

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, February 3rd, 1861.

Read—MATT. v. 1-16: Christ's Sermon on the Mount.
1 KINGS xxi. 1-16: Naboth's death.

Recite—MATTHEW iv. 23-25.

Sunday, February 10th, 1861.

Read—MATT. v. 17-32: Christ's Sermon on the Mount continued. 1 KINGS xxi. 17-29: The Judgment of God against Ahab and Jezebel.

Recite—MATTHEW v. 13-16.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

9. Can you give an instance in which a father and son, both good men, committed at different times the same fault, in the same country, and were rebuked by two heathen princes of the same name?
10. What beautiful comparison is instituted in reference to "a word fitly spoken?"

Answers to questions given last week:—

7. They fought in the Vale of Siddim, when Lot was taken captive. Moses describes it in the 14th chapter of Genesis.
8. They acquitted themselves so well, that it is mentioned to their praise; "There was no reckoning of money made with them,"—2 Kings xii. 13-15.

Where Willie's Heart was.

A few years ago, as I was preaching at—, a little boy, some two or three years of age, sat on a front seat listening, as I thought, very attentively. He seemed wholly absorbed, and I began to flatter myself that the "lamb" was being fed as well as the "sheep." But just as I finished my sermon, and was in the act of sitting down, he called out at the top of his voice, "Brother Simons, have you seen my new stockings?" The mystery was solved. He had borne in silence the length of the sermon that he might tell me of his little treasure.

This little incident set me to moralizing. How many persons, much older than this sweet little fellow, go to church decked in something new or fine, and all the time of preaching they are congratulating themselves that every body sees and admires them! But this is a mistake. God is not in all their thoughts; they lose the whole sermon, cultivate dissipated habits of mind, and go away unprofitable.

Little Willie's heart was in his stockings. Yours is in something else. While at church, cultivate a habit of fixed attention to the service of God; listen to whatever is said, and it will be a source of unspeakable happiness to you in after life.—J. C. Simmons, in *Pacific Methodist*.

The Family.

The family circle is God's blessed ordinance, and is the sweetest, the happiest, and the most hallowed spot on earth. It is the nursery of affection, of friendship, and of virtue; the place where those ties of mutual dependence and help are first formed, which, in their expanded state, unite human society and according to the manner in which the rights of the family circle are enjoyed, its duties discharged, and its true benefits realized, are the moral character, the stability, and the grandeur of a country.

The following lines describe a scene often witnessed in Roman Catholic, and in some Protestant Churches. We leave our readers to judge whether it corresponds with the accounts of baptisms found in the Divine Record.—See Matt. iii. 13-17: Acts viii. 12, 38.

The Christening.

Arrayed—a half-angelic sight—
In vests of pure baptismal white,
The mother to the font doth bring,
The little helpless, nameless thing
With hushes soft and mild caressing,
At once to get—a name and blessing,
Close by the babe the priest doth stand,
The cleansing water at his hand
Which must assuage the soul within
From every stain of Adam's sin.
The infant eyes the mystic scenes,
Nor knows what all this wonder means;
And now he smiles, as if to say,
"I am a Christian made this day."
Now frightened clings to nurse's hold;
Shrinking from the water cold,
Whose virtues, rightly understood,
Are, as Bethesda's waters, good.
Strange words: The World, The Flesh, The Devil,
Poor babe, what can it know of evil?
But we must silently adore
Mysterious truths, and not explore.
Enough for him, in after times,
When he shall read these artless rhymes,
If, looking back upon this day
With quiet conscience, he can say
"I have in part redeemed the pledge
Of my baptismal privilege;
And more and more will strive to flee [for me]
All which my sponsors kind did then renounce"

CHARLES LAMB.

Fanny's Word.

Fanny was a pretty, kind, intelligent child, whom everybody would have loved dearly, but for the want of one thing; and this want almost spoiled her other good qualities.

When Fanny is sewing her patch-work—for she is making a beautiful quilt—a knot sometimes comes in her thread; she tries to jerk the knot out, and she pulls and frets, and frets and pulls, but the knot does not budge. "Stop, my child," says the mother; "look at the knot, and try and untangle it with your needle; jerking will not take it out. But Fanny does not mind, and at last she breaks the thread, or tears her patch-work, and often ends in a fit of crying."

