

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, February 16th, 1868.

MATTHEW i. 1-17: LUKE ii. 41-52: iii. 23-38: At twelve years of age Jesus goes to the passover. The Genealogies.

Recite—LAMENTATIONS iii. 27-31.

Sunday, February 23rd, 1868.

Part 2nd. Announcement and introduction of our Lord's public ministry.

MATTHEW iii. 1-18: MARK i. 1-8: LUKE iii. 1-18: The ministry of John the Baptist.

Recite—ISAIAH xl. 3-5.

Who killed Tom Roper?

Who killed Tom Roper?
Not I, said new Cider,
I couldn't kill a spider,
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said strong Ale,
I make men tough and hale,
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said Lager Beer,
I don't intoxicate. D'ye hear? (cross)
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said Bourbon Whisky,
I make sick folks sly and frisky;
The doctors say so; don't they know
What quickens blood that runs too slow?
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said sparkling old Champagne,
No poor man e'er by me was slain;
I cheer the rich in lordly halls,
And scorn the place where the drunkard falls,
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not we, said various other wines;
What! juice of grapes, product of vines,
Kill a man! The Bible tells
That wine all other drink excels;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said Hollands Gin,
To charge such a crime to me is sin;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, spoke up the Brandy strong,
He grew too poor to buy me long;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.
Not I, said Medford Rum,
He was almost gone before I come;
I didn't kill Tom Roper.

Ha, ha! laughed old Prince Alcohol,
Each struck the blow that made him fall;
And all that helped to make him a toper
My agents were, to kill Tom Roper.

Curious things about Frost.

One morning in October, I found all the tomato and pumpkin vines used up and killed by frost. But the bean vines, the potatoes and the cabbages in my garden were in fine growing order still. Three weeks afterward, frost came again, and not finding any more tomatoes and pumpkins, he laid hold on my pole beans and my potatoes. They turned black and died, as if strangled. An old farmer said that this frost which had killed the potatoes was a real "black frost."

"Ha! said I, 'black frost, white frost; do they ever mix?'"

"You watch, and you'll see the difference," said the old farmer.

And I began to watch. The cabbages in my garden were not killed yet. The chickens had a wonderful good time nipping off the thick edges of the big, tough leaves. Well, I watched to see what the frost would do next. One morning I noticed that the bridges and board walks were as white as snow, but the dirt roads, gravel walks, and stone sidewalks could not show a fleck of frost. And I saw that there was no frost on or near the spikes in the board walk, but there were spots instead.

Yet I remember, one winter day about noon, when things were thawing a little, that the board walks all dried off, leaving a spot of frost on every spike, and all the stone walks and dirt roads were cold and hard as ever with snow and ice! Every fall the boards are frosty, while the spikes and stones are warm and wet. Every spring the boards are warm and wet, while the spikes and stones are frosty! Funny frost!

One day the good woman who cooks for us made some doughnuts; some folks call them fried cakes (they are good, no matter what they call them), and when she had done frying them, she set the hot lard out at the door, alongside of a basin of water, to cool. The lard and the water both of them froze solid that night, and the next morning I saw the frost had made a hollow in the lard and a lump on the water! Frozen lard shrinks, frozen water swells! Funny frost, how you do act. And out in the barn on a beam I had one bottle with castor oil in it, to oil my carriage wheels, another with neat's-foot oil for my harness, another bottle half full of water. They all froze up solid, one cold night, and the water bottle split. But the others did not.

Off the coast of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, sailors often meet icebergs a hundred feet high, and all the books say that there is nearly six times as much ice under water as there is above. But when skating on our canal, the ice lay, all of it, on top of the water, and none of it that I saw was under water at all. And yet when I break off a piece of ice and put it in a pitcher of water, it floats just like an iceberg, six times as much under water as above it.

An Indian was found dead by the roadside, one very cold morning, with an empty rum-bottle beside him. He was frozen stiff. The

wise Indians came and examined to find what had killed him. They decided that there had been too much water in his rum, and the water had frozen hard and killed him. Rum never freezes, but men with rum in them freeze more easily than other men who drink cold water only. Queer, funny frost again.

These are only a few of the curious things that frost has set me thinking of. If any one of the readers can explain all these curious things, they will be wiser than some professors in our colleges. And professors are the wisest people I know of.

