

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 3rd, 1868.

MATTHEW iii. 22-36: Jesus remains in Judea and baptizes. Further testimony of John the Baptist. *Recite*—HAGGAI viii. 6-9.

Sunday, May 10th, 1868.

MATTHEW iv. 12: xiv. 3-5: MARK i. 14: vi. 17-20: LUKE iv. 14: iii. 10-20: JOHN iv. 1-3. Jesus departs into Galilee after John's imprisonment. *Recite*—MATTHEW xxi. 22-27.

For the Christian Messenger.

Answer to the Puzzle—"Something for the Curious."

To answer God's most holy plan,
He made a fish before the man,
And let him round the ocean stroll,
This fish with fins; without a soul.

To make the body all complete,
He needed neither legs, nor feet.
But when a fish possessed a soul
Arms, legs, and feet he did control.

And if he did the law obey
T'was more than that poor soul* could say,
Who refuge took beneath his skin
As punishment for his own sin.

This soulless fish would seem to claim,
That Adam gave him first a name;
And naught of Adam e'er he knew—
After that first short interview.

But if in Adam's seed be found,
Pollution, guilt and sin abound.
Are we not right in the detection—
And trace them both in their connection?

Sin caused the fish to have a soul;
Sin cursed the world from pole to pole;
And when at last sin claims its right,
The fish's life goes out in light. †

And now another word or two,
Before I part my friend with you;
Down to the dismal shades of woe,
You do not seem inclined to go.

Poor Jonah said, or else he lied,
"Out of the belly of hell I cried,"
And if to Heaven you can't ascend
You need not hope to meet your friend.

In winding up this fishes tale,
I think that I have found a WHALE,
That's what I think I make you out,
Where I shall find you is a doubt.

G. F. M.

*Jonah † Oil used for lamps.

A clean Apron.

A lady wanted a trusty little girl to come and help her to take care of baby. Nobody could recommend her one, and she hardly knew where to look for the right kind of child. One day she went through a by-lane, and met a little girl with a clean apron. She went a second and third time and saw the same little girl with her clean apron, holding a baby in the door of a small house.

"That is the child for me," said the lady. She stopped and asked for her mother. "Mother has gone out to work," she answered modestly; "father is dead, and now mother has to do everything."

"Should you not like to come and live with me?" asked the lady.

"I should like to help mother some way," said the child.

The lady, more pleased than ever with the tidy looks of the little girl, went to see her mother when she was at home; and the end of it was, the lady took the child to live with her; and she found, what indeed she expected to find, that the neat appearance of her person showed the neat and orderly bent of her mind. She had no careless habits; she was no friend to dirt; but every thing she had to do with was folded up and put away and kept carefully.

The lady takes great comfort in her, and helps the poor mother, whose lot is not now so hard as it was. She smiles when she says, "Sally's recommendation was her clean apron; and who will not say it was a good one?"

The golden Rule.

"Uncle Joseph, Uncle Joseph, please tell us what makes every one like you so well?"

This was asked by some half-a-dozen bright-eyed eager-looking little fellows, who clustered around a white-haired old man, with a very pleasant face. Indeed, Father Time had left his marks there deep and strong; but it was a very true and clear letter of praise, that those who ran might read.

Uncle Joseph answered, "Why, boys, what has come over you to ask me such a question as that?"

One little boy answered, "Well, uncle, I'll tell you. We were talking with father about you, and I asked him what made every body like you so well; and he told us to come to you; he thought you would tell us the secret. Now please do."

Then the old man said:—

"Well, boys, this is the secret: I have always tried to do by others as I would wish others

to do by me. This is a good rule and very easy to understand, and those who practice it cannot be very far out of the way. I was always a quiet, thoughtful boy, and perhaps for that reason was more inclined to think of others than some of these wide awake little fellows are.

"But look here, boys, you come and sit with me under the shade of this beautiful elm tree, and I will tell you what happened to me when I was quite a young man, which I think has made a life-long impression upon me.

