

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 9th, 1864.

Read—LUKE VIII. 37-56: The raising of Jairus' daughter. 1 SAMUEL XXI: David's flight from Saul.

Recite—MATTHEW XI. 4-6.

Sunday, October 16th, 1864.

Read—LUKE IX. 1-22: The miraculous supply of food. 1 SAMUEL XXII: Saul's designs regarding David.

Recite—PSALM CXXXIX. 1-4.

A curious and beautiful incident.

During the fierce cannonading at Nickajack a small bird came and perched upon the shoulder of an artilleryman—the man designated, we believe, as "No. 1," whose duty it is to ram down the charge after the ammunition is put in the gun. The piece was a Napoleon, which makes a very loud report. The bird, as we have stated, perched itself upon this man's shoulder, and could not be driven from its position by the violent motions of the gunner. When the piece was discharged, the poor little thing would run its beak and head up under the man's hair at the back of the neck, and when the report died away would resume its place upon his shoulder. Capt. Babbitt took the bird in his hand, but, when he released his grasp, it immediately resumed its place on the shoulder of the smoke-begrimed gunner. The scene was witnessed by a large number of officers and men. It may be a subject of curious inquiry, what instinct led this bird to thus place itself. Possibly, frightened at the violent commotion caused by the battle, and not knowing how to escape or where to go, some instinct led it to throw itself upon the gunner as a protector. But, whatever the cause, the incident was a most beautiful and pleasing one to all who witnessed it.—Norfolk New Regime.

Give him a trade.

The advice of Franklin to give every child a trade by which he can earn a living, if necessary, comes of a human experience older than the sage of the Revolution. In some countries this has been the law; in others a common custom. St. Paul, though educated in the law, at the feet of Gamaliel, also acquired the important oriental handicraft of a tent-maker, by which he was able to earn his living while prosecuting his mission.

It is a good and wise thing to do. You may be able to leave your children fortunes, but "riches take to themselves wings." You may give to them finished educations, and they may be gifted with extraordinary genius; but they may be placed in situations where no education and no talent may be so available as some humble, honest trade, by which they can get their living and be useful to others.

It need not take seven years. Several months of earnest work are, in some cases, sufficient to learn an ordinary business. If every young person, male and female, were obliged, in the intervals of study, preparatory or professional, to learn farming, gardening, shoemaking, tailoring, blacksmithing; or, of ladies, millinery or dressmaking, or one of twenty kinds of work or business, it would always give them a feeling of security and independence. It is well for every one to have something to fall back upon. We do not know what misfortunes may come to us individually. There is no harm in being able to take care of ourselves in any possible emergency.

The old Pastor and the New Meeting-House.

It was a Sabbath morning in spring; serene and sweet; with bird songs that seemed to talk of heaven to the brown hills and the unleafed trees, and with the more homely but contented voices of country farm-yards, that spoke of human companionship and the painless side of earthly care. A look of reverential, Sunday restfulness lay all over the picturesque landscape of Winton, and not a sign of week-day work appeared, far or near, to mar the general aspect of worship, or disturb its suggestiveness of peace.

Along among the hill side maples yonder, close by "Bigelow Brook," there curled up a thin, half-invisible skein of smoke from under the sugar-boilers of John Fenwood, as if saying there had been busy heads about there last night, and would be to-morrow morning; but more than this not a glimpse or an echo of worldliness broke in upon the Sabbath harmony, or ruffled to the sense of the distant observer the sacred serenity of the hour.

Men, women and children were moving that morning by twos, and fives, and dozens, up the north, south and west roads, in quaint family waggons and afoot, over the long pastures, to Winton Green, all clad in their best garments and headed for the old conference-room. The sight was a delightful one, and reminded you of those ancient "Songs of degrees" with which the psalmists of Judah, after the Captivity, gladdened the frequent pilgrimages of the people to the second Temple. You exclaimed, involuntarily, as you saw it, "Surely, this is in keeping with the rest of the scene!"

But when you draw near enough to catch the conversation of those groups of church-goers the illusion was gone, and you found yourself transported back to the sinful humanity of every-day.

