

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 7TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XXI. 1-19: Paul's departure to Jerusalem. JUDGES XVII.: T. e Idolatry of Micah.

Recite—ACTS XX. 18, 19.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 14TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS XXI. 20-40: Paul apprehended. JUDGES XVIII. 1-13: The spies sent out by the Danites.

Recite—ACTS XXI. 17-19.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

47. Name a prophet who lived in poverty and died by the hands of the common executioner in jail, and yet was pronounced equal to the greatest of men.

Answer to question given last week:—

46. Two kings of the Amorites were driven out by horns. Joshua XXIV. 12.

The child and the dew.

"Mother," said little Isabel, "While I am fast asleep, The pretty grass and lovely flowers Do nothing else but weep;

"For every morning, when I wake, The glistening tear-drops lie Upon each tiny blade of grass, And in each flowret's eye.

"I wonder why the grass and flowers, At night become so sad; For early through their tears they smile, And seem all day so glad!

"Perhaps 'tis when the sun goes down They fear the gathering shade, And that is why they cry at night, Because they are afraid.

"Mother, if I should go and tell The pretty grass and flowers About God's watchful love and care Through the dark midnight hours,

"I think they would no longer fear, But cease at night to weep; And then, perhaps, would bow their heads, And gently go to sleep."

"What seemeth tears to you, my child, Is the refreshing dew Our heavenly Father sendeth down, Each morn and evening new.

The glittering drops of pearly dew Are to the grass and flowers What slumber through the silent night Is to this life of ours.

"Thus God remembers all the works That He in love has made; O'er His watchfulness and care Are night and day displayed."

Life's little lines.

Nothing is more true than that the happiness and the true success of life often depend upon little things. God is as admirable and perfect in his least works as in his mightiest, finishes up as wonderfully the minute sting of a bee, as the sky-piercing needle of Mount Blanc. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable than the fact that the microscope, which reveals the little, shows us along vistas and corridors of exceeding beauty and perfection of detail, as truly as the telescope which conducts us through the glowing pathway of the sky, and amid the serene order and sublimity of the Milky Way.

We are to take pattern, in this, as in other things, from our Divine Head and Father, and study to be perfect in all our ways, in the least as well as in the greatest. It was said to be the secret of the success of Napoleon, that, while he conceived great plans, he was attentive to the slightest particulars. He never left anything to chance. He did not win, as is generally supposed, by lucky hits, but by having everything ready; by seeing that preparation was made for every contingency; by having his artillery, and cavalry, and infantry, and all their appointments and details carefully and perfectly made; and then, when all was prepared, launching his whole force like a thunder bolt into action. His good fortune was simply better calculation.—And when, at last, he began to fail, and the bright bubble of his glory burst, it was because he grew careless, took counsel of rashness, and trusted more to luck and chance. Nothing is ever forgotten. Nothing is ever lost. Nothing is too small to have its effect. Words, deeds, feelings, fancies, whims, speculations, talks, dreams, as well as principles, lessons, truths, all go to weave that wonderful whole which we call character. There is a recording angel that writes down the whole, and that angel is not sitting far up aloft in the skies. He sits and sings, if the entry is good; or, he sits and groans and weeps, if the entry to be made is foul and ill, in the confines of our own breast. The most fugitive thoughts, the swiftest gleams of fancy, the faintest quivers of the heart-strings, cannot escape his bright eye and deftly recording pen. Down it goes, good or bad, sorry or glad, the lie, the sin, the impurity, the hard-heartedness—it is a sadly-mottled book; but what covers its in-

initely varied and spotted pages, each day a page, is not great things—battles, sieges, coronations, shipwrecks, death, crimes, bankruptcies—but little things, mere sands and grains in life's hour-glass, both together making up the good or bad life and character.—Christian Inquirer.

It's what you spend.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee'll be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape: "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves, that it's only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the sea-shore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars; and if invested quarterly, does not take half that time.