"Well, to begin, as the story-tellers say, when I was a young man I lived far away from here, in a hilly country, and very near where I lived there was what is called a mountain gorge, which was some ten feet wide. Now to get on the opposite side one must travel some four or five miles; so the neighbors concluded to have a bridge built, and each one that crossed pay toll, and in that way to pay for the bridge and keep it in repair. As I lived nearer to the bridge than any one else, they voted that I should be toll-gatherer. This was not a very arduous task, as there was not a very great deal of travel in that region, and very seldom any one wished to cross the bridge after ten o'clock at night. O, I must not forget to tell you that there was a gate at one end of the bridge which was kept locked at night, and no one could cross without they came and roused me up; but I always kept a light in the window to guide the traveler to the house.

"One day we had a heavy pouring rain all day, and as night came on, instead of stopping, it seemed to increase in violence. The wind blew hard, and I thought to myself—This is, indeed, a fearful night; but it isn't probable there will be any travellers out to-night; however, I put my light in the window and went to bed about ten o'clock. I cannot say how long I had slept, when I was aroused by a heavy knocking at the door. I got up and opened it as soon as possible. There stood a man who seemed to be completely drenched with rain. I asked him to come in, but he said, 'Young man, I am sorry to trouble you, but I am very anxious to cross the bridge to-night, and would like to have you open the gate for me.' I tried to persuade him to come in and stop till morning; but he could not think of it, as he had a child on the other side who was very sick, and he felt that he must go. So I took a lantern and the key, and went out to let him go across; but when we got to where the bridge had been, we found it was blown away. Then the stranger gazed in astonishment, and exclaimed, 'What shall I do? what shall I do? I fear my child will die before I can get to it.'

"Then I said, 'Friend, there is a place a few rods above here where I have often waded across in pleasant weather. If you will get upon my back and trust yourself with me, I can get you across safely.' He said, 'Willingly, willingly, young man, if you are disposed to undertake it.' So I took him upon my back; but as the water was quite deep, I had to use a great deal of caution and care; but at last I got him safely upon the opposite bank. When I put him down, he offered me a well-filled purse. I thanked him and said I wished for nothing but the regular fee. As I spoke, I looked towards him, and a halo of light seemed to surround his head as he repeated these words—*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me*; and he was gone.

"How I got back into bed again I have no recollection. In the morning when I got up, my light was burning in the window as usual. The rain had ceased, and I looked out to view the ruin caused by the late storm, when lo! and behold! there stood the bridge, apparently as strong and defiant as ever. Then I knew my labor of love had been 'all a dream'; but boys, it left an indelible impression upon my mind, and after that I was more inclined than ever to do good as I had opportunity.

"I hope you will profit by the secret I have told you. Try to do as you would be done by. It is a very easy rule to follow. If you are inclined to do wrong, just stop and think, would I like to have another do so to me? That will decide it, and then you will do the right thing.

"Boys, I am an old man now; but let me tell you that I never found anything that would yield better than the practice of the Golden Rule.

Our Children copyists.

I took up a sheet of my own manuscript, an article hastily scribbled in pencil, and carelessly left unfinished upon my table. The space which I had left vacant about the title, at the top, I found all filled up with writing, and a glance told me that my little boy had been copying the title over and over many times, imitating as accurately as possible the bad as well as the good points of the writing.

"You mustn't do so again," said I to the boy, as I pointed to the writing; "any careless scribbling of mine, that you happen to find, is not fit for you to copy; it will get you into bad habits of penmanship."

"Why, mother," cried the child, "father said the way for me to learn to write well was to keep practicing, by copying all sorts of good writing, and I am sure anything you write is good enough."

"No, my love," said I decidedly, "I will set you copies, whenever you wish, but my ordinary hasty writing is not fit for you to imitate. See, now, if I had thought of your copying that I should have written it thus"—writing it very carefully—"see how differently it looks from the other."

"I see," said the boy, "and I will do as you say; but if I get my best as well as your worst, I shall be satisfied."

My son went away, and I sat and thought, not of the penmanship, but of matters far more vital to his welfare. Those thoughts were helpful to me in trying to live aright before my child, and perhaps they may help others as weak, if such indeed there be.

