

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, May 28th, 1865.

LUKE xix. 1-10: Conversion of Zaccheus. 2 SAMUEL x.: David's enemies overcome. Recite—JOHN xx. 26-29.

Sunday, June 4th, 1865.

LUKE xix. 11-27: The nobleman and his servants. 2 SAMUEL xi.: David's evil doings. Recite—MARK xii. 29-31.

Keeping Promises.

The following remarkable instance of determination to keep a promise may be relied on, and is well worthy of universal imitation:

"Sir William Napier was one day taking a long country walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face and said, 'But ye can mend it, can't ye?' My father explained that he could not mend the bowl, but the trouble he could, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends, by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl and of still being in time for the dinner party in Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline, accepting the invitation, on the plea of a 'pre-engagement,' saying to us, 'I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly.'"

Sketches of Clara Stone.

BY HERSELF.

"I am a young lady of sixteen, and the handsomest that goes into our church. Everybody admires me, I know; for how can they help it? My face and figure are perfectly splendid. I know more than either of my parents, and I despise their narrow, humdrum opinions. I am entirely superior to most of my class at the academy, and shall soon stop going there; and I shouldn't think of attending Sunday school, only Mrs. Grey is so devoted to me that I can't seem to get away from her. She is very rich, and knows such grand people, that I don't want to offend her; but I never look at my lesson except in the class, nor take any trouble to pay attention."

"History and dull, prosy books, I hate, and I always skip the religion in stories; but I read all the novels I can find till sometimes I feel as stupid as if I had been taking laudanum. I mean to get all the pleasure I can out of life. New dresses and things, and walks and rides, and games, and parties, with plenty of flirting, are enough happiness for me. If anybody objects to my ways, I advise them not to say so, for I shan't allow meddling. I can snap them up very shortly, till they wish they had let me alone. Once in a while, when anybody dies, I do feel uneasy, and wish I was a Christian; but I very soon get rid of it."

BY HER YOUNG ACQUAINTANCES.

"Clara is handsome and bright, that's certain. One would enjoy looking at her, if she did not spoil everything by that proud toss of her head, and her cold, indifferent, sharp expression. Sometimes we like going with her for a while; but she will suddenly turn round with such cutting speeches and insolent airs as to be really outrageous. She does very well in company; but nobody would want to live in the house with her, or ever think of loving her."

BY HER PARENTS.

"Our poor Clara is our greatest anxiety. Headstrong, passionate, and disobedient, she often makes our home unhappy. She plunges into whatever course of conduct she chooses, and ridicules the idea of being guided by us. Oh, what sin and sorrow are before her, if she goes on indulging her self-will and vanity and pride! She will alienate everybody, and harden her heart against God. How can we rest, while we see her resisting his love, and openly defying his commands?"

BY HER SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.

"Clara Stone tries me more and more. With her bright, quick mind, she might be a great help in the class; but her careless air and flippant answers are enough to spoil all the other girls. Still, I pity the poor, foolish child so much, I think with such distress of her soul's danger, that I bear from her what I never should have supposed I could. Her assurance and self-complacency are so offensive that only the hope of doing her good could make me endure it."

BY HER PASTOR.

"That cruel Clara Stone—what mischief she does among these young people! I fear she acts

herself deliberately about laughing away their serious thoughts, lest they should be Christians and leave her alone! How defiantly she repels every approach the loving Saviour makes to her haughty heart! Warnings and sweet inviting voices are alike disregarded. If any one bears patiently and kindly with her, for Christ's sake, she fancies herself irresistibly charming to them. Oh, the egregious folly of self-conceit!"—Congregationalist.

What hardship does.

