

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, April 28th, 1867.

Acts xiii. 44-52: Many Gentiles believe. 2 Kings xiv. 15-29: Jeroboam's wicked reign.

Recite—MATTHEW x. 12-15.

Sunday, May 5th, 1867.

Acts xiv. 1-17: Paul and Barnabas persecuted. 2 Kings xv. 1-20: Azariah's good reign.

Recite—PSALM xxxvii. 1-6.

Scripture Enigma.

An asentence composed of twenty-five letters.

My 17, 4, 24, 3, 22, 7, 12, 19 is the eighth "fruit of the Spirit."

My 2, 23, 15, 13, 18 was the second stone in the third row of the High Priest's breast plate.

My 14, 20, 9, 11 is a name by which Hosea informs us the Lord wished to be called.

My 1, 21, 25, 15, 6 is the name of Sarai's father-in-law.

My 8, 10, 24, 5, 18 is an island whose inhabitants were exceedingly addicted to lying.

My 9, 2, 25, 2, 16 was Lot's father.

My whole is what it would be well for every Baptist family in the Province to do.

MEEDIE.

North Sydney, April 12th, 1867.

Big boys and little boys.

Jemmy and Willie came in crying, and with a new red sled, too. The tears were almost frozen into little icicles on their fat cheeks.

This is not the first complaint against the big boys. The big boys would not let them work on the snow-forest.

Well, Jemmy and Willie, I cannot help you. But this I want to say to the little boys: when you grow to be big boys, if God lets you live, try to make the little boys feel comfortable and happy.

That in time will cure the difficulty, and make the little boys in the future have a better time of it.

How to do a kind deed.

Just in front of my window is a hill, where the village children come to coast in snow-time. It is very long, and the slope is so gentle that it is quite safe. Well, this morning quite a crowd of merry youngsters were enjoying the sport, and making all the hills about us ring with their clear voices.

Eagerness to Read.

In one of the schools at Newbern, S. C. there is a pious old woman of eighty years. She had been very constant in her attendance, and earnest in her efforts, but could not overcome readily the difficulties. Her eyes were dim with age, it was with great difficulty she saw the letters in the large Testament, and still greater that she remembered them.

"Anty I do not think you can ever learn to read." "Mity hard missus; my poor 'ole eyes dark." "Well, anty, I reckon you had better give it up."

"Pears like I mus' Missus. O honey I wants to reads a beap!"

"Well, I'm sorry, anty it is so; but you need not come again."

After three or four evenings, the old woman appeared again in school. When the teacher came to her she said, "Well anty, here again are you?"

"Yes, honey, please, I mus' read; mus' hear Massa Jesus speak to me from his word his self; 'pears like I shall die. I mus' read de word ob de Lord, I mus'," and tears ran down her cheeks like rain.

The teacher could not resist the appeal, so she opened the Testament at the fourteenth chapter of John and read to her with great deliberation and care three verses, and then left her to attend to others.

Aunty bent over her book, and fixed her attention on the second and third verses. The letters she knew, the words were familiar to her; but to pick them out that was to hear "Massa Jesus speak to her." After a while she got the word "prepare," so she could put it to 'I go;' then the rest followed by inspiration; and in an hour of the most intense effort she had ever made, she could read the two.

"She began, and with intelligent deliberation, read, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' &c., to the end of the third. The teacher surprised and pleased, asked her to read them again.

"Yes," said the teacher, "you have read the words of our blessed Lord yourself."

Aunty's eyes filled with tears, her face brimming with delight; she broke out, "Yes bress de Lo'd! he speak to me, to me poor ole slave; he tell me he go prepa' a place for me; he go come again take me, poor brak woman; prep' place for me. O, bless Massa Jesus."

Her heart was full, her eyes overflowed. It seemed to her Jesus had spoken to her. So these disciples wait to hear the Master speak. We would raise up teachers among themselves who shall give the word a voice to speak to this newborn nation. Who will help us.—Era.

The blowing Cave of Georgia.

Among many other interesting items contained in your last issue, I noticed a paragraph in regard to one of Georgia's greatest natural curiosities. I allude to "Blowing Cave," as it is called by the inhabitants of the section in which it is located.

Thinking that a few particulars in regard to this truly strange phenomenon might prove interesting, and lead to further inquiry, I dot them down.

Blowing Cave is situated on the plantation of Col. David Barrow, Decatur county, Ga., twenty-seven miles from Thomasville, the terminus of the Savannah and Gulf Railroad. The cave is at the bottom of a small natural basin (whose diameter will not at any point exceed 80 feet,) in a perfectly smooth plain, and surrounded with a dense cove of wood. There are no indications to lead to the supposition that it was occasioned by an eruption of a volcanic or convulsive nature, as the face of the surrounding country, as well as the immediate neighborhood of the cave itself, is wholly free of stones, ruggedness, and other marks of convulsive action.