Fanny runs in from school: "Betty," she cries, "I am so hungry I don't know what to do; you must give me something to eat this minute." "Pray wait," says Betty, for her hands are in the suds. "Quick, quick, quick!" cries Fanny; and if Betty is not very quick, the little girl seizes hold of her clothes, or climbs up in the closet herself, or runs and tells her mamma that Betty will not give her a lunch; and all this, you see, ruffles the family calm.

Fanny is sometimes a little tempest, all of herself; and she is liable to raise the wind all through the house.

"How I wish Fanny was different, almost all said. Her mother often talked with her, but she did not know whether the child felt it, until one day she had a little girl come in to see her; and as they were playing, Fanny said, 'Now I will give you the letters of a word to spell; it is a word that spells what I want the most of anything; I am very naughty without it. Mother's got it, and God's got it, and Jesus has got it, and I—hav'n't.' Fanny stopped. 'But I do want it,' she said, 'and yesterday when I most got angry with Carlo and George, I went up on the haymow, and prayed to Jesus to give it to me and make me good, as he is.' 'What is it?' asked her little companion. 'Here are all the letters,' said Fanny, 'now see if you can make it out: i-n-a-c-c-e-e-t-p; that spells it, only range the letters right. What is it?'

The mother overheard the talk, and she thought, perhaps—little children try harder to overcome their faults and do what is right, than older people sometimes give them credit for; and she comforted herself that many a sigh of penitence and prayer for help was heard by Jesus, heard and answered, of which the world knew not.—*Child's Paper*.

Crises of Life.

THE following extract, from the Life of Rev. Dr. Taylor, of New Haven, should be read and pondered by all who are conscious of the strivings of the Spirit of God. That Spirit may be grieved. Because most gentle and loving, He is easily wounded. When His repeated warnings are despised, He often takes His flight—never to return. We have known of crises in the spiritual destiny of companions and friends as decisive as this of the great theologian and his classmate. The biographer says:—

One incident during His early religious interest, which the writer has heard him relate, is worthy of permanent record for its instructive and monitory character. There was a classmate and particular friend of his, who at the same time, by the working of the Divine Spirit, was concerned for his eternal interests. The two friends communicated their feelings to each other. And one day, while walking together, they raised the question whether they should call on President Dwight, who had invited all persons thoughtful upon religion to call and converse with him. At length, while still talking and doubting on that question, they came to Dr. Dwight's gate. There they stopped and hesitated. Soon Taylor said, "Well, I shall go in." "Well," rejoined his companion, "I think I will not, to-day." Taylor did go in. And the result of his conversation with that eminent Christian guide was that he gave himself to Christ, in a covenant never to be broken, and became "a burning and a shining light in his kingdom. His friend from that time thought less and less on the subject; and though he lived for many years afterwards, a respectable man, he died without giving any evidence of a saving interest in Christ. Such are the crises in the history of immortal souls! Such are the turning points in eternal destiny! Thus it is that companions travel together till they come to where they see plainly the open path to Christ. They consider; they decide; the one taking the way to everlasting life, and the other pursuing the way to everlasting death! How important that in these crises of eternal destiny, men act aright! that they then regard the divine warning and entreaty "Quench not the Spirit!"

Love and Marriage.

It is unwise to hope for domestic happiness in the possession of a single favorable trait of character; it is better to look for a combination, and they are to be most congratulated who can discern and woo and win the possessor of the largest number of good points. First of all, the man whom you love, the woman whom you adore, should possess a high sense of right and wrong; next, bodily health; and thirdly, moral bravery, a courage to be industrious, economical and self-denying. With these three traits, principle, health, and a soul that can do and dare all that one ought to, domestic felicity will abide. None ought to marry who cannot command the means of enabling them to live in comfort according to their station in life, without grinding economies.

It is useless to talk about love in a cottage. The little rascal always runs away when there is no bread and butter on the table. There is more love in a full flour barrel than in all the roses and posies and woodbines that ever grew.

No mechanic should marry until he is master of his trade; nor a professional man until his income is adequate to the style of life which he

determines upon; nor the merchant, until his clear annual gains are equal to his domestic expenditures, unless indeed there are in either case, independent and unconditional sources of income.

