

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 20th, 1867.

ACTS vii. 1-16: Stephen's address to his accusers.
2 Kings vi. 24-33: The famine in Samaria.
Recite—ROMANS v. 6-8.

Sunday, January 27th, 1867.

ACTS vi. Stephen's address concluded, and his death.
2 Kings vii. 1-10.
Recite—MATTHEW x. 37-39.

Lessons on Time.

THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS.

January, the first month of the year,
Is oft its coldest, bleak and drear,
With cutting frost, and drifting snow,
And bitter winds that fiercely blow.

In *February*, too, the days are still
All short and cheerless, dark and chill;
While downward pours the useful rain,
To soak the earth, and swell the grain.

And *March*, the third month, too, is cold;
But little lambs are in the fold,
And there are signs of bright days nigh
Though still the winds are rough and high.

In showery *April*, spring at last
Conquers stern winter's icy blast;
And, ere its close, sweet buds are seen,
And trees are clad in tender green.

In *May* the days grow light and long,
The birds pour forth a joyous song,
While spreading leaf, and opening flower,
Make nature lovelier every hour.

In pleasant, flowery, leafy *June*,
The sun is very warm at noon:
All earth looks bright in green array,
And sweetly smells the new-mown hay.

July comes in with fervent heat,
That ripens precious stores of wheat,
And many a luscious tempting fruit,
And many a wholesome useful root.

The *August* sun its beams will shed,
Upon the toiling reaper's head;
The harvest gathered, let us raise
To God a hymn of thankful praise.

September comes with cooler breeze,
The leaves change color on the trees,
While brightly, gaily, bloom together,
Sweet-scented gorse, and purple heather.

October comes! 'tis Autumn now,
And dead leaves fall from every bough;
The flowers are fading one by one,
And early sinks the evening sun.

All cheerless are *November* skies,
Thick from the earth damp vapors rise,
The leafless trees look gaunt and bare,
While raw and chilly is the air.

And now eleven months are past,
December comes—the twelfth and last;
When, for the meanly fed and clad,
The wintry cold is very sad.
This month we celebrate the birth
Of Christ, in low estate on earth.
By their warm fires, with those most dear,
The rich enjoy their Christmas cheer,
And, if their hearts are good and kind,
They help the poor Christ left behind.

The Castle-builder.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

A gentle boy, with soft and silken looks,
A dreamy boy, with brown and tender eyes,
A castle-builder, with his wooden blocks,
And towers that touch imaginary skies.

A fearless rider on his father's knee,
An eager listener unto stories told
At the Round Table of the nursery,
Of heroes and adventures manifold.

There will be other towers for thee to build;
There will be other steeds for thee to ride;
There will be other legends, and all filled
With greater marvels and more glorified.

Build on, and make thy castles high and fair,
Rising and reaching upward to the skies;
Listen to voices in the upper air,
Nor lose thy simple faith in mysteries.

—Our Young Folks for January, 1867.

Nelly's Prayer.

Dear children, have you learned how graciously Jesus answers the prayers of even the little ones? If he has taught you this himself, there is no need that I should give you proofs of it; but some of us larger children go on and on, making endless mistakes, and suffering bitter losses, from not having learned the easy remedy.

The other day, a Christian mother, whose heart rejoices at every sign that her flock of little ones is led by the Good Shepherd, told me that one of her little girls had learned a lesson in a prayer that she would never forget. She came in from school greatly irritated, saying

that she never wanted teachers to disappoint and tease her. After her first excited feeling had spent itself, her father said to her quietly, "Nelly, did you ever try praying for your teacher, to see if God would not make her more gentle?"

