

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 22nd, 1868.

MATTHEW I. 1-18: Preface to John's gospel.
Recite.—EXODUS XX. 1-17.

Sunday, March 29th, 1868.

MATTHEW I. 19-34: Testimony of John the Baptist to Jesus.
Recite.—MALACHI III. 1, 2.

Remember the Poor.

A little child sat on her grandpa's knee,
And she looked in his face with childish glee,
And asked, "Do you know what the wild winds
say?"

"Why no, little maid—so tell me, pray!"

"I think, as it pushes against the door,
It seems to say, 'Remember the poor!'
It howls down the chimney, as if to say,
'Remember the poor' this wintry day!"

"It sometimes whispers, as if to woo;
It speaks to all—and it speaks to you;
'Tis blessed to have the power to give,
'Remember the poor,' for the poor must live!"

Then list to the breeze as it passes by,
Or a hurricane soon may sweep the sky,
And He who holds the winds in his hand
May send destruction through the land.

When thickly are falling the flakes of snow,
And wintry winds around do blow,
Whether they whistle, whisper, or roar,
Give heed to their voice, and "Remember the
poor."

Why Christ come as a babe.

"There is one thing," said Wynnie, after a
pause, "that I have often thought about—why
it was necessary for Jesus to come as a babe; he
could not do anything for so long."

"First, I would answer, Wynnie, that if you
would tell me why it is necessary for all of us
to come as babies, it would be less necessary for
me to tell you why he came so; and whatever was
human must be his. But I must say next, Are
you sure that he could not do anything for so
long? Does a baby do nothing? Ask mamma
there. Is it for nothing that the mother lifts
up such heartfuls of thanks to God for the baby
on her knee? Is it nothing that the baby opens
such fountains of love in almost all the hearts
around it? Ah! you do not think how much
every baby has to do with the saving of the
world—the saving of it from selfishness, and
folly and greed. And for Jesus, was he not
going to establish the reign of love in the earth?
How could he do better than begin from baby-
hood? He had to lay hold of the heart of the
world. How could he do better than begin
with his mother's—the best one in it. Through
his mother's love first, he grew into the world.
It was first by the door of all holy relations
of the family that he entered the human world,
laying hold of mother, father, brothers, sisters,
all his friends; then by the door of labor, for
he took his share of his father's work; then,
when he was thirty years of age, by the door of
teaching; by kind deeds, and sufferings, and
through all by obedience unto the death. You
must not think little of the grand thirty years
wherein he got ready for the chief work to fol-
low. You must not think that while he was
thus preparing for his public ministrations, he
was not all the time saving the world even by
that which he was in the midst of it, ever laying
hold of it more and more. These were things
not so easy to tell. And you must remember
that our records are very scanty. It is a small
biography we have of a man who became—to
say nothing more—the Man of the world—the
Son of Man. No doubt it is enough, or God
would have told us more; but surely we are not
to suppose that there was nothing significant,
nothing of saving power in that which we are
not told. Charlie, wouldn't you have liked to
see the little baby Jesus?"

"Yes, that I would. I would have given
him my white rabbit with the pink eyes."

"That is what the great painter Titian must
have thought, Charlie; for he has painted him
playing with a white rabbit—not such a pretty
one as yours."

"I would have carried him about all day,"
said Dora, "as little Henny Parsons does her
baby-brother."

"Did he have any brother or sister to carry
him about, papa?" asked Harry.

"No, my boy; for he was the eldest. But
you may be pretty sure he carried about his
brothers and sisters that came after him."

"Wouldn't he take care of them," just!"
said Charlie.

"I wish I had been one of them," said Con-
stance.

"You are one of them, my Connie. Now
he is so great and so strong that he can carry
father and mother and all of us in his bosom."

Then we sang a child's hymn in praise of the
God of little children, and then the little ones
went to bed.—*The Seaboard Parish, in the
Sabbath at Home.*

A HANDLE TO HIS HAT—Dr. Bellamy was
riding over one day on horseback, from Bethlem
to the neighboring town of Washington, both in
Litchfield county. As he came to the centre of

Washington, he passed a boy, who gazed upon
him in silence. The doctor, after riding by,
stopped and said:

"My boy, you go home and tell your father
that you want a handle to your hat."

The boy ran home innocently and did the
errand.

"Ah!" said the father, "I understand what
the difficulty is; you did not make a bow to
him. Now the next time he passes you be sure
and make him a handsome bow."

