

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, November 13th, 1864.

CONCERT: or Review of the past months subjects and lessons.

Sunday, November 20th, 1864.

Read—LUKE X. 25-42: The good Samaritan. 1 SAMUEL XXV. 1-17: Samuel's death. David's doings.

Recite—PSALM XIX. 7-10.

BUSTER AND BABY JIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE FLAG," ETC.

"With God all things are possible."

CHAPTER VII. A WESTERN FARMER.

AMONG the thirty lads who were starting for the West, there was not one more full of hope than was the tall stout boy whom we have known as Buster. As mile after mile was left behind him, he breathed more and more freely. Separated from the scenes of his early guilt, he felt it to be more and more possible for him to lead the life he desired.

Where would his lot fall? What home would be his? To these questions Buster could give no answer; but he found vent for the feelings of his heart by singing in a low voice the hymn,

"Father, whate'er or earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

"Let the sweet hope that I am thine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

Buster's hymn attracted no attention amid the babel of sounds made by the excited, rejoicing boys. The friend who had charge of them did not check the natural outburst of their feelings, but sat among them enjoying the various ways in which they chose to manifest their glee.

Somewhat sobered down by the long journey, the boys at length reached their first stopping-place, at a small town in the centre of a rich farming country. They were expected, that was plain; for many rough wagons were tied along the principal street, while their owners joined the deputation of the citizens who were at the depot to give the young strangers a welcome.

On the large public square an agricultural fair had lately been held, and the seats provided for the ladies were still standing. On these the boys were placed, while an abundant luncheon was passed round for their refreshment. Then followed some singing by the children, and a speech from the gentleman who had them in charge. He simply stated the plan of the institution from which they had come, and offered to the farmers assembled an opportunity of sharing in the Christlike work of redeeming these poor wanderers from a life of want and crime, and training them in honest homes. Wherever they went, they were to be received as members of the family. They were to be encouraged to show by their conduct what they were, forgetting whence they came and what they had been.

While the gentleman was speaking, many scrutinizing eyes were fixed upon the eager face of the boys. Up and down before the rising seats walked a small short man, with his head on one side as he looked systematically at every boy, allowing to each his fair time to make an agreeable impression. It was evident that the good man was seeking a new member for his household, and meant to be careful in the selection. The process seemed to be an exciting one, for he soon took off his homespun coat and threw it over his arm, and pushed his felt hat back on his head, so that his wide forehead might have the full benefit of the breeze. There was shrewdness in his small clear blue eyes and long, sharp nose; but the quizzical, kindly expression about the mouth was sufficient to reassure the stranger who might at first be afraid to find him close at a bargain. He soon became a great favorite among the boys, and cries of "Take me," "I'm the chap for you," sounded out from the lines as he pursued his methodical examination.

Before Buster the little farmer at length made a decided stand. "Would I suit you? Do you think you could close hands with me?" he said confidentially.

Buster reached his big hand over the heads of the little boys below him, and gave the inquirer a hearty grasp as he replied, "First-rate."

"All settled," said the farmer, going back to the crowd and listening as faithfully to the concluding remarks of the speaker as if he intended to report them for the county newspaper. A report of the speech he knew he would have to give to one person at least, and that a party whom he was far more anxious to please than the uncertain public, who might applaud to-day and deery to-morrow.

"My Mrs. Jillard," as he was wont to call his wife, would demand a circumstantial account of that day's proceedings, he was sure, and he meant to be prepared upon at least one department in which he would be examined.

No objection being made to Mr. Jillard's selection by the gentleman in charge of the boys, the worthy farmer seemed inclined to carry off his prize at once.

"Then we may as well be moving," he exclaimed, taking Buster protectively by the arm. Buster was a full-half head taller than his new acquaintance, and would have been a dangerous enemy for him in a pitched battle; and the big boy could hardly help smiling at the tender, careful way in which he was taken in hand.

