

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XIX. 21-20: Special miracles wrought by Paul. JUDGES XIV: The early life of Samson.

Recite—ACTS XVIII. 21-23.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XIX. 21-41: An uproar against Paul. JUDGES XV: Samson's slaughter of the Philistines.

Recite—ACTS XIX. 8-10.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

43. What were the three tenths the Israelites had to pay of their income?

Answer to question given last week:—

42. JOHN V. 2. "There is at Jerusalem by the sheep-market a pool."

One of our country exchanges last week gave the following to its readers as a puzzle:

PARADOX.

"Four things I saw, but what they were, I beg, my readers, you'll declare; And though there were but four exact, Thirteen they made, full as compact. I cut off half, and then could find Exactly eight were left behind; What seems more strange: tho' very sure, These eight remain: g were but four."

[Looking this over, when the time had come for retiring to rest, we, by way of amusement, ran off the following lines, and submit them as the probable solution of this paradox.

You four are made of five straight lines. (XIII) The first two crossed, then one three times; Cut them in two, right through the middle And that will help to solve your riddle. If you turn the lower half up you know. They are eight above and eight below. (VIII) The letter V and then three III's For numerals stand amongst the wise. And thus I solve your paradox, At eleven at night, by city clocks.

—Ed. Youth's Department, C. M.]

The Rag-party.

"O, girls I have something to tell you, cried Lucy Allen, coming into the school-room one morning, long before nine o'clock. The girls, who had been gathered in groups, either talking or studying, all looked up, as Lucy went on to say, "Mother says I may invite you all to my house to a rag-party, next Saturday.— Won't it be nice?"

"What is a rag-party?" asked Alice.

"Why, Alice! don't you know?" said Emma; it is a party to cut and sew rags for a carpet. It's real fun. I mean to go, if mother will let me."

"A rag-party!" said Kate, very scornfully; "who ever heard of such a thing! My mother won't allow me to sew rags. I don't think it is very genteel."

The tears came into Lucy's blue eyes at this unkind speech; but she tried not to appear hurt, only saying, "But, Kate this is to do good, and we needn't be ashamed of that."

"No, indeed!" said Julia, putting her arms lovingly round Lucy. "But what are you going to do with the carpet when it is finished, Lucy?"

"Why, you know the lady who has moved into the little cottage at the foot of our land, and has only her little grandson living with her; well, mother went to see her the other day, and says she is real poor. There is no carpet on her floor, and she told mother she couldn't afford to get any now, because the boy had no work. When mother told me, I thought right away about the rag-carpet that I saw Aunt Betsy Hall making, and it is such easy work that Annie and I thought we would try and make one as a present for the old lady."

"Good! that's a first rate idea!" said Nellie; "and you are going to let us all come and help you."

"Yes, if you would like to; we can begin at two o'clock, and sew till tea, then after tea mother says we may play and have some music; so it won't be so very ungentle, Kate, after all."

"I don't think I can come," said Kate.

"Well, I do; you and you, girls?" said Julia.

"Yes," "so do I," "and I," cried the girls, one after the other.

"Next Saturday, then, at two o'clock; don't forget," said Lucy, just as the bell rung to call them to order.

Saturday came; a bright, sunny day; just such a Saturday as school girls like. Lucy and her sisters were early at work, getting their rags ready for the sewing-party.

They were all there, punctually at two o'clock; a happy, industrious little company, very pleasant to look upon. They worked busily and talked busily—as girls always do when they get together; but no one spoke an unkind word about the absent Kate, for they all felt she would be "sorry enough," after all, at not having a hand in this very pleasant little labor of love.

"Can you find time to eat these?" asked Mrs. Allen, coming in after an hour or two with a dish of fine apples.

"No, ma'am," replied little Susan, who was

trying very hard to "make the most," and had sewed her finger several times in her haste.

The larger girls laughed, and did not seem very unwilling to rest themselves by eating apples. When the tea bell rang they counted their balls, and found they had made twenty-eight.

"Almost enough for the carpet, said Lucy, joyfully; "O I am so glad!"

"How many does it take?" asked Alice.

"Forty, I believe; you know we do not want a large carpet."

