

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JULY 12TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS x. 27-48: Peter receiving the Gentiles. JUDGES ii. 1-16: Disobedience and sorrow of the Israelites.

Recite—ACTS x. 21-23.

SUNDAY, JULY 19TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS xi. 1-18: Peter's defence. JUDGES iii. 1-14.

Recite—ACTS x. 34, 35, 42, 43.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

27. What was the first act of mankind after the flood?

Answer to question given last week:—

26. Habakkuk, Paul, and Silas.

Amusement for the thoughtful.

ANSWER TO SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 31.

The following are the names whose initials form the answer:

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| 1 Jehoshabeath. | 2 Chron. xxii. 11. |
| 2 Eve. | Gen. iii. 20; v. 2. |
| 3 Rebekah. | Gen. xxiv. 67. |
| 4 Obadiah. | 1 Kings xviii. 4. |
| 5 Bathsheba. | 2 Sam. xi. 15. |
| 6 Orpah. | Ruth i. 4, 5. |
| 7 Abigail. | 1 Sam. xxv. 32, 33. |
| 8 Miriam. | Exodus xv. 20, 21, and Numbers xii. 10 & xx. 1. |

JEROMEAM the son of Nebat. 1 Kings xi. 26, &c.

SCRIPTURE PUZZLE, No. 32.

Of myself you have no history,
And my offspring was a mystery.
For what I lived I did not know,
And when I died I cannot show.
Yet live I did, and died I must,—
Since long ago I turned to dust.
I never spake a wicked word,
And always I obeyed the Lord.
My offspring, too, was innocent,—
To any evil never was bent.
Yet I by righteous hand did die,
A fretting one to pacify.
Good men beheld the fatal deed,
But for his life not one did plead.
While silent by, a number stood,
And saw him plunged into the flood.
But as he fell he raised the dead,—
The members joining with the head,
Gave to the mourner consolation.
And was a source of exultation.
Now, children, search your Bibles well,
Then show the place where I did dwell.
Shew who my offspring was, and where
He raised the dead; a case so rare.

DALETH.

Victoria Road, Wilmot.

The Elder's Dream;

OR, "THERE'S NAE STRIFE HERE."

In one of Scotland's northern towns, a family were seated round the breakfast-table, waiting for "the father," and wondering why he was later than usual. At length he appeared; his step was heavy, and his brow cloudy. Having asked the blessing, he sat resting his head on his hand, wrapped in melancholy thought.

This unhappy-looking man was one of the elders in a neighbouring chapel; he possessed much energy and zeal, and it was hoped real piety; but, alas! he was governed by a bad temper, and too often forgot the words of the wise man—"He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city; and in consequence of his untroubled temper, the meetings for the chapel-business were the constant scenes of anger and noisy strife.

The venerable minister, being a true disciple of the Prince of Peace, deeply lamented his elder's unchristian spirit. On the previous day a meeting had been held, which was even more contentious than usual; for the elder had been particularly angry and quarrelsome.

The good minister's heart sunk within him while he sat amidst this strife of tongues, and most thankful was he that evening to retire to a friend's house some miles from town, for the peace and quiet of the country is soothing to a wounded spirit. It was on the following morning that the elder came down to breakfast in so melancholy a mood. His wife, after looking anxiously at him for some minutes, said, "Are you ill my dear?" "No." "Then what has happened to make you look so sad?" He slowly raised himself up, and looking earnestly at her, said, "I have had a most extraordinary dream." The look of anxiety vanished from his wife's face as she said with a smile, "Why you always laugh at my dreams." "Yes, but mine was so remarkable. I dreamt I was at the bottom of a steep hill, and when I looked up, I saw the gate of heaven at the top; it was bright and glorious, and many saints and angels stood there. Just as I reached the top of the hill, who should come out to meet me but our aged minister! and he held out his hand, crying, 'Come away, John come away, come away, there's nae strife here.' And now I cannot help thinking of the grief my

contentious spirit has given to the dear old man."

