

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 31st, 1864.

Read—LUKE v. 18-39: The Paralytic healed
SAMUEL xvii. 1-19: Goliath's challenge
Recite—ISAIAH lv. 6, 7.

Sunday, August 7th, 1864.

Read—LUKE vi. 1-19: Christ healing on the Sabbath.
SAMUEL xvii. 20-37: David accepts Goliath's challenge.
Recite—HEBREW i. 10-12.

FIRST-RATES.

"What are you doing Jacob?" said Mr. Myers to Jacob Stearns, who was hoeing corn in a field adjoining the road. The question was not asked for information but as the commencement of conversation. Mr. Myers was fond of conversing with young people, and loved to try to do them good.

"I am hoeing corn," said Jacob.
"I see, but have you hoed those rows?"
"Yes, sir."

"There are a good many weeds left in the hills and between the rows. There should be no weeds left where the hoe has been."

"I am not trying to hoe it very well."
"Why not?"

"Because—because the corn will grow without it." Jacob hesitated in giving a reason, simply because he had no reason to give.

"You have heard the old proverb—whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. You should either hoe them well, or not at all. You should never do anything without trying to do it well."

"I don't mean to be a farmer. If I meant to be a farmer, then there would be a reason for my doing all things relating to farming well."

"What do you mean to be?"
"I mean to be a professional man. I mean to get an education. When I begin my education, I will do everything relating to it as well as I possibly can."

"My young friend, you have already begun your education, and you are carrying the process every day."

"I am not studying any now. I am going to begin next fall."

"The process of education is not confined to study. That is only a part of the process. Education consists in the formation of character—in the formation of habits. One important habit is the habit of doing things thoroughly—of doing things in the best possible way. You are forming this habit or the opposite one in all that you do. Whenever you do any thing carelessly, you are injuring your habits."

"I thought if I studied so as to become a first-rate scholar, I should be an educated man."

"To be a well educated man, one must do whatever he does in a first-rate manner. It is only men who are first-rate that will command any high success in life. The Bible gives the best possible rules for education, as it does for everything else relating to the soul. It says whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; that is do it diligently, and as perfectly as possible. The Book says, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—that includes hoeing corn, as well as studying. The Bible would have every man a first-rate man in his calling.'—A. B. in Sunday School Times.

TENTER-HOOKS.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, D. D.

There are some people who have a very strong desire to be noticed, and who are too indolent or too weak to actually do anything worthy of notice, and so they try to be doubters. Like a mule setting his feet out stiffly and refusing to go, remarkable not for what he can draw, but for his obstinacy. Old Jed. Rockwood was a man of this stamp. Many a discussion did he have in regard to the Bible with his neighbor, Mr. Stetson, always closing his remarks with, "Ah! Stetson, you can't convince me!" And it was true. It was a favorite opinion of his that the Bible was "all made up," as he called it, "by the priests." But when it was made up, or how, or by whom, he did not pretend to say. He was famous for what he called "circumstantial evidence." Men might lie and deceive; but circumstances did not. If he dug down and found a coffin in the ground, all the evidence in the world would not convince him that it grew there! If he found a young bird just hatched, and the egg-shell lying close by it, there was evidence enough that the bird came out of it. But as to the Bible, he could never believe it was written where it professed to be, and by the men said to have written it.

Now Jed. owned considerable of a factory, and one year he set his heart on making a very large and a very fine piece of cloth. He took great pains with the carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving, and finishing it. In the process of the manufactory, it was one day stretched out on the tenter-hooks to dry. It made a fine show, and Jed. felt very proud of it. The next morning he arose early to work at it, when, to his amazement, it was gone! It had been stolen during the night! What a fever he was in! What hurrying and skurrying hither and thither, posting advertisements, sending constables and rousing the community! After weeks of anxiety and expense, a piece of cloth answering

the description had been stopped in Boston, awaiting owner and proofs. Down to Boston went Jed. as fast as he could go. There he found many rolls of cloth which had been stolen. They were much alike—some of them surprisingly alike. He selected one which he claimed as his. But how could he prove it? In doubt and perplexity he called on his neighbor, Stetson.

"Friend Stetson, I have found a piece of cloth which I am sure is the one which was stolen from me. But how to prove it is the question. Can you tell me how?"

