

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 25TH, 1863.

Read—JOHN xx. 1-18: Visit to the sepulchre. JOSHUA iv. 15-24: The people pass over Jordan.

Recite—JOHN xix. 25-27.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 1ST, 1863.

Read—JOHN xx. 19-31: Jesus appears to his disciples. JOSHUA v.: The people circumcised.

Recite—JOHN xx. 1, 2.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

3. Mention five remarkable cases of forgiveness of injuries, given in the Scriptures.

Answer to question given last week:—

- 2.—1. Joseph's brethren,....Genesis xlii. 21.
2. Joseph,.....Genesis xlv. 5, 7, 8.
3. Josiah,.....2 Kings xxvii. 19.
4. Mannasseh,.....2 Chron. xxxiii. 12.
5. Jonah,.....Jonah ii. 7.

We regret that our compositor, last week, omitted one of the stanzas in the following, and we therefore insert it again in its corrected form, and shall give its answer the week after next.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE No. 20.

- 1. The mount were three loved sons were slain,
And where their father fought in vain,
South East of Esdralon.
2. The name of one who gathered corn,
From harvest fields where Christ was born;
The wife beloved of Mahlon.
3. The martyr's name who lived on earth,
And died before his father's birth;
Before the birth of Shem.
4. The City where the prophet spake,
Two years before the earth's great quake;
And South of Betulehem.
5. The country's name that stands alone,
One boundary of the Persian throne;
In book of Esther found.
6. His name in Nehemiah placed,
Whose life his wanton schemes disgraced;
Who rose but soon came down.
7. The name of him who lost his life,
Because he had a lovely wife,
To share another's love.
8. The goddess of a heathen shrine,
By superstition held divine,
More than the Lord above.
9. His name who dwelt on Chebar's bank,
And inspiration deeply drank,
Though in a foreign land.
These names' initials will impart,
The virtue of a noble heart,
In order as they stand.
Brookfield D. O. P.

The following beautiful and touching poem will be read with interest by our young friends. When it is complete we recommend it for reading aloud to a Sunday School, as a half-hour variation of the usual exercises, for the benefit of those whose parents do not take the Christian Messenger.

A Mother's last words: or the orphans of London streets.

BY MRS SEWELL.—FIRST PART.

The yellow fog lay thick and dim
O'er London city, far and wide;
It filled the spacious rocks and squares,
Where noble lords and ladies ride.
It filled the streets, the shops were dark,
The gas was burning through the day;
The Monument was blotted out,
And lost in gloom the river lay.
But thicker still, and darker far,
The noisome smoke-cloud grimly fell
Amongst the narrow courts and lanes,
Where toiling people poorly dwell.
No sun above, no lofty sky,
No breezy breath of living air,
The heavy, stagnant, stifling fog,
Crept here and there and every where.
Down seven steep and broken stairs
Its chill dowelome way it found,
And darkened with a deeper gloom,
A low, damp chamber under ground.
A glimmering light was burning there,
Beside a woman on a bed;
A worn-out woman ghastly pale,
Departing to the peaceful dead.
Two little boys, in threadbare clothes,
Stood white and trembling by her side,
And listening to his mother's words,
The youngest of them sadly cried.
The elder boy shed not a tear,
Nor stirred a moment from his place,
But with a corner of the sheet
He wiped his mother's cold, damp face.
"Ah, John!" she said, "my own dear boy,
You'll soon be in this world alone;
But you must do the best you can,
And be good children when I'm gone.

