

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, September 15th, 1867.

Acts xxii. 17-30: Paul threatened the people of Jerusalem. 2 Kings xxv. 1-17: Captive to Babylon.

Recite—ISAIAH i. 16-20.

Sunday, September 22nd, 1867.

Acts xxiii. 1-10: Conspiracy to kill Paul. 2 Kings xxv. 18-30: The nobles slain.

Recite—ISAIAH lvi. 13-14.

A Parable of the Rain-drop.

For weeks there had been no rain. The dry winds whirled the dust in the air; the earth was parched and hard; the grass was drying up, and the leaves and flowers were wilting upon their stems; the crops seemed to be burning up, and all the hopes of a generous harvest were fast disappearing.

A young farmer had purchased a number of acres of land, well situated, and giving good promise of large returns for the labor he might expend upon them. He could not entirely pay for his farm in ready money, but expected from his crops to obtain enough to make up the sum agreed upon. He was not afraid of hard work, nor of rising very early in the morning. He spared neither care nor toil upon his land, until the whole farm looked like a garden, and his crops promised him a full return for all his labor. But now this dry heated term had come upon him, and all his hopes were blighted. He walked slowly and sadly out upon his farm, surveying the desolation caused by the blazing rays of the sun. His fields seemed to be fairly crying aloud for moisture.

If his crops were lost he could not make his payment, and his farm must be given up. He turned his anxious face up to the heavens, and looked in every direction to see if he could discover a sign of a cloud; and his face grew graver as he looked, for not a fleecy fringe of a cloud came between him and a burning sky.

A little drop of rain, far up in the heavens, happened to be looking down at this moment. It saw the sorrowful face of the unfortunate young farmer.

"I am going down to comfort him," said the rain-drop to its neighbor.

The next rain drop laughed aloud at this. "What can you do alone, I should like to know?" said its amused fellow.

"I can show my good-will to him, at least," answered the benevolent little rain-drop. "I shall do all I can for him, and the best I can do no better."

"Do you expect to water his farm and to save his crops," said the other drop, "out of your little cup?"

"I cannot stand and look upon his sufferings without doing all in my power to relieve them, and I am going down, if for nothing else, to show him how sorry I am for him."

The sad face was still turned to the sky, when, dropping down like a shining pearl, the little rain drop fell plump upon the farmer's nose.

"Thank God," said the farmer, devoutly; "the blessed shower is certainly coming," and he smiled all over his face. "Who would have thought it; for I cannot see a cloud." He put up his hand and felt the blessed moisture. There was no mistake about it; and he smiled triumphantly again. "It is certainly coming," he said.

The other rain drops saw the beautiful smile with which the first was welcomed, and how much good it did the farmer, although it had not watered his farm, and one said to another, "Let us also go down, and see what will happen." So down went two or three of them, rattling upon the head and face of the farmer.

"There they come, blessed be God!" shouted the farmer; and he turned such a grateful and loving face to the sky, that the other rain drops could not stand it any longer, but, one after another, just as fast as they could rush, they tumbled down towards him. The example was irresistible. In a few moments the clouds seemed to "cover the heavens." The precious rain descended in torrents. The thirsty crops were abundantly watered, the harvests were saved, and the grateful farmer was enabled to pay for his lands.

How much good the small gifts that we can offer will accomplish.

"Does your son bring the money home to you that he earns every week?" asked a gentleman of a hard-working widow whom he was visiting.

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"Does he keep away from bad company?"

"I trust he does," was the answer.

"He must, then, be a comfort to you," said the gentleman.

The widow burst into tears.

"Oh," said she, taking the gentleman's hand, "if he would only speak kindly to me once in a while! If he would sometimes kiss me, and say, 'I love you, mother, I would not ask him for his money, but would work day and night to support us both.'"

The poor mother was hungering and thirsting for the love of her child; but he never thought to offer her what seemed so little a thing as this. It would have been as a rain-drop upon her face.

How readily we can offer it; but who can tell what a power of blessing rests in a simple smile, a kind word, a polite act. How easy, just to stretch out the hand when one needs aid, to speak gently when one is in trouble, and to offer a little gift, if we have not more, when one is in want. Others see it, and are affected by our act. The smile that glances from our

face is caught by another and another, until all the faces around us are in sunshine.