But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well then, John Jacob Astor used to say, that when a man, who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquires habits of prudent economy, which would keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and then, on looking back, cannot tell as they say, "where the money went to." To save is to get rich. To squander, even in small sums is the first step towards the poor-house.

Boyhood of Captain Cook.

The discoveries of the English circumnavigator were owing to a peculiarly marked shilling. Young Cook was a native of Yorkshire, and served as an apprentice to a merchant and shopkeeper, in a large fishing town in that county. Some money had been missed from the till, and to detect the delinquent a very curiously marked shilling was mixed with the silver, which was accurately counted. On examining the till shortly after, this peculiar shilling was missing, and Cook was taxed with having taken it out; this he instantly acknowledged, stating that its peculiarity had caught his eye, but affirmed, at the same time, that he had put another of his own in its place. The money was accordingly counted over again, and found to agree exactly with his statement. Although the family was highly respectable, and therefore capable of advancing him in his future prospects, and also much attached to him, and very kind, yet the high spirit of the boy could not brook remaining in a situation where he had been suspected; he therefore ran away, and having no other resource, entered as a cabin-boy in a collier.

JEWISH PERIODICAL.—A Hebrew paper was started at Jerusalem a few months ago. The heading "Halbannon," "the Lebanon," is printed in three different kinds of characters—Hebrew, Arabic, and Latin. At present the paper will be issued only once a month—on New moon's day. The first part of the publication contains political and other news from Jerusalem from Asiatic and European countries. The second, however, is of a purely literary character and bears the heading, "Honor of Lebanon." The first-portion is printed in Hebrew-square, the second in the so-called "Rashi" types.

DR. CUMMING'S PROPHECIES.—At a lecture at Newcastle he pointed to 1867 as the close of present economy, and said:—"He believed that the last desperate battle-field would be near Jerusalem, and that France and Russia and England would be the combatants." He admitted that "he might be wrong in his foundation," he might have blundered in his arithmetic, but he had submitted to them the elements of his conclusions.

THE TIMES OFFICE.—There has existed for many years a Savings Bank in conjunction with the London Times office, in which every compositor is expected to deposit a certain amount weekly. A restaurant is also in connection, supplying, at moderate prices, very acceptable refreshments. Then there is a bath for the express convenience and comfort of the employees. And last, but not least, in Berkshire, on Mr. Walter's estate, are erected dwelling houses to serve as asylums for aged compositors, who may here retire upon a pension.

WHAT WE DRINK.—A London professor lectured recently on adulterations of food. He handed round coffee, which was pronounced excellent, then told the audience that they had been regaled with a mixture of bullock's blood, chicory, sheep's liver, dried, and old coffee-grouts. He gave them capital porter, too, made of spirits of wine, gum arabic, and brown sugar.

FORTUNATE.—A Paris book-binder lately found twenty-six bank notes of one thousand francs each between the leaves of a book left with him for repairs. The owner bought the book at a bookstall for three sous, and did not know of the treasure.

It has recently been discovered that six hundred novels a year, nearly two a day, are published in England, and are written by women.

No man is ruined who has preserved an unblemished character.

A LIVING WAIF.—The English schooner Theodore, which recently arrived at Havre from Newcastle, picked up at sea, about ten miles from the English coast, a fine Newfoundland dog, which was standing upon a piece of timber about two yards long, forming part of the wreck of some vessel, other portions of which were seen floating near. When the dog, which is a very fine animal, saw the schooner's boat approaching, it jumped into the water and swam to meet its deliverers. It has since evinced the greatest attachment to the captain.—Galignani.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—Remember, in all things, that if you do not begin, you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed set in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings-bank, and the first mile travelled on a journey, are all important things; they furnish a beginning, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest with what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolutions of amendment and industry, he had only made a beginning!