"They've had their way down on the flat for the last ten year," pronounced a pretty decided voice, from a great, old-fashioned chaise, as the vehicle swung and scribbled lazily along to meeting. "They've had their way in every thing for the last ten or twelve year, and I declare it's time the church got into some other lead, or we'll surely all go to ruin. We was just havin' a revival, and things looked prosperous if the Lord's work had been let alone, but a few niest start up about a meetin'-house right in the midst on't, and now it's come to all this quarrel. As if the Lord couldn't convert souls in the conference-room! I've known for two or three year that we'd got to have a meetin' house; but to start up about the thing this winter—'twas too bad—and the wust on't is, the contrariness of the 'Flat' folks to set the house down amongst themselves, agin the wish of two-thirds of the society! Take it all together, it's got up a difficulty here that's lasted well into spring and will last into summer, and the Lord only knows how long."

"I wonder how they can expect to be blessed and prospered to hold out so stiff about half a mile of road!" rather spitefully remarked the owner and driver of a high-backed green wagon, full of women and children, coming up the other side of the hill. "Any one of 'em might see, if they'd give up their narrow prejudices, that it's an infinitely better place for a meetin'-house down at the end of the flat than on this windy, bleak upland. But some folks are so set they won't own it when they know they're wrong."

"I've been to Miss Stiles and Miss Rider and Miss Deacon Diniper," ran on one of a group of four old ladies advancing towards the stile in a path that ran across lots to the green, "and they all own that the hill's the place for the meetin'-house, by rights, and that they wouldn't say a word about havin' on't down there among 'em if 'twont for it's bein' so cold up here."

"Pshaw!" said another, contemptuously, "It's likely to me they've got more reasons 'n that for puttin' the meetin'-house down there away from everybody but themselves. S'posn't 'twas cold in the old meetin'-house! Do they think 't would be cold in the new one?"

"I know they're a head-strong set on 'em down there," remarked another. "Cause they've had the church clerk, and church treasurer, and three o' the church committee, and half o' the deacons for ten or fifteen years goin', they've got to thinkin they've more rights 'n the rest on us, and must take the lead and do as they've a mind to."

"I shan't go nigh 'em if they build down there," said another, "and I know six families that won't."

The old parish in Winton was scattered over a circuit of five miles, and the meeting-house that had lately been abandoned in consequence of its age and ruinous condition, had stood about central to the inhabitants on the hill, a few rods from the conference-room.

When the question of a new building was agitated so much was said about the bleakness of the old site that a division was created at the outset, one party determining never to give up the hill and the other soon becoming equally determined to locate the new house elsewhere. The parishioners who resided on "the Flat" had the most money and business ability, and these having taken it into their heads that the meeting house should be in their precinct, half a mile from the hill, were likely, with their advantages, to carry the day, to the certain division of the society and of the church, that could ill afford the loss of a tithe of its membership.

With such feeling and such un-Sabbath-like talk the meeting goes of Winton came up on that beautiful Sunday morning to stand before the Lord. They met each other from the opposite sides of the hill with cold nods, in some instances with none; and where a recognition in words was vouchsafed, the hearty "How do you do?" and "Good morning," were curtailed into a crusty "du," or "mornin'" and it was well that meeting began before any considerable assembly had collected, or there would in all probability have been a set-to in the entry between the champions of the discordant parties.

They went slowly into the conference-room, one after another, with hard, undevout faces, and, in too many cases, with a secret, half-indictive determination to give one another a piece of their mind at noon.

The minister stood before them; an old man, with long, blue cloak about his shoulders, and hair very gray. One must have been cursed with a more than ordinary share of hardness or levity to be able to look upon and not listen with respect to Elder Seagraves. Where did he stand in the controversy of his parishioners? As a partisan, nowhere. For months he had preached the Gospel and tried to make peace, and now he had come to the conclusion that he must let them alone. The services proceeded, and anon he rose to name his text: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." The congregation, who had looked up with a start as he read these words, listened with pale wonder as he went on to state the reasons which had finally moved him to preach his farewell sermon to day, and sketched, in a few moving sentences, the peculiar trial of his soul during the weeks and months that they had been wrangling among themselves in violation of both charity and justice.

"It was more than his poor flesh could bear," he said, "to be punished so for twenty years of labor among them, comforting the sick, burying their dead and taking their converts to the blessed sacraments. He could endure that they should question his strength, doubt his capacity, call him an old man and hint at his having out-lived his usefulness, but that they should set to

and destroy the sheep and lambs that he had folded—that by their divisions and unchristian disputes they should threaten to tear down what it had taken nearly a quarter of a century to build—he was not so vigorous as he once was, and it would kill him. They must spare him a little' that he might recover strength."

