

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 30th, 1866.

JOHN XXI. 1-14: The miraculous draught of fishes. 1 KINGS XX. 31-43: Benhadads covenant. Psalms viii. 32.

Sunday, October 7th, 1866.

JOHN XXI. 15-26: Christ's charge to Peter. 1 KINGS XXI. 1-16: Naboth is stoned. Psalms xxx. 8, 9.

The little Stranger.

Though a man of very strict principles, no man ever enjoyed a joke more than Dr. Byron; he had a vast fund of humor, and very ready wit, and with children, particularly, he loved to chat familiarly, and draw them out. As he was one day passing into the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a market man. "No, sir, my father is," was the prompt answer.

The doctor said, bring me in some squashes, and passed into the house, sending out the change. In a few moments the child returned, bringing back part of the change. The doctor told him he was welcome to it; the child would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such strange manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the boy attentively; he was evidently poor, his jacket was pieced and patched with every kind of cloth, and his trousers darned with so many colors that it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean within. The boy very quietly endured the scrutiny of the doctor, while holding him at arm's length, and examining his face. At last he said:

"You seem a nice little boy; won't you come and live with me and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoke like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy with a bundle down stairs waiting to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else. "Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes—but no squash himself, as we shall see; he was dressed in a new, though coarse suit of clothes, and his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle, tied in a homespun checked handkerchief, on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor, saying:

"I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you and be a doctor," said the child, with the utmost naivete.

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him, as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and he vowed he never felt so perplexed in his life. At the time he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to your coming?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him that you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said you were a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?"

"She said Dr. Byron would do just what he said he would, and God had provided for me. And," said he, "I have on a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing the handkerchief and displaying them, with two shirts, white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded it was plain none but a mother would have done it. The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened to see the fearless, undoubting trust with which the poor couple had bestowed their child upon him, and such a child. His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the wilderness, abandoned to Providence; and above all, he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt, and that the divine Saviour had said, "Blessed be little children," and he called for the wife of his bosom, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all young children."

"To be sure we do," said his wondering wife, "and what then?"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whoever receiveth one such little child in my name, receiveth me,' take this child in his name and take care of him," and from that hour this good couple received him to their hearts and home. It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this little creature, thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age, a protector and more than son to themselves; all this was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully received the child, they believed Providence had committed to their care; and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.—Family Circle.

Immoderate pleasures shorten the existence more than any remedies can prolong it.

He that loses his conscience has nothing that is left worth keeping.

The following incident, in the fatal collision of the Niagara with the Posby on the Mississippi, was related to me by an eye-witness:

The two steamers struck, and the Niagara immediately careened, and began to sink. The wildest consternation was at once universal. Ladies rushed to and fro with piercing screams, but no means seemed at hand, and each sought his individual rescue.

At this fearful moment a negro boy—one of the crew—was seen quietly lashing a long and stout rope around his body, at the other end tying a stick of wood in his centre.

Instantly, with this apparatus, he threw himself into the river. Turning upon his back, the stick drifted to the rope's end; and, calling upon two ladies who stood on the edge of the boat—one with a child in her arms—he urged them to spring and catch either end of the stick. Horror-stricken, they hesitated. The negro lay calmly on the waves, and in tones of confidence told them it was their only hope, insisting that he would carry them safely to the shore. For another instant, they hesitated; but, gathering courage from his self-possession, and realizing that it was their last moment, they took the leap, and both succeeded in grasping the stick. Turning quickly to prevent their seizing him, the heroic fellow struck out, with strong muscles, for the land. The rapid current was well nigh resistless; but he waded manfully with his burden. The energy of despair kept them to their hold, and at length their feet touched bottom. Both ladies, with the clinging little one, were saved. Many witnessed this feat. It not only exhibited a cool, unparalleled bravery, but was wholly disinterested, as both ladies were strangers. It should be added that the boy left his own trunk, with his best clothing, and three hundred dollars in money, to sink with the wreck.—Rev. J. W. Alford.

