

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, August 26th, 1866.

JOHN xix. 17-30: The Crucifixion. 1 KINGS xix. 1-8: Elijah comforted by an angel.
 Revelations—GALATIANS iii. 13, 14.

Sunday, September 2nd, 1866.

JOHN xix. 31-42: Burial of Christ. 1 KINGS xix. 9-21: Elijah sent to anoint Elisha.

The quarrelsome Brothers.

DAVIE.

"Father, settle Sandy!
 He's making mou's at me,
 He's aye plague, plaining,
 And winna let me be;
 And syne he looks so simple-like
 Whene'er he thinks he's seen,
 But just as soon's you're out o' sight
 He's making mou's again.

"Father, settle Sandy!
 He's crying names to me,
 He's aye tig, tiggung,
 And winna let me be;
 But oh! sae sly, he hands his tongue
 Whene'er he kens ye're near,
 And says't again below his breath,
 That name but me can her."

SANDY.

"Father, settle Davie!
 It's him that winna' gree,
 He's aye jeer, jeering,
 And lays the blame on me;
 I daurna speak, I daurna look,
 I daurna move a limb,
 For if I gie a wee bit laugh,
 He says I laugh at him."

FATHER.

"Oh! learn to be loving, and kindly agree,
 At home all so happy as brothers should be,
 Ere distance may part you, or death may divide,
 And leave you to sigh o'er a lonely fireside.

"The sweet look of kindness, the peace-speak-
 ing tongue,
 So pleasant and lovely in old or in young,
 Will with the affections of all that you see,
 And make you still dearer to mother and me.

"And oh! if divided by distance or death,
 How sore would it grieve you till life's latest
 breath,
 That anger or discord should ever have been,
 Or aught but affection two brothers between."
 Alexander Smart.

The infidel and his boy.

There was a gentleman in New York who was an infidel. He never went to church. He had no Bible in the house. He did not believe that Jesus was a divine being, or that he died to save sinners. Yet when this gentleman was a child he had a pious mother. She made him read the Bible. She filled the store-room of his memory with its precious promises. We shall see presently of what use these were to him. This gentleman was married. His wife was not a Christian. They had one child, a bright, intelligent little boy. The nurse of this child was a pious woman. She used often to talk to him about Jesus. She had taught him the beautiful hymn—

"There is a happy land,
 Far, far away," &c.

His parents, though they were not Christians, taught him to say his prayers at night, and often he would ask them questions about God and the "happy land" which they had found it very hard to answer.

One evening, the little fellow was lying on the bed partly undressed; his father and mother were seated by the fire. Tommy, as he was called, had not been a good boy that day. His mother had been telling his father what he had done, and how she had to punish him for it. All was quiet for awhile, when suddenly the child broke out in a loud sobbing and crying which surprised his parents. His father went to him and asked what was the matter.

"I don't want it, father—I don't want it there," he said.

"What is it, my child? what is it?" he asked.

"Why, father, I don't want the angels to write down to-day. I don't want it there. I wish it would be wiped out." Then he cried again bitterly, and his father was almost ready to cry with him. What could he do? I said his father was an infidel. But now he put aside his infidelity. He remembered the truths of the Bible which his mother had taught him when he was a child. He turned to them now, and tried to comfort his distressed child with them.

"Don't cry, my dear child," he said, "you can have it all wiped out in a minute if you want."

"How, father, how?" asked Tommy, eagerly.

"Why, get down on your knees, and ask God for Christ's sake to wipe it out, and he will do it."

He did not have to speak twice. In an instant Tommy jumped out of bed, and knelt down by the bedside. He put up his little hands, and was just about beginning, when he looked up and said, "O, father, won't you come and help me?"

This was a hard thing to ask. His father had never really prayed in his life. But he

saw the great distress of his child, and how could he refuse? So the proud infidel man got down on his knees by the side of his dear boy, and asked God to wipe away his sins. Then they got up, and Tommy went into bed again. In a few moments he got up and said, "Father are you sure it's all wiped out?"

What a question was this to ask an infidel! But he felt that he must give up his infidelity, as he answered, "Why, yes, the Bible says, if you ask God from your heart for Christ's sake to do it, and if you are really sorry for what you have done, it shall be all blotted out."