He went on with his sermon, and the proud, stubborn heads of his hearers, that had turned this way or that, after the first surprise, to exchange glances of astonishment and sorrow, bowed down, one after another, like a bulrush, till the whole assembly assumed the look of humility, and the women grew loud in their tears. They could not consent to lose Elder Seagraves. He was a fixture in their hearts and, to many of the congregation, a childhood memory. He had preached the sermons that had conveyed the first convictions of sin to their consciences; and his counsels had guided them to peace. He had attended their bedside in sickness and visited them in bereavement. He had married their sons and daughters and buried their dead. For a score of years the history of the church had been his history, and all that during that length of time had happened to them of loss or gain bore in some way the impress of himself. Three beautiful grandchildren of one of his oldest church members called him too "grandfather," and in the graveyard of the parish two of his offspring lay asleep, claiming kindred forever with the people among whom they died. No, they could not part with Father Seagraves. And, without doubt, in all their wrangling with one another most of the Elder's parishioners were utterly innocent of any intention to grieve him, and thoughtless of any possible harm that their strife could bring to the fortunes or the feelings of their minister.

In his peroration the Elder portrayed the horrors of church discord and the calamity of disunion in powerful and affecting language, and closed with an affectionate but solemn warning to his people against assuming the responsibility of such a disunion then. "BE OF ONE MIND, LIVE IN PEACE!"

His formal resignation of the pastorate followed, when, after commending them to the God of love and peace in a short and tender prayer, he pronounced the benediction and the congregation slowly wandered out of their seats with abstracted looks, as if just waking out of a lethargy. The weeping women clung around the good old man, impeding his passage out of the house, and brought him, with piteous importunity, not to carry out his resolution to leave them. The men assembled in knots in the entry, very sober, and for a while very quiet. It was evident enough that they were all thinking about their pastor and feeling badly. The new meeting-house could not be discussed to-day, if the signs told true, and certain young sons of Belial who hung about the doorstep grinning with malignant expectation of a quarrel among the Christians retired in disgust when they found that nothing was likely to be talked about but the minister's farewell sermon. Conversation grew earnest though carried on in subdued tones, and all hostile feeling was held in abeyance by the interest in a common grief. As the venerable Elder passed out, several men, including the deacons, greeted him with sad looks and an unwonted warm grasp of the hand, and all who stood by showed by their serious and softened countenances that they shared in the expressed regrets.

The Sabbath school assembled and waited in vain for the superintendent, most of the classes waited in vain for their teachers. Word went round that there would be no session that intermission and the children dispersed. Meantime a church-meeting was called on the spot and voted with entire unanimity to request Elder Seagraves to recall his resignation. Now that some expression had been given to their feelings the people breathed easier, but, better still, the reviving effect of a single unanimous act on the part of the church, that but a few hours before had been ready to fall to pieces of disension, was such as made the old kindly blood start again in hostile bosoms, and enabled bitter partisans to look each other in the face once more.

The Elder refused to reconsider his resignation. He was not accustomed to do things from impulse or for effect, and his act had been prayerfully considered and determined upon, but as days passed on and brought him evidences of softened feeling in his people toward one another he yielded to their entreaties to remain with them and break the bread of life—not, however, until he had exacted a solemn promise from them in formal assembly to drop the matter of church building till, in the fear and love of God, they could be one on that and every other subject. He staid with them five years more and gathered souls. Then the Master took him to his rest. He lived to preach in a new edifice built by a united people on the old hill, and to this day old Christians who worship there weep as they point you to his grave and tell of the good he did in Winton.—W. & R.

WHEN THE DEVIL SOWS.—The seeds of vice are dropped into young hearts in nearly every case between sunset and bed time, away from home. The boys and girls step out of the family circle, and spend their time—how? In spending money they never earned—opening the doors of confectionaries and soda fountains, of beer and tobacco shops, of the circus, the negro minstrels, the restaurant and dance; then follows the Sunday drive and the company of those whose steps take hold on hell. In forty-nine cases out of fifty, the destinies of children are fixed between the ages of eight and sixteen, those few years, when the devil will pre-empt the precious soil, unless the parents are vigilant to make home more attractive than the streets.