"You don't want it unless it is really yours?"
"Certainly not."
"And you want proof that is simple, plain, and such as will satisfy yourself and everybody else."

"Precisely so."
"Well, take Bible proof."
"Bible proof! Pray, what is that?"

"Take your cloth to the tenter-hooks on which it was stretched, and if it be yours, every hook will just come to the hole through which it passed before taken down. There will be scores of such hooks and holes just come together right, no other proof that the cloth is yours will be wanted."

"I see, true; why didn't I think of this before!"

"Away he hastened, and sure enough every hook came to its little hole, and the cloth was proved to be his, and the thief was convicted, at the evidence of the tenter-hooks. Some days after this, Jed. again hailed his friend:

"I say, Stetson, what did you mean by calling my tenter-hook proof, the other day, 'Bible proof'? I'm sure if I had as good evidence for the Bible that I had for my cloth, I would never doubt it again. That's what I call 'circumstantial evidence,' that can't lie or deceive."

"Yes, but you have the same, only better, for the Bible."
"How so?"

"Put it on the tenter-hooks! Take the Bible and travel with it—go to the place where it was made. There you find the Red Sea, the Jordan, the Lake of Galilee, Mount Lebanon, Hermon, Carmel, Tabor, and Gerizim. There you find the cities Damascus, Hebron, Tyre, Sidon, and Jerusalem. Every mountain, every river, every sheet of water mentioned in the Bible is there—just in the place where it is located. Sinai and the desert, and the Sea of Sodom are there; so that the best guide-book through the country is the Bible. It must have been written there on the spot, just as your cloth must have been made and stretched on your tenter-hooks. That land is the mould into which the Bible was cast; and when brought together, we see that they must and do fit together. You might just as well doubt that your cloth was ever fitted to your hooks."

"Well, well! I confess I never thought of this. I'll think it all over again. If you are right, why, then I'm wrong, that's all."—*Id.*

A PEACEMAKER.

BY THE REV. STENTON KARDLEY.

I will give you another example, for I could occupy four hours in giving a rapid narrative of cases in which I have been engaged.—Some time ago a gentleman of large influence and large wealth called upon me, and said, "I wish to see you respecting a relation of mine, who has run through £10,000." I said "Send him here on Monday morning."—"Oh," he said, "I do not think you will get him to speak to you—he is very reserved."—"I said, "Let me try."

On the Monday morning the young man came, a young buck about eight and twenty. He made a bow down to the last joint of his vertebrae to me, as much as to say, "I am here, but it you think I am going to kiss your shoes you are very much mistaken."—"I think God has taught me a way that I have of taking to lay hold of the fellows, to touch them, and I said, "Sir, let us sit down," and I got him by the hand, and we sat down together. I put my face right up to his so that it nearly touched, and I said, "I know exactly where you are; it is despair. You break out, and you are angry, and denounce others, and so on, and get into a rage when we speak to you. The real fact is you are in despair, you have fought your battle, you have fought ten thousand battles, and it has always been too strong for you; you have resolved, and you have struggled and vowed but when the moment has come you have been carried away. I saw it was impressing him—the feeling that I understood him—sympathy, that is all, that is the only weapon we have, it is the mightiest power in the world. I saw the tears begin to gather in his face, and when I went on to describe that it was possible for him, by taking a prescription which I was going to give him soon, but which I had not given him yet, and said, "Under the influence of that prescription it is possible for you to stand and look me in the face, and smile upon all the world, and say, 'I am a free man.'" He bonded up from that sofa, clasped his hands with agony, and cried out, "My God! it is too precious to be true." What interest it gives one to help poor agonised souls like these, to go healing their wounds. For an hour and a half in that room it was just this; I was endeavouring to persuade this man, in some way or another, to get the belief into him through the power of my own warm, prayerful sympathy and brotherly love towards him, that he had never conquered it because he had never looked to the stronger than the strong man armed. Sir, it was like a hand-to-hand battle of man and the devil in my dining-room for an hour and a half. Down we went upon our knees. I said, "Now, try to pray." "I cannot pray," he said. I said, "I will pray for you, now try and pray," and again and again