He is a zealous copyist, this child who sits beside us, and follows our steps from day to day; he must copy something, and he will not wait for that which is carefully set and prepared for his imitation; the ordinary careless scribbles are what he will seize upon, and imitate, till he makes them his own. By an exercise of authority, I could prevent my child from copying my careless hand-writing, but it is morally impossible for me to prevent his copying my careless living. It is the unconscious influence, flowing from us each day, hour, moment, which will form the child's character.

Again, if the child say "I am sure anything which you do is good enough," while the parent may well be thankful for such an expression from his child's heart, he will do well to remember, that in winning this great treasure of love and trust, he has won with it a responsibility proportionately great.

I have seen a very excellent, loving, and beloved mother standing directly in the way of her children's entrance into the heavenly gate, while mothers who were openly bad had no power to keep their children out of heaven. The children of that mother were, one after another, deeply interested for their souls' salvation, but, failing to come out openly on the Lord's side, relapsed, some into open sin. When the pastor urged the daughter to take a decided stand with those who were saying, "As for me I will serve the Lord," she replied, "I mean to serve God, but I shall keep my resolutions to myself, and make no professions; that is mother's way, and she is good enough and a great deal better than I ever expect to be."

The pastor believed that mother to have been for many years a true Christian; but nothing could induce her to profess Christ openly, and her children, seeking to follow the course of her whom they loved and honored, wrecked the fair bark of religion upon the rock of her bad example.

When a child says, "My mother is good enough," let her not think "My child is in a place of safety beside me;" but rather search her heart and life by the light of God's truth, and beg grace, in humble supplication at the foot of the cross, to lead her child in the right path.

Though he spoke but of the hand-writing, it startled me into these, and many other earnest thoughts, to hear my child say: "If I get my best as well as your worst, I shall be satisfied."
—Congregationalist.

A blundering Medium.

The Congregationalist tells of a person who, some years ago, had a favorite spaniel die. He clipped from its tail a lock of long silken hair as a memento of his pet. This he sent to a professional female medium, who, while in a trance, recognized the hair as having been taken from the head of a child sorely afflicted, as will be seen by the following diagnosis and prescription. It failed to inspire, in the mind of the person who sent it, a profound faith in her powers:

"In looking into this system, I find a bright, active brain, with much scrofulous humor through the whole system. In the stomach it produces indigestion, and the stomach I find a great deal of morbid matter and a large quantity of worms; and at times they greatly disturb the whole body, sometimes causing spasmodic action. I should think humor would make its appearance on the surface; this humor I find is settled on the muscles, affecting them, also weakening the bones. I would advise bathing the whole body and limbs once a day (at night) in a preparation made from an ounce of peppermint water, half ounce ether, two ounces olive oil, two ounces alcohol. Also mix a half ounce of spirits of lavender, half ounce tincture of goldenseal, an eighth of an ounce tincture of blood-root. Give half a teaspoonful in a little sweetened water three times a day. After this, give a teaspoonful three times a day of Brown's extract of sarsaparilla and winter-green."
—Texas Advocate.

The sun is a great and beautiful object; should, however, but a very small thing come between it and the eye, it is hidden from the view; and infinite as Christ is in his perfections and love, but a very little sin will hide his presence and beauty from the eye of faith.

Oh, think not, hold man! because thy punishment is delayed, that the arm of the Lord is weakened; neither flatter thyself with hopes that he winketh at thy doings.

Agriculture, &c.,

Dissolving Bones.

The cheapest and easiest way I found, says a member of a Farmers' Club, was to take a deep box, barrel, or hoghead, the latter I like the best, cover the bottom about two inches deep with ashes and lime mixed, about one part lime to two of ashes; the lime should be newly slaked and mixed with the ashes, both dry, then put in a layer of bones, then two or three inches of the lime and ashes again; fill up in this way to about eight inches of the top, then fill out with clear ashes, or the compound, and then wet it gradually until it is thoroughly saturated, but not so as to drain; let it stand

at least six months, the longer the better; when wanted for use take it out, fork it over and pick out all the bones that are not soft and save them for the next batch, and then pulverize and mix the ingredients well together, and you will find it one of the strongest and best fertilizers in use.

