# Youth's Department.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, February 11th, 1866.

JOHN viii. 12-38: Christ continues to teach in the Temple. 1 KINGS vii. 27-51: The furniture of the Temple.

*Recite*—ECCLESIASTES v. 1, 2.

Sunday, February 18th, 1866.

JOHN viii. 39-59: The Jews attempt to stone Christ. 1 KINGS viii. 1-21: Dedication of the Temple.

*Recite*—MARK viii. 34-37.

### "Only drop a kind word now and then."

The weather had been unusally mild for two or three days before Christmas, so that the ice of the big pond was rather rotten; but daring Harry thought he could brave it; it would be a pity to spoil the fun now, and so many admiring eyes fixed upon him, too! He made a bold dash—his little figure, upright and graceful, was balanced upon the ice. Then there was a crash! The dangerous cake gave way and with a loud cry, Harry fell amid the rush of ice and water. The group at the window seemed for a moment paralyzed with horror. Then there was a scattering for the pond, and screaming and crying from one and all. "He's under the water!—father! father! Harry's going under the ice!" Every particle of color had gone from Farmer May's face; he trembled in every limb, and threw up his hands wildly. His strength seemed to have ebbed away in the tide of grief. "Oh help me!" he cried. "My boy—my boy! and I can't swim!" "But I can!" shouted a voice, brave and clear as an angel's, almost; "I can swim, and I'll save him!" and dashing past weeping Mother May, Joseph Craig plunged headlong into the freezing water, swimming for dear life. How they watched him, breathless and excited, their hearts hanging by a thread as it were. How they shuddered when they saw him grasp once, twice, at a dark object under the water, and then rise, his face gashed bleeding from contact with the ugly ice corners. He was some way out now, and made a third dive; then there was a faint hurrah, and breasting the ice, he just managed to swim to the bank, with one arm holding up poor Harry.

"My child! my boy—thank God!" cried the happy parent folding him in his arms. They bore him to the roaring fire in the sitting-room, and rubbed him until he opened his eyes and smiled. Very soon he was able to sit up and laugh and talk naturally. And where was Joseph all this time? Sitting on the kitchen floor, squeezing his wet clothes and rubbing the great painful gashes in his arms and face from which the blood was still flowing.

"Joseph!" He listened; it was Farmer May's voice, unusually soft and tender. The poor apprentice lad shook like a leaf; before he was aware a strong arm came round behind him, lifting him from the floor. He found himself safe as if by magic, sitting beside Harry, and Harry's bright head resting on his bosom, with great tears rolling down the grateful boy's cheeks.

"If there's anything you wish for now, Joseph," said the farmer, huskily, "anything you'd like to have, just name it, my boy. You have saved us many a year of sorrow, and given us cause to remember this Christmas before all others. Come, speak out, my boy."

How could he speak, when he left so happy. Twice he tried to gulp down the sobs rising in his throat—sobs of joy they were. "Only be kind to me, sir," he gasped out at length; "only drop a kind word now and then, for I havn't any mother like the rest."

How was it with Farmer May? He felt at once what great lack there had been in his otherwise kindly heart. It quite broke him down, that appeal to his better nature; so he leaned on Mother May's shoulders, and sobbed aloud. Joseph sat as if in a dream; his beautiful Christmas had come at last—no more hunger and thirsting of spirit now. How the joyous red sparks of fire-light ran up the white walls, the whole room shining! Harry squeezing him tightly with one arm, and Tiny, her cheeks flushed with crying, thrusting her pretty doll into his lap, whispering, "There, there! keep it, Joseph. I don't want it, indeed and double indeed, I don't," and running away in the corner, her face turned to the wall, lest by a look back she might repent the immense sacrifice.

Well—well, tears cannot always last, and very soon the May family were bright and smiling again, Joseph the happiest of all. And when the Christmas dinner was set on, and all the friends were gathered about it, they made a place for Joe among the children; and Mother May could not heap his plate enough with the good things; and the poor lad felt as if he were more ready to cry than to laugh, at all the kindly words which every one had for him. Oh, what a blessing there is in a few kind words!

WHAT YOU CAN NEVER CATCH?—Boys and girls, What is it that you can never catch, though you chase after it as on the wings of the wind?

You can never catch the word that has once gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best, you can never recall it.

Therefore, take care what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying word, a profane word.

