

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 31st, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXIV. 17-27: Paul's defence before Felix. I SAMUEL II. 19-36: The iniquities of the sons of Eli.

Recite—ISAIAH XLIX. 9, 10.

Sunday, February 7th, 1864.

Read—ACTS XXV. 1-12: Paul's defence before Festus. I SAMUEL III. 1-21: The Lord's call to Samuel. Recite—LUKE IV. 18, 19.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Through the pleasures of the day, When I read and when I pray, Let me ever keep in view God is seeing all I do. When the sun withdraws his light, And I go to rest to-night, Let me never lay my head On my soft and easy bed, Till I lift my heart in prayer For my heavenly Father's care; Thanking him for all his love, Sent me from his home above; Praying him to kindly make Me his child for Jesus' sake.

ONE STEP FURTHER.

Had I better get in and row across? I wonder. Nobody would ever know anything about it; and there the new boat lies rocking on the river, and there are the two oars in the bottom. It's only a mile down to the bridge, and I could row down there and back in a little while; and it would be such a splendid sail! Of course nothing could happen to me, for grandpa said to mamma the other evening when we went down to the mill: "Why, Helen, Harry's a natural-born sailor. He can manage a boat as well as I." "Oh, dear! I wish he'd never seen that boat!" said mamma. "I expect it will be the death of him yet."

"Well, he didn't inherit his natural taste from you, that's certain," laughed grandpa; "but women are always nervous about the water." And that's all. It's just mamma's nervousness; and I know nothing would happen to me getting in there and having a little sail; and it would be so nice, this beautiful afternoon, and the river looks, away down by the bridge, like a ribbon among the oaks and poplars. Nobody would ever know anything about it, either; for of course, I should get back safe, and I don't believe there'd be any harm in it.

But then, there's my promise to mother, there's no getting around that, and it was the last thing she said to me before she left home on Thursday. She called me to the carriage, and bent over one side and smoothed my hair, as she always does when she talks to me.

"Now, Harry, boy," she said, "I want you to promise that you won't get inside that boat until your father and I get home again." "No, mamma, I won't, certainly," I answered, though I hated to bad enough; that's a fact. And I think it's quite too bad that such a big boy as I am can't have his own way in such things.

Oh, dear I dear! the longer I look, the more I want to go. It seems as if I must. One more step and I shall be in the boat; but there—my promise to mamma! And how shall I feel when she comes and looks in my face and calls me her darling boy, and puts her arm around my neck and kisses me over again!

She won't ask me whether I've been in the boat, because I have promised her I wouldn't; and I never told a lie in my life.

And won't now! \* \* \* \* \* Mamma came home last night. Such a hugging as I had.

"Has my Harry been a good boy," she said, "and done not a single thing his mother would have disapproved of?"

"No, I guess not, mamma," I said; but I was thinking about the boat, and didn't speak very positively. Mamma held me away and looked in my eyes.

"You guess not? Are you quite certain, Harry?" she asked.

"Well, mamma, I haven't done anything, but I've thought about it."

She drew her arms around me, and held me close to her.

"Tell me all about it, Harry," she said.

And then I did. I told her about my going to the river Saturday afternoon, and how near I came getting into the boat and rowing down to the bridge, and what a terrible temptation it was, and how one step more I should have been in; but the memory of my promise to her, and the thought that God saw me, held me back when there was only one step betwixt me and the boat.

And when I had done, I found mamma's tears falling just like raindrops in my hair.

"Oh my child! I thank God! I thank God!" she said.

And I, too, thanked Him then from my heart that I did not take that one step.

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHING TESTED.

The following incident, says the Sunday School Times, is given, with details, in an English magazine:

A poor woman, during the Lancashire distress, removed to a neighboring town to live with her daughter. Her kind pastor paid her railroad fare, and gave her half-a-crown besides. Reaching her journey's end, a crowd of boys at the station begged to carry her box. She refused, thinking to bear it herself and save the expense; but one poor lad implored with such a piteous look, stating that they were starving at home, that she could not resist him. He shouldered the box and carried it to the house of the daughter, who was found to be out upon an errand. The daughter was also found to be straitened with poverty. She had been out trying to get a morsel for the children. She raised her hands on seeing her mother, and exclaimed:

"Oh! why have you come? for we are starving for food." The mother tried to calm and comfort her; and drawing forth her purse, gladly remarked: "I have here a half crown, which will carry us through to-morrow, at any rate."