Mr. Jillard had proposed the move, and yet he lingered and kept fumbling meditatively in his coat pocket. It was plain that he felt he was making a bargain in which the advantage was too much on his side, and yet he did not know how to mend the matter. At length he broke out, "It seems as if I ought to do something. I don't like to pay money. That looks ugly, as if I bought the boy. But see here; may n't I give you something to go to clothing and feeding some poor little chap that's just picked out of the gutter, and is n't fit to be let loose on honest folks? Hicks Jillard would like to have that ten dollar note put to that account. Will that be all right?"

Mr. Jillard's contribution was cheerfully received, and he had the promise of a letter describing the boy for whose benefit it should be used.

"Now for it," said the farmer; and starting off at a round rate, he soon made Buster realize that he would have to be a fast walker if he kept up with him.

At a post where two quiet farm-horses were tied, Mr. Jillard stopped. "Were you ever on a horse, boy? What's your name?"

"Never, but I should n't mind trying," said Buster, his eyes sparkling.

"What's your name?" repeated the question.

"Buster I've always been called; but I was baptized Paul just before I left home," said he boy.

"Baptized! I like that," said Mr. Jillard. "A good beginning. Hold to it, and do n't go backwards. Breaking is dangerous in boys as well as horses. Paul Jillard, that's your name. Can you write?"

"Yes, sir," said Buster promptly.

"Then write Paul Jillard in your books. Do n't cut P. J. now everywhere, as if you owned all the world and wanted to put your mark on it. I do n't hold to that. Knives have their uses; but this cutting of letters round is putting good tools to a bad job. Yes, Paul Jillard is your name, but I shall call you Buster, because you are used to it; my Mrs. Jillard may do as she pleases. Now get up on to that horse as quick as you can. She'll be expecting us."

Buster made several vain attempts to mount from the ground, while Mr. Jillard looked on laughing till his eyes were full of tears. "There, now, why can't you do as I do?" said the farmer, hopping lightly to the back of the other tall horse.

Buster watched the operation closely, and managed to follow at once with a tolerable imitation.

"Here, so," said Mr. Jillard, telling Buster how to hold the reins. "Sit steady. Do n't be afraid."

With no further preface or preparation, Mr. Jillard started off his horse at a round trot, and its "match" briskly kept it company. Buster had his own qualms as he felt himself fairly borne along without the exercise of his own will; but he was determined to acquit himself bravely, and did not once call out for quarter during the five minutes in which the unmerciful trotting was kept up.

"Now we'll take it slower," said Mr. Jillard, slackening his own pace. "You'll feel easier for finding you can ride fast without falling off. We've ten miles before us, so we must n't tire out too much at the start."

By the time the ten miles were over, Buster felt as if he and Mr. Jillard were old acquaintances. All dread of meeting the farmer's wife had been overcome by various remarks concerning her which the proud husband had let fall during the ride. In his heart Buster already thanked God that the lines had fallen unto him in pleasant places.

CHAPTER VIII. MRS. JILLARD.

MR. JILLARD'S farm had no fanciful name. It had never been called Woodland, after the primeval forest that towered just beyond the wheat-fields, nor Clear-springs, for the bright water that welled up on every hill-side and danced its way to the valleys below. Mr. Jillard was content to talk about "our house," without having the great red wooden building photographed to put at the head of his letters or to frame and hang in his clean parlor.

It was just sunset when Buster's first ride on horseback was over, and his "gallant steed" walked quietly into a barn-yard and held up his head at his accustomed post. Buster would have found dismounting a stiff and awkward business, if Mr. Jillard had not come to him, saying, "I'll help you to-day; next time you must get down as spry as I do."

Just as Buster stood fairly on the ground, his attention was fixed by a figure which came round the corner of the barn. Mrs. Jillard had been milking, and in each hand she held a full bucket, which showed her abundant success. Thus doubly balanced, she could move but slowly, a gait which well suited her tall, comely figure. Her round face was pink with the flush of health and the kindly dimples were dotting her cheeks as she exclaimed,

"Home again, Hicks. You are a punctual fellow. And this is the boy. You are right welcome, my lad. Here, take the buckets, Hicks, and let me shake him by the hand."

Buster stood aghast at that kind honest face

beamed full upon him. He too well remembered it. The scene at the street corner rushed back upon his memory. The cry, "Butter and eggs," the race, the arrest, all, all were present to him.