The Young Irishman.

(Continued.)

"I venture to affirm you can tell what spirit is, just as well as you can tell what matter is. You know just as much about the essence of the one as you do about the essence of the other. Be so good as to make a little comparison. Take any example you will. Here is a rock. It is matter, not spirit. Well, what do you know about it? You know it is hard and heavy, and has figure or shape, and has some kind of colour, and, it may be, some sort of odour. But what of all that? We are asking about the essence of matter, and take the rock for an example. What is the essence of it? It has weight. Is its weight the essence? It has shape. Is its shape the essence? It has colour. Is its colour the essence? It has hardness. Is its hardness the essence of matter? Everybody says, *No!* Then, what is its essence? what is that something, that substratum, that real existence, in which all these qualities of colour, and figure, and weight, and solidity exist? *No man can tell!*"

"Turn, then, to a spirit. Here, for example, is your own soul—the thing which now attends to my ideas. What is the essence of it? It is spirit—no matter at all about it. Well, what do you know of it? You know it perceives, it thinks, it remembers, it reasons, it imagines, it fears, it hopes, it resents, it has joy sometimes, and sometimes sorrow. But is joy its essence? or sorrow? or hope? or memory? or hate? or love? or judgment? or thinking? Everybody says, *No, no!* Then, what is its essence? what is that something, that substratum, that real existence, in which all these qualities of thought and feeling exist? *No man can tell!*"

"Sum up the whole rock, then, and the whole soul, and just confess, sir, that you know as much about the essence of the one as you do about the essence of the other. Your knowledge about the essence of matter is just equal to your knowledge about the essence of mind. What do you mean, then, when you say you know something surely about matter, but you know little about spirit? You know, indeed, some qualities of both; and beyond that your knowledge does not extend."

My young friend had become by this time exceedingly excited. His excitement, which seemed to have been growing upon him for half an hour, had risen, as it seemed, to the highest pitch. His cheek was flushed, his eye sparkled, his frame rose erect, and he paced the room, more with the firm tread of a soldier than the feeble step of a sick man. Fearing his excitement might do him an injury, I proposed to leave him, and allow him to rest.

"No, sir!" said he, with an accent as if he had been angry.—"no, sir; you are not to leave me yet! You have asked me to confess! And I do confess! I yield this point! Your argument is unanswerable! But, sir, the victory has been all on one side; ever since we commenced these conversations, and I am chagrined; I am deeply mortified at my defeat! My blood boils in my veins, and all the life there is left in me is aroused, when I perceive you are pushing me further and further into the position of a sinner against God, with all my eternity to cry out against me! Do not mistake me, sir. My excitement is not against you; it is against myself! And I have an inch or two of ground left yet. I say that you have not answered all my objections. I affirmed that we have a more sure knowledge of material things than we have of our spirits, or any spirit, because we have a more extensive knowledge. Our knowledge of spirit is limited. What do you say to that?"

"I say that our knowledge of matter is limited also, and the more limited of the two. I say that we have more extensive knowledge of spirit than we have of matter."

"Is it possible!" said he. "Go on, then. Show it to be so. I will sit down and listen."

"Another time, perhaps, you—"

"Do not mention another time," said he, interrupting me. "I may be a dead man before I see you again! Tell me now! Take away, if you can, the last inch of ground I have left, and show me to be without excuse in the sight of that God in whom you have compelled me to believe, and before whom I must soon stand! I am a dying man. I have no time to lose."

"Since you desire it," said I, let me prove to you that we know more things about spirit than we do about matter. We know a few qualities in each. Compare them with one another. Make two chapters—one for the known properties of matter, the other for the known properties of spirit; and then compare the chapters, and see of which your knowledge is the more extensive, matter or spirit:—

First chapter: On Matter. You know it has the following qualities, weight, colour (sometimes), figure, inactivity, hardness, smell (sometimes), and it is movable. This is about all you know. All else you can say of it is included in these properties, or results from them.