Hardship alone will not make a man great, but it is an important aid in the development of greatness. Ability and aspiration are doubled in power by the stimulus of want. There is an untold might in deprivation. Imprison a gill of water in a solid rock, and simply deprive it of heat, and it will burst its flinty bonds as Samson burst the cords of the Philistines. Ignited in the free air a spoonful of powder explodes with a harmless flash; confine it in a rifle-barrel, tease it with the minutest spark, and it carries doom to a distant life. Nature's forces crave expansion; if space is abundant, they take it quietly; if it is limited, they look out for results. It is so with developing boyhood. Character demands scope. It finds it readily, it accepts gracefully the easy boon; if it does not find it, it takes it at whatever cost.

The rich man's son has plenty of wants, but they are easily gratified; the poor man's son has the same wants, and he can only hope to gratify them by strenuous exertion of muscle and brain. Our motive power is always found in what we lack. He is strongest who lacks most; the poor boy's inheritance is in those tastes and aspirations which urge him to perpetual effort. He has plenty to work for, while his rich cousin has only plenty to enjoy. The latter may be lifted into a high position, as a lady is into her side-saddle, but he will generally find it convenient to ride with an attendant, or he may get thrown and hurt. The heir of wealth begins at the wrong end for permanent success. He is like a crocus—blooming in spring, blighted in summer, in autumn nowhere. He reverses the law of nature, which gives us the unsightly husk before the tempting kernel, the sprouting acorn before the giant oak, effort before strength, struggle before achievement, pain before pleasure, the law before the gospel. The ease and refinement of his boyhood is no aid to future energy and power. He begins at the end, and generally ends at the beginning. A rudely formed, but well-tempered blade, may be subsequently polished, but a polished blade cannot be hardened without losing all its glitter.—Springfield Republican.

The Old Man's stammering tongue.

A stammering tongue, if it utters words penetrated with strong religious feeling, may accomplish great good. While sermons from eloquent lips have failed to reach the heart, a disciple have been effectual. Bishop Ames, in a few words from a simple-minded and earnest some recent remarks at a preachers' meeting in Cincinnati, related the following incident:

Many years ago, when I was a pastor, there was a revival in my charge. From January to May over three hundred souls were converted and added to the church. Some, I have not a doubt, thought the labors of the pastor had contributed almost wholly to the result. But there was in the society an old man, of stammering speech, a hauler of sand from the pits to the brickyards. He had a heart full of love to God, and he failed not to let his light shine. A perverse son had gone from home, attended a Methodist meeting in an adjacent village, and had become converted. Returning home and narrating his experience to his father, that father told it to his neighbors, and in various of the meetings, social and public. It went to the heart of sinner and saint. At a session of the Presbyterian Synod, where the old gentleman begged permission to speak, the tears from half the eyes in the assembly attested its power. The old gentleman with his slow, stammering tongue, kept up the work of testifying in behalf of the Saviour, and by-and-by the meetings of the church increased in number and interest. The Word preached had unusual power, the wicked were made to fear and tremble, and to cry mightily to God for mercy, and as I remarked, in about four months the gatherings in amounted to over three hundred. Now, I have no doubt in the day of accounts it will be found that the chief agent in the work was the old owner of that sand-cart, whose boy, by some apparently unknown agency, had been led to Christ, and who unconsciously in his father's hands had spoken his experience to the hundreds both old and young of his native town.

A THOUGHT WORTH THINKING.—When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure—rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him as to why he did it—told him he gave too much, and said it would be to his disadvantage. Now mark the answer of this excellent man. "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world; and when I am gone, I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this. But one journey through the world!

The shoeless traveller should beware of the thorn and the stone.

THE PREMIER OF GREAT BRITAIN.—Other Ministers, when nothing connected with their department is on, fly away to their family dinner; but Lord Palmerston never moves, except just for half an hour, about eight or nine o'clock, to get a cup of tea. He dines at home at three; about half-past four or quarter to five he enters the House, and there he keeps watch and ward, "fixed as a sentinel," though perhaps not at all times "all eye, all ear," till the House rises, and he walks home. "Walks home?" Yes; walks home all the way to Cambridge House Piccadilly—a good mile and a half. Whether it be hot or cold, wet or dry, it is difficult, we are told, to induce him to ride. A cold bath in the morning, a gallop after breakfast, meals slight and few, and a walk home—these are the means which the noble Lord adopts to keep himself up to his work.—Illustrated Times.