When first discovered and brought into notice by Col. Barrow and McKinsley, in the years 1836 and 1837, the orifice of the cave was three or four feet to the left of the present one, and much larger. Col. McKinsley proposed exploring it, but in attempting to sound it with lead and line, and failing to reach bottom, gave up the undertaking as too hazardous for further venture.

The present mouth of the cave is about one and a half feet in diameter, through which, at one period of the day, there issues a strong current of air, not in puffs, but a continuous stream, with a roar that is heard at a distance of sixty or seventy yards.

In the winter of 1864, in company with several ladies, I visited the cave at the time of its "blowing out," and by way of experiment, one of the ladies threw her veil into the mouth of it, which was blown into the air to the height of six or seven feet. I then threw my hat—a heavy woolen one—into it, with a like result. Several articles heavier than either of the above were tried, and were immediately expelled.

At another period of the day, the suction is relatively as great. Any light article held near the orifice is instantly drawn into the cave.

Dr. Cotton, the State geologist, a gentleman of high scientific ability, visited it at the solicitations of Col. McKinsley and Barrow, and gave it as his opinion that these reverse phenomena were caused by the ebb and flow of the tide, and that the cave was originally one of the fathomless lime-sinks so numerous in that portion of Georgia. I believe the doctor's theory correct.

Leading from all points into the basin are Indian trails, deep worn, indicating much visiting to the cave by the red men ere the axe of the white man woke up the echoes of the forest, and it was probably regarded by them as a place of sanctity, where they held communion with the spirits in the great hunting-ground above.—Mobile Daily Times.

Remember the poor.

Remember the poor, when the wind and the rain Are bitterly beating against the cold pane, And the snow is piled up at the door; Remember the children who, tattered and torn, Are homeless and hungry and cold and forlorn, And pity, dear children, the poor.

GOLDEN WORDS FOR DAILY USE.

Selected from C. H. Spurgeon's "Morning by Morning."

APRIL.

28. Sunday. The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, Lam. iii. 24.

It is not easy to satisfy man's desires; but all that we can desire or wish for is to be found in our divine portion.

29. Monday. We will show forth thy praise, Psa. lxxix. 13.

This should be the single desire of the Christian, this the foundation of every enterprise, and this the sustaining motive when zeal would otherwise grow chill.

30. Tuesday. I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, Isa. xlv. 3.

Are you this morning thirsting for the living God, and unhappy because you cannot find Him? Then here is exactly the promise you need.

MAY.

1. Wednesday. Whom He justified, them He also glorified, Rom. viii. 30.

Wait a while, O fainting one, and that weary head shall wear the crown of glory, and that hand of labour shall grasp the palm branch of victory.

2. Thursday. Thou hatest wickedness, Psa. xlv. 7.

So too in the heart where Jesus reigns, there must be war between Christ and Belial. He who loves truth must hate every false way.

3. Friday. Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, Sol. Song ii. 15.

These little sins burrow in the soul and make it full of that which is hateful to Christ, that He will hold no comfortable communion with us.

4. Saturday. If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me, John xiii. 8.

This action of Christ was an intended emblem of that washing from sin by his blood and Spirit, without which we can have no benefit from Him, or part in Him.

Comfort for the lean ones.

A tall, gaunt, bony figure, and homely face, are no evidences of depravity. Such an outer man has often been the tabernacle of a soul of which the world was not worthy, Abraham Lincoln being a fine exemplification of this fact.

An acute mind sometimes becomes unaccountably associated with a sluggish body. David Hume looked more like a turtle-eating alderman than a philosopher. His face was broad and flat; his mouth wide and inexpressive; his eyes vacant and spiritless, and his person clumsy and corpulent. Dr. Johnson was so awkward and ungainly in his manner, so ugly and repulsive in his looks, that he was sometimes mistaken for an idiot or madman. Some of the greatest minds ever known have been tenants of the most crazy, shattered and frail tenements that were ever animated with the breath of life. Such were Pope and Cowper among poets, Richard Baxter, Dr. Channing, and our own Prof. Stuart among divines; Aristotle, Kent, and Lord Jeffrey among metaphysicians. Sidney Smith said of Jeffrey, "that he had not body enough to cover his mind decently—his intellect was improperly exposed."

Some one commenting on the fact that our greatest writers have been little, attenuated men, lean and lath-like beings who half spiritualized themselves by keeping matter in subordination to mind, declares that "obesity is a deadly foe to genius, and that a corpulent intellectualist is a contradiction in terms."

Here is an appropriate comparison:

"Leanness gave Pitt fire, and fat blunted the energy and stolid persistency of Fox. Fat made Fox a warm friend, and a hearty bon vivant; but leanness showed the ascetic bachelor, the stoic, ideal statesman, and the enthusiast who broke his heart in rage at the victories of the tri-color. Genius is lean and solitary; sociality is fat and gregarious."

