

Souths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, February 2nd, 1868.

LUKE ii. 8-20. xxi. 38: An angel appears to the shepherds. The circumcision of Jesus and his presentation in the Temple.

Recite—Gal. v. 4-6.

Sunday, January 9th, 1868.

MATTHEW ii. 1-23: LUKE ii. 39-40: The Magi. The flight into Egypt. Herod's cruelty. The return.

Recite—ISAIAH xl. 1-2.

About Lightning.

A thunder storm arose one day, and kept us at home from our ride. The clouds were very black.

'I am so afraid of thunder,' said Jessie, jumping up in her mother's lap, and laying her head on her mother's bosom.

'Thunder will not hurt you,' said Tom; 'it is the lightning.'

'What is thunder?' asked little Will.

'It is the clouds hallooing,' said Jessie, 'and I am afraid of it.'

'And what is lightning, Jessie?' asked Tom, laughing.

'It is God's fireworks,' said Will; 'I am sure of that.'

'I had a great deal rather have them without the noise,' said Jessie.

'But you can't,' cried Tom.

There Tom was mistaken. In damp summer evenings we often see flashes of light along the edges of a cloud. It is called heat-lightning, and has no thunder with it, nor is it dangerous.

That which darts in zigzag lines and forks out, or looks like balls of fire shooting from the clouds, makes a loud noise, and often strikes barns and houses and kills people.

'What is lightning?' asked Tom.

'It is electricity, and electricity is a curious fluid found in nature. It you stroke a cat's back in the dark, you will see sparks fly.

That is electricity. If you run fast with your dry shoes over a stout carpet in a hot room, sparks will come out. This is electricity. Rub a glass roller with a dry cloth, and it will draw feathers and straws towards it. This is electricity. Some things carry or 'conduct' electricity very readily. These are called 'conductors'; silk and glass are not.

In old times people did not know what lightning was. They thought it was God's way of showing his anger.

But Benjamin Franklin, that observing and thinking printer, concluded by what he saw that lightning was electricity; so one day he went out doors in a thunder storm, and sent a kite up to the clouds to bring the lightning down. It ran down the string of his kite to an iron key, and the iron was full of it.

Why did it not run down to Franklin and kill him? Ah, he thought of that. So he tied a silk string to the end of his key string, and held by that; for as I told you, silk will not conduct electricity. That made Franklin safe.

When the key was charged with lightning, Franklin knocked it with his knuckles, and felt a shock, just the strange prickly feeling people feel from an electric shock.

Now Franklin was a man who always tried to turn his knowledge to some good account. So he invented lightning rods, which, you know, are made of iron or copper, and run outside of a house from a chimney to the earth, to receive and carry the lightning into the ground, where it will do no harm. In that way houses are safe from its effects. We should be careful where we are in a thunder shower. It is dangerous to stand under a tree, or beside a haystack, or at open doors or windows, or by the walls or chimneys.

David calls the thunder the voice of the Lord. God is in the cloud; God is in the wind; God is in the lightning; God is in the rain. They all say, God made and governs me.

Is it not pleasant to feel that God holds the reins of everything?—Child's Paper.

Take hold and lift.

A teacher of the freedmen in one of the Southern States was sitting at the window of her room watching two negroes loading goods into a cart. One of them was disposed to shrink; the other stopped, and looking sharply at the lazy one, said,

'Sam, do you expect to go to heaven?'

'Yes.'

'Then take hold and lift!'

There are a great many Christians in our churches and Sabbath schools who expect to go to heaven, that would do well to strengthen their hope of going there by taking hold and lifting some of the burdens which they let their brethren bear alone.

WARRS OF FLOWERS.—Coleridge very happily replied to one of his friends who thought it unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any religious opinions before it had come to years of discretion to choose for itself, by showing him his neglected garden, telling him that it was his botanical garden. "How so?" said he; "it is covered with weeds." "Oh," replied Coleridge, "that is because it has not yet come to years of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

The Young Irishman.

(Continued.)

As I called upon him two days after, he immediately told me that there were two points which he wanted cleared up. He had been studying the subject ever since I left him, and acknowledged that his mind was convinced as far as I had gone. He believed all my positions were impregnable.

