

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MAY 10TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS vii. 1-16: Defence of Stephen before the Council. JOSHUA xx.: Cities of Refuge appointed.

Recite—ACTS vi. 1-4.

SUNDAY, MAY 17TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS vii. 17-43: Stephen's discourse. JOSHUA xxi.: Cities assigned to the Levites.

Recite—ACTS vii. 6-8.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

18. Name the materials in Scripture of which garments were made.

Answer to question given last week:—

- 17.—1 The dream of Abimelech. Gen. xx. 3-7. 2 " Jacob. Gen. xxviii. 12: xxxi. 10. 3 " Laban. Gen. xxxi. 24. 4 " Joseph. Gen. xxxvii. 5-9. 5 " Pharaoh's butler &c. Gen. xl. 5-19. 6 " Pharaoh. Gen. xli. 7. 7 " the Midianite. Judges vii. 13-15. 8 " Solomon. 1 Kings iii. 5-15. 9 " Nebuchadnezzar. Dan. ii. 1, 31. 10 " Daniel. Dan. vii. 11 " Joseph. Matt. i. 20, 21. 12 " Pilate's wife. Matt. xxvii. 19.

Our Father's Care.

BY MRS. SEWELL.

Second Part.

And so the days passed without fear or despair, But hard days of labour and patience they were; The rain beat on Nelly, she rose ere the light, Her limbs were oft weary, her small face was white,

But like a brave woman, she kept to her post, And when it blew hardest she struggled the most, Ah! yes, they had puzzles and troubles enow, The candle burnt out, and the fire burnt low, And things would get dirty, as every one knows, And Nelly was little to wash out the clothes; And rent-day would come, and the rent must be paid,

And they had no help but the water-cress trade. And people would sometimes get into their debt, They'd pay on the morrow, and then they'd forget.

And so they had poverty, hardship, and pain, Not two or three times, but again and again. Yet Nelly's good mother still held up her head, 'Twas the will of her Heavenly Father, she said; And things would grow better, safe under His care,

If not—He would give her the patience to bear. She'd never mistrust that His promise stood fast, Through rough or through smooth, it would come right at last.

But tidings now reached her of sorrow and fear, Sad news for the poor lonely mother to hear: Her husband was rapidly wasting away, The doctor had said he might die any day, And Nelly was sent, as the day's work could spare,

To see how he was, and to comfort him there— To carry him words of the tenderest love, And beg him to fix his dependance above. One morning her mother said, "Go, Nelly dear, I think by my feelings, the end must be near, And try and remember the words we have read, The beautiful things that our Saviour has said; And don't let him fret for our troubles, dear man!

But cheer him, my blessing—as well as you can."

Then Nelly set off to the great house alone, 'Mongst the dying and sick, as she often had done; And through the long ward, as the little child passed,

Kind looks of compassion upon her were cast. She stood by the bed—was her father asleep? His face was so white, and his eyes were so deep:

She touched his thin hand as it lay on the sheet, And then with her little voice steady and sweet, Said, "Father! dear father!" and then kissed his brow,

"Mother wants very bad to know how you are now."

He opened his eyes with a heavy-drawn sigh; "Ah! Nelly, you've come to see poor father die—

Sit down on the bed, child—sit down by me here,

'Tis hard work to leave you without any fear; You must be starved, darling—for what can you do?

The family can't be supported by you. And how did you fare yesterday in the storm, With nothing to eat, and no fire to warm? I thought of you starving there, all the day long, And knew your poor mother would never get strong."

"I'll tell you," said Nelly, and sat on the bed; "At present I've always earned plenty of bread. Well—yesterday morning, the time that I woke, Our window was rattling, ready to break, And rain battered on it, till mother did say, 'You'd better not go to the market to-day. You don't suppose, father, I listened to that, But tied my old handkerchief over my hat, And with mother's blessing, I got in the street; But hard work it was then to keep on my feet.

