

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 22nd, 1864.

Read—LUKE ii. 1-20: The birth of Christ. 1 SAMUEL xiii. 1-14: Saul declares war against the Philistines.

Recite—JOHN v. 28, 29.

Sunday, May 29th, 1864.

Read—LUKE ii. 21-35: Presentation of Jesus at the Temple. 1 SAMUEL xiii. 15-23: Saul sacrifices a burnt-offering.

Recite—JOHN vi. 37-40.

DON'T FRET.

Has a neighbor injured you? Don't fret— You will yet come off the best; He's the most to answer for; Never mind it, let it rest, Don't fret.

Has a horrid lie been told? Don't fret— It will run itself to death. If you will let it quite alone, It will die for want of breath; Don't fret.

Are your enemies at work? Don't fret— They can't injure you a whit; If they find you heed them not, They will soon be glad to quit; Don't fret.

Is adversity your lot? Don't fret— Fortune's wheels keep turning round; Every spoke will reach the top, Which like you is going down, Don't fret.

THE CRAB APPLE TREE.

In one corner of our old garden there was a fine-looking apple tree. The branches grew over the fence, and many a boy, when the apples were ripe, used to risk a fall to get some of the fruit. But one bite was enough; it was a crab-apple tree. The young thieves made wry faces, and threw the apples as far as they could reach. It was a common trick upon any strange boy, to give him one of our crab-apples. Why father kept the tree I could never guess.

I went from home, and was gone several years. How delightful it was to return once more! How many changes I saw around the old house!

"How fares the crab-apple tree?" I asked, as my brother James was showing me round the garden; "I hope that it is cut down." "I'll show it to you," he said; and we went along and looked under the trees, he took up an apple from the grass and offered it to me. "Try that," he said. It certainly looked tempting, and it tasted very good. "You like it?" said my brother. "As fine a fruit as I ever tasted." "It grew on the crab-apple tree," said James, laughing. For an instant I was tempted to throw it down; on second thought, I took another bite instead.

"Crab-apple tree! our crab-apple tree!" I cried, crunching the juicy mouthful; it has wonderfully changed its character; what changed it from a crab-apple to a fine pippin? "Gratting has done the business," replied he; and he took me to the tree. It hung all over with pippins. "One of the most valuable trees in the garden," said he; and he went on to tell me the number of bushels that it commonly bore. "When father died, I was determined to cut it down; but my man said it was sound and healthy at the root, and would make excellent grafted fruit. We lopped off the branches, and inserted some of these beautiful pippin grafts, and you see what it is."

"You have completely changed its nature and given a new character to it," said I; "all the culture in the world would not have done this, I suppose?" "No," answered James, "it could only be done by putting in a wholly new and better branch; gratting is a great business."

This always seemed to me a good illustration of our own sinful natures. In the root, the trunk, and the fruit, we are like the crab-apple tree—perhaps good enough outside, making a fair show, but bitter to the taste, and really good for little.

Yet not hopelessly so. A new and better stock can be grafted in; our nature can be changed. Jesus Christ can insert a heavenly graft, a living branch, which shall bear good fruit, pleasant to the eye and sweet to the taste—fruit worth possessing, and worth gathering in the great harvest time.

May we know the power of His grace in grafting in us that which is good and holy, to the praise of His name!

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.

Kangaroos have latterly increased so rapidly in Australia, that a wholesale system of destruction is proposed to get rid of them. They threaten to overrun the country.

CALVINISM LOVED BY THE HEART.

It is well known by the readers of Burns' correspondence, that he had a bitter antipathy to the Calvinistic clergy of Scotland, though his active mind paid an instinctive reverence to the great truths of the Calvinistic system. Hugh Miller, in his "Recollections of Robert Burns," recently published, gives an imaginary conversation of the poet in which this inward conflict of his nature is well brought out. His landlady, Mrs. Lindsay, was a Calvinist, by Christian experience:

"I have been engaged in argument, for the last twenty minutes, with our parish schoolmaster," said Robert Burns, "a shrewd, sensible man, and a prime scholar, but one of the most determined Calvinists I ever knew. Now, there is something, Mr. Lindsay, in abstract Calvinism that dissatisfies and distresses me; and yet, I must confess, there is so much of good in the working of the system, that I would ill like to see it supplanted by any other. I am convinced, for instance, there is nothing so efficient in teaching the bulk of the people to think as a Calvinistic church."