The boy watched his opportunity, and whether
the same day or at some later time we do not
know; but when he saw the doctor coming
again on horseback, he mounted a stone wall,
and took off his hat with such a flourish, and
such a decided inclination of body, that he
frightened the doctor's horse so that he shied
suddenly and well nigh threw him off. The
doctor rode on to the minister's.

"Well," said he, "this is the last time I shall
attempt to meddle with the morals or manners
of Washington boys," and then told the story.

No room for loafers.

These words recently met our eyes as we pas-
sed a working shop in this city. No room for
loafers. Sure enough, there is no room for
loafers anywhere in this working world. They
are not wanted in the busy workshop, nor in the
editor's sanctum; they are a nuisance in the
country store, spitting and spewing about the
stove, and at the post office, they are in every-
body's way. They are forever out of place, ex-
cept in the almshouse or jail. A dead weight
upon society, they are a hindrance and a bore.
They form no part of nature's plan, it abhors
them as it does a vacuum. While all around
them is going forward, they are standing still,
or rather gliding imperceptibly into seedy vaga-
bondism. A loafer soon grows rusty. It is
only use which keeps our faculties bright, and
the idle man gets dull, stupid, and muddled
headed. Yet some of these fellows seem to
think very well of themselves. You will see
them strutting along the sunny side of the street,
lounging at the corners, hanging about the doors
of the hotels, or the entrance of the theatre,
with fine cloths upon their backs, and a well
satisfied smirk upon their vacant countenances.
The poor creatures look down upon a working
man as beings of an inferior order! No doubt
the drones affect to despise the busy bees, until
they are driven from the hive to starve while the
workers feed upon the honey. A loafer set-
ting himself above the man that labours with
his hands! Why, he is as far beneath him as
in the order of creation, the slot is beneath the
common horse. A young mechanic in his work-
ing dress, and with his tools in his hand, is
every way a more agreeable object than the
most gaudily dressed loafer in existence. There
is always room for him. He is never out of
place, for he is keeping step with the move-
ments of the universe. He has an aim, a pur-
pose, and he stands for something. His facul-
ties are trained to use, and he is of value to
the world for what he can do. The skillful
workman is to the idle man what the manu-
factured article is to the raw material. He has
an additional value above that of mere man-
hood. The world cannot get on without him,
while it could spare every loafer in it, and be
all the better for their absence. Reader, what-
ever you do, don't loaf.

A Restoration.

A great "experience meeting" some years
ago, was to be held one evening in—church,
where the speakers were, as usual, to be re-
formed drunkards. An estimable woman, whom
we will call Alice, was induced to attend.
When the meeting was somewhat advanced, a
late member of Congress arose with apparent
sadness and hesitation.

"Though I had consented, at your urgent
solicitation, to address this assembly to-night,"
he said, "yet I have felt so great a reluctance
in doing so, that it has been with the utmost
difficulty that I could drag myself forward. As
to relating my experience, that I do not think
I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall,
I could wish that the memory of ten years of
my life were blotted out." He paused a mo-
ment, much affected, and then added in a final
voice, "Something must be said of my own
case, or I fail to make the impression on your
minds that I wish to produce."

Your speaker once stood among the respected
members of the bar. Nay, more than that, he
occupied a seat in Congress for two congression-
al periods. And more than that, he continued, his
voice sinking into a tone expressive of deep
emotion, "he once had a tenderly loved wife
and two sweet children. But all these honors,
all these blessings have departed from him. He
was unworthy to retain them; his constituents
threw him off, because he had debased himself
and disgraced them. And more than all, she
who had loved him devotedly, the mother of his
two babes, was forced to abandon him, and
seek an asylum in her father's house. And
why? Could I become so changed in a few
short years? What power was there to so
debase me that my fellow beings spurned, and
even the wife of my bosom turned away, heart-
stricken from me? Alas, my friends, it was a
mad indulgence in intoxicating drinks. But
for this, I were an honorable and useful repre-
sentative in the halls of legislation, and blessed
with home and wife and children.

But I have not told you all. After my wife
was separated from me, I sank rapidly. A
state of sobriety brought too many terrible
thoughts; I drank more deeply, and was rarely,
if ever, free from the bewildering effects of
partial intoxication. At last I became so

abandoned, that my wife, urged by her friends,
no doubt, filed an application for a divorce, and
as cause could be readily shown why it should
be granted, a separation was legally declared;
and to complete my disgrace, at the congression-
al caucus I was left off the ticket, as unfit to
represent the district.