Sparring.

The way not to be healthy or happy is to keep up an incessant snarling. If you want to grow lean, cadaverous, and unlovely, excite yourself continually about matters you know nothing about. Accuse other people of wrong-doing incessantly, and you find but little time to see any wrong in yourself. We wish here and now to inform all men of irritable dispositions that they will live longer if they keep cool. If such men want to die, we have nothing to say; snarling will kill about as quick as anything we know. We have had good health for the whole period of manhood, and attribute the most of it to the way we take things.

Stupid folks cut a very sorry figure when they get angry and fly to literature by way of revenge. They get laughed at, and that increases their bilious derangement. Digestion is much better when one has sense. We like witless people if they will only keep in good humor, but an angry blockhead, who can not express himself in any intelligible way, is a pitiful sight. We like fat people simply because they take things easy.

Melancholy men, whose noses are always askew, as though they had suddenly fallen upon an uneasy obstacle in their path, are to be shunned. Men whose eyes never see any thing beyond the extremities of their nasal organs are the poorest kind of guides. The best way for people who do not know things is to say as little as possible about the unknown.

Pig headed fellows, who always mistake their own thoughts as well as yours, seldom get very happy, except when they are very much flattered. People who tell funny stories but invariably forget the point of the joke, are much better associates than those who see things awry and snarl at every one who passes. You can talk with comfort to folks who can not tell anything; but it is terrible to be obliged to stay with a dyspeptic growler who seems bound to keep everybody as uneasy as possible.

If a thing is mean, say it heartily and at once, but do not go round the world snarling. Men who are just are charitable. The way to heaven is lighted and peaceful.

A soul saved should be cheerful, merciful, glad. Things are not so bad as some folks think. The Church is better than its enemies imagine, and the world is better than cynical Christians. If you will keep your own soul in fellowship with God, you will think better of other people. "Rejoice always."—Central Christian Advocate.

A CLERGYMAN IN A DIFFICULTY.—"Name this Child."—The rector of a parish bordering upon my own was once requested to baptize a male infant by the name of Venus. "Venus!" cried he to the godfather very sharply, for he is of a choleric temper, although as kind a soul as breathes—"stiff and nonsense! In the first place Venus is not a man's name at all, but a woman's; and, secondly, it was the name of an infamously bad woman. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to wish that any Christian child should be so called."—Grandfather was christened Venus; returned the sponsor doggedly.—"Your grandfather was christened Venus, sir! Impossible! Is he alive? Where is he?"—At these words an exceedingly ancient person, looking as little like Venus as can possibly be imagined, tottered slowly from the congregation, for the christening was taking place during the afternoon service.—"Is your name Venus?" inquired the clergyman.—"Well, yes, sir; they always call me Venus."—"And do you mean to say that you were christened by that name?"—"Yes, sir; at least I believe they write it on St. Venus, but they always called me Venus."—Chamber's Journal.

Want of employment is the most irksome of all wants.

Scientific.

WEATHER-PROVERBS.

If red the sun begin his race, Expect that rain will fall apace. The evening red, the morning gray, Are certain signs of a fine day. In the waning of the moon, A cloudy morn, fair afternoon. When clouds appear like rocks and towers, The earth's refreshed by frequent showers. If woolly fleeces spread the heavenly way, No rain be sure disturbs the summer's day. A rainbow in the morning, Is the shepherd's warning. A rainbow at night, Is the shepherd's delight.

THE FORESHADOWING OF RAIN.—Just before rain, flowers smell stronger and sweeter, because the vapours of the air prevent the scented particles of their perfume from ascending, as they would in a drier atmosphere. Instead of rising above the earth, the odour is disseminated by the moisture. Because the plants are stronger in fragrance just before a fall of rain, we see horses stretch out their necks and sniff the air in a peculiar manner. They are thus able to prognosticate the coming storm with unerring signs, while man stands bewildered and lost in doubt.—Turf, Field, and Farm.

