

## Youths' Department.

### BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, January 27th, 1867.

ACTS vii. 17-60: Stephen's address concluded, and his death. 2 Kings vii. 1-10: The Syrians' flight. *Recite*—MATTHEW x. 37-39.

Sunday, February 3rd, 1867.

ACTS viii. 1-25: Simon the sorcerer. 2 Kings vii. 11-20: Elisha's prophecy fulfilled. *Recite*—2 TIMOTHY ii. 24-26.

### The Better Land.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A father and mother lived with their two children on a rough island in the midst of the sea, where they had been thrown by a shipwreck. Roots and herbs served them for food, a spring of water was their drink, and a cave their dwelling.

The children no longer remember how they came upon the island. They knew nothing of the firm land, and bread, milk, and fruit, and whatever else there is still more precious, were to them things unknown.

There landed on the island one day, in a little ship, four negroes. The parents were very glad, and hoped now to be saved from their suffering. But the little ship was too small to carry them all over to the continent together, and the father wished to risk the passage first.

The mother and children wept when he entered the frail wooden vessel, and the four black men were about to take them away. But he said, "Do not weep. Over there it is better, and you will all come soon."

When the little ship came again and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said, "Do not weep. In the better land we shall see each other again."

At last the little ship came to bring away the two children. They were very much afraid of the black men, and the frightful sea over which they must pass. And so, in fear and trembling, they neared the land.

But how glad they were when they saw their parents standing on the shore—when they reached to them their hands, and led them into shadows of high palm trees, and on the blossoming turf gave them milk, honey, and delicious fruits. "How foolish was our fear," said the children; "we should not have been afraid, but glad, when the black men came to bring us away into a better land."

"Dear children," said the father, "our passage from that desert island to this beautiful land has for us a still higher meaning. There is before us all a longer journey, but into a far more beautiful land. The whole earth upon which we live is like an island; this glorious land for us is only a faint image of heaven. The passage thither, over the stormy sea, is death; that little ship the bier on which, some day, the men will carry us away. But when the hour comes, as it some time will, when I, your mother, or you, must go, then do not be afraid. Death is, for the good, only a passage into the better land."—*Little Corporal.*

### Willie's Signal for Jesus.

The following touching incident is related by a lady, in a letter to her brother, who is an esteemed minister in Illinois, and to whose kindness the Little Corporal is indebted for the use of it. It is copied word for word from her letter:

"I heard such a beautiful story the other day, about a little child, that I must tell it to you. He was sick at St. Luke's Hospital, in New York, and the lady who told me the story was there.

One day, this child, about seven years old, was brought into the children's ward; he had been picked up in the street, where he had fallen from some building. His little leg was broken in two places, his head cut dreadfully, and his backbone so broken that it came through the flesh. He laid about a week between life and death, a fearful sufferer; but at the end of that time he began to mend, so that in a few days more his physicians concluded he could recover, but that if he lived they would have to cut off the splinters from his back-bone.

Well, they performed the operation, and the child lived and grew better. About a week afterward, the doctors found there would have to be another operation. So they told the nurse that she must tell little Willie that the next morning they would have to do it. The nurse was a noble Christian woman, and she talked to the little fellow, sitting by his bedside. She said: "Willie, I have told you what the doctors think, and I want you to try and be a little man, and bear it as well as you can. It is hard for you, I know; and it is hard for me to see you suffer so much, and it makes my heart ache day after day to see all you dear little children suffer so, but it is God's will, my child," she said, "and he and his dear Son Jesus will help you through."

This was in the evening, and she left him till the morning, going from one little sufferer to another till her time was up. After she had gone, the little fellow pulled the sheet up over his head, and began to cry as if his heart would break. In the little bed next to him was a little girl, and as she saw and heard him cry, she said:

"Willie, what makes you cry so? Don't you know that Jesus can help you? This is his ward, they say, and he loves us all very much; don't

cry any more, but let's pray to Jesus to take your pain away."

