

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 26TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS v. 21-42: Gamaliel's advice. JOSHUA xii.: Summary of Israel's conquests.
Recite—ACTS v. 12-15.

SUNDAY, MAY 3RD, 1863.

Read—ACTS vi.: The seven deacons chosen. JOSHUA xiv.: The claim of Caleb.
Recite—ACTS v. 30-32.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

16. Of what is the eagle an emblem in the Bible?

Answer to question given last week:—

15. The Dove—

Sent from the ark by Noah. Gen. viii. 8; x. An emblem of peace. Gen. viii. 11. [12]. Clean, and used as food. Deut. xiv. 11. Offered in sacrifice. Gen. xv. 9. 1 ev. i. 14. Matt. xxi. 21. Illustrative of the descent of the Holy Ghost. Matt. iii. 16. Of mourners. Isaiah xxxviii. 14; lix. 11. Of converts to the church. Isaiah lx. 8. Of Israel's return from captivity. Hosea xi. 11.

True Courage.

Dear young readers, we wish to tell you a little story—an original story—one that you never read or heard, for it was never published in book, pamphlet, or paper. It is more particularly for girls that we relate this incident; but then, if it will do the boys any good, we wish them also to be benefited by it.

Last summer, as we were going to tea, we saw two little girls a few rods in front of us.— They were drawing a baby-wagon, and were busily chatting away together on the great events of their little life. Our attention was deeply riveted upon them, for—the truth must be known—we confess to a liking for little girls who appear well, to say nothing of those more mature in years. So we watched our two little friends very closely, as they trudged along together, neatly dressed, of about the same age, and cosily engaged in conversation. Of course we had no particular opinion of either, and thought as much of one as we did of the other, until they came to a street-crossing. Here, however, we formed two very distinct and very different opinions of them. When about midway across the walk, a team came dashing along at a furious rate. One of the little girls saw them, and hastily exclaiming "Hurry!" ran out of harm's way herself, leaving her companion exposed to the same danger, with the heavy wagon to draw.—made all the heavier by the loss of assistance. But she tugged away at it, and soon got beyond the reach of the team, when she was rejoined by her frightened—not to say cowardly—little companion.

Now, which of these two little girls was the bravest—the one who was just selfish enough to take care of herself, or the one who was unselfish enough to take care of any who could not take care of itself? We know one thing, and that is, if we were going to choose either of those little girls or "our girl," as the boys say, we know just which one it would be. But we will leave you to guess whether it would be the one who, in the hour of danger, forgets everything but herself, or the one with an equal love of life, and exposed to equal danger, was brave enough to peril that life in order to save a helpless babe. There are two characters; imitate the one which in your judgement is the most worthy to imitate.—*Gospel Messenger.*

Deacon Osgood's cow, "Bet."

BY REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

There was no more honest, plain and sincere man in the whole valley, than Deacon Osgood. He lived in a small, remote place, named Morley. Its inhabitants were few and sparse. They had a small, shut-up, meeting-house, in which they occasionally had a religious service, when any wandering son of Levi happened along, and was willing to give them a sermon. But they had no minister, and the house grew shabby, and the schools were run down, and the people were indifferent to religious things, and everything had a kind of mullen-stalk look—poor, and dry, and discouraged! There was no public spirit, and the place seemed to be fast becoming driftwood compared with the fresh trees of a fresh forest. Deacon Osgood mourned and sighed alone. At last the Genius of Goodness seemed to whisper in his ear, "Deacon Osgood, are you going to let things go to ruin—the whole of Morley—body and soul?"

"What can I do?"
"Act."
"Yes, but I can't act alone, and the people won't stir. They are all dead. What can I do?"
"Make up your mind what is best for them, and what they ought to do—and then—make them do it!"

Deacon Osgood sat up that night alone very late. What he thought has never been known. He is not a talker. But early the next morning he had old Kate harnessed, and before night, was thirty miles from home. And late he sat up talking with his friend, the Rev. Jonas Faithful. I don't know what he said, but Mr. Faithful told his wife the next day that he never heard eloquence before!

Esquire Turnpenny was "the most influential" (as was said) and richest man in the town. He loved money and he loved land, and he loved cattle, and he loved anything that was property. But he did not love religion, nor Sabbaths. He professed to be an unbeliever, and yet he had quite a respect for Deacon Osgood. "The Deacon," he used to say, "is narrow-minded and superstitious, but he's consistent!"

The Deacon went to see Esquire Turnpenny. A small part of their conversation only was heard.
"Now, Deacon, that's all moonshine. You know I don't believe in these things, and I consider ministers a kind of moth upon society—worse than useless! I don't believe it, and I would not give that for it all"—and he snapped his fingers smartly.
"But, Esquire, the place is all running down!"

"I know it, and if you will bring in something productive—a real producer of property—I'll do something handsome."

