

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 17th, 1868.

MATTHEW IV. 4-26: Our Lord's discourse with the Samaritan woman.
Recite.—ISAIAH IV. 1-3.

Sunday, May 24th, 1868.

JOHN IV. 27-42: Many of the Samaritan's believe on Jesus.
Recite.—1 JOHN IV. 10-15.

Spring is coming, Spring is coming!
Birds are chirping, insects humming;
Flowers are peeping from their sleeping;
Streams escaped from winter's keeping.
Shout we, then with nature's voice:
Welcome Spring! Rejoice, rejoice!

"Not for a hundred Dimes, Sir."

"Here, my dear, drink a glass of wine," said a lady, as she handed a glass of sparkling champagne to a bright boy.
"No, thank you ma'am, I belong to the cold water band," replied the boy.
"I'll give you a dime if you will drink it," said a gentleman, who wanted to test the little teetotaler's strength.
"Oh, no sir," replied the boy, "I would not break my pledge for a hundred dimes!"
Noble young teetotaler! How many of my readers are true as he?

Love is the Force.

Once two little boys were on their way to school. They were brothers and their names were John and Frank. John was the older of the two, and he liked to rule Frank by sharp words; but Frank did not like to be ruled-in that way.
"Come on—quicker, quicker. What a slow coach you are!" said John.
"It is not late, and the day is hot," said Frank.
"I tell you I want to get to school in time to clean out my desk," said John—"Come! you shall come."
And then John tried to pull Frank along by main force; but, the more John pulled, the more Frank made up his mind not to yield.
While the dispute went on, they came to a place in the road where a man was trying to make a horse pull a great load of stones. The horse had stopped to rest, when the man began to beat him.
This the horse did not like, for he had tried to do his best; so he stood stock still. In vain did the man lay on the lash; the horse would not start. In vain did the man swear at him; the horse did not mind his oaths.
Just then a young man came up, and said to the man with the load of stones, "Why do you treat a good, brave horse in that way? He would pull for you till he died, if you would only treat him kindly. Stand aside, and let me show you how to treat a good horse."
So the man stood aside; and the young man went up, and put his arm around the neck of the horse, and patted him on the back, and said, "Poor old fellow! It was too bad to lash you so, when you were doing your best, and just stopped a moment to take breath."
And so the young man soothed the poor beast, by the kind words and soft pats with his hand; and then said to him, "Now, good old horse, see what you can do! Come sir! we have only a few steps more to the top of the hill. Get up now. Show you will do for love what you would not do for hate."
The horse seemed to know what was said to him; for he started off at a strong, brisk pace, and was soon at the top of the hill.
"There, my good friend," said the young man to the driver, "I hope you see now that love is the best force; that even beasts will do for you, when you are kind, what they will not do when you are harsh."
John heard all these words, and they set him to thinking. At last he said to Frank, "It is a hot day, Frank; and it is not late. Let us walk through the lane to school."
"No, John," said Frank, "I will take the short cut, and will walk just as fast as you want me to. So, come on."
"Frank," said John, "Love is better than hate,—isn't it?"
"Oh, a thousand times better!" cried Frank.

Mozart's oxen Waltz.

The sensitive nature of Mozart, that sweetest of all musical composers, is well known. The slightest discord produced in him severe irritation, and when engaged in musical composition, his feelings grew so intense that he almost lost consciousness of all going on around him. A story is told in Whitney's *Musical Guest* which strikingly illustrates this. Mozart was engaged in arranging one of the most beautiful airs in an opera he was composing, when the butcher called for his pay, which had long been due. In vain his wife endeavored to attract the attention of the wrapt artist, who scribbled away utterly unconscious of her presence.
"She ran down stairs, with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted—he must have his bill settled, and

speaking with Mozart himself—and he would not send him another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart, daintily conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his fantasia on paper when the heavy footsteps resounded in the hall. His stick was at hand. Without turning his eyes from the sheet, he held his stick against the door to keep out the intruders.