Sometimes the wind drove me, I could not stand still, Sometimes at a corner I turned like a mill. My clothes clung about me, soaked through with the rain,

Says I, 'Nelly Hardy, you must try it again.' I often fell down, and I could not go fast, But somehow I got to the market at last; And there the sales-women fell pitying me, And said, 'Nelly, child, what an object you be!

And one said my mother was 'hard and unkind.' 'I come,' says I, 'Missis, to ease my own mind; My mother is ill, and can't rise from her bed, So I am the woman that works for the bread.' Well, then she gave me a great armful of cress, She said in her conscience, she could not do less.

'Twas twice as much, father, as ever I get, And that came, you see, of the wind and the wet. The storm kept on blowing, the rain pelted down,

But people all seemed to want cress in the town; They look'd from the windows, and came to the door,

I'd never such luck with my cresses before. And then the good gentleman tapped on the pane,

And that very day gave me sixpence again. I know 'twas our Father, who lives in the sky, That made all the people so anxious to buy. Then just as I came to the end of Milk Street, And thinking I'd carry dear mother a treat,

A man pushed against me, and then he turned round, And said, 'My poor lassie, you look almost drowned;

I'm off to my breakfast, if you come with me. My missis will give you a cup of hot tea, And may-be, she'll find you a bit of dry clothes, Or an old pair of shoes just to cover your toes; I've three little girls not much bigger than you, Amongst them they'll find up a trifle or two."

And then he talked kindly as we walked along, And asked to what sort of folks I could belong, 'My good little lass,' he said, 'can that be true? For I had told him about mother and you, And how mother prayed on her bed as she lay, And so we were sure of some food every day. He said she was right, he had tried that himself, He knew 'twas the way to keep bread on the shelf.

And then his wife dried me, and gave me some tea, And this pretty frock and these shoes, father—see!

And put in my basket some pieces of bread, And slices of meat for my mother, she said; And mother did like it, and thought 'twas so good,

And she said 'Our father had sent us the food; And I thought, and mother thought, 'twas very plain. They would not have pitied me but for the rain; And she said, that all things were safe in God's hand,

Because when He promised, He gave a command; And those who believe Him, and trust in the Lord,

Find even the tempest fulfilling His word. She said the old lions might roar for their prey, Or young lions hunt through the forest: all day, And still might be hungry for want of their food, But God's people never lacked any thing good."

Then Nelly ceased talking, and stood on the floor, Her father said,—"Nelly, dear, tell me some more, The things that you talk about comfort my mind, And make me more willing to leave you behind."

Then Nelly was pleased, she had come there for that,

So down by her father she willingly sat, And thus she began without any ado— "Yes, father, I'll tell a nice story to you.

There was a good prophet, a long time ago, (The story is all in the Bible, you know, We often had read it since you have been here, At least, mother reads, and I sit by to hear.) There was a good prophet, a long time ago, Who lived amongst very bad people, you know, Who did not love God, though He was very good,

But made foolish gods out of pieces of wood; And so to chastise them, and bring them to think, The wells were dried up, and they'd nothing to drink;

The rain never fell down to moisten the ground, Not even a small drop of dew could be found; And so the plants withered, the corn would not grow,

And there was a terrible famine, you know. The horses and cattle had nothing to eat, And so they were famished, and dropt in the street,

And all the bad people were dying in crowds, But still not a drop of rain came from the clouds; For they were not sorry, and did not repent, Although they had this dreadful punishment sent.

My mother explained all the story to me, The whole is not written in one place, you see."

"Well, darling, and what did the good prophet do?"

"Ah! that is the part I am now coming to; There was in the country a beautiful place, Away from that naughty idolatrous race; And there was a spring of clear water that ran in a deep little brook, for the use of that man; And God hid him there, and told him to 'bide, And drink of the water that He had supplied."

"But what did he eat, child?—How did that befall?"

"Oh! just stop a moment, and I'll tell to you all God made Him a promise, that every day He'd send me some food, in a very strange way, Mother says, 'tis not strange, for the mighty God can

Make use of a bird, just as well as a man; And so He commanded some ravens to bring, Good food to the prophet, who lived by the spring.