The will of God may put me to pain; but it is the will of God.

Agriculture, etc.

FARMERS' BOYS.

Every farmer's boy should know how, sooner or later:

1. To dress himself, black his own shoes, cut his brother's hair, wind a watch, sew on a button, make a bed, and keep all his clothes in order, and neatly in place.
2. To harness a horse, grease a waggon, and drive a team.
3. To carve, and wait at table.
4. To milk the cows, shear the sheep, and dress a veal or mutton.
5. To reckon money and keep accounts accurately, and according to good book-keeping rules.
6. To write a neat, briefly-expressed, business letter, in a good hand, and, to fold and superscribe it properly; and to write contracts.
7. To plough, sow grain and grass seed, drive a mowing machine, swing a scythe, build a neat stack and pitch hay.
8. To put up a package, build a fire, whitewash a wall, mend broken tools, and regulate a clock.

There are many other things which would render boys more useful to themselves and others—these are only a specimen. But the young man who can do all these things well, and who is ready at all times to assist others, and be useful to his mother and sisters, will command far more respect and esteem than if he knew merely how to drive fast horses, smoke cigars, play cards, and talk nonsense to foolish young ladies at parties.

PAPER AND CLOTH FROM CORN HUSKS.—

In Austria they make very superior paper out of corn husks, we see by the Washington Chronicle that the Commissioner of Agriculture has received some specimens of bleached and unbleached crash and oil cloths made from the same material. All portions of the corn husks are converted into paper stuff, spinning stuff, or husk meal, which is mixed with common flour. Nineteen per cent of paper fiber, ten of spinning material, and eleven of feed stuff are obtained, together making forty per cent, leaving a refuse of sixty per cent, much of it fine fiber and gluten, which may yet be filtered and utilized. The manufacture is said to be very profitable. The paper is equal to the finest linen paper, and some of it is thought to be a good substitute for parchment.—Phil Ledger.

DANIEL WEBSTER truly remarked:—"Agriculture feeds us; to a great degree it clothes us; without it we could not have manufactures, and we should not have commerce. These all stand together like pillars in a cluster, the largest is agriculture."

THE LATE DROUGHT IN ENGLAND.—

The remarkable continuance of uninterrupted dry weather that has been experienced in England has, perhaps, been felt more severely in the Midland counties than in any other part of England. Since the month of April there has been no rainfall in Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and Herefordshire, beyond a few showers, the effects of which have disappeared on the following day. The consequence is that, although the weather has lately been much cooler, the dryness continues, and in the absence of fog and dews, the grass is universally turned brown, and cattle have to be fed on hay and cake. As the winter comes on there must necessarily be a great dearth of fodder, as the root crops have very generally failed from the long continuance of dry weather. Butter and milk have also risen to an unusually high price from the same cause. Sheep appear to thrive on the dry grass, but take to water, which is unusual with them, and are healthy and fat. There is a great scarcity of water everywhere. The field pools and rivulets are dry, and the springs are failing, rendering economy in the use of water for all purposes necessary. The celebrated springs on the Malvern Hills are almost dried up, and water drinkers find their pure beverage almost as costly as alcoholic drinks. Railway trains have been delayed owing to the scarcity of water at the stations for supplying the engines, and even the shipping in some of the Welsh ports have been delayed sailing from inability to obtain a supply of water for consumption, while in Kent, London, and other localities, even nearer the Midlands, there have been some seasonable downfall. In the three counties above-named there has been no rain (beyond a shower or two) for four months, and the earth is cracked and dried for some feet deep. In Gloucestershire Lord Fitzhardinge has given his tenantry permission to top the elm trees for feed for cattle.—English paper.

To show us the worth of time, God, most liberal of all other things, is exceedingly frugal in the dispensing of that; for he never gives us two moments together, nor grants us a second till he has withdrawn the first, still keeping the third in his own hands, so that we are in a perfect uncertainty whether we shall have it or not. The true manner of preparing for the last moment is, to spend all the others well, and ever to expect that. We dote upon this world as if it were never to have an end, and we neglect the next, as if it were never to have a beginning.

Love, it has been said, flows downward. The love of parents for their children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents, one who on the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us?