'But,' said he, 'your affair of cause and effect, which you brought to bear upon me like a battery—wherein does the efficient power of the cause lie?'

'In the will that wields it, sir.'

'What! in the will?'

'Yes, sir, just in the will.'

'I am confounded! What will come next?'

'Your own conviction of truth, sir, will come very soon, and the entire abandonment of your sceptical infidelity.'

'I believe it,' said he, very solemnly. 'But you surprise me by saying that power lies in will.'

'Just in will, sir,' said I; 'nowhere else. This resides over the whole field of causes and effects. It belongs to the very nature of the human mind to attribute any change which we behold to something. That something we denominate the cause. It may not be itself the cause, only instrumentally, unless it is the will; and when it is not the will, then we must trace our way back through the instruments, till we reach the real seat of power; and we shall always find that to be the will. My motions, my speech, my walking, are changes, and no sane man supposes them to be uncaused. Everybody supposes them; knows them; to proceed from some cause adequate to the production of the changes. This is common sense, and on this principle every language on earth is formed. The principle is interwoven with the structure of the Greek, the Latin, the French, the Chinese, with every tongue. No man's mind rejects this principle. If anybody thinks changes to be uncaused, he is a madman or a fool. Common sense always knows that changes are the effects of some cause which holds power over them. That cause, in respect to my motions, is my spirit. My motions are an effect; my spirit is the cause. The cause of all the changes in the universe is God. All these changes are effects coming from something, and that something, whatever it be, is God. He is the great first Cause of all things. But he has delegated to me a little power, for a time, over a few particles of matter, which I call my body; and by the exercise of that power I can move. My agency is only a subordinate agency, limited, and not lasting. It may last till I die, but no longer; and then I must account for my stewardship. It extends only to my own flesh. I cannot make a stone or a clod of earth move, by my willing it, as I can move my material frame. And, dependent creature that I am, I cannot move my material frame, except by the mysterious power of my spirit, which wills it—a power not my own, in the sense of independency, but only in the sense of subordination. But in this subordinate sense, I am the cause of my own actions, and accountable for them—sometimes to men, and always to God.'

'Now, just on this ground of common sense, my motions are all evidences of the existence of my spirit, which has power over them; and the great motions of the universe are all evidences of an unseen Spirit, which has power over them. That unseen Spirit is God. These changes of the universe are visible. Our senses take note of them; and therefore our senses, though they cannot directly reach the Divine Being, can reach, and reach everywhere, those changes which are his effects, and demonstrations of his existence and mighty power. This argument is rock. There is no getting away from it. These changes of the universe are effects, by the common consent of all mankind. Being so, they must have a cause; they demonstrate the existence of a cause. And whatever that cause be, it is God. Our senses come in contact with the effects. And now, who shall maintain that we have not as good evidences about God as if our eyes could behold him? It may be less sudden, less startling, and hence less impressive evidence; but is it not as good? May I not be as certain as I saw him? Do not I know that a cause of visible changes is operating, just as well as I know the effects which I behold? If there is any uncertainty about my knowledge of God in this way of knowing, let any man attempt to tell where it lies. He cannot tell. The changes? My eyes see them. I therefore know them by evidences of sense. They are effects. I know this by my common sense, and the common sense of every man around me. And the cause of these effects you must either allow to be the Deity, or you must maintain that dumb matter, mere dirt and rock, has reason, a will, and power of motion of its own. And coming in contact with these effects constantly, as I do, I certainly am unable to perceive why I do not positively know there is a God, as well as I know there is a sun that moves or a drop of rain that falls. My knowledge may not be impressive and startling; but is it not real, certain, founded on good and legitimate evidences?'