"You are acquainted," he added, "with the Scripture doctrine of predestination, and in thinking over it, in connection with the destinies of man, it must have struck you that, however much it may interfere with our fixed notions of the goodness of Deity, it is thoroughly in accordance with the actual condition of our race. As far as we can know of ourselves and the things around us, there seems, through the will of Deity—for to what else can we refer it?—a fixed, invariable connection between what we term cause and effect. Nor do we demand of any class of mere effects, in the inanimate or irrational world, that they should regulate themselves otherwise than the causes which produce them have determined. The roe and the tiger pursue, unquestioned, the instincts of their several natures; the cork rises, and the stone sinks, and no one thinks of calling either to account for movements so opposite. But it is not so with the family of man; and yet our minds, our bodies, our circumstances, are but combinations of effects, over the causes of which we have no control. We did not choose a country for ourselves, nor yet a condition in life—nor did we determine our modicum of intellect, or our amount of passion—nor did we impart its gravity to the weightier part of our nature, or give expansion to the higher—nor are our instincts of our own planting. How, then, being thus as much the creatures of necessity as the denizens of the wild and forest—as thoroughly under the agency of fixed, unalterable causes as the dead matter around us—why are we yet the subjects of a retributive system, and accountable for all our actions?"

"You quarrel with Calvinism," I said, "and seem one of the most thorough going necessitarians I ever knew."

"Not so," he replied; "though my judgment cannot disprove these conclusions, my heart cannot acquiesce in them—though I see that I am as certainly the subject of laws that exist and operate independent of my will as the dead matter around me, I feel, with a certainty quite as great, that I am a free, accountable creature. It is according to the scope of my entire reason that I should deem myself bound—it is according to the constitution of my whole nature that I should feel myself free. And in this consists the great, the fearful problem—a problem which both reason and revelation propound; but the truths which can alone solve it seem to lie beyond the horizon of darkness, and we vex ourselves in vain. 'Tis a sort of moral asymptotes; but its lines, instead of approaching through all space without meeting, seem receding through all space, and yet meet."

"Robert, my bairn," said my aunt, "I fear you are wasting your strength on these mysteries to your ain hurt. Did ye no see, in the last storm, when ye staid out among the caves till cock-crow, that the bigger and stronger the wave, the mair was it broken against the rocks?—it's just thus wi' the pride o' man's understanding, when he measures it against the dark things o' God. An' yet it's sae ordered that the same wonderful truths which perplex and cast down the proud reason should delight and comfort the humble heart. I am a lone, puir woman, Robert. Bairns an' husband have gone down to the grave, one by one; an' now, for twenty weary years, I have been childless an' a widow. But trow ye that the puir lone woman wanted a guard, an' a comforter, an' a provider, through a' the lang murk nights, and a' the cauld winters o' these twenty years? No, my bairn, I kent that Himsel' was wi' me. I kent it by the provision he made, an' the care He took, an' the joy He gave. An' how, think you, did He comfort me maist? Just by the blessed assurance that a' my trials, an' a' my sorrows were na hasty chance matters, but dispensations for my guid, an' the guid o' those He took to Himsel', that in the perfect wisdom o' His nature, He had ordained frae the beginning."

"Ah, mother," said my friend, "after a pause, 'you understand the doctrine far better than I do! There are, I find, no contradictions in the Calvinism of the heart.'"

DIARY OF THE JAPANESE AMBASSADORS.