But imagine the dismay on seeing the half crown gone, and on reflecting that she must have given it to the boy in the dim light of the evening, for carrying her box. This was too much for them to bear. Both women sank down and cried long and bitterly. The mother, however, was a truly Christian woman, and when the first burst of sorrow was over her faith triumphed, and she began to comfort the daughter. She tried to sleep that night on the promise, "God will provide."

Early next morning a boy tapped at the door. "Didn't I bring a box here last night for an old woman?"

"Yes." "Where is she?" "Up stairs."

"I want to see her. Tell her to come down."

Very soon the mother came down, and was greeted with, "Missus, do you know you gave me a half crown last night instead of a penny? Because you did, and here it is. I have brought it back."

"Yes, my lad," said the glad woman, "I did, and I am very much obliged to you for bringing it back; but didn't you tell me you were clemming (starving) at home?"

"Yes we are very bad off," said the boy, brightening up as he spoke, "but I go to Sunday-School, and I love Jesus, and I couldn't be dishonest."

Teachers in the Sabbath-school, be encouraged by this instance; and seek to impress deep upon the young hearts under you the principles of strict, unbending integrity—feeling that this is the only foundation of a virtuous, honorable character among men, and the surest basis upon which to build a devoted, faithful, Christian character, when God's grace shall visit and renew your scholars' hearts.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

While a mother needs to guide her children carefully from the many temptations to vanity which will beset them from the very cradle, she cannot be too choice and scrupulous in having their surroundings those which will refine and cultivate the taste and feelings. Everything which will do violence to good taste and refinement, and promote coarseness and carelessness of manners, should be most carefully avoided, even in their most secluded hours. Yet there are homes whose parlors are highly adorned, where the private apartments are all in confusion, and where conveniences and tasteful arrangement are the last things thought of. Children take in, with the atmosphere of such a home, the principle which governs it, and it will run through all their after life. "No matter what we are, so that we show off." Hypocrisy is its foundation, and it pervades all departments of the character.

It costs little to make a home tasteful and cheerful, if only the heart is in it. Abundant pictures on the nursery walls, be they ever so simple, if they only tell some sweet story; a pot of flowers in the window; a hanging basket or two, even if made of a coconut shell, with graceful vines winding around the strings that suspend it; a few pretty shrubs in the yard, though the space be ever so scanty; a rosebush or two by the doorway, and if possible trees about your dwelling; all these are refining agencies which exert a powerful influence on the hearts of your children. Let them help you in little tasteful works some rainy day when you can spare the time. Teach them to make a little frame of shell work, or even acorn cups, pine cones, parti-colored corn and the like, and see if a little picture set in it will not afford them greater enjoyment than the most costly, gilded work of art you can buy them. Go out into the wild woods with them and help to gather pretty mosses and old grey lichens for a moss basket or home-conservatory. All these simple arts which make beautiful, are well worth cultivation—a thousand times more valuable than the most elaborately embroidered skirts and braided mantles.

Here, as in everything else, "wisdom is profitable to direct." I do not doubt but that excellent woman Solomon describes, had a beautiful, tasteful home for those children who "arose up and called her blessed," and the husband who praised her.—N. Y. Chronicle.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

When, toward the close of some long summer day, we come suddenly, and as we think, before his time, upon the broad sun, "sinking down in his tranquility" into the unclouded west, we cannot keep our eyes from the great