The venerable premier of England has received a marked token of honour at the hands of his countrymen who have gone to carry the English language and English civilization to the barren regions of the antipodes. A new city, which will probably be the capital of a new colony, is in rapid process of formation in Northern Australia, and is to be called Palmerston.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.—The following are two remarkable instances of the reverses to be met in the course of men's lives:

LOUIS NAPOLEON.—Monday April 10th., was the 17th anniversary of Monday, April 10, 1848, when London was threatened with a Chartist revolution. Among other great changes in the interval this is one:—Louis Napoleon was then a London special constable, now he is Emperor of the French.

SIR JOHN DEAN PAUL, BART.—The Hertfordshire Express says that the late banker, Sir John Dean Paul, Bart., is now residing at Gustard Wood, Wheatthamstead, about eight miles from St. Alban's, and commenced the business of a wine and spirit merchant. On Tuesday his tender was accepted by the St. Alban's board of guardians for the supply of spirits to the union workhouse.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.—Our special correspondent in London states that within a couple of years the Prince Imperial of France is to make a royal visit to the United States, and take a tour in the country. He is to be attended by a splendid fleet and two or three ministers of state, and move about with a brilliancy which will completely, it is said, eclipse our recollections of the Prince of Wales's pageant.—New York Herald.

THE FUTURE OF ROME.—The Weekly Register, the organ of the Romish body in England, referring to the late discussions in the French Senate, says that the speeches of the Imperial legislators establish three things:—1. The French army of occupation will be withdrawn. 2. A revolution will thereupon very likely break out in Rome. 3. The French Government in that case reserves to itself full liberty of action. These are certainly ominous words on the part of this staunch supporter of Pionono, admitting, as they do, the readiness of the people to revolt, and, consequently their disaffection to the Rome régime. "Such," says The Register, "are the data on which the most formidable problem of the day hinges."

A banker of Paris lately entered his strong box, and thoughtlessly closed the door after him. His head clerk, who had the key, was in the country, and it was not until his return at noon on the following day that the entombed banker could be released.

AN IRISHMAN'S BULL.—An Irish paper publishes the following item: "A deaf man named Taff was run down by a passenger train and killed on Wednesday morning. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

DERIVATION OF THE WORD "NEWS." The word explains itself without the Muse, And the four letters speak whence comes the news;

From North, East, West, South, the solution's made, Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

A man may eat his breakfast where he chooses, and dine at any place he pleases; but he must go to China or Japan for his tea.

Scientific.

THEORY OF COLOR IN LEAVES.—The varied and gorgeous tints which leaves assume on the approach of autumn, are due to the absorption of oxygen gas; those leaves which remain longest green absorbing least oxygen. Some species of the maple, the poplar and the beech are remarkable for the rapidity with which their leaves change color; these, it has been demonstrated, will absorb eight or nine times their bulk of oxygen in the same time that the Portugal laurel or the common holly absorb the smallest fractional amount. If several green leaves of the poplar, the beech, the holly and the Portugal laurel are placed under the receiver of an air-pump and dried thoroughly, keeping them from the action of the light; when dried let them be taken out and moistened with water, and immediately placed under a glass globe filled with oxygen gas; it will be found that the several leaves change color in exact proportion to their powers of absorbing oxygen, the best absorbers changing color most rapidly. The result of this absorption is the formation of an acid, and this acid changes the chlorophyllite, or green principle, from yellow, and then to a reddish hue. A similar change is effected in the color of the leaves of plants

by merely treating them with an acid; and, if a red leaf is macerated in an alkali (potash for example), it becomes green. We thus have another proof that chlorophyllite owes its formation to the absorption and decomposition of carbonic acid by the plant under the influence of light; for, if this agent be withdrawn, no absorption takes place; on the contrary, a continual disengagement of carbonic acid gas from the tissues of the plant is the result.—London Cottage Gardener.