"Well, Esquire, if you will agree to pay twenty dollars a year for five years—"

"And that's a round hundred—"

"I know it, sir. But if you will agree to pay twenty dollars yearly for the five years, and then, if I cannot show that the place is richer in property than all we have paid the minister, I pledge myself to refund you hundred dollars!"

"Yes, but who shall be the judge?"

"You shall."

"Well, Deacon, if you are not a saint you have the perseverance of the saints." And to show you that I don't want to be mean, I now say, if at the end of five years I allow the town is as much richer as all his salary, I will give you the best cow I have in the world!"

Deacon Osgood made out in his own mind what each man could and ought to give, and then went and persuaded each man to do it. In one week he had his salary subscribed, and then, after a few more interviews with his friend, in a few weeks it was noised through the region that Morley had waked up, and had got a very nice minister—and it was said that "Esquire Turnpenny did it all." The Rev. Jonas Faithful was the new minister.

We pass over five years. We only say the whole face of the place was changed. One day as Deacon Osgood was passing, Esquire Turnpenny called to him, saying he had "some business" with him. So the Deacon went in. There was a curious twinkle about the Esquire's eye, and he looked awful grave and solemn.

"Well, Deacon, do you remember our bet?"

"But, sir, I never 'bet' in my life."

"We won't be particular about words. But didn't you engage to pay me back my hundred dollars, if, at the end of five years, I was not satisfied that your minister had added to our property more than his salary?"

"Yes, so I agreed."

"And I was to be the judge?"

"Yes, so I agreed."

"Now, then, I am on the bench: please to prove to the court what you engaged to prove."

"Very well. But before I begin, I want you to acknowledge that our minister has been true to his profession, and has not let worldly affairs divert him or injure his usefulness."

"I allow that."

"I want you to allow that instead of trying to make money, he is not worth a dollar more than he was when he came."

"I allow that. But remember that we have paid him \$2,500 in the five years!"

"Be it so. Now for our figures. You will be candid. How many apple trees are now growing in the place more than there were five years ago?"

"I made an estimate yesterday. I think all of two thousand."

"And how much more than their cost are they now worth?"

"I would not sell mine for a dollar each. But we will say fifty cents each."

"Well, Mr. Faithful, as everybody allows, was the means of introducing these. Put that item down at \$1,000."

"That's fair."

"What say you to Joe and Sam Hardup? They were drunkards, they were just on the edge of ruin. The minister labored with them, and got them to sign the pledge and they are now sober, industrious citizens—I say nothing about their having joined the church. But how much more is each of their farms worth now, than five years ago?"

"At least a thousand dollars."

"I should say more. But you are judge. Put it down at that, and there are \$2,000. Then he persuaded Ned Conklin to go to the Shakers, and take on shares two swarms of bees. And now how many swarms do you suppose there are in town? They did not cost a cent in money."

"I suppose there are one hundred—"

"And that number at \$5 the swarm is—"

"Five hundred dollars."

"And he taught and urged Tim Sweetser to make maple sugar and he has sold \$100 worth every year, which is—"

"Five hundred dollars more."

"He showed Arthur Spring how to flow his meadows and to raise cranberries—and he has sold \$100 worth. And now, Esquire, how much more are your Ayrshire cattle worth to you than was your stock before Mr. Faithful called your attention to this breed?"

"Perhaps \$500."

"I'll stop here. How much do you make the gain to the town by this reckoning?"

"Four thousand and six hundred dollars!"

"Who would have thought it?"

know it all. Shall I pay you back the hundred dollars?"

The Esquire rose hastily. His chin quivered. He only said, "I am satisfied," and left the room, and the Deacon went on his way.

The next morning the Esquire's best cow, "Bet," was found in the Deacon yard, and another in the minister's yard, each with a kind note tied to her horn—"a token of regard from her late owner."

The people all wondered how it was that the Deacon and the minister could get the two best cows the Esquire had, when nobody else could get one for love or money! But the Deacon kept his own counsel, and everybody said, "The Esquire is the most influential man in town, and he got the minister."

But good Deacon Osgood thanks God, and is only afraid that he is to be too well paid in this life—otherwise he has great enjoyment in his favorite cow, "Bet."—*Congregationalist.*

Twelve ways of committing Suicide.

1. Wearing thin shoes of damp nights and in cold, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of enteebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading romances. Going to theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather in the thinnest dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over-garments through the cold, damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with one or more persons in the small, unventilated bedroom.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without half masticating your food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the fatigues of the day and excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco, and drinking intoxicating liquors, by personal abuse and physical excesses of every description.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts and rich cake. When they are sick, by giving them mercury, tartar emetic and arsenic, under the mistaken notion that they are medicines and not irritant poisons.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made at it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties, when the stomach says "No" and by forcing food when nature does not demand and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating, going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves and not applying early for medical advice when disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

Agriculture, &c.

For the Christian Messenger.

Fences.

Colchester County, April 11th, 1862.