The little rain-drops have but to unite to make the vast rivers, and to fill to their brim the heaving seas. Let us, then, keep dropping; showing at least our good-will, making the world as green around us as possible, and drawing all about us, by such loving power as we have, to follow our example.—*Stories from Life.*

The wild Indian.

I once went to see a large Indian. He was a very powerful man. His head was covered with black hair, and large eagle feathers were arranged through it, according to savage taste. His face was painted in red streaks, truly frightful to a little boy or girl. He had a coat of leather or buckskin, and beads and quills were singularly arranged all over it, with little bells and a variety of ornaments and trinkets. His leggings, or breeches, were made of red and black cloth, and ornamented with beads and buckles and little bells. He had a belt around his waist, and between it and his body was the skin of some animal he had killed. He had a large knife and a tomahawk, and on his back was a bunch of arrows, and in his hand a long bow and arrow. He had two little boys with him, one about nine years old, the other eleven; they were dressed like Indians, for they were Indian boys, and looked as wild as the old Indian, and had bow and arrows as he had. It was night, and we sat very still, watching their black eyes, bows and arrows, scalping knife, and sharp tomahawk.

After looking at us a few moments, the Indian gave the warwhoop, and I am sure it would startle and scare you to hear such a sharp, wild, savage sound; you might hear it a great distance. The boys shouted in the same way, and began to dance their war-dance and sing their war song.

After dancing and singing a short time, the big Indian turned around to us with his bow and knife and battle axe, and after eyeing us a little while, he changed his appearance and commenced singing one of the sweetest and most beautiful songs, such as Sabbath-school children and their parents sing. Oh, it was very sweet, and sweetly sung, and the little boys assisted their father, a most strange contrast with their war-song, and deeply affecting. In fact, they were Christian Indians; they loved Jesus Christ; they loved the songs, the sweet songs of Zion.

Could you go where three Indians live, you would find many little Indian boys and girls who know about the way of salvation. If you would visit them on the Sabbath-day, and see the Indian men and squaws and their boys and girls and papposes, some with such clothes as Christians wear, but many with large blankets, and hear them sing, and sing so sweetly, you would on next Sabbath ask your parents for pennies, to aid in sending the gospel to Indians and heathen.

Do you ask where or how the Indians learned to sing so sweetly? The missionary taught them. Christians have contributed for this purpose, and men and women have left their homes, and taught them to sing and pray and worship the true God.

A Hindoo Letter.

In external appearance and construction of expression, a Hindoo letter is worthy of notice. It is written on a palm-leaf, with an iron stile, four to six inches long, and sharp-pointed at the end. In writing, neither chair nor table is needed, the leaf being supported on the middle finger of the left hand and kept steady with the thumb and forefinger. The right hand does not, as with us, move along the surface, but after finishing a few words, the writer fixes the point of the iron in the last letter, and pushes the leaf from right to left, so that he may finish his line. This becomes so easy by long practice, that one often sees a Hindoo writing as he walks the street. As this species of penmanship is but a kind of faint engraving, the strokes of which are indistinct, they make the character legible by besmearing the leaf with an ink like fluid. A letter is generally finished on a single leaf, which is then enveloped in a second, whereon is written the address. In communicating the decease of a relative, the custom is to singe the point of the leaf upon which the afflicting news is written. When a superior writes to an inferior, he puts his own name before that of the person to whom he writes, and the reverse when he writes to a superior.—*N. C. Presbyterian.*

A Rattlesnake at Liberty.

EXCITING SCENE AT A MENAGERIE.—Some weeks ago a group of eight American rattlesnakes, which had been landed at Liverpool, were purchased by Mr. Wm. Manders, and were first exhibited by that gentleman at Northampton. As the box in which the snakes had been brought over was to a certain extent unsafe, Mr. Manders had a stout case expressly manufactured for their reception, and the poisonous reptiles were installed in their new quarters. The new case had a thick plate glass front and top, hot water cisterns underneath, and a small door, fastened by a spring latch, on one side. This case in its turn, fitted in a massive oak box, in which it was placed when the snakes were not on exhibition; every possible precaution being taken to prevent accident. Mr. Manders arrived with his menagerie at Tunbridge Wells on Friday morning last, and as soon as he had set the canvas he left for London, to superintend the embarkation of three giraffes which he had purchased, and which