It was a merry party at the tea-table that evening; one might easily tell, by their satisfied and happy faces, that they had been doing a good work.

How they enjoyed eating Mrs. Allen's "good things," and how kind Mr. Allen was; and what funny stories Lucy's brother George told, and pretended he felt much offended because they had not invited him to help sew.

Then after tea they had some pleasant games; and last of all, Mrs. Allen played on the piano, and they sang all together before going home.

"Why, mother, it was just the nicest party I ever went to!" said Emma, when she reached home.

"And not a bit ungentle, either," said her sister Sarah, laughing. And they both went to bed, thinking how happy and comfortable the poor old lady and her grandson would be, when the new carpet was put down in their humble room.

"If Kate only knew how happy it makes us feel when we do good to others," thought Lucy, as she read her chapter that night and came to the verse, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Matt. 25: 40."

Excuses for not going.

"I am afraid to be called upon to pray," says one, "or I would go to the prayer-meeting."—Why not pray? Are you too proud lest you cannot pray as well as others? Prayer is simply telling God our wants—it is the cry of our hearts. Have you no wants, and if you have, can you not tell God what they are? Can you not at least pray as well as the publican? and that was far better than the Pharisee. It is not the length nor eloquence of our prayer that makes it a good one, but its sincerity and faith. "I am afraid I should fail if I undertook it." Suppose you should, would this injure your reputation with any sensible person? It might hurt your pride or vanity, but could not hurt your character. But are you willing to be a silent member all your life—a "dumb dog that cannot bark"? Are you willing to be a mere cypher in the church? But you want to learn first to pray well. The way and only way to learn to pray well, is by praying—just as the only way to learn to swim is by swimming, or to learn to write is by writing, or to skate is skating. You may fall now and then, but get up and try it again. Let those laugh who will, it will not injure you at all.

"But I have not time to attend the prayer-meeting." Who gave you all the time you have? May not he have reserved enough for your attending to a duty which he enjoins? Nothing is ever gained by robbing God. Take time for attending, and you will find it well spent.

"It is too wet, or dark, or cold to go out of nights to the prayer-meetings." But do you go out to parties or a wedding on such nights?—Did the badness of the weather ever prevent your attending any place where you thought pleasure or gain might be found? Would you not go any night twice as far, if you only knew you could make twelve dollars? And is not the prayer-meeting as important as business or pleasure? You are neither sugar nor salt, that will melt. Keep a warm heart, and it keeps off the cold, and prevents any bad effects. Don't rely upon any excuse that you are not prepared offer to Christ at the Judgment Day.

"But the prayer-meetings are not interesting." There are so few who pray that this makes them less interesting. Do you attend, and each member of the church attend, and be prepared to join in every hymn and in every prayer, and the interest will increase at once. If the meetings are so cold, give them more fire. Don't sit away off on the back seats, and scatter all over the room, but come up near the stand, and sit close together, and you will keep one another warm. Don't be blocks of ice radiating cold, but be red hot stones radiating heat, and you will make the meetings interesting. If you leave the pastor and a few females and one or two old men to attend alone, and then report that the meetings are dull and uninteresting, it is your own fault. Go there interested yourself, and you will have a good meeting, even if there are only two or three. How will you do it? Will you lay aside all your vain and foolish excuses, and just admit the true one, that you are cold and backslidden, and repent and do your first works again. Do this, and you will be at the next prayer-meeting.—Presbyterian.

A NEW KIND OF CHURCH.—The Saturday Review says:—"An advertisement appeared the other day in one of the morning papers, that may serve to indicate the kind of speculation which may soon become common:—Wanted, a church of Progressive Thought, by a young minister, accustomed to a large congregation in one of the first provincial towns. No objection to a sub-editorship.—Address, Alpha &c."!!

The Parisian ladies who don't like the emperor have adopted a novel way of expressing their contempt. When he goes to the opera, they look at him through the wrong end of their glasses, making him appear "Napoleon the Little," and thus insinuating agreement with Victor Hugo, without opening their mouths.

Visit to a Cornish copper mine.