He then said: "I have been praying, Susie, and I have been asking Christ to take me; for do you know they say that every night Jesus walks through our ward and takes one or two of us little children away with him,—those that love and want to go with him; and I have been telling him how much I want to go with him, and that I can't bear to think of all the pain I will have to-morrow if he don't take me. And I will tell you, Susie, what I am going to do, for fear I should be asleep when Jesus comes. I am going to hold my hand up so, (and he held one hand by the wrist, just above the bed-clothes,) so that when Jesus walks through our room to-night he will see my hand and know I am the one that wants so much to go with him. I have told him I would, and he will look for me; and the children went to sleep. And early in the morning, when the nurse went to look at all the children, there she saw little Willie stiff and cold in death, with his hand just above the bed-clothes, held up by the other, as he had told Jesus he would find him."

### The Cobbler's Prayer.

I believe I never heard a more effective praying man than the cobbler. He hadn't the grammar, hadn't the style, nor the many words; but every sentence from the start was a blow in the right place, and drove in the nail. And people loved to hear him pray. And it made the tear start in my eye when he prayed—and he moved the assembly by his fervent prayer. Notwithstanding his want of advantages in other matters, he could still ask, though in feeble words, yet with mighty spirit, for his desires, and could carry the people with him. And why was it? Because he prayed like the publican, straight at the point, without any unnecessary preliminaries or painstaking to get around it. He said just what he intended, and then passed on and said something else. He asked for those things which his own soul needed, and spoke likewise for other souls.

He prayed fervently and pointedly, and with his whole heart opened. He didn't make any speech, nor cover all the praying ground, nor yet make a Sabbath morning prayer, nor utter a fine prayer (save us from your fine prayers; they are like statues, beautiful, possibly wonderful, but cold as a rock). But he just prayed, and you felt that he was praying, and you were praying with him, for he was in earnest, and asked as if he wanted an answer, just as your child asks when he wants anything very much. And then, last of all, when he got through praying, he didn't go off into exhortation, but stopped. That is half of the power of prayer, to stop when you get done.

### Almost and altogether.

Many sinners have lost their souls because they were never *altogether* persuaded to be Christians. And it is to be feared many more are hardened in indifference, because their Christian friends are contented to see them *almost* as good as church members. A writer in the *Sabbath School Times* relates the following:

Once as two ladies were conversing together in their quiet parlor, an aged clergyman entered. The conversation immediately took a religious turn, and the peace and comfort of a Christian hope were spoken of. Suddenly the clergyman turned to one of his friends, and said, rather abruptly,—

"Madam, is your husband a Christian?"

The lady's face flushed painfully. For a moment she did not reply. Then she said,—

"My husband is one of the best persons I ever knew. He is so amiable and benevolent that I think few Christians can equal him."

"And yet," said the clergyman, "you must feel deeply anxious for his salvation."

"I don't know," said the lady, "I cannot but think that all will be well with him. He is so good. He has such a respect for religion. He is *almost* a Christian."

The clergyman bent upon her a look of tender concern and sympathy, as he said, "But *almost* saved, is *altogether* lost. Remember that."

The words smote her with a sudden conviction of her husband's danger, and from that time forth her prayers for him were constant and fervent.

### Early Conversions.

The *Boston Watchman & Reflector* says:—"It has been a marked feature in late revivals that many children have given good evidence of being born again. This is eminently desirable, and should be more and more the prayer and expectation of the church. God asks and should receive the whole life, from the dawn of moral agency and voluntary action."

The *Index and Baptist* says:—"We have every encouragement to labor for, to expect, and to have faith in the conversion of children. I hope the time has passed when men doubt the genuineness of early conversions, and question the wisdom of receiving the young into the church. I am not going to argue this question. But let me say, in passing, first, he is not quite up to the standard of a real Sabbath school man who has any doubts on this subject; and secondly, that in my experience, those who joined the church when young have made the best members and given me the least trouble. I had occasion, the past spring, to baptize a little Sabbath school girl, just twelve years old. It was so ordered of the Lord, that, the night she was to be received for baptism, a gentleman

passed through the city and called to see me, whom I baptized when he was only twelve years of age, who is now a deacon and clerk of his church, and superintendent of his Sabbath school, numbering nearly three hundred scholars. And there was in the congregation a visiting brother—an active, useful and popular minister—whom his church received into its membership when so young that the administrator took him in his arms (as I did this child) and laid him in the water, being too small to stand in the baptistry. It was enough to refer to these two facts to quiet any mind present that might have doubted the propriety of baptizing one so young.