"Bashful, I suppose. Poor boy," said Mrs. Jillard to her husband, as Buster hung down his head and did not offer to take the outstretched hand.

"There's no accounting for boys," said the farmer in a low voice. "Why, we've been just like chums all along the way. I never saw anybody either that did n't take to you before. I believe he's tired all to pieces, and just feels it getting off the horse. Supper'll make him all right."

Neither supper nor Mrs. Jillard's kind efforts to draw him into conversation could bring all right with poor Buster. He was glad when he was sent off to his sleeping quarters, to get rid of his supposed fatigue and consequent shyness.

"This is to be your room, Buster," said Mrs. Jillard, as she opened the door into a small chamber, the very picture of neatness and comfort. "Stay in it as much as you please, when you are not at work; but leave your boots at the door; that will keep the floor clean, you see. Good night, my boy. Do n't forget your prayers. May God bless you in your new home."

Poor Buster! every added word of kindness was as a dagger sending another pang to his bleeding heart.

Mrs. Jillard set the candle down on the small bureau, and withdrew. Buster turned the button which was the only fastening to the door, and then he bowed his head upon his hands, in utter misery. Here, where he had hoped to begin a new, and an honored life, his sin had found him out. In the home where he had been so warmly received, he must ever be reminded of his guilty career. It could be no pure and perfect home to him. In the bitterness of his spirit, he longed for those heavenly mansions where sin and sorrow are known no more, and where nothing can be laid to the charge of God's elect, who are for ever clothed in the white robes of the righteousness of Christ. Faint-hearted, he sank down in despair. He could not, through long years, bear the burden of his sin and shame, and the deep cry of his soul was, "Oh that I had wings, like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."

Slowly, very slowly, comfort came to Buster. In grateful humility, he was at length enabled to see that it was little, comparatively, that he should here be even branded as having once belonged to a gang of young villains, while his eternal punishment had been laid upon One who had for his sake been willing to be nailed to the cruel cross. Relying on that Saviour, he would go forward on his appointed trials.

But would Mrs. Jillard tolerate him under her roof? It was plain she had not yet recognized him. Was he so altered that she might never remember to have seen him before? Would it be just and right to be daily receiving her kindness with such a secret in his heart? It had been specially agreed that no questions should be asked of the boys as to their past lives: why should Mrs. Jillard be an exception?

It was in vain that Buster so reasoned with himself. There was a something within him which prompted him to tell the whole truth, and abide the consequences. The party which he had accompanied to the West were to remain for some days at the neighboring town, and there would still be an opportunity for Mr. Jillard to make another selection, and for Buster to obtain another situation. Such a home it was likely would be again open to him. Perhaps Mrs. Jillard would not cast him out. He could but try the effect of a plain statement of the truth, and this he determined to do, as soon as the morrow should dawn.

What a privilege it seemed to Buster, that night, to speak to his merciful Saviour, who knew both his sins and his repentance; who, pure himself, could yet love his wandering children with an everlasting love.

Poor Buster saw, ere he slept, that much of human ambition had mingled with his desire to lead a new, unullied life. He had hoped to make a great and honorable name in the West; now he should be thankful if as a forgiven penitent, he might have the loving shelter of a retired, kindly, Christian home.

An incident for Church sleepers.

A pastor addresses one of his flock who had slept during sermon, a pointed letter in a late issue of the *N. Y. Observer*, and parts of it are so applicable to other latitudes that we give our readers an extract:

Last Sabbath I preached a very solemn sermon. It was on an affecting topic. And there were some recent circumstances specially tending, I thought, to impress its lessons upon the hearts of the young people.

You slept! I will tell you one of the results. You made yourself a laughing stock to many. You especially arrested the attention of five young people in the neighboring pews. One young gentleman had been listening to the sermon with some attention. He happened to cast his eye towards you. A horse would have laughed to have seen you. Your head was thrust out like that of a child when it is reaching its mouth for a spoonful of bread and milk; the under lip contracted as if to catch it; and a little stream of saliva running over one corner. Then you stretched out, and out, like a young robin after a worm. Suddenly your head dropped down to your breast, as if some vexed angel had hit you with a stick on the pate, and your mouth shut with a snap. You slowly, and by little jerks, lifted it again, as if an invisible malicious angler were

plying you from above, like a fish, with a hook in the nose; which "organ" also you wrinkled and twitched from time to time, as if in pain. You slept! Like a fool!