I saw the strong man armed, the giant keeping his palace and his goods in peace; there was no danger of his coming forth—he was too strong. And then we got to the stronger than he coming down upon him, taking his armour from him wherein he trusted, and dividing the spoils, and I said, "You shall not perish at twenty-eight years old, you shall be redeemed yet by the power of Jesus Christ!" The poor fellow trembled under it all, for one gets earnest—I admit I get passionately in earnest about these poor fellows, and cannot let them go. What did I find? Again and again I saw that young man, and heard the whole story of his life. When he first came to me he would lay his trembling hands upon me, and I felt he was in my hands like a bit of plastic clay, and I believe he loved me as a brother, and he would say to me sometimes, "You are the truest friend I have got upon this earth." It is very simple, is it not? At length I took this man home to his wife. We went in a splendid carriage. We had many miles from London to drive, for the house had been broken up. He showed evident excitement before we got there. When we arrived I was introduced to a most sweet and gracious young thing of twenty-four, and four little children, and I was bringing these together again. Imagine what a scene it was! I thought I must now go to the very bottom of the hearts of both these people if I am to reconstitute these together, and bring this holy bond into all its beautiful sweetness in which it was at first; because you know hearts were torn asunder, heart from heart. I sat down between them, and I took her hand, and I said, "Let me speak to you as a father." I took his hand, and I said, "I wonder whether his neglect of you, and his scorn of you, has crushed all the love that you once had for him out of your heart; and when I went on thus speaking, she sprang to her feet and clasped him in her arms and covered him over with kisses, as if there was not a man on earth worth looking at besides her own husband; and then I asked her, there was a little bit of craft about this, "Be good enough to let me have the children in." The eldest little chap came in, and I took the little fellow on my knee, and he looked at me with comical gravity and I began to talk to the father through the child. "Oh," I said, "when thou growest up to be a man, will it ever shame thee, to say 'Father?' Will there ever be some dark place where thy young feet may stand and look and say, 'He lies here?' and the poor fellow laid his hand on his shoulder, and was sobbing his heart out. He said, "Do forbear." I said, "Can you come together again?" and before me, hand to hand and face to face, I believe that as pure a kiss did he implant upon her face, and she on his, as ever was given by man to woman and woman to man. Then down we fell at that table, and I could hardly speak, and they could not speak. After an hour and a half I left that house and saw them standing at the window whilst I got into the carriage, he with his arm about her neck, and she with her arm about his waist, and so the home was reconstituted. Did not I, as I sank back, almost overcome with emotion, lift my heart, in a joy that none of you have ever felt that have not been abstainers, and bless God that I was one?—*Speech in Exeter Hall.*

A novel Plea.

A LAWYER relates the following incident that occurred in his practice;

He was trying a petty case, in which one of the parties was not able to pay counsel fees, and undertook to plead his own cause. But he found, in the course of the trial, that the keen and adroit attorney who managed the case for the other party was too much for him in legal strategy, evidently making the worse appear the better cause.

The poor man, Mr. A., was in a state of mind bordering upon desperation, when the opposing counsel closed his plea, and the case was about to be submitted to the justice for decision.

"May it please your Honor," said the man, "May I pray?" The judge was taken somewhat by surprise, and could only say that he saw no objection. Whereupon Mr. A. went down upon his knees and made a fervent prayer, in which he laid the merits of his case before the Lord in a very clear and methodical statement of all the particulars, pleading that right and justice might prevail. "O Lord, thou knowest that this lawyer has misrepresented the facts, and thou knowest that is so and so"—to the end of the chapter.

Arguments which he could not present in logical array to the understanding of men, he had no difficulty addressing to the Lord, being evidently better versed in praying than pettifoggery.

When he rose from his knees, Esquire W., the opposing counsel, very much exasperated by the turn which the case had taken, said: "Mr. Justice, does not the closing argument belong to me?" To which the judge replied: "You can close with prayer if you please!" Esq. W. was in the habit of praying at home, but not seeing the propriety of connecting his prayer with his practice, wisely forebore, leaving poor Mr. A. to win his case, as he did, by his novel mode of presenting it.

A celebrated Oxford scholar, who professes an indifference to music, was once asked what he thought of an orchestra which had been performing a grand overture? He replied that he only was impressed "by the wonderful coincidences of the fiddlers' elbows."