They came in the morning, as soon as 'twas light, And then came again with his supper at night; They always knew where to find nice bread and meat,

And so the good prophet had plenty to eat. They never forgot, or came lagging behind, Because it was always kept fresh in their mind; The prophet had only to wait and believe, As mother says, only to ask and receive, Because the Lord's promise will always endure, That bread shall be given, and water be sure."

Well, darling,—and did the stream always run fast,

Or did the good prophet's brook dry up at last? It dried up at last—but then, God spoke and said I've commanded a widow to feed thee with bread, He told him the city the widow lived at—

I think 'twas Sarepta, or something like that. And so he set off on his journey once more, He never had seen the poor widow before— I don't think it says, if 'twas early or late, But there she was, waiting just close by the gate

He said to her,—'Bring me some water, I pray, (No doubt he was thirsty with walking all day;) And as she was going so ready and kind, To bring him a cup of the best she could find, He asked her to bring him some bread in her hand,

But that brought the poor widow quite to a stand. She said, 'As thy soul lives, I have not a cake'— And then such a sorrowful tale she did make; She had but a handful of meal then to use, And just the last drop of her oil in a cuse,

'I've come cut to gather a few sticks,' said she, To cook the last meal for my poor son and me— And that was the end of her little supply, And she and her son both expected to die. 'Fear not,' said the prophet, 'but do as you said,'

(And that was, to make the meal up into bread), For thus saith the word of the Lord unto you, (The word of the Lord, father, always is true,) The meal in the barrel shall never get less, Till there is an end of the present distress."

"How could that be, darling?" "Oh! that I don't know, But the meal did not waste in the barrel you know;

There still was a handful whenever they went; The oil in the bottle that never was spent. They ate every day for the whole of a year, And whilst others starved, they had nothing to fear,

They never sat down to a poor empty board, And that came, you see, from believing the Lord."

"Ah! Nelly, but that was a long time ago, We don't have such prophets in these days, you know."

Then Nelly sat still, she had much on her mind, But words to express it weren't easy to find. "If I could be sure you would have a supply, 'Twould not be so hard for me darling, to die. What will you do, child, when the bell has been tolled, And they've put your poor father under the mould?"

Then Nelly looked up,—"We have not wanted yet, And got on the best in the wind and the wet."

"Yes, yes, child—but then there's a long time to come How will your poor mother make out for a home?"

"I dare say we'll do, as we have done before, Mother says there's no end of the heavenly store. She bid me to tell you some words that God said,

I don't think I've got them exact in my head. It was a sweet promise sent down from the sky, On purpose to comfort you if you should die."

"What is it, my darling? I wish I could find Myself more contented to leave you behind."

"Thy fatherless children—yes, that is the word—I will certainly keep them alive, saith the Lord; And then, says the promise as plain as can be, And let thy poor widow depend upon me— And so you may leave us contentedly here, If God will preserve us, we've nothing to fear."

(To be concluded.)

"Boy Wanted."

Announcements similar to the above are not unfrequently seen in the columns of the daily newspapers, on bulletins, and in the windows of shopkeepers.

Of course, boys are wanted! Who doubts it? None but the most superficial thinker, we are sure, could entertain such a thought for a moment. In a few brief years, the boys who are now living will be wanted to proclaim the gospel—will be wanted on the judges' bench—in the gubernatorial and presidential chairs—in the halls of learning; in short, to fill the places now occupied by the mighty millions of earth.

Boys wanted now! They are wanted to fill our public, private and Sabbath-schools; to store the intellect and the heart with the useful and the pure; to take the initiatory steps to becoming good and useful citizens.

Boys are wanted in heaven. Since we began this article, a sorrow stricken father, in a threadbare coat, passed our office with a little coffin under his arm. His little boy had been wanted in heaven. Others may soon be called. God desires all, and invites all.

Yes, boys, you are wanted, not only on earth, but in heaven. Are you ready?

Agriculture, &c.

NEGLECTED FERTILIZERS.

The barn, cellar and yards are the main, but not the only sources of the supply of fertilizing materials upon our farms. These neglected sources are beginning to be looked after with more care than formerly; and perhaps a few hints may help to direct additional attention thereto.