### The Eclipse of the Soul.

The Moon, in an eclipse, complained to the Sun: "Why, O my dearest friend, dost thou not shine upon me as usual?"

"Do I not?" said the sun; "I am sure I am shining as I always do; why do you not enjoy my light as usual?"

"O I see," said the moon, "the earth has got between us."

"Why, O Saviour," says the backsliding Christian, "do I not, as in former days, walk in the light of thy countenance?"

"I am sure, troubled soul, I have not changed. The rays of my love are as warm and bright as ever; what can prevent them from reaching thee?"

Canst thou not see, O troubled Christian, that the earth has got between thee and Christ?

## Agriculture, &c.,

### The Profits and Losses of Good and Bad Farming shown forth in Dollars and Cents.

Money properly used is the source of many of the comforts of life; hence the great end of farming is to make money. It is not to embellish the land, to build fine houses, barns and fences; to raise fancy stock, or in any other way to make a show in the world. It is to make money, to acquire property, with the ultimate view of taking the comfort of it. The grand question is how can a farm be rendered the most profitable? And the answer is, first and last, by improving the soil so as to make it most permanently productive.

The great defect of American farms, at least this side of the Alleghanies, is their impoverished condition. They have been cropped and re-cropped, their products sold, and but little returned to the land to keep up its fertility. Any body can see that the net products of a farm which yields 50 bushels of corn to the acre, are much greater than one that gives 40. For, if 30 bushels will pay the expenses of tillage, there is a profit on the former of twenty bushels, and on the other of only ten. Supposing this to hold good on all the crops of the farm, is not one acre of the first farm worth two of the second? In whatever way we can increase the income of the land above the expenses, we gain so much more profit, and this decides the value of the farm. If land which gives a clear gain per acre of \$7, is worth \$100 to the acre, then that which gives \$14 gain is worth full \$200 per acre.

It costs nearly as much to till land which yields only a profit of \$3.50, as that which yields \$14. Why not, then, apply the extra manure, and the extra brain-work, and get the \$14? The first man barely gets a living; the second grows rich. The best agriculturists here and in England, have found out this true principle, and it is the key to their success. They make it a settled, invariable rule, to enrich the land in proportion as they crop it, and to invest their surplus money in the soil if they can be sure of fair interest for it.

And this brings us to the old question, how to enrich the soil? Few farmers have the means to bring up their lands at once. When the land-holder and his land are both poor, the farmer is in a pretty tight place. There is so little to begin with. The great reliance must be on the barn-yard, pig-pen, poultry-house, privy, and green-crops, and the muck-bed.

By some means, let him contrive to raise more grass and fodder crops; this will enable him to keep more stock, and this of course brings the increased manure. By tusing a few tons of manure to start with, this will give the increase in the grass, and so the accent will surely follow. Grain and root crops will then come in for a share of the profits. The importance of draining, of deep plowing, etc., we need not now dwell upon. No good farmer will neglect them. It must also be understood, at the outset, that the work of renovating an old worn-out farm is the work of years, and must be prosecuted with patience.—*American Agriculturist.*

**NUTRIMENT IN WATER.**—In the new number of the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society* we have the conclusion of Professor Schuitzenstein's paper on the constituents of water, in which he asserts positively that pure pump, spring, or river water contains an inexhaustible supply of nutriment; that is the real staple food for plants; and that the knowledge of this is calculated to throw light on many puzzling phenomena in vegetable physiology and culture. The art of making water nutritious should be the true aim of horticulture and agriculture. The Rev. W. Kingsley gives an interesting note describing his method of border-heating. By placing pipes for the circulation of hot water among drain-tiles under the earth, near the roots of trees, he maintained a temperature equal to that of a very gentle hotbed; dur-

ing the winter months. He thus (at South Kilverton) obtained fruit of excellent flavour, which otherwise could not have been ripened. He considers his system as yet as merely an experiment. This number of the *Journal* also contains several papers of a purely horticultural nature, as well as extracts from the "Proceedings."