Whoever is honorable and candid, honest and courteous, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

Sincere repentance is never too late; but late repentance is seldom sincere.

Agriculture, etc.

SEASONABLE FARM WORK.

Cattle.—Look to it that they have abundant water in the pastures, a constant supply of salt, and feed enough.

Cellars.—Give thorough, constant ventilation; keep clean and free from decaying substances.

Cheese.—Aim to secure uniform excellence, and uniformity in size, weight and color. The market for good cheese can never be glutted; it is not only a nutritious and favorite article of diet for home markets, but there is an increasing foreign demand.

Draining.—This is always on hand when other work is not pressing. It cures the evils both of drought and excessive water.

Grain.—Cut when the kernel is between "milk" and "dough."

Grass.—Cut in the blossom for the best hay—a little later to save work in curing.

Hoeing.—Keep the ground loose and open by frequent cultivation, especially if there be danger from drought. The plow will do no damage to the roots before the tops of corn, potatoes, tobacco, etc., would be injured by the passage of the whiffletree.

Manure.—The hog-pens and compost heaps should receive everything that will decay. The fermentation in compost heaps may need quickening by a few pailfuls of manure liquor. Use plaster to prevent the loss of ammonia, sprinkling it over manure while it is in active fermentation, and upon stable floors, etc.

Oats should be cut just when passing out of the "milk." To save the labor of threshing, it is often worth while to cut and cure this grain like hay, and feed it out in the same way. In this case it is cut about as soon as the grain in the more forward heads may be rubbed out in the hands. The only objection to this plan is that it is more exposed to the attacks of rats and mice.

Potatoes for immediate marketing may be dug as soon as ripe, or when the tops die. If not required to be marketed at once, it is best to leave them in the ground till fall. Do not hoe after blossoming.

Poultry.—Let all kinds of poultry find their way to the grain fields after the grain is housed, but not before. It kept shut up, give grass or greens daily.

Turnips are excellent to fill up all vacant places; a few seeds may be scattered here and there, wherever anything else has failed. The main crop may now be sowed; 200 pounds of superphosphate or bone-dust to the acre will almost always insure a good crop. Dust the plants with gypsum if they are troubled with insects.

Weeds.—Watch against their going to seed. Smother those which cutting and plowing will not kill by spreading a coating of litter over them.—*American Agriculturist.*

EFFECT OF LIGHT.—Dr. Moore, the metaphysician, thus speaks of the effect of light on body and mind:—"A tadpole confined in darkness would never become a frog; and an infant being deprived of heaven's free light will only grow into a shapeless idiot instead of a beautiful and responsible being. Hence, in the deep, dark gorges and ravines of the Swiss Valais, where the direct sunshine never reaches, the hideous prevalence of idiocy startles the traveler. It is a strange, melan choly idiosyncrasy. Many citizens are incapable of any articulate speech; some are deaf, some are blind, some labor under all these privations, and all are misshapen in almost every part of the body. I believe there is in all places a marked difference in the healthiness of houses according to their aspect with regard to the sun, and those are decidedly the healthiest, other things being equal, in which all the rooms are, during some part of the day, fully exposed to the direct light. Epidemics attack inhabitants on the shady side of the street, and totally exempt those on the other side; and even in epidemics, such as ague, the morbid influence is often thus partial in its labor."

NEW INVENTION.—The anchor recently patented by Mr. C. E. Marshall, son of E. M. Marshall, Esq., of Digby, is thus described:—Its flukes are secured to the crown by a bolt, and are so arranged that when the anchor takes the ground both flukes grip at the same time. It is impossible for them to act otherwise. The advantages over any other anchor now in use are great. First, it has double the hold surface; second, when required to be stowed at sea, the flukes can be unshipped; third, spare flukes, in case of accident, can be replaced, and thus it will not be so expensive in the long run.

GAS FROM WOOD.—The town of Wilna is to be lighted with gas from wood. Forty-nine towns in Germany, Hungary, Italy, and Switzerland, and, quite lately, Helsingfors, owe to it their lighting by means of gas distilled from wood or juteal.

SIR ROBERT PERL, the eminent British Prime Minister, said, "I never knew a man to escape failure, in either body or mind, who worked seven days in the week."

In matters of conscience, first thought are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.