The Japanese Ambassadors who visited Europe last year have published their diary through the bookseller Fou-yah, at Yeddo. Among other things it is therein said that the "peoples of the West are very little different from each other; the dresses are the same as well as the weapons, though one nation manages them better than another; the French, above all, appear to excel therein. Ceremonies

and honours are very easy, and the honours to be paid to a sovereign are very nearly the same as to a person of inferior rank—one takes his hat off, makes a small reverence, and therewith the thing is finished. At our audiences with the Princes they were not separated from us by a curtain; even the Princess was not veiled, and sits as high as the Prince. The lords were very civil, even too civil, for they allowed us to eat and drink more than was in accordance with our ceremonies. The lower classes were less civil, and unequivocally demonstrated that they thought us ugly. Among the women there are many handsome ones—among others, the Empress of the French. They run like a man. In order to appear taller they wear a high bonnet. Even fashionable women dance very much; they hang on the arm of the men, and one sees the men frequently run along the street in the arms of women. We believe them to be their own wives. Women in general enjoy too much liberty, and the fashionable ones wear the same dresses as those of the lower class. The dress of the women, especially at night, is not always decent. Excepting the Dutch women, all other European women stand below the French. The men are stiff, rough, and a little proud; they wear no weapons, and very seldom the distinctions of their rank. It appears that everybody, and even the fashionable people, frequent the cafes. High officers even frequent the theatres. We were sorry we could not understand everything there. Almost everybody had a spying-glass, which, perhaps from distraction, was always directed at us. The merchants are proud, and the shopkeepers do not like one to turn their articles too much about. It annoyed us very much to see raw meat exhibited in the towns. Eating meat is often very healthy, but why exhibit it to everyone? In Paris and London they run [walk] very fast, just as they do in our country when there is a fire. The houses are so high that they must be destroyed at the first earthquake. They appear, however, to stand against fire."

AN INCIDENT ON BROADWAY.

As I was walking, the other day, along Broadway, I stopped to look a moment at a window where paintings and engravings were displayed. Among the pictures was a very large photographic copy of Guido's beautiful "Aurora scattering Flowers before the Chariot of the Sun." The artist represents the morning sun by a man riding up the eastern sky in a chariot drawn by horses, and surrounded by attendants who walk upon the clouds. One of the attendants flies in advance of the rest, and scatters flowers, through the clouds, upon the earth beneath. This figure represents the dawn,—Aurora, "rosy-fingered daughter of the morning," as Homer called her.

Standing by my side at the window was a man, looking at this picture. He was dressed in a blue smock frock, and, perched over his shoulders, he carried the frame which he used to fasten saws in to file and set them. This was his business, to sharpen saws, going about the streets for such employment in it as he could find. His dress showed that he was poor but his face showed that he was happy. He stood looking at this picture of the Chariot of the Sun, and, when he saw that I was looking at it too, he said to me, in broken English:

"Sare, please, is tat Elias?" I did not understand at first what he meant by "Elias," but I said: "No, that is Aurora and the rising sun."

"Yes," said he, evidently not understanding me, "but is it Elias, in te Bible, going up to heaven?"

Then I understood that he was thinking of the ascension of Elijah, and I explained, as well as I could, what the picture was.

"Then it is no from te Bible at all?" he said.

"No," I replied.

"Then I no care for it. If it no from te Bible I no care for it."

"Then," said I, "you love the Bible?"

"Ah! I do! I do! Te Bible give me Jesus. Ah! sare, tere be some man have money, ver much money, million, two million toilar. I have no money, nothing only Jesus. I no change mit tat man. I keep Jesus; he may keep te money."

We now forgot all about the pictures and turned towards each other. I noticed that other people came up to the window, and, while they turned their eyes towards the paintings, turned their ears towards us, curious to know what our earnest conversation would be about. I hoped they might hear it all.

"You are a happy-man," I said to this unknown brother.

"Ah! sare, Jesus make happy. I was wicked man, ver wicked. Swear, trink, you know ver much wicked. Go one day into te church. Hear te Bible and te prayre. Make me feel pad, put me go again, and den again; at last me find Jesus. Jesus find me. O tat happy day! Such sunshine! Te music, te singing in te heart. You must have Jesus, you must have prayre to Jesus if you will be happy."