Well, those five young people in the neighboring pews saw you. First, a young gentleman who had been listening thoughtfully to the sermon, which I prayed might penetrate his heart especially, happened to glance his eye towards you. A light flashed through it. The devil had him. What a figure! There is no mistake, it was comical! He gave two or three convulsive abdominal jerks, glanced slyly to see if his mother was noticing, and purred with his thumb his companion. He also looked, gave almost a shout, pulled out his handkerchief, and coughed by way of cover, then leaned down against the pew before him, and laughed till his sides shook! Three young ladies (one of whom was in tears not long before, and over whose head perhaps silver wings were waiting to fly swiftly with the news that another sinner had repented, and wake a new peal of joy before the throne of the Lamb,) observed that there was something wrong. They turned their bonnets to see. Their bright eyes fell on your bobbing head and drivelling mouth. The effect of that sermon I fear was ruined! Five souls were hardened.

O, brother, the devil surely chuckled over the fruits of that nap of yours. But the hearts of angels bled. And if the voice of Jesus had suddenly come out of the stillness of His house, He would have said, "I am Jesus, whom thou woundest."

A neat calculation.

Some mathematical genius has been summing up the present expenses of the United States, making out the following rather startling result:

\$1,000,000,000 a year.
83,333,333 a month.
20,833,333 a week.
3,000,000 a day.
155,000 an hour.
2,083 a minute.
35 a second.

Thirty-five dollars every tick of the clock.

It is the cheapest way to live, to be good. Body and soul are in the best condition in obedience to the commands of God. Only be able to say "No" when evil is presented, and "Yes, yes," when good is before you, and then you will always be on the sunny side of life.

Though few there be that care to be virtuous, yet fewer there are that would not desire to be counted so.

The way to be safe in times of trouble, is to get the blood of the Lamb sprinkled upon our doors.

Agriculture, etc.

A NEW KIND OF FLOUR.—Grain and flour having become scarce, the South has devised a new source of supply, which is thus described by the *Savannah Republican*:

"We have a sample of sorghum flour, made of the seed of Chinese cane, which may be seen at our office. The planter who sends it to us had no means of bolting this flour, nor had he taken off the hull of the seed before grinding, the consequence is, that the flour has a pinkish color.

"Those who have made a trial of this excellent flour, represent it to be an admirable substitute for buckwheat. Made into hoe cake it is a very savory bread. It is likely to come into very general use, if prepared like wheat flour, by bolting. An acre of sorghum yields from thirty to fifty bushels, and the production of this grain, the present year, in Georgia, must amount to five millions of bushels. We have this great supply of food to fall back upon, in the event of a deficiency of the common cereals, wheat and maize.

"As a substitute for coffee no parched grain or vegetable ordinarily used as substitutes is at all equal to sorghum seed. And what is still more valuable to know, in the present scarcity of sugar a small quantity of the syrup boiled with ground seeds makes the coffee substitute very pleasant and palatable."

PLANTING NEW ORCHARDS.—The *Genesee Farmer* says:—"The ground should be well prepared beforehand for new orchards, whether the trees are set out autumn or spring, unless the soil is already quite rich enough its fertility should be increased by manure previously applied, or to previous crops; or it may be enriched after the trees are set out, by autumn top-dressing for working under in the spring. The land should be also well drained and subsoiled, or deeply plowed."

HARVESTING BUCKWHEAT.—Some judgment is needed in selecting the best time, as the grains ripen successively. When cut, which should be while the dew is on, to prevent shelling, it should be placed in stacks, where it will cure better than to lie in the swath, and not being in danger of becoming soiled. The stacks should be rather large, so as to stand well. A small band should be placed around the top. Thus secured, the straw dries safely and readily.—*Genesee Farmer*.

There lives in Canada an old Dutch woman who received at her marriage from her husband a paper of pins. All of those with the exception of one or two she has preserved for thirty years, using them constantly all the while.