The husband and wife sat for some time in mournful silence, which was broken by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The elder hastily read it, whilst an expression of the deepest grief overspread his face; then, dropping it from his hand, he covered his face, as if to hide from those around him the bitter anguish of his soul. His wife took up the letter, which was from the minister's house—its contents were as follows—"My dear sir, We had the great pleasure yesterday of receiving our dear minister, little thinking it would be the last time we should welcome him to what he called his peaceful retreat. When we sat talking together in the evening, he spoke with much grief of the chapel-meeting. 'Indeed,' he added, 'I am so tired of this strife and turmoil, that I wish my dear Lord would take me home.' In the morning, as he did not come down to breakfast, I ran up and knocked at his door, but receiving no answer, I went down stairs again, thinking a longer rest than usual would do him good. After returning to his door once or twice, and hearing no sound, I went in. He was in bed, and apparently asleep. I spoke to him, but received no answer. Yet it was long, very long, ere we believed it to be the sleep of death; for a heavenly smile rested on his placid face, and his snowy locks lay unruffled on his pillow; but he slept in Jesus; for his dear Lord had taken him home."

The elder never recovered this shock. He sorrowed for his friend, but still more for his sin. He gradually sunk, and in three weeks was laid by the side of his aged minister.

"Oh then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pained or seemed amiss
Shall melt with earth and sin away—
When saints beneath their Saviour's eye,
Filled with each other's company,
Shall spend in love the eternal day."

How to Preserve Women.

There is nothing in this world that we think so much of as we do of women. Our mother is a woman—wife, sisters, pretty cousins, all are women, and the daughters will be, if (Heaven spare them)—they live long enough. And then there is a love of women in general, which we do not deny. A fine magnificent specimen of the sex, full of life and health—a ripe, red cheek and lip, and flashing eye is something that does one good to look at, as she illuminates the humdrum side-walks of every day streets. A North River steamboat, under full headway, with colors flying, is rather a pretty sight; rather stirring and inspiring; and we pull up our tired nag on the shore, to see her pass and admire the swell she cuts. Comparatively, however, the steamer sinks into insignificance, by the side of a well-kept, well-dressed woman. There is no rubbing it out; women are the ornament, charm, blessing, beauty and bliss of life, (man's life we mean of course,) and any means that can be devised for preserving them should be publicly known. They are different from any other kind of fruit. You cannot pickle them; vinegar absolutely spoils them. You cannot do them up in sugar, and set them in a cold room, with a paper soaked in brandy over their mouths. You cannot put them into cans, and seal them up, air-tight, without injuring their form and flavor. Now, as men are so dependent upon women for life's choicest blessings, a proper mode of preserving them becomes a matter of great moment, and we are sure that the public will thank us for an unfailing receipt.

Wash clean, with cool water, as often as three times a week in cold weather, and every day in warm weather, and then rub dry with a coarse towel. If the skin takes on a blush, under the friction of the towel, so much the better. It betrays inherent vitality, and a happy reaction. At the glow is well established, dress in winter with thick flannel—flannel jacket next to the skin, and a pair of flannel drawers, which, like the jacket, were better knit and fitted closely. Over the termination of these, heavy woollen or worsted hose should be drawn. If this preliminary process is perfected, a very important step has been gained towards the general result.—Women are spoiled nearly as much from unprotected limbs as from unprotected feet. Skirts are but an indifferent protection. A man would absolutely freeze with them. Well, then, after the jacket and drawers are on, and the woollen hose, there is nothing to hinder the perfection of the dress after the usual mode. The woman is on the direct road to preservation, and no damage done to her good looks.

Expose to the air daily. As a preparation for this, put the feet, already inclosed in woollen hose, (premising still the season is winter,) in thick soled shoes or in regular Wellington boots. The thin slippers, and thin cold rubbers beneath are not enough. A better conductor of caloric could hardly be found than they combine to produce. Besides, the rubber confines the moisture of the foot, and every moment it is worn the worse it becomes, until the connection of the foot with the ice between it, is almost as direct as if no medium interposed. We would not discourage rubbers over thick shoes, to be worn during brief passages. They are very useful and convenient, but they should never be relied upon as the main protection of the feet. Having the feet protected, pay the next attention to the chest. The chest is the repository of the vital organs. There abide the heart and lungs. It is from the impression made upon these organs through the skin that the shiver comes. It is nature's quake—its alarm bell—at the onset of danger. A woman never shivers from the effect of cold upon her limbs, or hands, or head; but let the cold strike through her clothing upon her chest, and on go her teeth—in a chatter, and the whole organism is in commotion. One

sudden and severe impression of the cold upon the chest has slain its tens of thousands. Therefore, while the feet are well looked after, never forget the chest. These points attended to, the natural connection of dress will supply the rest, and the woman is ready for the air.—Now let her circulate—visit her neighbors, go shopping, call upon the poor, and walk for the good of it and the fun of it.