We turned from the window and walked along together. In answer to questions, he told me of his family, his children, his church.

"Went to Metterdist church," he said, with an air of indifference to these names and distinctions, "but it all one. Metterdist and German, and Catholic, all must have Jesus, just to same. And when we have Jesus it all one."

And when we parted at a corner I pondered as I continued on my way, upon the Bible and the love of God, which could make such happiness and music in the humblest lot, such "singing in the heart."—N. Y. Observer.

Agriculture, etc.

REMEDY FOR APPLE TREE BORERS.—A writer to the New York Observer says:

Bore the tree about one inch in depth with a gimlet or small auger; fill the hole thus made with sulphur, and then secure it with clay or shoemaker's wax. The sulphur will penetrate the tree, or the sap will carry it into the pores of the tree and the borers will disappear and the trees will recover from their injurious effects. I saved a thrifty apple tree by this method a few years since. The sulphur does not injure the tree; the hole made for it will grow up, and the tree will thrive again. If holes made by the borers are accessible, fill them with sulphur, and the borers will not again trouble the tree. If the trees are large, more sulphur will be required, and perhaps an inch auger would not be too large. Let the sulphur be put into the tree in a half dozen places. It will not injure the tree, and is a certain remedy against the borer.

WHY BEES WORK IN THE DARK.—A lifetime might be spent in investigating the mysteries hidden in a bee-hive, and still half of the secrets would be undiscovered. The formation of the cell has been a celebrated problem for the mathematician, whilst the changes which the honey undergoes offer at least an equal interest to the chemist. Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance; it candies, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a solid mass of sugar. It has not been suspected that this change was due to a photographic action—that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodide of silver on the excited calodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodide crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheibler has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The invariable result has been that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, whilst that kept in the dark has remained perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in perfect darkness and why they are so careful to obscure the glass windows which are sometimes placed in their hives. The existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them, and if light were allowed access to this the syrup would gradually acquire a more or less solid consistency; it would seal up the cells, and in all probability prove fatal to the inmates of the hive.—Chronicle of Optics, in the Quarterly Journal of Science.

CORNS.—The shape of a corn is exactly similar to that of a carpenter's nail, having a crown or head, and a stem pointing downwards, which, piercing through the true under-skin, irritates the nervous fibres in its vicinity. To cut off the head of the corn is only a temporary relief; a cure can only be accomplished by cautiously digging out the stem, which may be thus done by a steady hand: steep it in hot water and rub it with a coarse towel, or the finger nail will not remove it. Place a small quantity of oil on the corn, and let it soak well in. Then, with a fine pen-knife, or, what is better, a sharp bodkin, work it out of its bed as you would a thorn. Not a drop of blood should be shed during the operation, and its success may be tested by finding pressure unaccompanied by pain. A small piece of diachylon plaster, with a cessation of pressure, will complete the cure. Should inflammation have been excited—which may be known by the redness prevailing around it—rest and emollient applications, such as linseed poultice, or a fig, will be found beneficial.—Ex. Paper.

REMEDY FOR DIPHTHERIA.—The New York Tribune says: "We have just received a recipe for the cure of diphtheria, from a physician who says that of 1900 cases in which it has been used not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup half full of water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits turpentine, sweet oil and aqua ammonia, mixed, every hour, to the whole of the throat, and to the breast-bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part."

A tourist stopping at a French hotel saw the phrase "fresh water chicken" on the bill of fare. Desirous to know what this meant, he sent for a dish of water chicken. He tried it, and finding it excellent, recommended it to the rest of the party, ladies and all. All liked the dish wonderfully, and thus became frog-eaters without knowing it.

Some say the quickest way to destroy weeds is to marry a widow. It is, no doubt, a most agreeable species of husbandry.

THREE women were arrested on the Long Bridge, at Washington, on Friday, who had twenty-three canteens of whiskey concealed under their dresses. They were attempting to smuggle the stuff into Dixie.