Why would Bishop Colenso be sacrificing his birthright by yielding to the bishop of Cape Town? Because he would be surrendering his Natal rights.

### The Early Home of Jesus.

Four miles south of the strong Greek city of Sephoris, hidden away among gentle hills, then covered from the base to the crown with vineyards and fig-trees, lay a natural nest or basin of rich red and white earth, star like in shape, about a mile in width, and wondrously fertile. Along the scarred and chalky slope of the highest of these hills spread a small and lovely village, which, in a land where every stone seemed to have a story, is remarkable as having had no public history and no distinguishable native name. No great road led up to this sunny nook. No traffic came into it, no legions marched through it. Trade, war, adventure, pleasure, pomp passed by it, flowing from west to east, from east to west, along the Roman road. But the meadows were aglow with wheat and barley. Near the low ground ran a belt of gardens, fenced with loose stones, in which myriads of green figs, red pomegrantes, and golden citrons ripened in the summer sun. High up the slopes, which were lined and planted like the Rhine at Bingen, hung vintages of purple grapes. In the plain, among the corn and beneath the mulberry trees and figs, shone daisies, poppies, tulips, lilies, and anemones, endless in their profusion, brilliant in their dyes.

Low down on the hill-side sprang a well of water, bubbling, plentiful, and sweet; and above this fountain of life, in a long street straggling from the fountain to the synagogue, rose the homesteads of many shepherds, craftsmen, and vinedressers. It was a lovely and humble place, of which no poet, no ruler, no historian of Israel had ever yet taken note. No Rachel had been met and kissed into love at this well; no Ruth had gathered up the sheaves of barley in yon fields; no tower had been built for observation on this height; no camp had been pitched for battle in that vale. That One who would become dearer to the fancies of men than either Ruth or Rachel then walked through these fields, drew water at this spring, passed up and down the lanes of this hamlet, no seer could have then surmised. The place was more than obscure. The Arab may have pitched his black tent by the well, the magistrate of Sephoris must have known the village name, but the hamlet was never mentioned by the Jewish scribes. In the Bible, in the Talmud, in the writings of Josephus we search in vain for any records of this sacred place. Like its happy neighbors, Nain and Endor, it was the abode of husbandmen and oil pressers, whose lives were spent in the synagogue and the olive grove, away from the bright Greek cities and the busy Roman roads. No doubt it had once been possessed of either an Arab or a Hebrew name, but we do not know that name except in its Hellenic form.

The Greeks called the town Nazaret or Nazareth.—"*The Holy Land*," *by W. Hepworth Dixon.*

### Progress in the Holy Land.

Many, besides the Jews, will rejoice that the Holy Land is to be made more accessible to travellers, and brought into nearer connection with the civilized world. The *Jewish Intelligencer* says:

Jerusalem, which is generally so quiet at this season, has been all astir this week in consequence of an order from the Porte, that all the streets should be leveled and paved, and that all undue projections in the same should be removed. The order has been executed in true Turkish style, and many a tale of loss and oppression can probably be told by the poor storekeepers and some house-owners; but the improvement to the city, and the public benefit will be great; we shall now have comparatively broad and airy streets, where before we could scarcely move. When the work is completed, it will, indeed, prove an advance in civilized effort, and quite an achievement for Turkey. The Jews are much concerned about this gathering up of the stones and making broad the streets of Jerusalem, they say, "Now we are certain that Messiah's coming is very near."

You have, perhaps, heard that there is a telegraph at Jaffa which connects Egypt with Beyrout. It is now decided, I believe, that a branch line is to be made to this city. I also find it is very probable we shall ere long have a carriage road to Jaffa, as two engineers, one English, the other Turkish, report says, are to arrive here in a few days to make preparations for it. A survey for a railway has already been completed, and a plan sixty-five feet long, to lay before the sultan, left here about a month ago. I do not think, however, that the time for a railroad in these parts has yet arrived. Jaffa is now undergoing a similar change to Jerusalem; a number of coffee and other unsightly shops outside the gate on the Jerusalem road, are to be removed and the land sold, with the condition that it shall be built upon; another gate is also to be made. Our pasha went three days ago to see that these important changes and improvements are properly done. A better landing-place from the sea was nearly completed last week, and it is just possible that ere long a lighthouse may be built near it. Soon there is to be a light-house on Mount Carmel, and two or three others, it is said, will soon be placed on the Syrian coast. We have now two lines of English steamers touching monthly at Jaffa, in addition to the usual foreign ones, and the French will henceforth come oftener than formerly; thus Jerusalem and the Holy Land will necessarily be brought more than ever into notice. Surely these, and many like changes which are taking place around us, have much meaning in them. I must believe they have.