TWELVE APOSTLES, OR THIRTEEN?—A peculiar process is at present pending before the Court of Appeal at Cologne. The decision entirely depends on the answer to the question whether there are twelve or thirteen Apostles. A farmer in the vicinity of Mulheim, on the Rhine, has the right by the terms of an ancient lease to let the waters of a neighbouring stream overflow his meadows on all Apostles' Days. This arrangement is very unpopular with the millers of the district, who are obliged to stop work whenever the flooding occurs. What, however, has especially irritated them is that the farmer makes use of his privilege thirteen times a year, insisting that Barnabas is called an Apostle in several passages of Scripture. The court has asked the opinion of the Catholic priesthood on the subject, and, strange to say, they are about equally divided on the question.

THE TRIALS OF A COLONIAL EDITOR.—The Albertland Gazette (New Zealand), a journal which can easily be read through from title to imprint in twenty minutes, and published at the price of 3d., thus speaks of its printing arrangements—"Our arrangements are not very perfect as yet, but the Fourth Estate has shown many previous examples of commencing under difficulties, nor do they often succumb. Only twenty years ago, The Auckland Times was printed with a mangle! We are at present even in worse plight than this, for, owing to the carelessness of an individual we are without press, and there is no mangle in the neighbourhood. One pair of hands execute all the work in the present sheet, and we have a host of other troubles, which we shall not here recount. Suffice it to say that if we should, by dint of perseverance, succeed, we shall soon smoothe away these minor difficulties, enlarge our sheet, print it in a more creditable manner, and possibly be repaid for our labours.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND THE IMPORTUNATE FARMER.—It is related of President Lincoln, that recently a farmer applied to him to secure his assistance in collecting a bill against the Government. The President referred him to the proper officer. But the man was anxious that Mr. Lincoln should examine the case personally. "Then," said he "they will attend to it at once; otherwise I may have to wait a long time." "But I have no leisure to look after such things," said the President. "It won't take but a few minutes," urged the man. "You remind me of what occurred to a friend of mine on the Mississippi River," said the President. "He was captain of a steamboat, and when passing through the rapids, he always took the wheel to steer. One day when he was in the most difficult part of the stream, a boy came crying, 'Captain, captain!' 'Well, what do you want?' 'O! do stop the boat, I've lost my apple overboard!' The farmer saw the point of the story, and wisely concluded to collect his bill in the usual routine manner.

ON THE SAFE SIDE.—The New Orleans special correspondent of The New York Times says:—"The other day I saw an old Uncle Tom, who, by the way, with his white hair, profuse white whiskers, a high, wide, but still retreating forehead, put me in mind of Martin Van Buren. This venerable specimen of a late institution was sitting on the top of a roadside fence, watching with intense interest the first invasion into his neighbourhood of the Yankees. I stepped in front of the old man, and very abruptly asked him if he was for the Confederates or for the Yankees. A smile lit up his old weather-beaten countenance until it looked like illuminated India-rubber; then he said in a coy manner that would have done honour to a young girl, 'Why, you see, master, 'taint for an old nigger like me to know anything 'bout politics.' Not content to let him off so easily, I queried rather sternly, 'Well, sir, let me know, which side you are on, any way.' The old darkey kept up his ineffable smile for a moment, and then, assuming a gravity that was ridiculous, remarked, 'I'm on de Lord's side, and He'll work out His salvation; bress de Lord.' No one could catch that old darkey."

Hearers are of four sorts: the Sponge, which swallows up everything; the funnel, which allows that to escape at one end which it receives at the other; the filter, which allows the liquor to escape, and retains the dregs; the sieve, which rejects the chaff, and retains nothing but the wheat.

Agriculture, &c.

PARING OF LAND AND BURNING IT.—This method of renovating exhausted and foul lands is much practiced in England, with most satisfactory results. It has not been much adopted in this country, but wherever it has been tried, it has succeeded well. The following account of the process and the kinds of land in which it might be used is condensed from the New England Farmer.