Second chapter: On Spirit. You know it has the following properties, it perceives, it compares, it judges, it reasons, it remembers,

it wills, it fancies, it has conscience, it has imagination, it has consciousness or perception of its own acts, it is capable of pain and pleasure. That is enough. You need go no further. Cut the chapter short. You have more knowledge about spirit than you have about matter—more extensive knowledge. You can tell of more properties of spirit than of matter. Your spirit chapter is longer than your matter chapter. In one word, you do positively know a great deal more about spirit than you do about matter. Your knowledge of matter is confined to just a few qualities; but your knowledge of spirit is far more extensive, embracing all kinds of operations, all kinds of thought, all kinds of emotions and passions."

"All true!" said he. "I confess it. But spirit may have other faculties or properties which we know nothing about."

"So may matter," said I.—"so may matter. But that is an idea addressed to our ignorance. We are talking about knowledge. What we do not know about spirit or about matter has nothing to do with our subject or with our duty. We want knowledge to act upon and to die upon. A mere *perhaps*, about something else, does not weigh a feather against known truth. A *perhaps* is bad foot-hold for a dying man. You would be ashamed of this kind of suggestion in court. Matter and spirit both may have a thousand qualities which we know nothing about. But we act like fools, if we will not breathe the air because it may have some unknown properties; and we act just as much like fools if we will not repent and believe in Christ because our immortal soul may have some unknown properties. Religion asks us to act upon knowledge, upon certainty. Infidelity must always act upon ignorance, if it acts at all. And for that reason, I affirmed to you, the first time I saw you, that infidels are the most credulous, assuming, and dogmatic men in the world."

"That is true," said he, rising suddenly from his seat,—that is all true. I have done. I have no more to say. I have been a fool, and have groped in the dark all my days! I have spent my life in conjecturing what *might* be, and neglecting what *is*, and what I now know is."

Being quite certain that he was exhausting his strength too much, I entreated him to rest, proposing to call on him again at any time he should choose.

"Have you seen my aunt to-day?" said he, suddenly.

"No; I have not had that pleasure; but I begin to think I have a kind of right to see her."

"I thought you had seen her. You talk just as she does about my exhausting my strength; and I thought she might have given you a little blarney, to have me receive it second-hand, since I refused it from her."

"No, I have never seen her."

"She ought to see you. She is a noble woman. You would like her. Her beauty has bidden her good night, long, long ago, but her heart is as green as a shamrock. I love her. My heart will warm towards her, after its blood shall be too stiff to move at anything but the thought of her. She has a true Irish heart. There is no English blood in her."

"Perhaps," said I, "some of her excellencies which you admire may be owing quite as much to Palestine as to Ireland. I can very honestly assure you of my high admiration of the Irish character. When I once heard one of the judges of the Supreme Court warmly affirm, 'The most noble living creature in the world is a well-educated Irishman,' my whole heart accorded with the declaration of that great man, with no other reserve than the idea, that religion is the crowning excellence of men, after all. But I suppose he had no reference to religion, and I therefore adopted the sentiment as my own. But now, I wish to ask you to discriminate a little betwixt your aunt's qualities as an Irish woman, which I have no doubt are great, and her qualities as a Christian woman. In my opinion, her Christian excellencies you call Irish excellencies, and what in her helps to bind your heart to the Emerald Isle ought to bind it also to the Saviour she adores. Indeed, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion, that however admirable she may be as an Irish woman, she is far more admirable as a Christian woman. You ought to do justice to her religion, and feel the force of her character and example. I will venture to affirm for her, that she herself, much as she loves Ireland, will tell you that she is indebted to the Rose of Sharon more than to the green of the shamrock. Love Ireland, sir, as much as you will. I have no quarrel with you on that ground. But do justice, in your estimations, to a heavenly religion, and to what lies nearest to your aunt's own heart. She, I venture to affirm, will lay down all the honours you can heap upon her at the foot of the cross. It will grieve her to have you honour her country, and not honour her Christ!"

Springing suddenly upon his feet, with a look of astonishment and indignation, he stood before me, bending almost over me:—

"You have seen her?" said he, with an accent of resentment.

"I have not," said I firmly.

"Do you speak true?" said he.

"Sir," said I, "my word must not be called in question anywhere."

Said he, "I beg your pardon. Excuse me; I was wrong. But it suddenly occurred to me that you and my aunt were playing a game with me. I thought she had been telling you all about me."

"What gave you such a suspicion?"