We often hear of "fashionable marriages," but never of fashionable deaths.

### The Theatre and its morals.

The Wabash Avenue Methodist Episcopal church was crowded lately, on the occasion of the delivery of Rev. Mr. Hatfield's second animadversion upon the theatre.

In opening his discourse the speaker briefly reviewed his previous sermon on this subject, in which he avowed first, that the theatre had had a notoriously bad reputation for two thousand years; second, that it is not changed; third, that the theatre exercises a bad influence on the neighborhood in which it is located; fourth, that the character of actors is marked and significantly bad; fifth, it is bad otherwise. The speaker appealed to young men, whether they would like to see their sisters associating with actresses and have actors visiting them and proposing to marry them. The theatre, he said, had always flourished best in times of general profligacy and corruption. Never did the theatre flourish as well in Greece and Rome as when those powers were in their decline, and when Paris was in the midst of revolution and was a mass of corruption, there were no less than twenty eight theatres in that city. This showed that the tendency of the theatre was to make men effeminate and bad, and in an intelligent, virtuous, and pious community, it must languish. Next, he asserted that there is not the slightest reason for hope that there can ever be any improvement in the stage or its associations. The bar in the the theatre may be abolished, but there will always be one near enough for the thirsty portion of the audience to go out between the acts for drinks. The greatest care may be used regarding the admission of improper persons, but the painted Jezebels, who are the chief attraction of the stage, are always sure to be there. A committee of the English Parliament, considering this subject, said nothing could be done to improve the theatre except burn it down. The theatre cannot be reformed because it is supported by people who are in quest of impure excitement and are willing to pay for it. Even respectable people, he said like to go into the uncertain territory between virtue and vice, and the theatre, pandering to this taste and kindling the fires of unholy passions, was supported by them. Were its profanity, salacious jests, and impure intonations, no more heard, people would as soon buy tickets for a prayer meeting or a tend a Methodist love-feast. He wished it understood that he was dealing with the theatre, not the opera; but if the facts he stated hit the opera, so much the worse for it. Finally, he made an earnest appeal to young men to stay away from the theatre, in which case every theatre would die in six months. He had no petty spite against those poor wretches who made their living by pandering to the vices of others, but wished to save young men from their snares. He, therefore, warned young men that attendance upon the theatre would involve a loss of time, familiarize with vice, and generally demoralize them.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Of the drama in the United States, even the *Round Table* says:

"The plays now enacting in this city are more than stupid. They are disgusting as literary efforts, and, in at least one instance, revolting to a refined taste. Nor can the stage hope to regain the high position it once held until the dramatic profession is represented by men and women of respectability at least. No decent man will take his family to a theatre when he knows the actors and actresses to be characters that he would not allow to cross the threshold of his house. Exceptions there may be and are; but, as a class, the members of the dramatic profession in this country to day are persons who are very properly debarred from respectable society.

"HE WHO WOULD THRIVE MUST RISE AT FIVE."—So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it for, if

He who would thrive must rise at five,
it must follow naturally,
He who'd thrive more must rise at four;
and it will insure a consequence that,
He who'd still more thriving be,
Must leave his bed at turn of three;
And who this latter would outdo,
Will rouse him at the stroke of two

And by way of climax to it all, it should be held good that

He who'd never be outdone,
Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be

He who'd flourish best of all,
Should never go to bed at all.

A clergyman of Meriden, Connecticut, it is said, preached recently from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" and divided his discourse into three parts: first, all men are somewhere; second, some are where they ought not to be; and third, unless they mend their ways they will eventually find themselves where they'd rather not be.

Robert Hall, hearing some worldly-minded persons object to family prayer as taking up too much time, said that what might seem a loss will be more than compensated by that spirit of order and regularity which the stated observance of this duty tends to produce. It serves as an *edge and border*, to preserve the *web of life* from *unravelling*.

If you want to gain a reputation for eccentricity, and to be universally dreaded, if not hated, blurt out the plain truth on all occasions.

A facetious writer says:—"I have an objection to 'had, had.' But I do not object to five 'thats' together, if wanted. For instance, I tell you that that that that man introduces, is superfluous."

