

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, August 25th, 1861.

Read—MATT. XVIII. 1-20: The duty of humility.
GENESIS XI. 1-9: The confusion of Tongues.

Recite—M. THEW XVIII. 22, 23.

Sunday, September 1st, 1861.

Read—MATT. XVIII. 21-35: The duty of Forgiveness.
GENESIS XII. 1: The call of Abraham.

Recite—MATTHEW XVIII. 1, 2.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

67. Name two men whose history does not terminate with their departure out of this world.
68. Does the New Testament contain any express reprobation of the slave trade by name, as being sinful?

Answers to questions given last week:—

65. Goliath the Philistine gave this challenge—but it was in open war, and tended to the saving many lives, by adventuring one or two.

66. The Apostle Paul on his way to Damascus to persecute the Christians; he was thus miraculously converted, and received his apostolic commission.

Story of the Worm.

A FABLE.

On one of our autumn days, during what we call our Indian summer, when the beaver and the muskrat do their last work on their winter homes, when the birds seem to be getting ready to wing themselves to milder climates, when the sun spreads a warm haze over all the fields, a little child went out into his father's home-lot. There he saw a little worm creeping toward a small bush. It was a rough red and ugly-looking thing. But he crept slowly and patiently along, as if he felt that he was a poor, unsightly creature.

"Little worm," said the child, "where are you going?"

"I am going to that little bush yonder, and there I am going to weave my shroud and die. Nobody will be sorry, and that will be the end of me."

"No, no, little worm! My father says that you won't *always* die. He says you will be 'changed,' though I don't know what that means."

"Neither do I," says the worm. "But I know, for I feel that I am dying, and I must hasten and get ready; so good-by, little child! We shall never meet again!"

The worm moves on, climbs up the bush, and there weaves a sort of shroud all around himself. There he hangs on the bush and the little creature dies. The child goes home and forgets all about it. The cold winter comes, and there hangs the worm—frozen through and through—all dead and buried: Will it ever "live again"? Will it ever be changed? Who would think it?

The storms, the snows, and the cold of winter go past. The warm, bright spring returns. The buds swell, the bee begins to hum, and the grass to grow green and beautiful.

The little child walks out again with his father and says:—

"Father, on that little bush hangs the nest or house of a poor little worm. It must be dead now. But you said one day that such worms would be changed. What do you mean? I don't see any change?"

"I will soon show you in a few days," says the father.

He then carefully cuts off the small limb on which the worm hangs, and carries it home. It looks like a little brown ball, or cone, about as large as a robin's egg. The father hangs it up in the warm window of the south room, where the sun may shine on it. The child wonders what it all means! Sure enough, in a few days, hanging in the warm sun, the little tomb begins to swell, and then it bursts open, and out it comes; not the poor, unsightly worm that was buried in it, but a beautiful butterfly! How it spreads out its gorgeous wings! The little child comes into the room, and claps his hands and cries,

"Oh! it is changed! it is changed! The worm is 'changed' into a beautiful butterfly! Oh, father, how could it be done?"

"I don't know, my child. I only know that the power of God did it. And here you see how and why we believe His promise, that we all shall be raised from the dead! The Bible says it does not yet appear what we shall be; but we shall be 'changed.' And we know that God, who can change that poor little worm into that beautiful creature—no more to creep on the ground—can change us, our 'vile bodies,' and make them 'like Christ's own glorious body.' Does my little boy understand me?"

"Yes, father."—Rev. John Todd D. D.

Work and Play.

Recreation can be fully enjoyed only by a man who has some honest occupation. The end of work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play except to the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how bright it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine and it is nothing; you must have dark around, to make its presence felt.

And besides this, the greater part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart, when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for a dawdling idler to set off to the Continent or to the Highlands, just because he was sick of every thing around him; and quite another when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off as gay as a lark with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some work to an end, on that self-same tour.

And then a busy man finds a relish in simple recreations; while a man who has nothing to do, finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used up;" it takes something quite out of the way to tickle the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle, as to excite the interest of that blase being by any amusement which is not spiced with the cayenne of vice. And that certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water the wicked old French woman was drinking, when she said, "O that this were a sin, to give it a relish!"—A Country Parson's Recreations.