"Why, no, father," said the little girl. "Well," said he, "try that, and see how things get on to-morrow." He said no more, but watched the end, and the next day Nelly came bounding into the house, as she had not done for many a day, saying, "O, father, you was right; you don't know how good Miss K—— was to me to-day. I have had such a happy day!" "Well, my little girl," said the father, "God has many ways of answering our prayers; and I suspect that one way He took to answer you, was to make you more obedient and studious." She had not thought of this before, but now began looking back over the day, and then in sweet simplicity said, "Yes, father, I think that was so. I loved to study to-day, my heart was so happy." Many days after, she said to him, as he came in at night-fall, "Dear father, I never shall forget again to ask God for everything I want; for ever since that day my teacher has been so changed!" "Yes," said the glad father, "and my little girl is changed too."

Christ knew, when he was teaching that lesson, that it would bear its fruits; that every day some want would come up that he could satisfy; and in his generous love, he longed to have that young heart come to him and be comforted.

Save the little ones.

The following is an extract from one of the speeches made at the late New-Jersey State Sunday School Convention:

A few years ago a steamer was coming from California. The cry of Fire! Fire! suddenly thrilled every heart. Every effort was made to stay the flames. But in vain. It soon became evident that the ship must be lost. The only thought now was self-preservation. The burning mass was headed for the shore, which was not far off. A passenger was seen buckling his belt of gold around his waist, ready to plunge into the waves. Just then a pleading voice arrested him: "Please, sir, can you swim?" A child's blue eyes were piercing into his deepest soul, as he looked down upon her. "Yes, child, I can swim." "Well, sir, won't you please to save me?" "I cannot do both," he thought. "I must save the child or lose the gold. But a moment ago I was anxious for all this ship's company. Now I am doubting whether I shall exchange a human life for paltry gold." Unbuckling the belt he cast it from him, and said, "Yes, little girl, I will try to save you." Stooping down, he bade her clasp her arms around his neck, "Thus, child, not so tight as to choke me. There, hang on now, and I will try to make the land." The child bowed herself on his broad shoulders, and clung to her deliverer. With a heart thrice strengthened and an arm thrice nerved, he struck out for the shore. Wave after wave washed over them, but still the brave man held out, and the child held on, until a mighty mountain billow swept the sweet treasure from his embrace, and cast him senseless on the bleak rocks. Kind hands ministered to him. Recovering his consciousness, the form of the dear child met his earliest gaze, bending over him with more than angel ministrations, and blessing him with mute but eloquent benedictions.

So, dear fellow-teachers and lovers of the little ones, let us bend our hearts to the burden of the precious souls of the children. Let us take them in the strong arms of our faith and our prayers, and bear them up through the storms of life, and though the rude waves of sin may tear them from our grasp, yet who knows but by-and-by, when we get on the other shore, we may be welcomed by the little ones we have tried to save!

The False Guide-Post.

At a place where two ways met, a guide-post had been erected that travellers might not miss the way. Under a hand pointing in one direction was printed "THREE MILES TO THE RIVER," and under one pointing in another direction, "FOUR MILES TO LAKEVILLE."

One day, two boys coming along began to amuse themselves by throwing stones at the guide-post; and after battering it for a while, one cried to his companion,

"I say, Tom, I've a new idea."

"What is it?" said the other.

"It is this," said the first speaker, whose name was Arthur, "that we change the boards on the post; so that when a stranger comes along and wants to go to Lakeville, we may send him to the river, and if he wants to go to the river, we may send him to Lakeville."

James at first objected, saying he did not think there was much fun in doing this, as it would give a great deal of trouble to somebody, and he felt in his conscience that it was wrong to do it. But Arthur insisted, saying that he would bear all the blame, and that he had made up his mind to do it, and that James need have no hand in changing the boards if he would say nothing about who did it. And so the latter was over-persuaded, and stood by while the boards were changed, each made to give a false direction. When the feat had been accomplished, both boys started for home—Arthur with a careless spirit, rejoicing over the intended mischief, and James with feelings of uneasiness, aware that he had been partaking in an evil deed.

A week passed away, when Mr. Brooks, a man who lived about a mile above the turn of

the road, cut his foot with an axe. The wound was very severe: there was danger that he would bleed to death. "Take the horse," he said to his hired man, who had just come from another part of the country, and ride as fast as possible to Lakeville for the doctor. "I do not know the way," said the man. "You can't possibly miss it. When you get to the cross roads, there is a guide-post that will direct you."