Keep away from the stove and the register. Air that is dry and burnt, and more or less charged with the gases evolved by the consumption of fuel, is poison. Go up stairs and make beds with mittens on. Fly around the house like mad, and ventilate the rooms. Don't sit pent up in a single room, with double windows. Fruit will not retain its full form and flavor in air-tight cans; neither will women. They need air. If the shiver comes on in these operations, go directly and put something about the chest.

Thus much for winter treatment. Generally, for the other seasons of the year, adapt the clothing to every change of the temperature.—This may require a modification of the dress four or five times in a day, and it pays. Ours is a variable climate, and if we see fit to live in it, we must take it as it is, and make the best of it—and the way is to make it uniform to us by placing more or less of obstruction between its influence and the skin. Again, do not live in dark rooms. Light fades the carpet, but it feeds the flower. No living thing, vegetable or animal, can have perfect health in darkness.—Light is almost as necessary as air, and a brown tan is far preferable, as a matter of beauty, to a sickly paleness of complexion.

This much in the way of physical means for preservation. There are moral means. Every woman should be married to an excellent man. Marriage brings care and wear, but it is the ring which is worn that keeps bright, and the watch which lies still and unwound that gets out of order. The sweet sympathies evolved in the relations of the family, and new energies developed by new responsibilities, the new compensations secured for all outlays of strength, bring about a delightful play of all the faculties of the heart and intellect which, in their reaction upon the body, produce an effect that in the end, is nothing less than a preservative. Then there is a higher moral power than this—one which we speak of soberly, honestly. No woman is completely armed against the encroaching ills of life, who has in her heart no place for religion. The calmness, the patience, the joy and the hope that are the possession of a woman whose heart is right in its highest relations, can never fail to heighten and preserve faithfully every personal power and charm which she possesses.

There you have the recipe. Some of it is in sportive form, but it is none the less sober truth for that. It has within it the cure for many a disease—the preventive of many more. It might be made longer, but when we see its prescriptions universally adopted, it will be time to bring forward the remainder.—*Springfield Republican.*

OCEAN PENNY POSTAGE.—Elibu Buttrick the learned American Blacksmith, has again visited our shores. Amongst the many good objects which this benevolent man has laboured to promote is the Ocean Penny Postage. His argument is this:—"If England can afford to send a copy of the *Times* newspaper (which weighs nearly 4 oz.) for one penny, to the most distant parts of the earth, why should she not send a letter for a penny?"

The Ocean Penny Postage would indeed be a glorious boon, not only to the tens of thousands of the sons and daughters of England who have emigrated to the Colonies, but also for the numerous relatives whom they have left in the mother country. We know nothing, (next to the blessed Gospel of Jesus Christ) more likely to cement still stronger the ties between nation and nation, than an Ocean Penny Postage.—*Id.*

"THE WORLD DOES MOVE."—It is possible that the great stream advances, but there are some large and many small back currents and whirlpools. A correspondent from Presque Isle, Me., sends us a programme, of a "Levee" given often up by a committee of "managers" in behalf of a Universalist Church, to begin with a "conversation" and end with a "social dance" and "a good time generally!" Perhaps such extremes are necessary to bring some other churches to a good sense of propriety on such matters.—*Zion's Herald.*

If you must form harsh judgments, form them of yourself, not of others; and, in general, begin by attending to your own deficiencies first. If every one would sweep up his own walk, we should have very clean streets.

Agriculture, &c.

THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS AT KEW.

London, 11th June, 1862.

To the Editor of the Sun.

SIR,—Since I last wrote you I have visited the Botanical Gardens, Glasgow—the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, London, and the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, with several choice nurseries and private gentlemen's gardens; and it will not surprise your readers who are interested in Flora, to be told that I have seen much that was new to me, in each of these establishments. The Royal Gardens at Kew, however, vastly transcend them all. Indeed I may say, with all verity, that, up to Saturday last, I never saw the vegetable kingdom. I spent the whole of that day in those gardens,