He knows it all.

When a child has been away all day long, playing truant, and the afternoon comes, and with it hunger and the necessity of shelter, he must go home; and he goes toward his father's house, thinking to himself what plausible lie to tell; how he can make tattered truth seem like an unrent garment. And so, with an ill-feigned appearance, and perhaps with a forced smile on his face, he enters the door, trying to look as if he were not a guilty child. He runs with alacrity to perform every errand imposed upon him. His conduct, however, is suspicious; for he is too good for an innocent child. He thinks nothing is known of his disobedience. But while he sits with the family at tea, the burden on his mind grows heavier and heavier; and he says to himself, "They are very kind to me, and if I thought that they knew it all, and that they were so kind, how happy I should be!" He expects that they will find it out, and that then there will be a time. Now his father and mother are pleasant toward him, but he thinks that by-and-by it will come out, and that then will follow chastisement and trouble. And that great undisclosed guilt in the soul, that account yet to be settled, takes away all the joys of his home, and makes the evening a torment. But if, when he comes in, his mother had stolen behind him, and said to him in a gentle tone, "We know it all, my child; we are sorry; but we shall say nothing about it; we shall let it pass," the child, as soon as he found that it was all known and forgiven, and that he was the recipient of so much love, not because they did not know it, but because knowing it they saw sufficient reasons why it should be passed by, and not laid to his account, how sweet to him would have been his father's and mother's kindness! It would have brought tears to his eyes as it had never done before. And when he went to his couch at night how sweet would their unscolding forgiveness have been to him! It would have been all the sweeter because all the time they knew his guilt.

Now the apostle says, "With your guilt, with your trouble, go before God." He knows, all. What nobody else knows, He knows. He knows what even the wife of your bosom does not know. He knows what has never been divulged to any living soul. Wicked thoughts and intentions in connection with your business, which perhaps no man knows except yourself, He knows. And when you feel an impulse to go before God, do not say, "I would go; but that crime." He knew of that crime before he invited you to go to Him. Do not say, "I would go; but that unwashed lust." He has known that lust from the beginning. "All things are naked and opened unto the eye of Him with whom we have to do." "Let us therefore," says the apostle, "come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help." Grace to help—that is it: grace to help you out of your sin. Let no one, then, who has a sense of his sinfulness, who is truly repentant, and who is striving to do better, hesitate to go to God saying, "Have mercy upon me, and help me."—H. W. Beecher.

Philosophy of Bathing.

The following is from Dr. Mayo G. Smith on the subject, and is worthy of consideration:

"There are in the human body 2,700,000 glands and 7,000,000 pores, from 2,000 to 2,500 to the square inch, and one-eighth of an inch in depth, making twenty-eight miles of human drainage.

"Five-eighths of all that is eaten passes on through these pores, and but one per cent. of all perspirable matter consists of solid substances. The change in the muscle, tissues, and bones occurs in from six to seven years. If this old matter be retained, it causes disease—it is a real virus.

"Some diseases are relieved almost instantly by opening the pores. Diarrhoea is frequently cured, matter from the mucous membrane is expelled through the skin; tobacco, opium, and mercury are thus exuded. Whatever through the skin the body can expel, it can absorb. Hold the end of your finger in spirits of turpentine; it is absorbed, goes through the system, and may be detected by its odor. Constant handling of arsenic has produced death by absorption.

"The Doctor relates an account of a gentleman in the Barbadoes who was in the habit of daily intoxication, and had constructed a tub with a pillow to accommodate his head, and

when in this state he was placed therein, and the tub was filled with cold water, in which he reposed for two or three hours, and would then arise refreshed and invigorated. When his wife or family required him they would wake him up by taking out the plug and allowing the water to escape, when he would pleasantly complain of the 'loss of his bed clothes.'