THE HOLE IN THE SKY.—More remarkable perhaps on account of its singularity, says Vignes, in his travels in Mexico and South America, is the hole in the sky—for it appears to be nothing else—the dark place known to sailors as the "coal sack." It is well known, even to those who have not seen them, that one of the peculiarities of the southern heavens are dark, starless spaces, but the "coal sack" may be termed black in comparison with the surrounding sky. It lies on the left of the cross, as it faces an observer, and nearly touches the lower part of its major axis, which it equals in height. The curious abruptness and freshness of the oval shaped and broken outline of its entire circumference suggests the idea of its being formed by violence. It looks as if the canopy of heaven had been shot through. The edges of two or three folds of strata, so to speak, are seen on the left side more particularly in receding perspective, and gradually leading to and blending into what appears to be black, lightless space beyond. Placed at the south pole, and so unlike anything else in the sky, it has an aspect of special design when all around is for design. It can be imagined a place of exit or ingress for mighty rushing forces; the adit from the light to a Tophet of outer darkness, or a "black Gehenna," with the cross shining in front of it.

RICHNESS OF THE EARTH'S MINERAL TREASURES.—Professor Silliman exemplifies the practical inexhaustibility of the silver mines of Nevada by the tin mines of Cornwall, England, which have been worked for thousands of years, having been known in the time of Solomon, and from which, he says, came the tin that formed the bronze ornaments of the temple. The duchy of Cornwall, from which so vast an amount of metal has been taken, is not half so large as Lander county in Nevada, and still produces as great quantities as ever, while new veins are often found as valuable as those that have been worked for centuries.

Agriculture, etc.

GOOD ROADS are an indication of the progress of a people in civilization. Hundreds of men will soon be at work repairing the roads of this province, and either improving or spoiling them for the year. In many cases the latter has heretofore been the result rather than the former. A common fault is that a road is made too round on the top, so that the material is soon washed off again into the side drains. In a road of thirty feet wide. The centre should not be more than three or four inches above the sides. In nothing more than in road-making is the adage more applicable "a stitch in time saves nine." If attention were paid to small holes, and they were filled up with a few stones, there would never be large holes.

SUBSOILING.—Much has been written on the subject of subsoiling. Some persons have great faith in it for all descriptions of land. The following opinion from the Maine Farmer is worthy of attention:

"I believe in deep ploughing and subsoiling on all but clayey land; when the clay comes near the top of the ground, in that case I think subsoiling injurious. In excavating into the earth, I have found the roots of clover and herbage to run from three to four feet deep, when the ground has been dug over to that depth and made rich with dressing. Corn and potato roots, go quite as deep under like circumstances. The roots of many of our tallest trees are longer than the whole trunk of the tree. I have often found this to be the case with elm, oak, yellow birch, and white maple."

A LARGE CROP OF ONIONS.—W. R. Tatem, formerly with a Shaker Society in Pennsylvania, gives an account of his success with onions. The bed 20 x 40 feet, had been ploughed deeply the previous autumn. In spring it had a shallow ploughing, after which three horse loads of fine old manure were spread on, and thoroughly harrowed in. The bed was then covered with straw, ten inches deep, which was burned. The seed was sown in drills 14 inches apart, and rolled. As soon as the seed was up, the bed was sowed over with one bushel of a mixture of 2-3 hen manure, and 1 ashes, which application was repeated three times during the early part of the season. The onions were carefully hoed and weeded, and when as large as one's thumb, they were thinned to two inches in the row. The result was 80 bushels of large onions, equal to about 1,000 bushels to the acre.—Agriculturist.

A year ago we made mention of a large heifer calf owned by Mr. W. H. Gridley, of this town. The animal was two years old last week, when it measured 6 feet 9 inches in length, 6 feet 2 inches girth, stood 4 feet 2 inches in height, and weighed 1111 lbs.—Yarmouth Herald.