And I doubt if a hero or orator of great renown can be named, who possessed a plump, round, jolly face, blue eyes, and flaxen or auburn hair.—Prof. Sanborn.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with newspapers, because he reads of names and things which are very familiar, and he will make progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year, is worth a quarter's schooling to a child, and every father must consider that substantial information is connected with this advancement. The mother of a family being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for any emergency. Children amused by reading or study are, of course, considerate and more easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their earnings in a tavern or grog-shop, who ought to have been reading? How many parents who never spent twenty dollars for books for their families would gladly have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly and thoughtlessly fallen into temptation!

At a newspaper office in Sydney, Australia, is a tablet informing visitors that the editor cannot be spoken to unless paid for his time. Persons desiring an audience are invited to buy a ticket of admission at the door of the waiting room—one hour costing 10s.; half an hour, 6s.; 15 minutes, 3s.; and so on.

True religion abhors violence; she owns no arguments but those of persuasion.

He who is not growing wiser every day has never yet been wise at all.

Agriculture, &c.

How to Manage Young Lambs!

Having had the sole charge of young lambs for several years, and been generally very successful, I will give my experience. A young lamb that the mother will not own, and has not strength to suck, I bring into the house, wrap it up in an old blanket, and place it near the fire; then get some ewe milk, warm it slightly, and feed the lamb, a little at a time, (three teaspoonfuls, say) every twenty minutes, till it begins to revive. I then moisten my finger in the milk, and insert it in the lamb's mouth, repeating this operation until it learns to suck readily. It will then take its milk readily from the ordinary glass sucking bottle, with a nipple used by babies. Care should be taken to feed sparingly; I killed many lambs by over-feeding, when I first commenced raising them by hand.

If you wish to return the lamb to its mother, do not keep it from her too long; return when warmed and its stomach filled, and confine the two in a small pen about four or five feet square—suckle it often, holding the ewe for that purpose. It is a good plan to bring a dog near the pen; the ewe will eye the dog angrily, commence stamping her fore foot, otherwise standing perfectly still, and the lamb, if inclined to suck, will then have a good opportunity. The presence of the dog seems to arouse all the motherly instincts, and she will turn round her head and caress the young one with true maternal regard. By persevering, I never have any difficulty in making a ewe own her offspring.

It frequently happens a ewe will drop twins—one strong and the other weakly; the one most needing her affectionate care will be discarded. It is a good plan in this case, after warming and suckling the weak lamb, (if chilled,) to shut the ewe with it alone, keeping the other away from her. (The dog operation here comes into play admirably.) Do not keep the favourite from her too long, however—not over a couple of hours, say—or she will forget it. In conclusion, I will say, whoever attempts to raise lambs, particularly early in the season, must have a warm building, fronting the South and West if possible, so arranged that the ewes can be shut up in very cold weather—a number of small pens is necessary. I sometimes have a half dozen different lots, all requiring a little different management, and then, most of all, close attention is requisite. Get the young lambs through two days, and the worst is over. When they are old enough to pick at hay a little, place some Indian meal in troughs at the side or end of the building, so arranged by nailing boards in front that only the lambs can get at it. It is astonishing the quantity they will eat in this way, and the extra growth it produces. I should have remarked before, if you intend to raise the lamb by the bottle, give it ewe milk for two days, and after that cow's milk diluted, half water, and warmed to blood heat.

If the above experience of one who has been eminently successful as a lamb raiser is faithfully and patiently carried out, my word for it the next census will show a material increase in the number of sheep throughout the length and breadth of these United States.—Horace Matier, Blooming Grove, N. Y., in Country Gentleman.

FOUR HUNDRED PIGS BURNED AS FUEL!—The Rosetta, paddle-wheel steamer, belonging to the Dublin and Bristol Steam Navigation Company, left Dublin for Bristol on the 18th March, with passengers, a general cargo, and 1,000 pigs on board. The passage is usually made in sixteen hours, but she did not arrive at her destination, and great uneasiness was felt for her safety. On Friday, however, the Princess Royal steamer, from Bristol to Bideford, fell in with her in a disabled state, off Ultracombe. On Tuesday, when off Milford, one of her paddle-wheels was rendered useless by the gale, and it was with considerable difficulty the other could be made to work.—Her stock of coals ran short, and 400 of the pigs were burned during the time to keep up the fire! The other pigs died.—English paper.

THE HEART'S SEED FIELD.

We all, in journeying on through earth, Might thick with pleasures sow it— Plant joy in many a heart of worth That else can never know it.

Far other seed hath man too long On every side been sowing; Far other gifts on life's sad throng With open hand bestowing.

How much of mingled care and strife, The hand by friendship guided, Might weed from others much of life, Were souls but less divided!

Be ours the part to soothe distress In hearts long worn with weeping; And thousands then our name shall bless, No more earth's sorrow reaping.

HOW TO PLANT WATERMELONS.—Dig a hole two and a half feet deep and three feet across. Fill to within six inches of the surface with green stable manure, and then add good soil so as to make a hill six inches high and plant from ten to twelve feet apart. Good melons and a fine yield may be looked for by pursuing this plan of planting.

A writer in the New England Farmer says that when tomatoes are growing near an apple tree the borers will not trouble the tree. He plants tomatoes by the trees to prevent them.