"Perspiration is eliminated from all parts of the body, and the excretions, cutaneously forced, may from some parts of the surface be re-admitted to the circulation, and if poisonous or injurious, whenever the blood visits it, it must carry disease. Nature keeps her side of the interior clean and soft, and demands an unobstructed exterior, and exudes to the surface the refuse matter for removal by bathing and evaporation. A dry, light powder, mixed with sweat and oil from the glands, and dust, clogs up the pores. As all parts of the cuticle have pores, as well as the face and arms, all the body should be bathed at least one-third as many times as those are.

"On board a slave ship the small pox suddenly broke out. Medical aid was powerless. Every morning the dead in great numbers were thrown overboard. In the midst of terror and anguish, the negroes cried out, 'Let us do as we do in our own country with the sick.' Permission being given, they gently lowered their sick companions into the sea, letting them remain a few minutes, and then raised them, and placed them in the sun-light on deck until dried, and repeated the process several times, when the disease left them, and they were cured.

"At Charleston, S. C., during the recent epidemic, among several Northern mechanics who had gone thither in company, but one escaped the prevailing fever, and he alone bathed frequently, and never slept at night in any of the clothes worn by day. The others cast off only their outer garments, slept in their perspiration, and died.

"Cold water is used and prescribed much more than formerly, though many would think a physician not worth sending for who should prescribe so simple a remedy. Abernethy's advice to one of his wealthy patients was, 'Let your servant bring to you three or four pails of water and put it into a wash tub; take off your clothes, get into it, and from head to foot rub yourself with it, and you'll recover.' This advice seems very much like telling me to wash myself," said the patient. "Well," said Abernethy, "it is open to that objection."

"Dr. Currie used fresh water generally, and by long and careful experience he found that bathing prevented or cured most diseases."

Puzzled by circumlocution.

The Cincinnati *Gazette* illustrates the vexations of official circumlocution by the story of a darkey, who waited upon a certain military gentleman with a bill of \$1.15, for washing done at the camp hospital, which, after undergoing a rigid scrutiny by the officer, was returned with the following explanation, which the astonished son of Ethiopia listened to with an equal amount of wonder and perplexity. "This bill," said the military gentleman, "will first have to be sent to the quarter-master general at Washington, and he will report to the adjutant general, who will lay it before the secretary of war for his approval. The adjutant being satisfied, it will be sent to the auditor of state, who will approve of it and send it to the secretary of the treasury, who will send it to the United States treasurer, who will at once dispatch an order to the collector of this port to pay the bill." The darkey relieved himself of a long drawn sigh. "Then, massa," he remarked, "dat last gemblam you spoke of pays for the washing, does he?" "No," continued the other, "he will hand it to the quarter-master; but as there is no such officer here at present, some proper person must be selected for that purpose, who must be appointed by the secretary of war, under direction of the President, and his appointment must be approved by the Senate. Congress not being in session now, the commission cannot be issued until after it meets. When this commission is received, the quarter-master will show it to the collector, and demand the funds. You will then call upon him; he will examine your bill, and if correct, he will pay it, you giving your receipt." The unfortunate nigger first scratched his head, then shook it, and finally said, "I guess I'll hab to let dis washing slide, but it am de last job I does for Uncle Sam, shu!"

BRIDGING THE STREAM.—When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single thread. With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

DUTY OF A CREATURE TO ITS CREATOR.—If a sculptor, after fashioning a piece of marble into a human figure, could inspire it with life and sense, could give it motion, and understanding, and speech, its first act, doubtless, would be to prostrate itself at the foot of its maker in subjection and thankfulness.—Augustine.

CHRISTIANITY AND ATHEISM.—If the worst that can happen to the believer if he mistake, be the best that can happen to the unbeliever, if he be right, who without madness can run the venture? Who in his sense would choose to come within the possibility of infinite misery?—John Locke.

Agriculture, &c.

Soiling Cattle.

This subject is becoming one of especial interest to farmers, and more particularly to those who own small farms, and are under the necessity of economizing in a rigid degree, in order to support their families.