The operation consists in cutting a thin slice from the surface of the soil, whether in grass or foul with heath, fern, or other spurious vegetation, and after allowing the sods, thus detached to dry thoroughly in the sun, burning them slowly, without open combustion or a very intense heat, to ashes. The product of the combustion is a mixture of burnt earth, charred vegetable matter, and the ash of that part which is entirely consumed. The object of the paring and burning may be considered as three-fold—each distinct: First, the destruction of insects; second, the clearing of the soil of spurious vegetation, and, thirdly, the supplying a healthy and stimulating food for the sustenance of valuable crops. The manure thus obtained possesses a specific character, and is very powerful, liberally impregnated with alkaline salts and carbonaceous matter and acts as a powerful promoter of vegetable development.

We have in this country much unproductive land which might be reclaimed by this process. It has already been resorted to on swamp and bog lands, but it might be introduced on other lands, as on uplands which have become foul.

There are thousands of acres of old pastures in this country, densely covered with low bushes in spots occupying one half or two-thirds of the whole surface. Cutting these bushes, and thereby burning them on the ground, will not effect a cure—the remedy does not go deep enough—but if the whole surface over a given limit is pared, and when the roots, bushes, and turfs are dry, the whole is slowly burned, the ashes scattered, and a little grass seed of various kinds sowed and raked in, we think there will be an effectual reclamation.

Where paring is done, the bushes need not be cut, as they are so many levers, or handles, to assist in peeling off the surface. In all old soils also, there are generally multitudes of insects which prey upon the roots of vegetables; and these will be either destroyed by the fire, or expelled by the ashes spread upon the surface after the burning has been completed.

The grass growing on one acre of land thus reclaimed, would probably be worth more for pasture feed than that growing on five, or even ten acres, of old bushy and mossy pasture-land. An important question with our farmers for many years has been: "How shall we reclaim our exhausted pastures?" Let this plan be tried, if only on a few rods, and ascertain what the result will be.

CHEAP FIELD FENCE.—A good and sufficient field fence can be made with fifteen inches in width of boards, or fifty rods of fence to the thousand feet of boards. Set the posts, and nail the first board nine inches from the ground; then make the spaces five, six, seven, and ten inches; five boards three inches each are fifteen inches; now turn a furrow six inches deep toward the fence on each side. This brings the earth within three inches of the bottom board, and adds six inches to the height of the fence, measuring from the bottom of the furrow, and the ditch or bank makes it very unhandy for animals to get at the fence. This makes a fence four feet ten inches high.

I have several hundred rods of such fence.—The first was built five years ago. It has proved perfectly safe and sufficient against cattle that were unruly. It is not racked by the wind like a fence of wider boards. Fourteen-foot board, with one post in the middle, take a less number of posts, and make as good fence as twelve. I have used white oak board at about twelve dollars per thousand, and swamp oak split posts at four cents each.—S. SHARPE, in Genesee Farmer.

LEAKY ROOFS.—I have great pity for the people, and for the ladies especially, who live beneath a "leaky roof," and a magnanimous desire to preserve the patience and confer a favor on the dear creatures, and the rest of mankind induces me to send you the following recipe, instead of making it, as a grasping fellow might, a "close monopoly by patent right." Take pure white lead, and mix with boiled oil until it is about the thickness of thin paint. Add to this common sand, such as is used in plastering, until the paint is about the consistency of mortar. The cement is now ready for use, and may be applied to leaks in roofs, or around chimneys, with a trowel or case-knife. When dry, it will be as hard as stone and will do excellent "picket duty" in preventing demoralized raindrops from straggling down through shaly places in the shingles. In reference to this receipt, I can say, in the language of a certain rural editor who advised his readers to purchase a certain kind of soap because it was "sure to clean dirty men's faces," I have tried it and know it to be good.—Cor. Dollar Newspaper.

BRAKES IN PASTURES.—"B." Providence, R. I., writes that he has succeeded in destroying brakes in land where they rendered several acres useless, by mowing them while they were in full and vigorous growth—once near the end of June, and again in August. After the second year they have mostly disappeared.—American Agriculturist.

By taking revenge of an injury, a man is only even with his enemy; by passing it over, he is superior.