'And now, what is power? or, where does it lie? or, what wields it? Where is its seat—its home? Where does power originate? There is something which men call power—something which is capable of effecting some change; and the question you put to me is, What is it? or, Where is the seat of it? And the answer is power lies in spirit—not in matter, but in spirit. The power by which all changes in matter are effected, resides immediately in spirit, in mind. The power by which I move a muscle does not belong to the muscle itself. The muscle is only an instrument which obeys that act of my spirit, which I call my will. My

will is that mysterious thing with which my Maker has invested me, and by which I can move. The will is the power. We cannot move a single atom of matter in the universe without it. It has a direct power over our bodies in health, and till we die; and an indirect power over a little other matter. Acting indirectly, our will can bring our bodies, or some portion of our material frame, into contact with other matter; and thus we can effect some changes in that other. The stones we lift, the mountains we level, the ships we build, are all lifted, and levelled, and built, by the power of our will. Power resides nowhere but in spirit. You speak of the mechanical powers, and I am not going to find fault with your language. But let not the imperfection of language mislead your understanding,—as it certainly does, if you suppose these mechanical powers have an item of power of their own. They have none. The power exists only in your will. You use them. You bring your hands, or feet, or some other portion of your body into contact with some other matter, the lever, the screw, the pulley; and thus you will employ these contrivances to do what you could not do without them. But the lever, the screw, the wedge, the pulley, have not an item of power in themselves. Nobody ever saw them doing anything—alone. It is will, it is spirit, which employ them. The will first formed the contrivances themselves; and could not form them so as to invest them with power to work alone. And the will, in every instance of their operation since they are formed, must come along with its continued power, or they will do nothing,—can do nothing. They have no power, because they have no will. You have, then, this great universal lesson, Power resides only in mind: all power exists in spirit, and in spirit only.

'God's will is his power. He employs his power directly or indirectly, as he pleases. He can use instruments, or do without them. He has no need of them, as you have. The direct power of your own spirit is limited—it is limited, as I said, to the few particles of matter which make up your mortal body; and if you would move or change anything beyond that, you must contrive some mode to bring your material body into contact or some connection with it. But God, the unseen, eternal Spirit, is able to bring the power of his will to bear directly upon all things,—as directly as the power of your will bears upon the body it moves. He has only to will it, and any conceivable change will instantly take place. The power all lies in the infinite Spirit. God is spirit. His will is the effect. Nothing intervenes between his volition and the change which follows it, to give any power to the volition itself. The mere volition is all his power. Awful God! Tremendous Deity! On his simple volition hangs this mighty universe—of being! Earth, heaven, hell depend upon it! If he should will it, there would not be an angel in heaven, or a devil in hell! Existence would cease! This universe would become a blank! and nothing would be, except 'that high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity!' Oh! who would not have this God for his friend? Oh! who could endure to have him his enemy? Enemy? sooner come annihilation! Let me perish—let my spirit die—let all these thinking faculties, my soul, go out in eternal night, sooner than have this awful God against me! It need not be. That God who 'spake and it was done,' who 'commanded and it stood fast,' who said, 'Let there be light,' and there was light,—this God is love. I hear a voice coming from resurrection lips. All power in heaven and earth is given unto me; go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. He that believeth shall be saved—though he were dead, yet he shall live again.' Blessed words! blessed Saviour! Open your heart, sir, to this message. Take this offer. Poor sinner as you are—weak mortal—being of a day, and soon to lie in the dust,—cast your immortal soul upon the power of this Christ, to save you from eternal death, and give you life evermore!'

'As I uttered this exhortation with all the force I could give to it, my young friend sunk back upon his chair with his eyes fixed immovably upon me, and held his breath in a sort of agony of attention. He turned more pale than I had ever seen him. And when I stopped, he drew a long breath, his eyelids dropped over his eyeballs, and he looked like a corpse.'

'I beg your pardon,' said I. 'I have talked too long. I have wearied your strength.'

'Not at all,' said he; but you have conquered me. I see I have been wrong. But I must think of this more.'

I replied, 'I hope you will. And I will see you again in a few days.'

As he had not fixed any time for another visit, and as I wished to leave him some for reflection, I did not call on him again for two days.

(To be Continued)

Beauty.

Beautiful faces, they that wear 'The light of a pleasant spirit, there It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do 'The work of the noble, and good, and true, Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go 'Swiftly, to lighten another's woe, Through summer's heat or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor, 'Who walk the pathways sweet and pure That lead to the mansions strong and sure.

Agriculture, &c.

Wintering Bees.