"But the steps were approaching. Mozart, more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The beautiful effusion was in danger of being lost. The affrighted composer cast a fugitive glance at his stick—it was too short. With anxiety bordering on frenzy he looked around his room, and a pole standing behind the curtain caught his eye; this he seized, holding it with all his might against the door, writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, but the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded. Words were heard on the staircase, and the intruders renewed their efforts the second time. But the strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Stemming the pole against his left breast with the force of despair, he still kept out the visitors. He succeeded but for a moment, yet it was a precious moment—the delightful air was poured upon the paper—it was saved!

"Mr. Mozart," said the butcher—
"Halt! halt!" said the composer, seizing the manuscript, and hurrying toward the pianoforte. Down he sat and the most delightful air that was ever heard responded from the instrument. The eyes of his wife, and even of the butcher, began to moisten. Mozart finished the tune, rose again, and, running to the writing-desk, he filled out what was wanting.

"Well, Mr. Mozart," said the butcher, when the artist had finished, "you know that I am to marry?"
"No, I do not," said Mozart, who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance.

"Well, then, you know it now, and you also know that you owe me money for meat."
"I do," said Mozart, with a sigh.
"Never mind," said the man, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart; "you make me a fine waltz for my marriage-ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a year to come."

"It is a bargain!" cried the lively and gifted Mozart; and down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument—such a waltz as the butcher had never before heard.

"Meat for a year, did I say?" exclaimed the enraptured butcher. "No! one hundred ducats you shall have for this waltz, but I want it with trumpets and horns and fiddles—you know best—and soon, too!"

"You shall have it so," said Mozart, who could scarcely trust his ears, "and in one hour you may send for it."

"The liberal-minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music. The butcher returned, was delighted with the music, and paid Mozart his one hundred ducats—a sum more splendid than he had ever received from the Emperor for the greatest of his operas.

"It is to this incident that the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming trifles, the celebrated oxen waltz—a piece of music still unrivalled."

Cause of ill health.

It is quite certain that man is the most daring violator of natural law to be found in the animal kingdom. He is not only absolutely reckless, but persistent and obstinate in his course of transgressing; indeed, he is original and ingenious in his methods of attack upon himself. God has made man upright, but he has sought out many inventions to make himself crooked, so that an army of men find constant and lucrative employment in patching and mending the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Here is a regiment of men with forceps to pull out teeth that should last a life-time, for they were not designed to ache but were given to man to eat with. There are hosts of men who are using pills, powders, plasters, and every variety of panacea to cure the ills of the unfortunate. Do we have any reason to believe that the brute creation, when allowed to control itself and follow instinct, suffer as we do? Do they bleat and bellow with the tooth ache? Do they suffer from colds? Are they afflicted with chronic diseases? Can powders and plasters be of service to them? Why do we yield so easily to fatigue, and fall a prey to disease so readily? Can it be true that weakness of body indicates strength of soul? that a narrow chest insures a broad heart? that a sickly constitution is favorable to a saintly life? that physical infirmity is a proof of spiritual power? It is ridiculous nonsense to suppose such things. We are to love God with all our heart, soul, and strength; and the more heart, soul, and strength we have, the more we can love God. The fact is, we have allowed the animal to get the better of the spiritual of our nature. We eat too fast. We drink too much of that which is not *aqua pura*. We chew and smoke and snuff tobacco. We go to bed late, and get up late. We do not get sufficient sleep, and we allow the anxieties of life to drive us to disease.—S. R. Wells.

The Law of Forgiveness.

Most men use some casuistry to exempt them from obeying the law of Christ. Christ bids us, "Love your enemies;" but men excuse themselves, by adding, "When they repent." The tendency to forgiveness is not so universal that

there is need of counteracting it by supplementing the Divine law with a human condition.