The principle and economy in soiling is this: a half an acre of land can easily be made to furnish green food for a cow or a horse during the season, till it becomes necessary to commence with winter feed in December, while it requires from an acre and a half to two acres of pasture to keep the same animal the same length of time. Besides this great saving of land, the manure of each animal soiled is worth the interest on two acres of land at \$50 per acre, over what it would be on the common pasturage system. To offset a portion of this advantage, we must take into the account the labor that it requires to cut the green fodder and feed it out daily; and yet I am inclined to believe that this labor is no more than a fair equivalent for the saving of time in driving stock to pasture, and keeping the fences in a condition far more expensive than the soiling system requires. Indeed, on this system, fences may be dispensed with altogether, except the farm enclosure and road-sides.

Fencing materials are now becoming an item of great expense to all farmers, not only in the materials themselves, but also in the labor of building the fences and keeping them in good repair. Moreover, the waste land that fences occupy (which is very considerable), on the soiling system may all be cultivated—an item of considerable importance on small farms, where the land is divided into small fields.

To adopt this system with the best results, the land from which the green fodder is to come, should be adjoining the barn, level, and very fertile; and with the abundance of manure that is secured by soiling, there is no difficulty in making the land rich and productive.

The best article for soiling is clover, and next to this are corn sown, either in drills or broadcast, oats, millet, rye, sugar-cane (sorghum), barley, Hungarian grass, and any variety of grass that grows tall and luxuriant which is relished by stock.

Sweet corn is the best to sow for soiling. I have used a kind called "Darling's prolific," which is well adapted to this purpose on account of its thrifty growth and its tendency to tiller, or throw out numerous suckers. It may be sown at any time from May 15th to July. It is best to sow it in drills about 18 inches apart with a seed sower.

Cattle are kept in much better condition by soiling them. They are often turned out to pasture too early in the spring, before the grass is sufficiently grown to afford them enough to satisfy their hunger, and if there happens to be an early drouth they cannot thrive, and they will hardly get over the effects of a bad winter's keep before they enter upon another. On the soiling system, a drouth does not seriously affect the stock, as their supply of fodder is always green, succulent and abundant.

Independent of all the considerations of economy that I have named, cows give much more milk when soiled, and yield it more regularly than when pastured; and the waste of time, and the worrying of cows in driving them to distant fields in warm weather are avoided. What can be more injurious to a noble cow than to send an unfeeling boy to drive her a half mile to pasture every day during the summer, with the thermometer often up to 90°, while perhaps, she is worried by a dog, or pounded with a club, because she does not happen to suit in her gait, or otherwise, her driver? Milk, when thus heated by improper driving of cows, does not produce as much cream as it does under other circumstances, which is a good argument in favor of the soiling system. Butter made from the milk of soiled cows does not have that oily appearance which is so often the case in warm weather, when cows are driven to and from their pasture. Nor is there any difficulty in butter "coming" in the warmest weather when soiled.

A farmer in Waltham, Mass., is said to have made last season 389 lbs. of butter, from the milk of four cows in thirteen weeks, fed on green fodder—chiefly grass, and corn sowed broadcast.—The cows were not out of the barnyard during that time. Two of the animals were heifers only two years old, which had calves in the spring, and the whole of the milk of one of them was taken by her calf during six weeks out of the thirteen, and some of the milk of the other was used in the family; from which circumstances it may be said that the four cows should not be rated at more than three ordinary ones.

A yard should be connected with the barn, of a sized proportionate to the number of cattle soiled. For a half dozen cows, about a quarter of an acre is necessary, so that the weaker ones may not be annoyed by these that are stronger and more pugnacious. They should have an open shed to lie under in stormy weather during summer, and in November they should be housed in their stalls at night.

On this system of feeding, large quantities of roots can be fed to advantage.—Indeed, let no man think that he can derive the greatest possible profit from his live stock who does not grow root-crops abundantly. Roots are the key to all successful farming in England, and they are almost as important here as they are there. Carrots stand at the head of the list here, but turnips are more grown in England, as the climate is better adapted to their growth than ours is. Every milch cow should be fed a half bushel of carrots, at least, daily, from November to June, or some other equivalent root that does not affect milk.—Genesee Farmer.