When I heard of this new movement, the great
temperance cause, at first I sneered, then
wondered, listened at last, and at last threw
myself on the great wave that was rolling on-
ward, in hope of being carried far out of the
reach of danger. I did not hope with a vain
hope. It did for me all and more than I could
have desired. It set me once more on my feet,
once more made a man of me. A year of
sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and
fervent prayer to him who alone gives strength
in every good resolution, restored me to much
that I have lost; but not all, not the richest
treasure that I have proved myself unworthy to
retain,—not my wife and children. Between
myself and these, the law has laid its stern im-
pressible interdictions. I have no longer a wife,
no longer children, though my heart goes to-
wards these loved ones with the tenderest yearn-
ings. Pictures of our early days of wedded
love, are ever lingering in my imagination. I
dream of the sweet fireside circle; I see ever
before me the placid face of my Alice, as her
eyes looked into mine with intelligent confi-
dence; the music of her voice is ever sounding
in my ears."

Here the speaker's emotion overcame him;
his utterance became checked, and he stood
silent, with bowed head and trembling limbs.
The dense mass of people were hushed into an
oppressive stillness, that was broken here and
there by half-stifled sobs.

At this moment there was a movement in the
crowd. A single female figure, before whom
every one appeared instinctively to give way,
was seen passing up the aisle. This was not
observed by the speaker, until she had come
nearly in front of the platform on which he
stood. Then the movement caught his ear, and
his eyes that instant fell on Alice, who, by the
kindness of those near her was conducted to
his side. The whole audience thrilled with the
scene, were upon their feet, bending toward,
when the speaker extended his arms, and Alice
threw herself upon his bosom.

An aged minister then came forward, and
gently separated them. "No, no," said the re-
formed congressman, "you cannot take her
away from me."

"Heaven forbid that I should," said the
minister; but by your own confession she is not
your wife." "No, she is not," returned the
speaker mournfully. "But is ready to take
her vows again," modestly said Alice, in a low
tone, smiling through her tears.

Before that large assembly, all standing, and
with few dry eyes, the marriage ceremony was
again performed, that gave the speaker and
Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged
man, with thin white locks, completed the
marriage rite, he laid his hands upon the heads
of the two he had joined in the holy bonds,
and lifting up his streaming eyes, said in a
solemn voice, "What God has joined together,
let not man put asunder."

"Amen," was cried by the whole assembly,
as with a single voice.—*Old Oaken Bucket.*

Discoveries at Jerusalem.

Professor Porter, of Belfast, in supporting the
claims of the Palestine Exploration Fund, gives
a testimony which has peculiar weight from his
own extensive knowledge of the Holy Land.—
Speaking of the wonderful discoveries of Mr.
Garren in and around Jerusalem, he says:—
"Their importance to the Biblical archaeologist
can scarcely be over-estimated. He can not
but feel that the great vexed questions of the
topography of the Holy Land, and its sacred
monuments are on the eve of solution. In
common with many others I have been watch-
ing with the most intense eagerness every fresh
stage in the excavations, as it corroborated some
fact in history, or illustrated some statement
in the Bible. The courses of the three ancient
city walls, so minutely described by Josephus,
are now being gradually traced. The exact
sites of the most hallowed spot on earth—the
Holy Sepulchre and the Jewish Temple—are in
a fair way of being determined.—The colossal
foundations of the Temple wall, in which the
"stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits,"
laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne,
are now being laid bare at the enormous depth
of 90 feet and more beneath the present sur-
face. The bridge that once spanned the ravine
between the Palace on Zion and the Temple
on Moriah is now proved to have been upwards
of 150 feet high. If this be, as it seems, the
'ascent' to the house of the Lord, which
Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we
cannot wonder that on seeing it 'there was no
more spirit in her.' The 'Pinnacle of the
Temple,' on which the tempter placed the
Saviour, has just been uncovered to its base, and
is found still to have an elevation of 133 feet.
The statement of Josephus is therefore no ex-
aggeration: 'If any one looked down from the
battlements into the valley he would be giddy,
while his sight could not reach to such an im-
mense depth. Sections of the ancient wall of
Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as
Josephus says, it was joined to the southeast
angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, and
rock-hewn channels and passages have also
been discovered in and around Haram, throwing
new light on the buildings, the arrangements,
and the services of the Temple. The great
work of a complete exploration of ancient
Jerusalem is thus fair and auspiciously com-
menced."