# Agriculture, etc.

NOVEL METHOD O WATERING PLANTS.—While travelling in Ohio last summer, during that exceedingly dry season, I noticed in a friend's garden a contrivance for watering plants, which struck me as being the best that has as yet come to my knowledge. It may be old to you and to some of your many readers, yet I will venture to give it. It was nothing more than the principle of capillary attraction, applied to moistening the earth around cucumber vines. A vessel containing the water was placed near the plants, from which extended a piece of old cloth to the roots of the plant. Thus water was conveyed from the vessel to the plant slowly, keeping the ground constantly a good degree of moisture. One vessel answered for several hills. This method I think much superior to pouring on water, which generally flows off and hardens the ground, sometimes injuring the plant more than if it had received no water at all. I also saw in another garden another method, equally good, in practical operation. A barrel with both heads out was set in the ground halfway, and partly filled with manure. Around the outside of the barrel the cucumbers were planted. All watering was done through the barrel and the manure. The water reaches the roots from beneath, and keeps the soil moist and rich. In both methods the plants were more thrifty than those treated in the common way.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

THE USE OF SAWDUST AS A LITTER.—A correspondent writes to *The Farmer* (Scotch) as follows:—

"The fear of importing the *Rinderpest* through straw carted from farms at a distance, has induced me to litter my cows with sawdust. I should be glad to know through the medium of your columns what admixture would most speedily decompose the sawdust, and thus improve the manure as a fertilizer of land." Whereupon the Editor replies:—"Sawdust in its natural state is not easily decomposed, but it is an excellent absorbent for liquid manure, and when all soaked with urine, ferments readily. It is, therefore, a valuable material for bedding cattle, and no difficulty will be experienced in getting it to decompose, provided it has been thoroughly saturated. At one time we had the command of a large quantity of sawdust, which we used with great advantage as litter, and also for mixing with the night-soil of some extensive public works, for which purpose it answered admirably in every respect. It is stated by chemists that sawdust, during decomposition, forms certain acids, which act as excellent fixers of ammonia, and that when well mixed with dilute sulphuric acid, it is one of the best materials which can be employed for fixing the ammonia given off in stables."

HORSE COLLARS.—A horse cannot work with ease and without galling if his collar fits badly. There is but little danger of a collar being too small for an old horse if it will pass over his head. Collars should set close to the neck all around. When so large that a man can thrust his arm between the collar and neck, there is great danger of two things—galling and spraining the shoulder by heavy drawing, or a violent jerk.

THE HOOF OF A GOOD COW.—A correspondent of the *Rural American* says:—"For a good dairy cow, choose one with a striped hoof; she will never fail. A cow with dark hoofs may be good for a large quantity of milk, but it will not be rich. For a medium cow, choose one with part of the hoof striped, or any other colour except dark."

A FRENCH MANURE MANUFACTORY.—*The Chemical News* says—"In the *Journal d' Agriculture Pratique*, M. Barral gives some interesting details on the subject of the manufacture of animal manure at Aubervliers. The manufactory consumes every year 900 horses, 200 donkeys, 300 cows, 300 pigs, 9000 cats and dogs, 6000 kilogrammes of meat unfit for food, 500,000 kilogrammes of offal from the Parisian abattoirs, and 600,000 kilogrammes of other refuse animal matters, such as skins, horns, &c. The raw material is first cut up and boiled, to extract the grease. The fat is then separated from the bones, pressed, and dried. It is afterwards ground and sifted, and the dried bones, which are also submitted to the same process, mixed with it, forming a manure containing 35 per cent. of nitrogen and 5 per cent. of phosphate of lime. The blood is collected separately, and also made into manure. The soup obtained in the boiling is strained, and the solid matter thus collected is added to the rest. The offal is piled in alternate layers with other organic matter, such as weeds and parings of horn and hoofs, with which is mixed a certain amount of mineral phosphates. The heap is well moistened with the strained soup, fermentation is set up, and the whole is gradually transformed into excellent manure. During this process the phosphate of lime breaks up into phosphoric compounds, more or less soluble, and various salts of ammonia are formed."

COUGHS, BRONCHITIS.—The entire freedom from all deleterious ingredients renders "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Cough and Voice Lozenges, a safe remedy for the most delicate female, or youngest child, and has caused them to be held in the highest estimation by Clergymen, Singers and Public Speakers generally.

The dying embers of the year; November and December.