Hen Manure.—This is rarely saved; although a farmer once said to us that he kept hens for their manure. We believe there are few who do this, yet more could do it at a profit, for its value is nearly equal to guano. If a floor is constructed under the roost, and finely pulverized loam or muck covered over it once or twice a week, and the whole contents then removed, the house will not only be kept clean, and the poultry free from vermin, but a considerable amount of manure which would otherwise be of no benefit will be saved.

Soap-suds.—During the summer these can be applied directly to garden crops and fruit trees, and thereby act as a fertilizer, and at the same time assist in supplying moisture to them in the hot days of summer. Some farmers have spouts which convey the suds and house-slops to the barn-cellar, and for the greater part of the year these are in working order. But in the winter the spouts will not convey the slops, and there is a considerable amount of it wasted. To obviate this, a muck-heap should be made near the yard, with a concave top, so that the slops can be turned into it and absorbed by the muck. It may freeze some in winter, but the reviving atmosphere of spring will set every thing all right.

Dead animals.—In many instances these are allowed to decay in the vicinity of dwellings, poisoning the air by the liberation of gases that become liberated by decomposition; and too often they are covered up where they afford no nutriment to useful plants. They should always form a part of a compost, being covered with loam or muck in sufficient quantity to secure the poisonous gases. In this way they will in time become a valuable fertilizer.

Bones.—The bones that accumulate about the farm should all be saved, and there are many methods of preparing them for use in an economical manner. Among these are treating them with acid, so as to form a home-made superphosphate; burning them, when they can readily be crushed; dissolving them in strong ley, and also fermenting by breaking them in pieces and then placing them in layers of muck, and turning on liquid manures to keep them moist; and also rendering them soft by placing them in horse manure when it is in a heating state.—These should be applied under the surface, rather than upon it.—Maine Farmer.

BONE-DUST FOR BEANS.

Probably there is no manure that can be applied to the bean-crop more decidedly beneficial in its effects than bone-dust. Wherever it has been tested, it has given satisfaction, and especially where the soil has been of a sandy texture, and but poorly supplied with lime.—The accounts which some years since were transmitted to us from England, in relation to its efficiency, were regarded by many as doubtful; yet we have assurance that of all manurial agents, so far as the development of the bean-crop is involved, bone-manure is unquestionably the best. We advise those who can obtain it conveniently, to procure a small quantity, apply it, and test its virtues for themselves. A trifling dressing of a crop at hoeing-time will frequently advance it entirely beyond the cost of the application.—N. E. Farmer.

IN THE FRUIT GARDEN.

Setting out Cuttings.—We can now begin to set out the cuttings of grape, raspberry, blackberry, etc, with a view to give them an early start, and for transplantation as soon as there is no danger from frost. Do not commit the accustomed blunder of setting them too closely, so that in removing one, another will be disturbed.

TO PREVENT SKIPPERS IN HAMS.

There is, according to my experience, nothing easier than to avoid the skipper, and all worms and bugs that usually infest, and often destroy so much bacon. It is simply to keep your smoke-house dark, and the moth that deposits the egg will never enter it. For the past twenty-five years I have attended to this, and never had my bacon troubled by any insect. I have now hanging in my smoke-house, hams, one, two, and three years old, and the oldest are as free from insects as when first hung up. I am not aware of other causes for the exemption of my bacon from insects, but simply from the fact that my smoke-house is always kept dark. Before adopting this plan, I had tried many experiments, but always without success, or with injury to the flavor of my bacon. I smoke with green hickory. This is important, as the flavor of bacon is often utterly destroyed by smoking it with improper wood.—Cotton Planter.

SMALL SEEDS bring forth beautiful and fragrant flowers; so small beginnings issue in great usefulness. Never be discouraged with yourself; the third or even the sixth time may be a shade or two better than the first. We increase in conscious power every time we try. Our efforts are not unblest if they are unknown to those about us. It is good to have more treasure laid up than our friends know anything about, but be sure and expect the interest.