A sweet smile passed over the face of the child as he laid his little head upon the pillow. But presently he sat up again in bed, and said, "Father, what did the angel wipe it out with?—with a sponge?"

This was another question that almost staggered his father. He had been in the habit of saying that it was not necessary for Christ to shed his blood that men might be pardoned. But now he felt in a moment that it was necessary. He could not answer his child's question, unless this was true. So he said,

"No, my child, not with a sponge, but with the blood of Christ. The Bible says, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'"

Then Tommy was satisfied, and soon fell asleep. From that hour his father gave up his infidelity, and became a Christian. Here you see how useful to him were those gathered fragments of Bible knowledge which he had stowed away in his memory.

Now, my dear young friends, remember about these two kinds of fragments you are to gather. Begin at once to gather up the fragments of time, and the fragments of knowledge. Form the habit now while you are young, and it will be of more value to you than you can tell.—*Episcopalian.*

The dog "Bent."

All the boys and little girls love to hear about good, faithful doggies; so when I hear of one. I like to tell you of it. You would search far to find a better one than Bent, who was owned by a good physician. He accompanied his master in all his visits, and when he alighted, would spring into the carriage, and keep watch until he came out again.

"Bent, I wish to leave those clothes out on the line to-night," his mistress would sometimes say. Bent would nod his "Aye, aye, ma'am," as significantly as any old salt; and the lady had the matter entirely off her mind. It would be a sorry night for any clothes-line thief, if he should venture to try his luck at stealing in that door yard. What a pity that all of us country-folks could not own such a private policeman!

Bent's master went to Europe and a sad time the poor fellow had hunting for his lost master, up hill and down—stopping at every place within a circuit of some sixty miles where he had ever been with him. The dog was absent some three weeks on this tour, and came home very much out of heart.

When his master did come home at last, the dog was half frantic with joy; and after that, he insisted on seeing that his master was really in the house before he would suffer himself to be turned out for the night. He would often go to his bedroom, and insist on seeing that he was there and no mistake about it. He would stand on his hind-feet, and look at his face on the pillow; then, with a satisfied air of "all right," go peaceably to his station as outside watchman.

Young Ladies.

One of the three great social evils of this age is admitted to be the reluctance of our young men to early marriages. They won't marry now, we are told, as they used to, on £300 a year. Depend upon it, in many cases it is not the odd hundred or two that is wanting—it's the attraction. We have lost that joyous and familiar intercourse between neighbors' families, where young people's individualities had space and opportunity to develop themselves, and heart met heart. Our modish Cupid has overstrung his bow—his arrows don't hit home. Young ladies hide away the key of their hearts so carefully that nobody thinks it worth looking for. Who is to choose the "one" out of a bevy of proper behaved damsels like a row of holly-hocks, differing only in height and shape and color? They all look alike, and walk and dress alike; and, for anything that appears to the contrary, think and feel alike. Why, such a choice is an act of deliberate intention, matrimony prepense; very few men have nerve to venture upon it. No wonder they calculate the probable butcher's and baker's bills before they take such a plunge as that. Don't think I talk like a cynical old bird, not to be caught with chaff. I take as the exponent of what my own feelings would be if I were young, and open as I once was to conviction of bright eyes, my nephew, Jack Hawthorne, not long home from the Crimea, six feet one, independent, hairy as a Skye terrier, brave as a lion, gentle as a greyhound, and I should say impressive, decidedly.

"What I missed most," said he, in his open-hearted, unabashed simplicity, "was the sight of a woman's face."

Whereupon I spoke—

"I wonder, Jack, you don't marry; it would make you a happier man than living half your days in the smoking room of a club. Why not pick up a nice girl, and set up the family man at the old manor?"

"Well, so I would," said Jack interjectively between the puffs of his cigar; "but there are no girls now—they're all young ladies! Catch me marrying a young lady!"—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Scientific.