Agriculture, &c.,

We shall be glad to receive communications
from persons who have had experience on the
question proposed below. An exchange of
thought, on such a subject, would probably bene-
fit many young farmers, and be thankfully re-
ceived by them:

Mr. Editor.—Would some of your numerous
readers, be kind enough, to communicate the
best, and cheapest method of reclaiming Swamp
Land, that is, a mere moss swamp, without bush
or tree on it,—lying in a favorable position for
draining. Would it need manure or lime?
Would grubbing and burning be approved of?
The object is to raise hay on it. It lies in a
granite district.

Nova Scotia.

ENQUIRER.

SOILS THAT NEED LIME.—"To ascertain the
soils likely to be benefited by lime," says an ex-
change, "put a small quantity of soil in a tumbler,
and pour upon it, first a little water, and
then a good deal of spirits of salts, or muriatic
acid. If this addition produces a strong efferve-
scence, there is no need of applying lime to the
land; if no effervescence is produced, in all
probability, liming or marling will be useful.
However, this simple test cannot always be de-
pended upon, and it is, therefore, much safer
to have the proportion of lime determined in
the soil, which, at no great expense, can be
done by an analytical chemist; but, in localities
where the services of a competent chemist can-
not be conveniently obtained, the test should be
made."

CURE FOR FOUNDER.—Mix one pint of the
seed of the common sunflower in the animal's
feed as soon as you discover symptoms of
founder, and you will give immediate and cer-
tain relief. This is the best remedy ever
known.

SPLITTING RAILS.—A correspondent of the
Iowa Homestead, alluding to the difficulty fre-
quently experienced in making a wedge stick
in frozen timber when splitting rails, advises
the use of dry sand, dashed into the crevice
from which the wedge rebounds. The end
sought can be equally attained by making a few
checks close together with the ax on the end of
the log to be split, and inserting the wedge be-
tween them. We never knew a wedge to re-
bound under such circumstances.

SPLITTING CAST-IRON WITH WATER.—Ad-
vantage has recently been taken in France of
the non-compressibility of water to effect the
reduction of large masses of cast-iron. The
method, which is simple and ingenious, consists
in drilling a hole in the mass for about one-
third of its thickness, and filling the hole with
water; then closing it with a steel plug which
fits very accurately, and letting the ram of a
pile driver fall on the plug. The first blow
separates the cast-iron into two pieces.

A STORMY TIME.—Learned men predict that
the year 1868 is to be remarkable for storms,
inundations and earthquakes, the result in part
of several comets being in the neighborhood.

A Swiss journal states that a young woman
named Anna Arnold, sister of an innkeeper at
Willisau (Lucerne), has just carried off the
first prize at a rifle shooting competition of that
town, having made a white with every shot.

AN HIBERNIAN RIDDLE.—We have had sent
to us a riddle which we do not remember to
have heard before. It is new, it is strange
that it is not old; if it be old, it is strange that
it should not be always new. The problem is—
"My first, when he makes my second, calls
himself my whole;" and the solution is,—
Patriot.

THE MASON AND HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN
stands unrivalled among all competitors, both
for power and sweetness of tone. It takes the
lead of all others, and notwithstanding the con-
stant increase of means for manufacture, there
is no accumulation of instruments. Several
hundred workmen, with a wonderful variety of
machinery, occupying several buildings, are the
evidences of the appreciation given to the
Cabinet Organ.—*The (Cincinnati) Presbyter.*

NO REACTION.—THE SAFEST KNOWN TONIC.
The vivifying operation of ordinary stimulants
is succeeded by nervous disturbances which re-
quire further medication to remove them. But
Radway's Ready Relief tones and invigorates
without exciting. Hence, it is a perfectly harm-
less preparation. Instead of determining the
blood to the head, it equalizes the circulation,
and while acting locally, braces up the whole
physique.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

If there is a general remedy for which the
people ought to be thankful, it is Johnson's
Anodyne Liniment. It is curious to notice the
enthusiasm with which some people speak of
it, more particularly our returned soldiers, to
whom it has been a friend indeed.

Parsons' Purgative Pills may be used in all
forms of diseases with the most decided benefit,
and without fear of injury. Try them.

No doubt exists but what there is
In *Grace's Salve* real worth,
And that it is for bruise, scald, burn,
The best thing known on earth.