spectacle; and when he is gone the shadow of him haunts our sight; we see everywhere, upon the spotless heaven, upon the distant mountains, upon the fields, and upon the road at our feet, that dim, strange, changeful image; and if our eyes shut to recover themselves, we still find in them, like a dying flame, or like a gleam in a dark place, the unmistakable phantom of the mighty orb that has set; and were we to sit down, as we have often done, and try to record, by pencil or by pen, our impression of that supreme hour, still would it be there. We must have patience with our eye, it would not let the impression go; that spot on which the radiant disc was impressed is insensible to all other outward things for a time; its best relief is to let the eye wander vaguely over earth and repose itself on the mild shadowy distance. So it is when a great, good, and beloved man departs, sets, it may be, suddenly, and to us, who know not the times and the season, too soon. We gaze eagerly at his last hours, and when he is gone, never to arise again on our sight, we see his image wherever we go, and in whatsoever we are engaged; and if we try to record by words our wonder, our sorrow, and our affection, we cannot see to do it, for the "idea of his life" is forever coming into our "study of imagination," into all our thoughts, and we can do little else than let our mind, in a wise passiveness, hush itself to rest.—John Brown, M.D.

A MODERN MOSES.—A singular incident caused no little excitement last week at St. Bazille (Lot-et-Garonne.) The late rains having caused the Lot to overflow its banks, the stream was covered with a great variety of objects, and among them was one of considerable size, which especially attracted attention. A boatman put off to ascertain what it could be, and was astonished to find that it was a cradle containing a fine boy about six months old, fast asleep. At the child's feet lay a large Angora cat, seemingly half petrified with fear. The child and its companion were conveyed to the hospital of Marmande, and will be kept there until the parents can be discovered.—Galignani.

HOW TO TREAT FROZEN LIMBS.—The New York Evening Post, in an article on this subject, says that frozen limbs should never be rubbed. The juices of the fleshy tissues, when frozen in their minute sacs or cells, at once become in each of these enclosures crystals, having a large number of angles and sharp points; and hence rubbing the flesh causes them to cut or tear their way through the tissues, so that when it is thawed, the structure of the muscle is more or less destroyed. The proper mode of treatment is thus stated:

"When any part of the body is frozen, it should be kept perfectly quiet till it is thawed out, which should be done as promptly as possible. As freezing takes place from the surface inwardly, so thawing should be in the reverse order, from the inside outwardly. The thawing out of a portion of flesh, without at the same time putting the blood from the heart into circulation through it, produces mortification; but by keeping the more external parts still congealed till the internal heat and the external blood gradually soften the more interior parts, and produce circulation of the blood as fast as thawing takes place, most of these dangers are obviated."

Speaking of the application of snow, the writer says: "If the snow which is applied be colder than the frozen flesh, it will still further abstract the heat and freeze it worse than before. But if the snow is of the same temperature, it will keep the flesh from thawing till the heat from the rest of the body shall have effected it, thus preventing gangrene. Water, in which snow or ice has been placed, so as to keep its temperature at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit, is probably better than snow."

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.—There have been several alarms of fire from spontaneous combustion in a quantity of coal recently landed here from the British Provinces. This is understood as coming from a new mine, and does not refer to the common Nova Scotia coal. The following from Cotting's chemistry may explain the cause, as iron and sulphur are frequently found in coal mines: "Iron combines with sulphur and forms a sulphuret, which is pyrites after the combination. If an equal quantity of iron filings and sulphur are formed with water into a paste, the sulphur decomposes the water and absorbs the oxygen so rapidly that this mixture sometimes takes fire, though buried under the ground."—Boston Journal.

A little five-year-old had been to church last Sunday with her mother, while I was detained at home. I asked the child what the minister said to the people.

He didn't say any thing," she answered; "he only preached."

"What," said I—"didn't he tell you how to be good?"

"No, he didn't say any thing—he only preached."

The child's idea seemed to be that the preacher preached, but said nothing to the people—certainly, nothing that a child could receive as addressed to her.—Examiner.

The traffic in birds' nests in Java produces the Dutch Government a million of dollars yearly.

MR. ELIHU BURRITT has walked all the way from Land's-end to John o' Groat's.

Agriculture, etc.