No man ought to marry who has to work like a horse from morning until night to supply family necessities, whether it be by brain or body; for if the body is thus made a drudge of, it perpetuates impaired power to the race; while, if the brain is overwrought, its effects will be seen in children of feeble intellect, if indeed they be not demented. To calculate, therefore, on a reasonable share of domestic enjoyment, the parties most interested should aim to find in each other as great an amount as may be of high moral principle, of bodily health, and either the actual possession of a suitable maintenance, or an individual ability to secure it without peradventure.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

Neglected Flowers.

How many flowers are "Born to bloom and blush unseen," along our pathway little—starlike gems, sparkling amid the roughest scenes, shining more brightly for their unwrought setting.

Neglected, uncared for, they shed a sweet perfume, regardless of neglect of those for whom they wear their sunniest smiles.

Down in deep, mossy glens they blossom, where eyes of man have never beheld them; where sighing winds, and dashing brooks, and all the low, sweet tones of Nature, alone disturb the solitude.

Down by the river's brink, they dip their tiny petals in the sparkling waters, and humbly yielding to its superior power, are borne lightly upon its current, and at length thrown upon some up-lifted rock, take new life, and bloom in all their early beauty.

Beautiful language have these neglected flowers, to those whose ear attuned to Nature's harmonies hears their voices pleading for a listener. Gentle admonitions they give to those who study them in the spirit of one who says of them.

"Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining
Far from teachers and from all divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines."

There are other flowers blooming neglected ever near us. Human flowers, that if properly nurtured, might gladden many homes and hearts that would not only brighten Earth with their beauty, but bloom at last in Heaven, where in spotless purity, they would shine with golden harps, and starry crowns.

How bright would such stars be in our crowns of rejoicing should we be deemed worthy to reclaim some of these neglected ones, from their lost condition, and meet, at the last day within the pearly gates of the Celestial City.—*Secretary*.

Sleep.

No one who wishes to accomplish great things should deny himself the advantages of sleep or exercise. Any student will accomplish more, year by year, if he allow himself seven or eight hours to sleep, and three or four for meals and amusements, than if he labors at his books, or with his pen, ten or twelve hours a day.

It is true that some few persons are able to perform much mental labor, and to study late at night and yet sleep well. Some require but little sleep. But such individuals are very rare. General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane that, during a whole year's campaign, he did not sleep more than one hour in twenty-four. Sleep seemed to be at the command of Napoleon, as he could sleep and wake apparently at will.

M. Guizot, minister of France under Louis Philippe, was a good sleeper. A late writer observes that his facility for going to sleep after extreme excitement and mental exertion was prodigious, and it was fortunate for him that he was so constituted, otherwise his health would materially have suffered. A minister in France ought not to be a nervous man; it is fatal to him if he is. After the most boisterous and tumultuous sittings, at the Chamber, after being baited by the opposition in the most savage manner—there is no middle expression for their excessive violence—he arrives home, throws himself upon a couch, and sinks immediately into a profound sleep, from which he is undisturbed till midnight when proofs of the *Moniteur* are brought to him for inspection.

The most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one most important to guard against is the want of sleep. Indeed, so rarely do we see a recent case of insanity, that is not preceded by want of sleep, that it is regarded as almost a sure precursor of mental derangement.—*Dr. Cornell*.

Sympathetic Prayer.

A casual hearer of one of the Edinburgh ministers speaks of his prayers as almost inspired. He says they were so searching in confession, that I winced, and so pastoral and paternal in intercession, that I could not but fancy his hand feeling all around, and gathering the sorrows out of every heart to bring before God. This is a great gift, wonderfully adapted to edify and comfort the people of God. It needs a tender sympathy with the flock, and a tact divinely skillful to express that sympathy in appropriate words; yet such a gift is within the reach of almost all. Let it only be sought with the persistency, effort, and anxiety with which more shining attainments are pursued, and success may be relied upon. God will teach them that ask him, not only how to pray, but how to lead the prayers of others.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

The madness of Scepticism.