"And listen, John, before 'tis night,
My weary spirit will be free;
Then go and tell the overseer,
For he must see to bury me.
"You'll walk behind my coffin, dears,
There's little more I have to crave,
But I should like to have my boys
Just drop a tear beside my grave.
"And then you'll have to leave this room,
Because the rent is not all paid,—
Since I've been ill, I've let it run;
You know, I've barely earned your bread.
"I don't owe much, I've minded that,
And paid it up, though hardly pressed,
The man must take the little things,
And sell the bed to pay the rest.
"I've mended up your lits of clothes,
It is not much you've left to wear,
But keep as decent as you can,
And don't neglect the house of prayer.
"I can't speak of your father, John,
You know that he has been my death;
If he comes back, you'll say, 'His wife
Forgave him with her dying breath.'
"But oh, my children! when I'm gone,
Do mind your mother's warning well,
And shun all drinking, swearing ways,
As you would shun the pit of hell.
"I'm going to a happy place,
So beautiful and dazzling bright,
'Twas in a vision or a dream,
It passed before me in the night.
"I felt my spirit caught away
From all the crowd of toiling folk,
Above the cross upon St. Paul's,
And far above the fog and smoke.
"And higher, higher up I went,
Until I reached a golden gate,
Where all about, in shining rows,
I saw the holy angels wait.
"At once, they bid me welcome there,
And all at once began to sing,
'Come in thou blessed of the Lord,
For thou art welcome to the King.'
"Then one stepped forth and took my hand,
And spake like music, passing sweet,
'We have been watching for thee long,
To bring thee to our Master's feet.'
"Then hand in hand we floated on,
Through growing fields of lovely flowers,
And saw ten thousand happy souls
At rest among the shiring bowers.
"Our Saviour walked among them, John,
Most beautiful He was to see,
And such a heavenly smile He gave,
When first He saw poor worthless me.
"Ah oh! the gracious things He spoke,
I hardly could believe the word;
'Come in, thou faithful,' He said,
And rest thee now beside thy Lord.'
"Then all around, I heard the sound
Of joyous voices singing praise,
And I stood there, and joined the song,
And looked upon his blessed face.
"And as I looked, my heart grew strong,
And then I fell before His feet;
Dear Lord, I said, 'I pray thee send
An Angel to our wicked Street.
'I've left two little boys behind,
To get through this bad world alone,
And much, I fear, they'll miss their way,
And never reach thy glorious throne.
'I will,' He said, and then He called
A beauteous Angel by his name,
And swifter than an arrow flies,
That beauteous Angel to Him came.
"And as I knelt before His feet,
I heard the order plainly given,
That He should guard my little boys,
And bring them safe to me in heaven.
"I saw the Angel bow his head,
And cast on me a look of love,
Then spread his snowy wings to leave
His blissful seat in heaven above.
"So do not fret about my death—
I know you'll not be left alone,
For God will send the Angel down,
To care for you when I am gone.
'I'm sure you will have daily bread,
For that the King gave strict command,
And all the wealth of London town
Is in the power of His hand.
"So never join the wicked lads
To steal and swear and drink and lie;
For though you are but orphans here,
You'll have a Father in the sky.
"I can't see plain what you should do,
But God, I think, will make your way;
So don't go to the workhouse, dears,
But try for work, and always pray."
The woman ceased and closed her eyes,
And long she lay, as if at rest,
Then opened wide her feeble arms,
And clasped her children to her breast.
And then aloft her hands she raised,
And heavenward gazed with beaming eyes,
'I see, I see, the Angel come,
I see him coming from the skies.
"Good bye—good bye, my children dear,
My happy soul is caught away;
I hear, I hear, my Saviour call,
He calls me up,—I cannot stay."
Then soared her soul from that dark room,
Above the crowd of toiling folk,
Above the cross upon St. Paul's,
Above the fog; above the smoke.

And higher, higher, up she went,
Until she saw the golden gate,
Where night and day, in shining bands,
The holy angels watch and wait.
And she went in, and saw the King,
And heard the gracious words he spoke
To her who in this sinful world,
Had meekly borne her daily yoke.
But sadly sobbed the little boys,
As from the bed of death they crept;
Upon the floor they sat them down,
And long and piteously they wept.
The dreary walls around them closed,
No father came to share their grief,
No friendly neighbor heard their cry,
None came with pity or relief.
They cried until their tears were spent,
And darker still the chamber grew;
And then said little Christopher,
"Now mother's dead, what shall we do?"
Then John rose up, and with his sleeve,
He wiped away the last sad tear,
"Well we must go as mother said,
And tell the parish overseer."
"But won't the Angel come to us?"
"I cannot tell you," John replied;
"I think he will," said Christopher,
"My mother saw him when she died."
They stum! led up the broken stairs,
And pushed their way along the street,
Whilst out of sight an Angel bright,
Walked close behind, with shining feet.
He stood behind them at the door,
And heard the growling overseer,
Then touched his heart with sudden smart,
And brought an unexpected tear.
"Here lads," he said, "divide the bread,
You both look hungry any way;
We'll see about the body, child,
And bury it on Wednesday."
The hungry children ate the loaf,
And then the younger brother said,
"Our mother told us right you see,
That was all true about the bread."
"It does seem so," was John's reply,
"I say Chris, shan't you be afraid
To go and sleep at home to-night,
All in the dark there, with the dead?"
"Why should we, John? dead folks don't hurt,
She would not hurt us, if she could,
And as she laid upon the bed,
She looked so happy and so good."
"Well, come down then—I'm not afraid."
They entered in, and shut the door,
And made a bed, as best they could,
And laid them down upon the floor.
(To be continued.)

An appeal to the Temperate Drinker.

You use that, without the use of which nearly all the business of this world was conducted, till within less than three hundred years, and which of course is not needful.
You use that which was not generally used by the people of this country for more than a hundred years after the country was settled, and which, by thousands in all kinds of lawful business, is not used now. Once they used it, and thought it needful; but they found themselves mistaken, and that they are better without it.
You use that which is a real and destructive poison—a poison which, by men in health, cannot be taken without deranging healthy action, and inducing more or less disease both of mind and body.
You use that which tends to form an unnatural and dangerous appetite, which tends continually to increase, and which thus exposes all who form it to come to a premature grave.
You use that which causes a large portion of all the pauperism in our land, and this brings an enormous tax on the whole community. Is this fair? Is it just? Is it not inflicting great evils on society?
You use that which excites to a great portion of all the crimes committed, and which is thus shown to be in its effects hostile to the government of God, and to the civil and religious interests of men.
You use that, the sale and use of which, if continued, will form intemperate appetites, which will be gratified, and thus will perpetuate intemperance and all its abominations to the end of the world.
You use that which makes wives widows, and children orphans; which leads husbands often to murder their wives, and wives their husbands; parents their children, and children their parents; and which prepares multitudes for misery here and hereafter.
You use that which increases the amount and severity of sickness; which, in many cases, destroys reason; which causes a great portion of all the sudden deaths, and brings down multitudes who were never intoxicated, and never condemned to suffer the penalty of the civil law, to an untimely grave.
Hence, as a patriot and a friend of man, I ask you to drop this pernicious habit, and sign the pledge.
Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding by experience; the most ignorant by necessity, and the best by nature.
CHRIST was the great promise of the Old Testament; the Spirit is the great promise of the New.