I know men say that forgiveness ought to be conditioned on repentance. Please tell me where you find that doctrine. Shall I find it where it says, "If thy brother trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him?" But that does not say that you shall not forgive him if he does not repent. And I ask those that attempt to justify their unfor-giveness to listen. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him." It does not say that when your enemy is reconciled to you, when he has come to you and repented, then you are to feed him; it says that while he is yet your enemy you are to feed him. "If he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." This kind of conduct will strike him with a remorse so purgent that it shall burn out the dross, and leave only the pure gold of a better life. Men say, "That man is a wicked man, and has behaved hatefully to me; and still behaves hatefully to me; and I cannot forgive him; I am not called to. If he will lay aside wickedness, I will forgive him; I do not wish him any harm; but I cannot forgive him so long as he persists in his present course." Now, Christ says, "Love that man, bless him, pray for him, though he has despitely used you, and is actually persecuting you; you are to do it, that you may be the child of your heavenly Father, and that you may be in His likeness. You are the agent that is to work a moral change in the man; and your forgiveness, your lenity, your great mindedness, your goodness, heaped on him, are the instruments which God has placed in your hands by which to change him."

India turning to God.

An interesting account is given of a young Brahmin, holding an appointment under the government, who embraced the truth, and was publicly baptized, and immediately afterwards resigned his appointment in the government office, and studied for the ministry. After preaching for a time with great industry and power, he became desirous of preaching the gospel gratuitously, and not as a hired assistant. For this purpose, he again entered a government office, and while thus supporting himself, contrived morning and evening to carry on his work as an evangelist. Eventually, a converted Hindu merchant undertook to support him as his own missionary, and in this way he has now been laboring nearly a year.

A missionary near Vellore, having been temporarily absent, reports that the heathen, from the highest to the lowest grade, came to express their gladness at his return, and their interest in the Christian religion. Conversation was held with the different groups, and some individually. Others seemed to prefer coming like Nicodemus. A few expressed their deep conviction of the truth of Christianity, and its ultimate triumph over Hinduism, sadly saying, "Our children will all be Christians, without a doubt; but it is not for us of this generation—there are too many obstacles for us to surmount. We shall die as our fathers did—that is our fate."

A missionary in Furrkhabad District, in the bazaar of a town which he visited, was requested to preach to the people, as they wished to hear. A place was cleared, and immediately as large an audience was collected as the narrow street would allow, and the people listened in almost unbroken quiet for an hour and a half to the story of Christ and Him crucified.

In the region of Hurdwar, in Northern India, a missionary observes that the name of Jesus is now familiar to every native; great intelligence is exhibited in reference to the nature of the gospel, and the heaven is gradually spreading.

The Steam-engine.

Between the steam engine and the living body there is the closest analogy; all muscular motions strictly obey the most rigid mechanical laws; the propulsive power of the heart drives the blood through the vessels according to the laws of hydraulics; the nutritive materials upon which life depends are no more nor less than combustible substances, which actually undergo a slow combustion, and enter into the same combination with atmospheric oxygen as the fuel in a fire; the conversion of food into work is effected by the same process as that which turns coal or wood into motive force. The work done by a man must be in just proportion to the food he eats. We might as well try to drive a steam engine without fuel as to extract work from the body without food; and where food is taken, and no corresponding work performed, excessive bodily heat is generated and radiated from the body to the surrounding atmosphere, to be taken up and reconverted into force by other animal or vegetable bodies. All food taken into the body, and not worked out, might just as well, for all the good it does any body, be put on the fire, and the heat to which it will ultimately be turned got from it by the simple process of burning it. Taking food without turning it into work—muscular action of some kind—amounts to the same thing as burning fuel and generating steam in an engine, and then blowing it off without turning it to account. And our fuel, like the fuel of the furnace, is the produce of the sun's heat and light. Corn and wine and the fruits of the earth we have from the sun. The grasses of the field, too, contain nutriment for man; but as our digestive organs are too delicate to extract the small quantity of useful matter they contain from the large excess of the insoluble, we submit these vegetables to the powerful digestion of the ox or other animal; permit the

nourishment to collect in the animal's flesh; and so procure it in a convenient and agreeable form for nutriment.—Once a Week.

