, with free house, ground for growing potatoes, and coals driven free from the nearest coal pit. Besides these regular ploughmen, with their respective pair of horses, there are generally three or four other men about the farm, and a Land Steward presiding over all, with a pound a week and other perquisites. Besides these, there are about 25 or 30 women and lads employed for three or four months in the year for weeding, hoeing, thinning, reaping, &c. These, on an average, receive at the rate of 1s. per day. The three articles by which the rent and other expenses are met, are wheat, fat cattle and sheep. There is no dairy beyond what supplies the wants of the family. The strictest rotation of crops is observed. There is first a green crop, principally turnips, of which last year there were 105 acres, which fattened about 70 head of large oxen, of the short-horn or Durham breed, and which averaged about £20 sterling each. After the green crop comes wheat, and the two kinds grown in that district are the Handsome White and the Fenton, sown on fallow-ground, in the month of September. Then comes rye grass hay, which is succeeded by pasture, which is allowed to remain so long as the pasture is good. The pasture is prized for the keeping of the young stock. When this pasture shows symptoms of decay, which the rye-grass generally does in the third year, it is ploughed up and succeeded by oats—generally the potatoe oat—and sometimes by beans. The sheep are also fed upon the turnip in the field, and are considered a very profitable part of the stock. This year my friend expects 1s. 1d. per lb. for his wool, which, with 500 sheep, will yield a large revenue. The sheep are all of the Cheviot breed. This farm, to pay, should yield three times the amount of the rent;—a third to the landlord, a third to the farmer, and the other for working the farm;—but with ordinary good management it will yield more. The whole is carried on like a great mercantile establishment; all the receipts and expenditure are inserted in the day book, and then transferred to the ledger; stock is taken regularly at the end of the year, and the books balanced."

COCKROACHES.

A correspondent of the Montreal Witness says: "Several weeks ago my house had become so overrun with cockroaches that I seriously intended leaving it for two or three nights to give these pests the benefit of a good freeze. I happened, however, to read in the Witness that powdered borax was a cure for them. It was tried and proved efficacious. Now and again a stray cockroach is seen, but certainly not one where there were hundreds before. Those that make their appearance have a sickly, attenuated look. Their air is so dispirited that the simile 'lively as a roach' could never apply to them. The borax is used by sprinkling upon shelves and wherever the enemy 'most do congregate.' It is a safe remedy, and one that deserves to be known."

It is the fault of the human mind in this its crippled state to be content with small efforts.—Nothing but the never-ceasing activity of the Holy Spirit can create and nerve it to all the duty it can perform.