MR. EDITOR,—

As your columns are open for any communications that will be advantageous to the farmer, I wish to bring before their minds the importance of keeping good line fences. The old adage "Good fences make good neighbors" is still true. All line fences when first built should not be less than what the law requires, as they will be every year settling. Much advantage would be derived from this, for when we want our cattle we know where to find them, and if we train our cattle to be kept within bounds, they are much more valuable. There would be then no quarreling with neighbors about their cattle, and going to law about damages done by them. But while it is the case, that a large number of farmers build their line fences not more than three feet high, and that too of poor material, great disadvantage follows, as cattle will not remain in fields thus fenced, and when once they acquire the habit of getting over them, high fences will not stop them. Scores of our cattle become troublesome on account of our own bad management. All our cattle and horses which have such tricks are made so by being enclosed by the low fences with which our country abounds. Though there have been so many lawsuits and quarrels

on account of this, still there is little improvement made. Too many farmers keep a dog, for hunting their own and their neighbors' cattle, in place of making proper fences. This habit is not only followed by the poorer class of farmers, but by the rich. Among the many evils which exist between farmers, I have seen none so great as that which arises from keeping bad fences.

Any changes may in reference to old line fences should be made with the free consent of both parties, as any deviation from this, is attended with evil consequences.

Farmers may be classed in three divisions. 1st. Those who build good fences at the proper season. 2nd. Those who put up their fences after the crops are in the ground. 3rd. Those who pay little or no attention at any season of the year.

I consider that the man who makes a good line fence in the proper time is the farmer's best neighbor.

I have lived beside a drunken neighbor for years, and have been called upon to attend to the necessities of his family by night and day; I have lived beside another who made the kind of fence which I have described; and if I could have any choice I would prefer the drunkard as a neighbor. Do not suppose from this statement that I am favorable to strong drink, for I have not made use of any for 30 years. It behoves us who ought to "live at peace with all men" to attend to this important duty.

A FRIEND TO PEACE.

THE CULTURE OF BARLEY.

Barley wants a good soil—the bad success of many cultivators of late years, or as it is commonly termed the deterioration of the crop, is owing to a deficiency in this respect. Exhausted or poor land will not answer, and the soil must be in a state of fine pulverization. It should be sown very early in the spring, provided the ground can be well prepared. Sometimes late autumn plowing, with the use of the horse-cultivator in the spring, has been found to succeed well on dry soils. The two-rowed barley is generally preferred in this country, standing better, and ripening at a more convenient period than the six-rowed variety. Many good farmers sow three bushels per acre, but if planted with a seed-drill two bushels would be sufficient; because this instrument will deposit the seed at a uniform depth, and none will be wasted, while harrowing burries a portion of it too deep, and some too shallow. The right depth is an inch to an inch and a half—if over two inches deep it is longer coming up, and grows more feebly according to experiments to determine this point. Barley should be cut when ripe enough, to prevent shrinking, but not over-ripe, which would cause waste. It may be cut with a cradle or reaper, and placed in cocks like hay. To prevent injury by rain, throw the heads toward the middle of the cock, the straw pointing outwards, and of such a size that the middle will be always the highest. In threshing barley, in order to clear the grains of the short beard, it was formerly the common practice to give it a second pounding with a flail; but now the same end is accomplished by passing it a second time through the threshing-machine.

As we prefer feeding barley to having it manufactured into liquor, we have usually had it ground to feed to horses; two quarts of the ground-meal at a feeding, we think much better than four quarts of oats. The meal also makes an excellent feed for pigs.

Barley is a good crop to follow corn; if the latter has been enriched with fresh manure, it will be just right for the barley—otherwise the ground should have a special application of fine manure, well broken and harrowed in. Wheat may follow the barley, if the ground receives a top-dressing of fine manure in autumn, before or after the wheat is sown. Or, if the barley is sown rather thinly, it is a good crop to seed down with clover.—*Country Gentleman.*

MANAGING TREES IN WINDY PLACES.

Various plans have been tried to keep newly-set trees erect in bleak places, and to preserve their branches from being blown and whipped out of shape. Stakes of several kinds are used. Some are set close to the trunk and bound to it by wisps of straw or bands of leather; but these are soon displaced, or the tree gets badly chafed.—Then, a stake is often set a foot or more from the tree, and the two are fastened together by cords of some kind; yet here, too, the cords may be broken before the planter is aware of it.

We have tried a plan lately which has some merits. It dispenses with stakes altogether.—After the tree is planted, four or five stout pegs are driven into the ground, in a circle around the tree, and about under the ends of the branches. Flat leather bands, or stout pieces of list are tied to the branches on opposite sides of the tree. Strong cords are then drawn from these to the pegs and tied. This keeps the tree from swaying in any direction. On the most windy side double the number of cords are used, to preserve the branches in good shape. To this we have added, for sweeping trees, light weights suspended from limbs which, on account of the wind, did not take the pendulous habit that was desirable.—*Am. Agriculturist.*

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

READING the Bible floats us on the river of life, and gives us many a beautiful prospect.