Agriculture, &c.,

ROOTS AND STOCK-RAISING.—The Canada Farmer says: "It is impossible to keep stock advantageously without roots. This fact, and the fact also that roots play such an important part in a judicious rotation, ought to induce more attention to them. Turnip culture has been pronounced the sheet-anchor of British agriculture. It has wrought little short of a revolution in farming matters in the old country, and it will do the same here, if it can be made general. Turnips do not require to be sown until the hurry of spring work is over, and thus a season of comparative leisure may be appropriated to this important crop. They are a pretty sure crop, and, on good land, highly productive and remunerative. In this country they cannot, as in Britain, be fed on the ground, but require storage. They, however, stand a considerable degree of cold, and keep well either in pits or moderately well protected cellars."

THE CARROT is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities, and its influence in the stomach upon the other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. This result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from a substance called pectine, which operates to coagulate or gelatinate vegetable solutions, and thus favors digestion in all cattle. Horses are especially benefited by the use of carrots.

WEEDING POTATOES WITH SHEEP.—It may not be known to farmers in general that it is a common practice in some of the potato-growing districts to turn flocks of sheep into the potato-fields for the purpose of eating down the weeds. The sheep will not touch a potato-vine. This pasturing with sheep is very advantageous when the crop is a late planted one, so that the hoeing cannot be completed until the haying or harvest is finished. At the growing season it is the planter's aim to keep down the grass and weeds, so that they may be covered with dirt by the cultivator and hoe, when these are used. Pasturing with sheep will attain this object. Early-planted crops, the cultivation of which is completed in the first half of the summer, frequently become grassy and weedy before the time of digging—when the size of the tops precludes cultivation. In this stage the sheep are economical weeders. It is hardly necessary to mention that the feed thus given to the sheep makes a double profit, inasmuch as it costs absolutely nothing, while labor is saved, and weeds prevented from seeding.

RANCID BUTTER.—The following method of restoring rancid butter to an eatable condition is worth trying:

We have seen butter, left open to the air, rendered offensively rancid in a few days by such exposure. When this change occurs it is customary to throw the mass into the receptacle for soap grease. This is an unnecessarily wasteful practice, since the butter can be restored to an eatable condition with little trouble and expense. The process of restoration is as follows:—To a pint of water add thirty drops (about half a teaspoonful) of liquor of chloride of lime. Wash in this two and a half pounds of rancid butter. When every particle of the butter has come in contact with the water, let it stand an hour or two; then wash the butter well in pure water. The butter is then left without any odor, and has the sweetness of fresh butter. These preparations of lime have nothing injurious in them.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN, after many improvements and modifications, has now reached that degree of perfection in construction, and that moderateness of cost that bring it within the reach of many who could not afford the expense of a good piano. No musical family in prosperous circumstances, should fail to possess one of these beautiful instruments, which will prove at once an ornament to the room, a means of education to the young people, and an unfailing and inexpensive resource in social and solitary hours.—Boston Evening Voice.

GOOD NEWS FOR MOTHERS.—Croup, Diphtheria and Ulcerated Sore Throat are now controllable diseases. In the most acute and violent case, the application of Radway's Ready Relief (by rubbing) to the outer surface of the throat, and to the inner surface by gargling or with a swab, produces an immediate change in the malignant character of these maladies.
Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

For a benefit of Farmers we repeat that small quantity of Blood's Rheumatic Compound and Pain Killer mixed with the water they drink, in the hot weather, will prevent all ill effects.

Old and apparently worthless horses can be rejuvenated and stimulated to newness of life by the use of Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders. Try them—it will not cost much, and the money will be refunded if satisfaction is not given.

At Vespers, in Trinity Monastery, Moscow, forty bells are sounded from a single tower. What a joyous sound 'twould be if the praise of *Grace's Salve* was proclaimed in this way. It ought to be, for it is one of the blessings of the age, curing readily, cuts, bruises, burns, and such like.