HEMP AND WIRE ROPE.—An English establishment has undertaken the manufacture of a new and valuable kind of rope. The tests of its superiority have been made by means of an improved hydraulic machine, and from the very satisfactory manner in which it bore the tests applied to it, appears likely to come into general use. The principle consists in making a rope of hemp and wire combined, which is found to give even a greater degree of strength than wire rope, with the pliability of that made of hemp. It is manufactured by placing a single wire inside every rope yarn, securely coating each wire with hemp, and separating each hard substance, making a sort of cushion for each wire to bed upon, so that when any heavy strain is applied the wires do not cut each other as in all wire rope. Its superiority over hemp rope for mining purposes is its taking the same breaking strain at less than half the weight of hemp rope—and, compared with chain, at less than one quarter the weight of ordinary chain. This description of rope has now for some time been in use in the English docks, and in hauling vessels in and out of the docks, and the manner in which it has borne this severe practical test has fully proved its efficiency.

SCIENCE AGAINST HEATHENISM.—The fossilized forms of heathen superstition and idolatry are receiving ruthless blows from the improvements of modern science introduced by christian civilization. In India, the railroads are fast destroying the restrictions of caste, which forbid men of different grades to associate. Travellers on the cars eat and drink, when they need refreshment, wherever they can obtain it. Instead of consulting astrologers when to start on a journey, they now go by railroad time. Pilgrims to the holy shrines, instead of measuring their lengths over the road, or painfully walking the distance, take the quickest route by rail. Instead of regarding it as pollution to touch a dead body, medical studies are eagerly pursued, and dissection is practised without scruple by men of the highest caste. Steam and the electric telegraph are doing much to demolish the decaying structure of Hinduism.

OILING LEATHER.—The *Scientific American* says that oils should not be applied to dry leather, as they would invariably injure it. If you wish to oil a harness, wet it over night, cover it with a blanket, and in the morning it will be dry and supple; then apply neat's foot oil in small quantities, and with so much elbow grease as will insure its disseminating itself throughout the leather. A soft, pliant harness is easy to handle, and lasts longer than a neglected one. Never use vegetable oils on leather; and among animal oils, neat's foot is the best.

A COMPOSITOR'S COMPLAINT.—The writing of her most gracious Majesty is as plain as print. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Tennyson form their strokes with something of legal clearness in them, and a host of thinkers do not hold it as Hamlet says, "a baseness to write fair." If editors would make it a rule not to read what is unreadable by the average intellect of a printing office, some little reformation might perhaps be effected. If instead of saying the names and addresses of contributors must be attached to their communications, it was on the contrary said, all illegible manuscripts immediately transferred to the waste basket, it might tend to make writers a little more just, considerate, and thoughtful. Some terrible mistake will be made one of these days; some word wrongly printed will endanger an estate, or a thousand a year, or a bishop's reputation will be assailed, or an artist's name or picture be wrongly represented, or an architect's plan called bumptious instead of sumptuous. When such a catastrophe occurs the world will hiss, *Punch* will laugh, the paper will be mulcted in heavy damages, the compositor will lose his place, but the sinner above all the rest, and whose carelessness brought about the whole mischief, will go off gaily to dine at his club, and smilingly talk over the transaction as if it were a good joke and as if he had had nothing to do with it.—*Building News.*

Agriculture, &c.

BEEES.—Mr. John Forbes, of North Sydney, gives his experience in bee-keeping, in the *Cape Breton News*. It may supply a suggestion or two to others, we therefore copy a portion:

About three weeks ago I and two of my neighbors (Mr. John B. Moore and Mr. Alexander Gillis) each purchased a Hive from Thomas C. Hill, Esq., of your Town, and since that time about a dozen more Hives have found their way to this side of the water.

On Wednesday, 25th July, I removed my first box containing twenty-three pounds of Honey, and to-day, just seven days after, another box of the same size is half full; Messrs. Moore and Gillis' swarms were not so good as mine, and their boxes are not yet near full, but are being filled up fast.

I recommended the buying of Hives to some of my neighbors, but they seem to think they require too much time and attention. Now this is a very erroneous idea; they should be allowed every quietude, unless there be reason to suspect that something is wrong with them.

Now that I have begun to have an interest in Bees, I find that there are hundreds of Honey-

producing flowers in the Country where I did not take notice of one before. Every one they who can spare Ten or Twelve Dollars to buy a Hive, and has a few square feet to place it on, ought to have one. The Bees are the most active servants a man can have, and in these hard times they have one advantage above all other servants, they require no wages.