SALT FOR ANIMALS.—Do cattle need salt? Sometimes they do, and sometimes they do not. Whether they need it or not, and how much, it any, depends upon their food and the water they drink, upon the soil and season, upon distance from the seashore and the direction of prevailing winds, and other circumstances, too many and too complicated for any mortal to estimate. You cannot tell whether an animal, at any given time and place, needs salt, or how much. You must not undertake to measure it for him; let him measure it himself. His instinct is an unerring guide. Place salt within his reach, and he will take it, if he needs it, but otherwise not, and he will take neither too much nor too little, but just enough. There is one exception to this rule, and but one—an animal that has been long deprived of salt may possibly take too much when first introduced to it. But this will happen in but one case in ten thousand; and with this trifling exception, the only safe rule is to keep salt always before animals, and let them take it when and as much as they will.

THE BEST POULTRY.—As table fowls the Dorking and Game stand first. In England the Dorkings stand preeminent, in the quality and flavor of their flesh. They have large bodies, and better proportioned according to their size than any other variety; their bodies rather long, plump and well-fleshed, full, broad breasts, little oval, and the large quantity of good and profitable meat, the flavor and appearance of which is inferior to none. Their weight at maturity varies from five to eight pounds, according to their fatness.

AGRICULTURE IN ENGLAND.—In England land is dear and labor cheap, and the largest amount must be produced from an acre. There are 42,300 square feet in an acre. Each foot divided into four sections, and each section having a single kernel of wheat in its centre, it would take four fifths of a bushel to cover that amount of ground. A bushel of wheat contains 550,000 kernels; a bushel of oats, 1,200,000; barley, 510,000; English horse beans, 87,000. This peculiar planting, which would give every square of a quarter of a foot a single kernel of grain or a single bean, is called "dibbling," and is practiced by English agriculturists, to obtain the biggest crop on the smallest amount of land.

SHRINKAGE OF HAY.—The loss upon hay weighed July 20th, when cured enough to be put in the barn, and again Feb. 20th, has been ascertained to be 27 per cent. So that hay at \$15 a ton in the field, is equal to \$20 and upward when weighed from the mow in the winter.

"ALL FLESH IS GRASS."—We generally imagine that grass-eating animals elaborate from their food by some organic process the flesh that covers them, that becomes in turn the food of man. But Piessé, an authority in such matters, attempts to prove that the flesh is first in the vegetable, and only changes place and form when it passes into the animal. His theory is both curious and interesting. He says:

All vegetables, especially those eaten by animals, contain a certain portion of flesh; for instance, in every hundred parts of wheaten flour there are ten parts of flesh; in a hundred of Indian corn meal there are twelve parts of flesh; and in a hundred of Scotch oatmeal there are eighteen of flesh. Now, when vegetable food is eaten it is to its fleshy constituents alone that we are indebted for restoring to the body what it has lost by muscular exertion. "All flesh is grass," says the inspired writer, and science proves that this assertion will bear a literal interpretation. No animal has the power to create from its food the flesh to form its own body; all that the stomach can do is to dissolve the solid food that is put into it; by-and-by the fleshy portion of the food enters the blood and becomes part of the animal that has eaten it. The starch and sugar of the vegetable are either consumed—burned—for the production of warmth, or they are converted into fat and laid up in store as future food when required. Grass consists of certain fleshy constituents, starch, and woody fibre. If a cow, arrived at maturity, eats grass, nearly, or the whole, of its food can be traced to the production of milk; the starch of the grass goes to form fat—butter—and the flesh appears as casein, or cheese. When a sheep eats grass, the flesh of grass is but slightly modified to produce mutton, while the starch is converted into fat—suet. When a man eats mutton or beef, he is merely appropriating to his own body the fleshy portion of grass, so perseveringly collected by the sheep or oxen.—The human stomach, like that of a sheep or ox, has no power to create flesh; all that it can do is to build up its own form with the materials at hand. Iron is offered to a workman, and he builds a ship, makes a watch spring, or a mariner's compass, according to his wants; but although he alters the form and texture of the material under his hand, yet its composition remains the same. So as regards flesh, although there be but one "flesh of men, another of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds," yet their ultimate composition is the same, all of which can be traced to the grass of the field or a similar source. Flesh, then, is derived from vegetables, and not from animals; the latter being merely the collectors of it. And, as though the plant knew that some future destiny waited the flesh which it makes, it will not use a particle of it to construct a leaf, a tendril, or a flower, but lays it all up in the seed.