IRIDOSCOPE.—A new instrument has been invented, by the aid of which an individual is able to see all that is going on in his own eye. It is simply an opaque shell to cover the eye, pierced in the centre with a very small hole. On looking through steadily at the sky, or at any diffused light, the observer may watch the tears streaming over the globe, and note the dilation and contraction of the iris, and even see the aqueous humour poured in when the eye is fatigued by a long observation. It is needless to say, that with the aid of this instrument a man can easily find out whether he has a cataract or not. If he has, he will only see a sort of veil covering the luminous disc, which is seen by a healthy eye. The instrument is certainly simple and curious, and will no doubt excite attention in those who are anxious to know more of themselves. An "Iridoscope" may be readily extemporized by making a hole with a finger-needle in the bottom of a bill-box.—Medical Reporter.

A LESSON IN THE WOODS.—Some sixty years ago there lived on the borders of civilization a man who had an aged, infirm, and blind father. The old man frequently broke the crockery on which his food was served. His son's wife complained of it, and the son at last determined to take a block of wood and hew out a tray or trough, on which to feed his father. Accordingly he took his axe and went to the forest, followed by his little son. He found a poplar that looked as if it would suit his purpose, and he began to cut out a block of the desired size. Having swung his axe a few moments he became weary, and his son said, "Father, what are you going to make?" The father replied, "I am going to make a trough for your grandfather to eat out of." The little boy loved his grandfather very much, and supposed it all very kind, and said, "I am so glad; won't it be nice? Father, when you get to be old and blind, I will make a trough for you." The father, conscience-stricken and fearing sorrow for himself, took up his axe, returned home, and ever after seemed to treat his aged parent kindly.

Agriculture.

Manures.

The Canadian Farmer in its "Familiar talks on Agricultural principles," gives some valuable suggestions on this subject:—

Nature is bounteous in providing sources of enrichment to the soil. If one description of fertilizer cannot conveniently be had, there are usually others within reach, so that there is no need to let land become impoverished.

Guano is a very rich and valuable manure. It consists of the droppings of sea-fowls, and is found on certain uninhabited islands on the coasts of Peru and Africa, where it has been accumulating in a dry climate, for an unknown length of time. It contains in large proportion, and in a highly concentrated form, nitrogen and the phosphates, those rare and expensive elements of plant-food. It varies in quality, but good guano is a very powerful fertilizer. From two to four hundred weights per acre on most soils will suffice for a crop of turnips and a succeeding grain crop. It is, however, better to apply it as an adjunct to farm-yard manure, in half the quantity just mentioned; because although it is rich in the rarer and more concentrated material of plant food, it does not contain much of the commoner organic substances necessary to make a soil fertile. An artificial guano is made in Newfoundland and Maine, from fish refuse, of which Prof. Dawson speaks in high terms as one of the richest of portable manures.

Wood Ashes, unleached, are a very valuable manure, and may be applied with any crop. They must however be used sparingly, as in addition to their fertilizing properties, they exert a caustic or decomposing influence on organic manures and the root of plants. Fifty bushels per acre for heavy soils, and a less quantity for lighter soils, will suffice. Wood ashes are especially valuable as a manure for what are called the potash plants, viz: potatoes, turnips, Indian corn, and beets. This is in consequence of the great amount of carbonate and other salts of

potash which they contain. Many farmers are in the habit of selling their fallow and house ashes to ashery pedlars, or even of teaming them to the nearest ashery for sale, themselves. This is poor economy. They are worth more for manurial purposes than the soap potash manufacturer can afford to pay for them. Let these establishments be left to obtain their supplies from town and city households. On no account should a farmer ever sell a bushel. At present rates, it would be wise policy to buy a supply of them to spread on the land. Leached ashes, though of less value than unleached, are still of great utility, consisting largely of carbonate and phosphate of lime.