Surely if the man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a public benefactor, Mr. Hill then deserves great praise for the great pains and trouble he has taken in introducing such a source of emolument in this quarter of the country.
North Sydney, 2nd August, 1866.

COMPOST HEAP.—Farm yard dung may be preserved from loss by the action of the sun and air, and made to go a great deal farther, by composting it; that is, by mixing it with a variety of substances that will absorb liquid manure and combine with that which is solid. Or, if it is preferred to keep the stable manure by itself, an additional source of supply may be provided by the compost-heap, into which every description of vegetable refuse should be gathered.

Most Canadian (and Nova Scotian) farms have some low place upon them where black swamp muck is to be found. Many farms have acres of swamp upon them where this material can be had. These parts of a farm are generally looked upon as worthless, or nearly so, but they are in reality storehouses of wealth. There is nothing better for mixing with stable manure, or any matter capable of decomposing, than this black muck. Indeed, so great is the value of this material that a farm is hardly complete without a bit of swamp or a muck hole from whence it can be gathered. Mud from the bottom of lakes, ponds, or pools, is useful for the same purpose, and the longer it has been lying the richer it is in fertilizing matter. Many animal and vegetable substances will have collected and been decomposed in it. The scourgings and washings of bill sides and roads, which find their way into bodies of still water, form rich deposits which it will pay to cart out, if the water can be let off so as to scrape the bottom.

A compost heap is a sort of omnium-gatherum into which all manner of substances capable of rotting are collected, and from time to time intimately mixed until they form one fertilizing mass. Vegetable refuse, weeds, leaves, turnip-tops, road-scrappings, old mortar, turf, sods, kitchen waste, and the like, all find their appropriate place in the compost-heap, and should be systematically conveyed there. Weeds when cut up with the hoe, or mowed by the scythe, are usually left to decay on the ground. This is very wasteful. They should be composted. Couch grass and thistles, two very bad weeds, are rich in fertilizing matter, which ought not to be lost. In making a compost heap, the earthly and vegetable material of which it is composed should be in about equal proportions by bulk. If swamp muck or the like is not to be readily had, good loam will answer the purpose. Loam is capable of absorbing a large amount of rich fertilizing substance. The vegetable and earthly material having been mixed, the heap should be well watered with liquid manure. The urine from the horse and cow stables may be saved for this purpose. Chamber-lye should also be turned to the same useful account. After being well mixed, it is well to make the compost into long heaps about 3 feet high and 4 feet wide. They should be moistened from time to time with liquid manure of some kind. Of course to preserve the heap as rich as possible, it is best to keep it under a roof, but if this is not done, the outside of it must be protected with loam three or four inches in thickness.

SMUT IN WHEAT.—The prevailing opinion among European writers is, that smut in Wheat is caused by an insect—an eel-like worm—which is said to be in the seed-wheat when sown, and by the moisture communicated to the seed in the earth, the insect is enabled to burst the walls of its prison, and, escaping, rises to the surface and secures a lodgment between the leaves of the growing plant, near the centre—as the grain where it begins to develop. It then works its way to the head of the growing wheat and makes its entrance into the embryo grain, which destroys the natural development of the wheat and causes the diseased transformation which we call smut.

The insect is denominated the *Anguillula Fræica*. In the *Journal de Agriculture Pratique*, M. Montague, who draws his information from a French naturalist, who has given the subject much attention, gives the following as the means most efficient to prevent its increase. It matters less whether the insect is the cause or the effect of the disease provided the remedy is effectual.

The author, as a substitute for lime as usually applied, which he says has no good effect upon the living insect, recommends acidulated water, composed of one part sulphuric acid to a hundred and fifty parts of water, in which the wheat is to be steeped twenty-four hours, this he asserts will effectually destroy all the *anguillules* contained in the grain. This process of preservation is neither expensive nor difficult to carry out, and that the germinating properties of the grain are in no way injured by it.

It is also recommended that the greenings from diseased grain be taken care of, so as not to find their way back to the fields in the manure or otherwise. It should either be burned, or, if cast to the fowls or other farm stock, it should first be submitted to a temperature sufficient to destroy the life of the insects.

We throw out these hints for what they are worth, hoping that they may lead to such observations as may furnish additional light upon the subject.—*Colman's Rural World.*