The man sprang upon the horse without waiting for a saddle, and set off on a gallop. When he came to the cross roads, he followed the direction of the guide-board, and soon reached the river, there to be told to his surprise that Lakeville was seven miles distant! He put the horse to his utmost speed, found the doctor, and brought him to the wounded and suffering man, about two hours later than if the guide-post had not been changed; and the only reason why Mr. Brooks in the meantime, had not bled to death, was, that a neighbor who knew something of surgery, had come in, and pressing his finger on the wound, held it there till the surgeon came. The wound was then bound up, and the man's life saved, but the poor horse died from being over-driven. Such were the consequences of Arthur's "new idea," and of his changing the guide-board. We condemn the wicked conduct of these heedless boys, but how much more cruel and depraved are they who change the truth of God into a lie, and mislead the souls of men to their endless woe?—*Winning Words.*

For what Children are grateful.

Parents spend a life of toil in order to leave their children wealth, to secure them social position or other worldly advantages. I do not underrate the worth of these things. Had they not been valuable, there would not have been so many providential arrangements impelling men to seek them. I would only show that there is something of infinitely greater value, not only to the parent, but to be transmitted to the child. What does the child most love to remember? I never heard a child express any gratification or pride that a parent had been too fond of accumulating money, though the child at that moment was enjoying that accumulation. But I have heard children, though their inheritance had been crippled and cut down by it, say, with a glow of satisfaction on their features, that a parent had been too kind-hearted, too hospitable, too liberal and public spirited, to be a very prosperous man. A parent who leaves nothing but wealth or similar social advantages to his children, is apt to be speedily forgotten.

However it ought to be, parents are not particularly held in honor by children because of the worldly advantages they leave them. There is comparatively little gratitude for this. The heir of an empire hardly thanks him who bequeathed it. He often endeavors, before his time, to thrust him from his throne. But let a child be able to say, "My father was a just man; he was affectionate in his home, he was tender-hearted, he was useful to the community, and loved to do good in society; he was a helper of the young, the poor, the unfortunate; he was a man of principle, liberal, upright, devout"—and the child's memory cleaves to that parent. He honors him, reveres him, treasures his name and his memory, thinks himself blest in having had such a parent, and the older he grows, instead of forgetting, only reveres and honors and remembers him the more. Here are experience and affection sitting in judgment on human attainments. They show what is most worth the seeking.—*Ephraim Peabody.*

"There is another River."

A lady, walking out one day near a river, saw a man with his coat and hat off, and she thought directly he meant to drown himself. She prayed that the Lord would give her some word to arrest him. Accordingly she walked on until she came up to him, when he turned and said, "A beautiful river, ma'am."

"Yes," she replied, "but there is another river—a river that makes glad the people of God. Do you know that river?"

"No, ma'am," he said.

She tried to speak more, but her tongue was tied, and she left him without another word. She went home to her husband, and told him what she thought, and he sent off some men directly to see if he was still there. No, he was gone, but the coat and hat were in the same place. They dragged in the river, but no traces of him could be found. They asked at the police station about him, but no one knew what was become of him.

Twenty years after, that lady was in Baptist Noel's chapel, and saw a man looking very much at her. She thought, "I know that face; where have I seen him?"

Whilst she was trying to remember, he leant over her shoulder and said:

"There is another river. Do you know that river?"

She immediately remembered he was the man she had said those words to twenty years ago. He told her he was going to drown himself, and her words deterred him from it. He had fled to Jesus, and found peace through believing.

The greatest pleasure of life is love; the greatest treasure contentment; the greatest possession, health; the greatest ease, sleep; and the best medicine, a true friend.

The best dowry to advance the marriage of a young lady is, to have in her countenance mildness, in her speech wisdom, and in her behaviour modesty.