Soot is a precious manure, being made up of carbon, in a state of the finest powder, and also full of volatile salts. In Flanders, it is carefully preserved for beds of colza, which it protects from plant lice. In England, the sweepings of towns and city chimneys, are husbanded and scattered upon meadows with the best effect. The soot from bituminous coal is even better than that from wood.

Hair and hoo's, are excellent manures, and may often be obtained simply for the hauling, from adjacent tanneries. They decay slowly, nevertheless an application of from 20 to 30 bushels per acre, produces marked effects.

Sea-weed is a fertilizer of great value, and easily obtainable by farmers who live on the sea-coast. It is however beyond the reach of most our readers.

Land weeds are useful too, especially those rank roadside weeds, which, left to mature their seed, are a constant source of annoyance to adjacent farms. Their removal would give a neater appearance to the country, as well as increase the manure-heap and prevent the multiplication of weeds.

Dead animals rank among the very best manures. The practice of dragging off a dead horse or cow to the edge of the woods, and leaving it there to decay and fill the air with pestilential odours, cannot be too severely condemned. It is a wilful waste, as well as the creation of an execrable nuisance. The best way to dispose of the carcass of a dead animal is to place it in a hole one or two feet deep, sprinkle plenty of quick-lime upon it, then throw on a layer of earth, next a layer of gypsum, then again a layer of earth mixed with powdered coppers, and over all a good thickness of earth. The gypsum and coppers absorb the ammonia and sulphuretted hydrogen, and prevent all unpleasant effluvia. In a few weeks, the heap may be opened, the bones separated to be used in bone manure, and the remaining mass turned over and mixed, if necessary, with additional earth. Dana, in his "Muck Manual," affirms that the body of a dead horse can convert twenty tons of peat into a more rich and lasting fertilizer than stable manure.

Lime is an important manurial agent, chiefly in consequence of its promoting the decay of vegetable matter, and setting at liberty the potash and other alkalis in the soil. It could be used most freely on heavy soils containing considerable vegetable matter. On high soil, it must be used sparingly. The necessity for applying it may be ascertained by the simple experiment of trying whether clover and such of the green crops as require much lime will thrive on a particular soil. If they will not, lime is needed. Lime tends to mellow clay land, and corrects the acidity of soils, particularly that of bogs and swamps.

Marl is a mixture of lime and clay, which produces all the permanent effects of lime though it acts less quickly. It should be made use of wherever accessible, and applied, layer by layer, to sandy soils, and sandy marl to clayey soil.

Gypsum or Plaster of Paris is useful as a supply of sulphate of lime to crops, affording lime but a proportion of sulphur, often an important and essential element of plant-food. It is valuable also as a means of fixing carbonic acid of ammonia, one of the most volatile products of the decay of animal substances. By converting it into sulphate of ammonia its waste is prevented. Plaster should be applied in the shape of very fine powder, in the spring of the year just when vegetation is beginning, while the dew is on the plants. It must not however, be applied in rainy weather.

Green Manures are standing crops ploughed in at the stage of ripeness, when they contain the greatest quantity of soluble matter. Clover, lucerne, sainfoin, vetches, cabbages, radishes, turnip-tops, Indian corn, and rye, are the best plants for this purpose. During a large proportion of their nourishment from the atmosphere, they add considerably to the fertility of the soils into which they are ploughed.

There are various artificial fertilizers of which there is not now space to speak particularly. In concluding this important subject, we would quote with entire approval, a piece of advice we have met with somewhere, to the effect that a farmer should never run in debt, but if he ever does contract a debt, it should be all made up of MANURE.

VALUABLE AND CONVENIENT.—Brown's Bronchial Troches are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and other troubles of the Throat and Lungs. They are of great value for the purposes for which they are designed, while they are usually and pleasantly efficacious, they contain no hurtful ingredients, but may at all times be used with perfect safety.—Boston Recorder.

TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children, is an old and well-tried remedy. It has stood the test of many many years, and never known to fail. It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, and gives rest and health to the child and comfort to the mother.