A Quebec correspondent of the *Canada Farmer*, says: "In the matter of wintering bees in this cold corner of the Dominion, those seem to do best who are not too tussy over them. Some of my friends put them in cellars where it never freezes. This is wrong; it keeps them lively, which makes it necessary that they should eat. It is better to put them in a place where they may suffer enough cold to bring them to a half torpid condition, for bees can bear a great deal of dry cold. The best plan is, however, to place your hives on boards covered with hay or straw, pack them round, and cover them over with the same. Shelter them from the north and north west winds by a back of boards; and if you have a roof of the same, it will be as well. This last is in case it rains, and should not be close to the hives. Over all shovel plenty of snow; a protection that will ensure their comfort till the end of April. We have not yet attained to the refinements of bee-keeping down here; but we keep bees successfully nevertheless; and I hope soon to see double the number of people engaging in the interesting occupation. One man appeared on our market who possesses sixty hives, and took one hundred and fifty boxes of honey from them this season, worth about ninety cents the box, making a total value of \$135—a nice haul for the mere trouble of looking after them. Honey in the comb sells at fifteen cents per lb., and about thirteen cents in the liquid state. Our winters are very favourable to the bee, on account of their steady cold, and the abundance of snow. Our summers are so short that it astonishes me that they can collect honey enough for their support, yet the cheapness of the article is a proof that they can."

SUBSTITUTE FOR COTTON—The ramie plant which is attracting considerable attention in New Orleans, is a substitute for cotton. It is indigenous to Mexico, gives a fibre whiter and finer than grass cloth, is perennial, and yields abundantly four crops in a season.

PROTECTING TREES FROM RABBITS—From an experience of twenty years I will tell your readers how to prevent rabbits from injuring apple trees. My plan, which is the only thing that has proved successful, is—in the fall of the year, just before winter sets in, we wrap the trees with rye straw in the following manner—Take a bunch of rye straw, say as thick as three fingers, and commence at the root of the tree, and wrap from right to left, by giving it a twist every time you bring it around, until it is nearly all wound up in this manner. Then take a second bunch, and by a peculiar twist it is adjusted to the first bunch, and thus keep on until you have wrapped high enough to be out of the reach of these enemies to trees. It may be thought to be a tedious job, but patience and a little practice will soon prove different. In this manner I can wrap over one hundred trees per day with ease. I prefer this plan for several reasons—first, it is an effectual preventive against rabbits; second, it protects the trees against sudden changes of weather, so common and injurious in the western prairies; and third, we leave the straw on in the spring until the orchard is ploughed, and then it protects the trees from being injured by the ploughman.

P. S.—The straw should be made wet a little, to make it more pliable.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

There was exhibited at the recent American Pomological meeting a specimen of the Crawford Late Peach, which measured twelve and a half inches in circumference, grown in Missouri.

AN EXEMPLARY COW, AND A HEAP OF SQUASHES—We are frequently indebted for interesting notices of Nova-Scotian products to John Northup, Esq., whose zeal in agricultural improvement is well known. This month he sends us particulars of a remarkable yield of butter by a cow belonging to Edw. O'Brien, Esq., Windsor. We sometimes hear of a cow being worth her weight in gold, but this cow is much better than that; for in less than a year she has yielded nearly half the weight of an ordinary cow, in golden butter. From 17th January to 17th December—eleven months—she yielded 2783 lb. of butter, besides raising a calf and supplying a family with milk the whole time.

Mr. O'Brien has likewise, during the past season, raised from one seed, ten large squashes, weighing together 513 lb.—*N. S. Journal of Agriculture.*

CULTIVATION OF BARLEY.—On a former occasion we noticed the success which attends the cultivation of barley in Nova Scotia. Barley is the best of all substitutes for wheat. In a communication from F. Sorenson, Esq., Weymouth, he makes enquiry for good seed barley, and remarks:—"Barley is very much sown here, as it is a sure crop, but a change of seed is very much needed." In Agricola's letters it is stated that "Barley is the very foster child of Nova Scotia; and I have heard farmers profess that with them it had not failed more than once in twenty years."—*ib.*

TO LOOSEN A RUSTY SCREW.—If you have a screw rusted into wood, or a nut or a bolt that will not readily turn, pour on a little kerosene and let it remain. In a little while it will penetrate the interstices, so as to be easily started.