"Because you employed one of her own thoughts,—that I honoured her country and her blood, when I ought to have given the honour to her Redeemer. She has said it me this day, sir, and often in past. But do not look so

sternly upon me. I thought she had been telling you. I take back what I said. I beg your pardon. I am incapable of offering you an insult."

"Let that pass," said I; "I play no games upon anybody. I only desire your good."

"I know it; and I thank you for every word you have said to me. I could have no claim upon you for so much kindness. You have given me much of your time. Your patience has not been worn out with me. You have done what few men could do; you have seen the heart of me rightly, and have indulged me in having my own strange way in talking about religion, as I believe few ministers would have done. And if there is a God in heaven he will reward you,—I know he will reward you."

The tears gushed from his eyes; and pulling his handkerchief from his pocket, he turned away from me, to the window, and wept convulsively. After a moment, turning suddenly to me, with a manifest effort to conceal his emotions, he said:—

"I am too apt to lead you off from our subject. I am sorry for it. But you have prevailed by yielding to me. I want you to stay a little longer to-day, if you can. I have not long to live. This cough and these night-sweats will soon wear me out. I should be an idiot to hope to get well. I have no company now, except yours and my aunt's. Conversation does not hurt me; and it would be no matter, you know, if it did. I am soon to go. Earth has done with me. The grave lifts up her voice to claim me. I am preparing to say, Yes, I come. But one thing troubles me. My heart is, to tell you that difficulty."

(To be Continued.)

Agriculture, &c.

Feeding horses in Norway.

The horses in Norway have a very sensible manner of taking their food. Instead of swilling themselves like ours with a pailful of water at a draught—no doubt from the fear of not getting it soon again—and then over-gorging themselves with dry food, for the same reason, they have a bucket of water put down by their allowance of hay. It is amusing to see with what a relish they take a sip of the one and a mouthful of the other alternately, sometimes only moistening their mouths as a rational being would do while eating a dinner of such dry food. A broken-winded horse is seldom seen in Norway nor have I met with one in the slightest degree so affected. The animal is not forced to overload its stomach, and distend the vessels with unnecessary quantities of water or at one time. Broken-wind is understood to be a rupture of the vessels connected with the lungs, and to be brought on by over-feeding, or over exertion with a full stomach. In a field, when left to himself, the horse is perpetually eating. He does fill himself at once like a cow. By giving two or three feeds only in the day, he fills himself too rapidly, and without sufficient mastication. Probably many of the diseases of our horses arise from this unnatural custom. The horse probably knows better than the groom when he should eat and drink, and would be more free from diseases if left to his own discretion.—*Laing's Tour in Norway.*

COLOR IN THE HORSE.—It is an old expression that a good horse cannot be of a bad color, still, we find that the ready sale of a horse depends largely upon his color. Some hues are strongly objected to, and prejudice is carried so far as to deny merit to an animal not marked according to the standard of the critic. We have not much faith in color, believing that good qualities are not partial to any particular hue. White horses, it is claimed, live to the greatest age. In 1803 a gentleman farmer, residing near Ludlow, England, had a team of four grays, whose united ages were a hundred years. These grays were all lively animals, performing their work with dispatch. Such a circumstance certainly is unusual, and we may regard it in the light of a coincidence. As coincidence does not prove a proposition, the history of the Ludlow team has no special influence in giving character to the theory that gray is the most desirable color in the horse, because it is associated with the greatest longevity. A gray horse may be hardy, and so may a brown, a black, a chestnut or a bay.—*Turf, Field and Farm.*

KEEPING APPLES IN WINTER.—A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, says: "You ask for the experience of others in reference to packing apples. My experience is that apples should be kept in a dry building until quite cold weather; then very carefully picked over and headed in an air-tight barrel and removed to a cool cellar. They will keep better than by any other treatment I have ever tried. A cellar for keeping fruit should be well drained, but should not have the bottom made of hydraulic cement. Cement prevents evaporation and as the coolness of a cellar is caused by evaporation mainly, it is important that nothing be done to prevent this."

Twenty-two years ago Mendelssohn wrote to his sister in Rome, "God be praised there is nothing new with us, which means that we are all well and happy, and thinking of you." He should have added in a postscript, that the eradicating nature of Grace's Salve had removed from one of his fingers a severe felon.

All who need physic take Parsons' Purgative Pills. If your system is in an unhealthy state two or three of Parson's Pills will bring it round all right.