Agriculture, &c.,

What is to be done with the Potatoes?

Mr. Editor,—

It has become a serious question with the Farmers of this province generally, and of King's county in particular, What is the most profitable means of using up the potatoes now on hand? Cannot Science render us some service, in laying before us some plan of turning them into starch or some other commodity which may be preserved without deterioration? Or must we give more attention to the raising of stock? An interchange of thought between the more enlightened portion of your readers on these matters, would I think be highly beneficial to a large number of them. Perhaps some thoughts on the process of manufacturing starch might be advantageous. If it can not be done on a large scale some experiments might be made on a smaller one and the results given. This season of the year is favourable for doing this.

In the present state of the commercial relations of this province the examination of this question might lead to something important respecting reciprocal duties. I merely offer these suggestions, but shall, in common with many of my neighbors, be greatly obliged for any light on the subject.

Yours,

PLEB.

[We shall be glad to receive communications on this very practical question, and hope some of our men of information on these matters will give attention to it, and endeavour to aid our agricultural friends and so give a little exercise to their patriotism.—Ed. C. M.]

New Process for dissolving Bones used as a Fertilizer.

The importance of phosphates, such as common bones, as fertilizers, especially in grain culture, could hardly be extolled, and it would be presuming upon the intelligence of our farmers to say more than to recommend its practical application. There exist, however, some obstacles which yet prevent waste bones, nearly always cheap and within easy reach, from being generally used. The great distances in the far west, and other inconveniences, render their purchase in powder form expensive, and for grinding them at home or dissolving them in acid, there is still less chance.

Professor Ilienof, in Russia, has however, lately discovered a method for dissolving them, which must prove highly economical and suitable in unsettled countries, where, owing to the great abundance of forests, wood ashes are cheaply secured, indeed are almost always ready at hand. This new process of treating bones consists of mixing them with wood ashes and slaked caustic lime, and keeping the mixture constantly moist. As in the preparation of lye, for manufacturing soap, the alkaline carbonates in the ashes, such as carbonate of potassa, are, by the action of caustic lime, converted into free, caustic potassa, attacking and quickly dissolving the bones.

The following practical example will illustrate the necessary proceeding:

Suppose the wood ashes to contain about 10 per cent. carbonate of potassa, and that 4,000 pounds of bones are to be worked up; then we take 4,000 pounds of ashes, 600 pounds of caustic lime, and 4,500 pounds of water; a ditch some two feet deep, of such width and length as to hold 6,000 pounds of the mixture, is dug, and near it a second ditch, being some 25 per cent. larger, and both lined with boards. The lime is then slaked, and, when crumbled to a powder, mingled with the wood ashes, and 2,000 pounds of bones piled up in layers and covered up with the mass in the smaller ditch, 3,000 pounds of water added, and the whole left to itself. From time to time small quantities of water are added to keep the mass moist. As soon as it is found that the bones are so far decomposed that when pressed between the fingers they are soft and crumble, the second portion, i. e., the other 2,000 pounds of bones, is brought into the larger ditch and covered in layers with the first mass, and left to decompose.

After the whole mass has undergone decomposition, it is suffered to dry by removing it, and, lastly, to facilitate its reduction to powder, mixed with 4,000 pounds of dry turf, or some dry vegetable earth. The mixture is repeatedly stirred about with a shovel, and may at once be brought upon the fields. Manure prepared thus will contain about 12 per cent. of tribasic phosphate of lime, (3 CaO, Ho₅) 2 per cent. of nitrogenous matter.

This manure must, from its composition, produce an admirable effect upon grape vines.

Liebig, in generally recommending this new fertilizer, thinks an addition of gypsum an improvement for many kinds of fruits.—*U. S. Agt's Report for Sep.*

By warmth and judicious feeding, a hen may be made to lay as many eggs in two years as she would under ordinary circumstances in three; and every one knows, or ought to know, that a fowl fatted at two years old, is much more tender and palatable than one that is older.