When men swing from their moorings in the Word of God, no error is too gross for their acceptance, no folly too great for their action. Apostates from Christianity uniformly outdo their fellow infidels. It was so in the late infidel conversion in this city, in which the maddest of all mad utterances of that occasion were from the lips of a *quondam* preacher. He it was who prefaced a series of resolutions with the following:

"Resolved, That creators are accountable to the created, causes to effects, parents to children, gods to men!"—*N. Y. paper*.

Agriculture, &c.

Apples for Milch Cows.

MR. EDITOR:—Being a constant reader of the *Farmer*, and somewhat interested in agriculture, although it is not my business, and knowing how much people are opposed to feeding out apples particularly to milch cows, and of the misapprehension of the amount of nutritious matter contained in them, I thought I would give my experience in the trial of them. I have a cow four years old last spring, that calved in February, and will calve again in March, which I have fed every day since apples were large enough, with from half a peck to a peck. She gives six and a half quarts of milk per day. Now, if the apples would have dried her up, as some people say, she would not certainly be giving that amount now, as my neighbors have cows equally as good as mine, that do not give more than one-half the quantity.

I am aware that many object to feeding out apples, on the ground that the cows will get choked by swallowing the apples whole. I have never known of an instance happening where the cow was tied up and the apples put before her in a box. If fed in the yard or field, they are liable to be started quickly by another creature, and the apple thrown into the gullet, where, being too large to pass into the stomach, it sticks. I heard quite a good farmer remark that cattle are hurt by eating too many apples at a time—they break into an orchard and eat beyond the capacity of the stomach to digest. Would it not be so if they ate green corn, or any other kind of food, to excess? In fact, every excess in partaking of food produces injury, and is followed by symptoms of indigestion. I am satisfied that one-half a peck of apples given to a cow morning and evening, will increase the quantity and quality of the milk, and are equal, if not better, than a peck of carrots. There are in 100 pounds of carrots, 10 pounds of nutritious matter and 90 pounds of water; in 100 pounds of apples, 16 pounds of nutritious matter and 84 pounds of water; in the sweet apple there would be double the quantity. Now as apples are plenty this season, and it is impossible for many farmers to get barrels to put them into, let them give them to their stock, especially cows, and they will find it is better to use them so, than make them into cider, or sell them at the present low prices. When we consider the little trouble in raising the apple compared to the carrot, and the preference the cattle give to the apple, its soft, pulpy nature compared to the hard carrot, being easier of digestion, and a more healthy article of food in proper quantities, I think we shall decide in favor of the apple, and use them more than we have done for the feeding of stock.—*W. in N. E. Farmer*.

AN OLD APPLE TREE.—At the late exhibition of the Hartford County Horticultural Society, a basket of apples from Mr. D. F. Robinson bore the following label:

"English Pearmain from Charter Oak Place.—The tree from which these apples were gathered is said to have been planted by George Willys, the original proprietor of the estate, about 224 years ago. Though tottering, it has yet strength—trembling at once with energy and age. New, but vigorous branches, amid a few withered hands that still stretch out, continue to shoot from its dilapidated trunk, as if it hated to yield its life, and clung, monument and memorializer of the sturdy hands that planted it."

GENEVAN STATISTICS FROM 1549 TO 1833.—If we take from the Geneva tables the percentage of the whole number born, who survive to different periods of adult or useful life, we will find it to have varied in different centuries, nearly as follows:

Of 100 Persons, there lived	In the 16th century.	In the 17th.	In the 18th.	In the 19th.
To the age of 20	39	45	56	66
To the age of 30	20	37	49	59
To the age of 40	20	30	43	52
To the age of 50	14	22	35	44
To the age of 60	9	15	26	32

By this table we see that where, in the sixteenth century, nine persons lived to their sixtieth year, thirty-two persons do so now; and if we take the average number of survivors for all periods of adult life, it will be found to be at the present time considerably more than double what it was three hundred years ago.

KING PUMPKIN.—The King of the Pumpkins for the year of grace 1860 was inaugurated at the Halle in Paris, on the 24th ult. It measures ten feet four inches in circumference, and weighs 319 pounds. It was carried about the market with this inscription: "The King of the Pumpkins of 1860, born in Touraine on the 6th of April, gathered September 20th, 1860."