WILKIE COLLINS, the author of *The Woman in White*, having recently undertaken a pedestrian tour through Cornwall, has written a sketch of that curious corner of England, which is published under the title of *Sights Afoot*. He went down to the great Botallack copper mine, which extends under the sea on the coast of Cornwall, and here is the account of

A MINING SCENE UNDER WATER.

"The miner tells us to keep a strict silence and listen. We obey him, sitting speechless and motionless. If the reader could only have beheld us now, dressed in our copper-colored garments, huddled close together in a mere cleft of subterranean rock, with flame burning on our heads and darkness enveloping our limbs—he must certainly have imagined, without any violent stretch of fancy, that he was looking down upon a conclave of gnomes.

"After listening for a few moments, a distant, unearthly noise becomes faintly audible—a long, low, mysterious moaning, that never changes, that is felt on the ear as well as heard by it—a sound that might proceed from some incalculable distance; from some far invisible height—a sound unlike anything that is heard in the upper ground, in the free air of heaven—a sound so sublimely mournful and still, so ghostly and impressive when listened to in the subterranean recesses of the earth, that we continue instinctively to hold our peace, as if enchanted by it, and think not of communicating to each other the strange awe and astonishment which it has inspired in us both from the very first.

"At last the miner speaks again, and tells us that what we hear is the sound of the surf lashing the rocks a hundred and twenty feet above us, and of the waves that are breaking on the beach beyond. The tide is now at the flow, and the sea is in no extraordinary state of agitation; so the sound is low and distant just at this period. But, when storms are at their height, when the ocean hur's mountain after mountain of water on the cliffs, then the noise is terrific; the roaring heard down here in the mine is so inexpressibly fierce and awful, that the boldest men at work are afraid to continue their labor—all ascend to the surface, to breathe the upper air and stand on the firm earth; dreading, though no such catastrophe has ever happened yet, that the sea will break in on them if they remain in the caves below.

"Hearing this, we get up to look at the rock above us. We are unable to stand upright in the position we now occupy; and flaring our candles hither and thither in the darkness, can see the bright pure copper streaking the dark ceiling of the gallery in every direction. Lumps of ooze, of a moist lustrous green color, traversed by a natural network of thin red veins of iron, appear here and there in large irregular patches, over which water is dripping slowly and incessantly in certain places. This is the salt water percolating through invisible cracks in the rock. On stormy days, it spouts out furiously in thin, continuous streams. Just now over our heads we observe a wooden plug of the thickness of a man's leg; there is a hole there, and the plug is all that we have to keep out the sea.

"Immense wealth of metal is contained in the roof of this gallery, throughout its whole length; but it remains, and will always remain untouched; the miners dare not take it, for it is part, and a greater part, of the rock which forms their only protection against the sea; and which has been so far worked away here, that its thickness is limited to an average of three feet only between the water and gallery in which we now stand. No one knows what might be the consequence of another day's labor with the pickaxe on any part of it.

"This information is rather startling when communicated at a depth of four hundred and twenty feet under ground. We should decidedly have preferred to receive it in the counting house! It makes us pause for an instant, to the miner's infinite amusement, in the very act of knocking away about an inch or more from the rock, as a memento of Botallack.

"In the twinkling of an eye."

One moment, the sick room, the scaffold, the stake; the next, the paradisaical glory. One moment, the sob of parting anguish; the next, the great deep swell of the angels' song. Never think, reader, that the dear ones you have seen die had far to go to meet God after they parted from you. Never think, parents, who have seen your children die, that after they left you they had to traverse a dark, solitary way, along which you would have liked, if it had been possible, to lead them by the hand, and bear them company till they came into the presence of God. You did so if you stood by them till the last breath was drawn. You did bear them company into God's very presence if you only stayed beside them till they died. The moment they left you they were with Him. The slight pressure of the cold fingers lingered with you yet, but the little child was with his Saviour.—*Recreations of a Country Parson*.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?—Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling draft to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray and gently helped you to read? Who has borne with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works for you every day you live? It is your mother. Now, let me ask you, Are you kind to your mother?

A Smoking Synod.