**SAVE THE SOAP SUDS.**—"I say now that are is a wicked waste—d'ye know it, neighbor Flandry?" "What, uncle Enoch? Dunno as I quite understand ye." "Why, throwin' out and wastin' that way all them soap suds the way your gals there is doin'." "What is soap suds worth, uncle Enoch?" "'Bout a hundred dollars, I guess. what your folks'll make 'tween now and spring. Ourn was worth more'n that, last winter, and I guess our folks don't wash more dishes and c'lothes'n yourn." "Why, what in natur do you do with soap suds to make 'em worth that, uncle Enoch?" "Didn't I tell ye? Wal, raly now, I meant to done it, and I will now. We save every mite of our suds and dish water for the garden and truck patch, splashin' it over the ground 'bout once a week all winter. It's good for gooseberries and currants, and kills a powerful lot of bugs and beetles and pesky worms, and fattens the ground more'n a hundred dollars' worth besides. That's what soap suds is good for."—*Cosmo in Sat. Even. Post.*

**HOW TO RELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE.**—A correspondent of the *Rural American* says: I have fattened many cattle on potatoes, and always fed them whole, and occasionally one gets choked. I then put the animal in a yard, where there are bars, which I let down, so that she can jump over, but as high as she will jump. I then place her about two rods from the bars, with her head towards them, and with a good whip, well applied, I run her over the bars on the jump, and when she touches the ground, on the opposite side, the potato will fly out of her mouth. I have informed my neighbours of this remedy, many of whom have tried it, and in no case have I known a failure.

**DOGS AND SHEEP BELLS.**—An experienced breeder of sheep says, that a number of sheep in any flock wearing bells will keep away dogs. He allows ten bell sheep to every hundred. When sheep are alarmed they run together in a compact body, and the ringing of all the bells frightens the dogs. In Great Britain and Ireland bells are used by almost every owner of sheep. They are useful for keeping off dogs and foxes, the latter being destructive to lambs in places where this precaution is not taken.

**AGE OF SHEEP—HOW DETERMINED.**—The age of sheep may be known by the front teeth. They are eight in number, and appear all of a size. In the second year the two middle ones fall out, and their place is supplied by two large ones. In the third year a small tooth on each side. In the fourth year the large teeth are six in number. In the fifth year the whole front teeth are large. In the sixth year the whole begin to get worn. In the seventh year the whole fall out or are broken: It is said that the teeth of ewes begin to decay at five or six; those of wethers at seven.

**GESTATION OF ANIMALS.**—The period of gestation in certain animals is set down by a German author, who is said to be correct, as follows:

ANIMAL.	SHORTEST.	MEAN.	LONGEST.
Mare.....	322 days,	347 days	419 days.
Cow.....	240 "	283 "	321 "
Sow.....	109 "	116 "	143 "
Ewe.....	146 "	154 "	161 "

A record of gestation of mares was kept, some years ago, at the experimental farm, established by the government of France, by which it was shown that of 582 mares the shortest period was 287, and the longest 419 days, showing a difference of 132 days in one case!

**THE TREE THAT TOOK CALOMEL.**—A gentleman of Rochester was lately in Saratoga county, N. Y., and was there shown an apple-tree in a fine, healthy condition, which had been ill, subjected to treatment with calomel, and thoroughly cured. This tree was afflicted with insects, which were destroying it, rendering it unproductive. A hole was bored into the body of the tree nearly through the sap, and two grains of calomel inserted. As soon as this calomel was taken up by the sap, the vermin on the tree died and it began to bear fruit, and has done so for three years, to the entire satisfaction of the owner.

**TO FATTEN GESE.**—Put three or four into a darkened room, and give each bird one pound of oats daily, thrown on a pan of water. In fourteen days they will be found almost too fat. Never shut up less than two together, as they pine if left alone.

According to Prof. Voelcker, a lean hog contains eighteen per cent. more water than a fat one; and other authorities state the difference on beef, &c., to be still greater; consequently fat meat is the cheapest to buy.

In the United States there are more pigs than human population. In England there is only one pig for every nine human inhabitants.

Cholera, which raged so fearfully in 1848, was cured in a multitude of cases by the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is a sure cure for cramp and pain in the stomach.

If a man is dissipated, his fortune will soon become so too.