DARKNESS FAVOURABLE TO FATTENING.—It is a fact that all animals fatten faster in dimly-lighted places than in the full light of day. This is well known in respect to fowls. From experiments made with sheep, conclusions have been reached that in a dark shed, well ventilated and properly warm, they will make the most mutton from a given amount of food. But dark stables are not good for horses, or breeding stock of any kind. Fat is not with such the most important object in view.—*Mark Lane Express.*

CLEANSING WOOL OF GUMMY MATTER.—The *Maine Farmer* gives the following:—Take one pound of saleratus for twelve pounds of wool, dissolve in water not quite boiling hot, then put in the wool, and stir occasionally for one hour; take it out and squeeze it thoroughly, or what is better, run through a clothes wringer, rinse in cold water, and spread on grass ground to dry. This process will remove all gum and dirt from any kind of wool, and make it much better for custom work.

MARRIED AND SINGLE.—A paper was read at a recent meeting of the Royal Society in Edinburgh, on "the influence of marriage on the death-rate in Scotland," which stated that between twenty and twenty-five, the death-rate of bachelors, was exactly double that of married men. As the age increased, the difference in the death-rate as against the bachelors decreased, but at every stage of life the advantage was in favor of married men. From twenty years to the close of life, the average age of married men was fifty-nine and a half, while that of bachelors was only forty. In the case of women, the results, though not as marked as in the case of men, were in favor of the married as compared with the unmarried.

HOW TO SET A HEN.—We have found the most convenient way to set hens, says the *Stock Journal*, is to get a common tea-chest or box, put a portable sloping roof to it, made of a few pieces of board. Cut a hole at one end, like that for a dog kennel. In front of this put a wire pen, or a frame made of laths. Provide the hen with food and water daily, and you need not be under anxiety about your hen leaving her eggs; she cannot get out, and will return on the eggs, if really broody, in a very short time. In this way you would have them entirely under your command. When the chickens are hatched, I find these same boxes answer every purpose; only in wet weather, if a shed cannot be had, they must have the frame covered with canvas or boards.

The American horse-cars are finding great acceptance in the old world. But in Paris, the first city that has adopted them extensively, the cars are run by a flat wheel, without a flange, upon a flat rail, without a groove; the vehicle being kept in place by a central fifth wheel, running in a grooved central rail.

Some one has calculated that the coal fields already discovered in America will, at the present rate of consumption, meet the demands for 60,000 years.

PRIZE-FIGHTS have one redeeming quality—namely, some very bad characters get very soundly whipped.

A MUSICAL NOVELTY.—The introduction of Mason & Hamlin's Cabinet Organs has developed new musical features which are creating a sensation. In combination with the piano, or with piano, violin and violincello, entertainments that were extremely interesting and attractive have been given in Boston and New York. A variety of music has been prepared expressly for these concerts, and it is very beautiful. Foreign composers of eminence are turning their attention to this new field. We can imagine nothing more pleasing in our musical experience than one of the above named concerts.—*Boston Journal.*

NEW TRIUMPHS OF R. R. R.—Communications from all parts of the country announce recent and extraordinary cures of Chronic Asthma by Radway's Ready Relief. It should be administered as an inward stimulant, and rubbed as long as the patient can bear it upon the chest and throat. Cases of many years' standing have yielded to this treatment. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

CHAPPED HANDS.—A reporter connected with one of the Boston newspapers writes us that by the use of one box of Grace's Salve all soreness was removed from the skin, and that now he can show as fair a hand as ever wielded a pen. This Salve is a sure remedy for chronic diseases.

A horse is truly a noble animal, and is ble of being taught more than any other of the brute creation. He often exhibits intelligence truly wonderful, as well as artistic feeling. To preserve such a horse's glory, use Sheridan's Cavalry Conditioners.

Most of the diseases incident to a life, result from pain producing causes such as are cured by a pain relieving Blood's Rheumatic Compound.