A correspondent of the *Weekly Review*, in a notice of the recent meeting of the Reformed Secession Synod of Holland, says:—"The picture which we witnessed on our reception in the Synod was something which, I am sure, could not be seen out of Holland. As we entered the place of worship in which we had preached the evening before, fumes of smoke darkened the air. A long table stretched along the place where the women had sat, which was lined on either side by ministers and elders, while at the head of this there was a transverse table, at which sat the moderator, the professors, and other official men. Every man was smoking or preparing to smoke. The moderator held a pipe in one hand and a wooden hammer, with which to call attention, in the other. The clerk wrote, and puffed too; while on the table, from one extremity to the other, boxes of lucifer matches, plates of tobacco, ink-bottles, paper, pens, books, &c., were mingled in most admired confusion, a corps de reserve of long pipes being fixed in an ingeniously constructed wooden frame, lest the business of the synod should come to a pause through want of the usual solatium. The audience stood on either side smoking, with a look of placid and dreamy attention." The correspondent adds that the proceedings were nevertheless carried on in a most business-like manner.

Every Christian is a bush burning, but unconsumed. Each has the flame outside and the fuel within; each kept from ruin by grace.

Agriculture, &c.

HINT FOR THE SEASON.—Buildings will soon be subject to searching winds and driving storms, which will find entrance through all neglected crevices: one dollar's worth of lumber used in making them weather-proof will save many dollars in fuel and feed. See that eaves-troughs and leaders are free from leaves or other obstructions, and drains in order to carry off water. Apply paint where needed. If manure is 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.—*American Agriculturist*.

APPLES keep best when left upon the trees until quite late in the season. A white frost, and even a slight freezing, will not injure them. Pick carefully, and leave them in the orchard or out-house to sweat for a few days, and only take to a cool dry cellar when there is danger of their being injured by hard frost.—*Id.*

BARN.—When barns are scattered about the farm some thirty yards from each other, and as many more from the house, it pays better to move and arrange them in a more convenient manner—as the time would soon amount to enough to pay all expenses, to say nothing of what better care the stock will receive when near the house, than they used to at the "further barn." Also, it pays to put a good stone wall (laid up with mortar) under every frame building, except corn-houses and cheese-houses, which should stand upon posts set solid in the ground, with a large tin pan, bottom side up, placed upon the top of every post to prevent mice running up. Remember and have the mason leave several small holes at the top of the wall to let air in; for if closed tight it will cause the sill and sleepers to decay.—When you build a bridge in front of the large doors of stone and dirt, do not put any dirt near the sill, as the water from the roof will soon cause decay. I believe thousands of dollars are wasted in this way every year. Remedy—Build your bridge of dirt or stone within two feet of the doors, and place a stick of timber four inches from the sill, and four short pieces from sill to embankment, and place two planks upon this foundation, and your sill will not decay here before it does anywhere else. Do not nail a board on the front side of the sill where the doors are, as this will cause decay.—*Colonial Farmer*.

RENOVATING FLOWER BEDS.—If the exhausted beds have a good bottom, we advise removing the top spit and replacing it with a mixture of virgin earth from an upland field, well chopped up with old chippy cow-dung, and a good proportion of leaf-mould—say, if you can obtain the quantities, equal parts of earth of the three ingredients. If you can get the beds empty in the winter the best way will be to take off the top spit and fork over the sub-soil, so as to let the frost and snow penetrate it; then get a good supply of burned clay and hot-bed dung, and chop them down together in a ridge, and let them be well frozen, and fill up the beds with the mixture early in March, and they will be in admirable condition for planting as soon as they have settled. Chippings of hedges, refuse wood, straw, etc., built up over a hole, and packed round with cakes of old turf and then burned, make a capital dressing to dig into the old soil, if you can not get new material to replace the worn out stuff. If used chiefly for bedding plants, a compost of leaf-mould and sandy soil from a common, equal parts, and one fifth of the whole very old dung, would prove a good mixture. Bedding plants do not require a rich soil as much as a new soil.—*Gardener's Weekly Magazine*.

A correspondent of the Boston cultivator considers it an important item in the cultivation of potatoes to pick off the blossoms as soon as they appear, for the reason, he says, that it hurts a potato as much to seed, as it does a radish or any other root crop.