and received special attention and kindness from Sir Wm. Hooper, and from his son, Dr. Jos. Hooper, perhaps the greatest living Botanist, and unquestionably the greatest discoverer of new plants, having explored all South America and the West Indies. The shades of night had fallen before I could tear myself away from this enchanting scene; and I could only reconcile myself to my fate by my determination of re-visiting these gardens and, if possible, spending another whole day in them, before re-crossing the Atlantic. Just let your readers try to imagine the fact of seventy-five acres of ground being appropriated to purely scientific purposes in connection with the vegetable kingdom—upwards of 400 acres of pleasure ground, all filled with the finest and most majestic specimens of shrubs and trees, many of them pines, oaks and elms, equalling for size those in our native forests, with 22 hot houses, all elevated to the growth of large tropical plants, and two large conservatories besides—and yet, after all, they would have but a very faint idea of the magnitude, multitude and richness of the productions of the vegetable kingdom here collected, and systematically arranged. By judges it is universally admitted to be the finest assortment of living Flora in existence. I believe there is no collection that makes even a faint approximation to it. I must confess that, though I have been an admirer of, and I may add, a student in, this department of nature all my days, I never on any former occasion so thoroughly sympathized with the great Swedish Botanist, Linnæus, who, when he beheld the Whin, or Furze, of Scotland, for the first time, is reported to have fallen down on his knees and praised the Creator of such a magnificent plant. It were the very height of folly in me to attempt anything like a description of what is to be seen in Kew Gardens. I may state, however, that whilst I saw much to wonder at and admire in the Conservatory, the Orangery, the Tropical Aquarium, the Miscanthanthemum house, the Orchid and Begonia houses, the Victoria house, (i. e. the house appropriated to the growth of the Victoria Regina, the immense South American Water Lily,) the succulent house, the New Zealand and Coniferosus house, the Australia and Heath houses—there were two of the hothouses with which I was completely transported, I mean the Palm and Fern. The Palm house was completed in 1848, and may be said to be the glory of the gardens. The shell, or external frame, consists of a centre and two wings, occupying an area of 362 feet in length; the centre is 100 feet wide, 66 feet in height; the wings, 50 feet wide and 30 feet high. The whole is of iron, stone, brick, and sheet glass, the latter lightly tinged with green, in order to temper the too powerful rays of light. The extent of glass for covering this building is about 45,000 square feet. The central portion of the building has a substantial gallery all round, at the height of 30 feet from the floor, giving the opportunity of viewing the plants from above as well as below, and also affording the means of watering the plants from above. The whole interior is heated by hot water pipes and tanks. The pipes are estimated to extend 24,000 feet in length, and the hot water trenches 1600 feet. The smoke is conveyed by underground flues to a distance of 500 feet from the house.

Within this spacious building we have the princes of the vegetable kingdom growing with a luxuriance I never witnessed before. Here you may see the two kinds of Cocoa Nut Palm, 42 feet in height; the West Indian or Jamaica Fan Palm; the Date Palm, producing the dates of commerce and of scripture; the Gumea Oil Palm, which produces the African Palm Oil; the Cabbage Palm, &c. Here too are the Bananas, the Mutas and the Banyans, all unequalled for their size. But we must leave this and turn for a moment to the Tropical Ferns House. The Ferns, or Brabiens, as they are called in Nova Scotia, is a tribe of plants propagated with intense interest at present all over Britain. It is evidently a tribe to which Sir William is greatly attached; indeed his son told me that the Ferns are his father's hobby. The collection both of hardy and tropical Ferns is accordingly unrivalled. The house in which the latter are contained, is 140 feet long and 28 feet wide, glazed with sheet-glass, having a double slate staging in the middle, with a walk through the centre, and another walk on the outside and around the staging. Nothing can exceed the variety, beauty and elegance of the fronds or leaves. The great Stag Horn's and the common Stag Horn's Fern are perhaps the most remarkable in appearance and form. The western extremity of this house is occupied by Tree Ferns, the rarest and most valuable, some of them having trunks from 20 to 40 feet high.

But I must say a word or two about the two Museums in this magnificent garden. These two Museums, though separate, have the same object in view—to show the practical application of Botanical Science. Both these buildings are about twice the size of Dalhousie College, handsomely fitted up—cases are arranged in systematic order, with all the roots, fibres, woods, seeds, &c., of all plants and trees that have been found useful or convenient to man, whether as articles of food, of construction and application in the arts, of medicine or curiosity. These Museums show us how little as well as how much we know of the extent to which herbs, shrubs and trees contribute to our necessities, comforts and numberless requirements. This will, of course, hold an important place in Mr. Honeymann's Museum of the productions of our Province, teeming as it is with natural resources. Attached to this garden, too, we have the finest Herbarium, or collection of Dried Plants, in the world. Every room in the house occupied by the late King of Hanover is filled with these specimens.

I am yours, &c.

ALEX. FORRESTER.