Agriculture, &c.

What our neighbours say about us.

The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. James Sturgis to the Maine Farmer, giving some account of his visit to the western part of Nova Scotia:—
"During my travels in Nova Scotia, I was highly gratified with both the province and its inhabitants. It seems as though no region of country could be more highly favored with natural facilities for farming, manufacturing, ship-building, and also for its superior plaster and coal, which, perhaps, for domestic use, is second to no other. The country, so far as I traveled, is far more level than any I have seen in this or any State. I think no more excellent agricultural region can be found any where than from Digby Gut up the Annapolis river, on both sides, with fine farms, good and comfortable houses and other farm buildings, together with good stocks of cattle, horses of superior make for draft and sheep larger than ours, and said to be far better for mutton, though of a coarser grade of wool. One thing to be considered in connection with the profit of the farming is, that they have an almost unlimited quantity of marsh and dyke land for hay. The first produces a good quantity of salt hay, and the later, which is also good for corn, potatoes or grain of any kind, produces from two to three tons per acre herdsgrass and clover, and that too, as was told, without any dressing. Great attention is paid, up the Annapolis valley, to fruit growing. Apples of the first quality and plums of various kinds are produced for exportation.
One advantage the farmers there have over us in Maine, is that they fertilize their farms with mud from the shores of the rivers, which is said to be equal to barn animal manure as a fertilizer, though it leaves the land heavy, unless animal manure is used once in five years.
There is considerable excitement at present about the gold mines in Nova Scotia, some half dozen of which are in operation, doing, as their papers say, in some instances, good business.
The people of that province are peculiar for their hospitality. I shall never forget the kind and cordial greetings with which I was met during my entire travels among them."
A BEETLE MOVING A BOTTLE
This insect has just astonished me by proof of its vast strength of body. Every one who has taken the common beetle in his hand knows that its limbs, if not remarkable for its agility, are very powerful; but I was not prepared for so Samsonian a feat as that I have just witnessed. When the insect was brought to me, having no box immediately at hand, I was at a loss what to put it till I could kill it, but a quart bottle of milk being on the table, I placed the beetle for the present under that, the hollow at the bottom allowing him room to stand upright. Presently, to my surprise, the bottle began to move slowly, and glide along the smooth table propelled by the muscular power of the imprisoned insect, and continued for some time to perambulate the surface to the astonishment of all who witnessed it. The weight of the bottle and its contents could not have been less than three pounds and a half, while that of the beetle was about half an ounce; so that it moved a weight one hundred and twelve times exceeding its own. A better notion than figures can convey, will be obtained of this fact, by supposing a lad of fifteen to be imprisoned under the great bell of St. Paul's which weighs twelve thousand pounds and to move it to and fro upon a smooth pavement by pushing within.—Prof. Goss.
HOW TO PROPAGATE CURRANTS.
In order to raise currant bushes from cuttings so that they may have a clean stem and but one set of roots, and those at the lower end, like seedlings, I take a cutting about ten inches long, and prepare it in the usual way, by cutting off the lower end square. I then cut out the buds or eyes, excepting the three or four uppermost ones, which are reserved to make the top. I then stretch a line, start the cuttings by its side, eight inches apart in the row, their ends one inch in the ground, and mould them up four or five inches in depth, like corn hills when planted in drills. When they become well established by having roots, which will be in mid-summer, level the mould of earth back to its former place. Should any roots have started from the intended stem, clean them off and plant them out at one year old.
The advantage of growing bushes in the above manner is that they will not send up suckers as those do that have been grown by setting the cuttings deep in the ground, and allowing two or more sets of roots to grow.—Country Gentleman.
JUDGING THE AGE OF POULTRY.
If a hen's spur is hard and the scales on the legs rough, she is old, whether you see her head or not; but the head will corroborate your observation. If the under bill is so stiff that you cannot bend it down, and the comb thick and rough, leave her, no matter how fat and plump, for some one less particular. A young hen has only the rudiments of spurs; the scales on the legs smooth, glossy, and fresh-colored, whatever the color may be; the claws tender and short, the nails sharp, the under bill soft, and the comb thin and smooth.
An old hen-turkey has rough scales on the legs, callosities on the soles of the feet, and long, strong claws, a young one has the reverse of all these marks. When the feathers are on the old turkey-cock has a long tuft or beard, a young one has but a sprouting one.—Germantown Telegraph.