were then on board a steamer in Blackwell Reach. Mr. Manders was detained in London until summoned to return on Saturday, and when he did reach the menagerie again he was dismayed at the sight which met his eyes. It appears that early on Saturday morning the keeper who attends the reptile department of the menagerie had put a large pan of water on the coke fire which stands in the centre of the enclosure, so that he might be enabled to fill the cisterns with hot water. During the time the saucepan was heating, the man proceeded with his work, and at length he took the case containing the rattlesnakes out of the box, and commenced cleaning the exterior. While he was so engaged, the spring latch of the door at the side of the case became detached, and the door dropped down. At this moment the water in the pan boiled over, and the keeper rushed to the fire to remove the pan, incautiously leaving open the door of the rattlesnake case. On his return to resume his work, he saw that one of the largest snakes had escaped from the case, and was peering about, hissing in a terrible manner and shaking the fearful rattle. The man closed the open door of the case, and then warned his companions who were cleaning up the menagerie previous to its opening for a morning exhibition. A panic seized the men, and with the greatest difficulty an elderly man, named Frank Godfrey, prevailed on some of them to remain in the enclosure and endeavour to recapture the fearful reptile. Arming themselves with shovels, forks, scrapers, brooms, &c., the keepers, under the direction of Godfrey, proceeded towards the snake. The reptile during these preparations remained perfectly quiet, but on the approach of the keepers—which was heralded by a large sack being attempted to be thrown over him—the reptile leisurely proceeded up the centre of the enclosure, hissing fearfully all the time. It did not appear to notice any of the occupants of the numerous cages and ends until it came to the caravan containing the bonassus, a species of buffalo—an immense animal weighing upwards of two tons. This caravan is what is technically called a "well" caravan, the centre portion between the front and hind wheels nearly touching the ground. On arriving opposite this caravan the rattlesnake paused for a moment, and then made a spring, fastened on the bonassus, and bit it in the left nostril. The reptile then let go its grip, and, shaking its rattles, glided through an opening between two of the caravans, where some of Mr. Manders' grooms were filling a cart with straw. To this cart was attached one of the finest horses belonging to Mr. Manders' extensive stud. The rattlesnake fastened on the off fetlock of the horse, which immediately reared and plunged to such an extent as to shake the reptile off, and before it could move away it was crushed to pieces beneath the hoofs of the horse. In a few minutes after the horse had received the bite from the loathsome reptile its whole frame quivered, its eyes nearly burst from their sockets, and his moans were piteous to hear. Two veterinary surgeons were brought, but their services were of no avail, for in a few minutes the horse died in frightful agony. Meanwhile the bonassus was in such an infuriated condition that the doors of his den had to be put up and securely bolted. In a few seconds a heavy fall was heard in the caravan, and on the doors being opened the noble beast was expiring, and shortly afterwards died.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

Summer drinks.

The best summer beverage is cold water, ice-cold, if you please, but by all means grasp the glass by the hand, take a swallow at a time, remove the glass from the lips for a few seconds, then take another swallow; in this way it will be found that thirst will be thoroughly satisfied before half the water has been taken; whereas, if it had been swallowed continuously, the whole contents would not have satisfied the thirst.

As many persons have dropped dead from drinking greedily of water not ice-cold, very much heated and fatigued, this precaution may save many a life.

Buttermilk is another admirable summer beverage. Its acidity cools the system, and acts slightly on the liver, and thus promotes the passing of the bile and other impurities from the body.—*Half's Journal of Health.*

Talent and Tact.

Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places and at all times; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life tact carries it against talent—ten to one.

PULPIT PROLIXITY.—At the Unitarian anniversary, Boston, "Rev. J. F. Clark illustrates the need of brevity and points in addresses to children, by a story of a city clergyman in a country parish, who wearied a little girl by his long sermon, and as he gathered himself for a new assault, she cried out, 'Oh, mother, he isn't going to stop at all; he is swelling up again.'"

Agriculture, &c.

How to make double-curd Cheese.

Put the rennet to soak at least twenty-four hours before it will be wanted for use, in a little water to which has been added as much or more salt as will dissolve—more water and salt to be added as the rennet is used. Strain the night's milk into your cheese tub—adding seven or eight tablespoonfuls of the rennet to every forty pounds of milk. If it comes in the course of half an hour, which is soon enough, cross it off before leaving for the night. In the morning dip it into the basket to drain. Set the morning's milk in the same way. Place the curd with the night's curd. Drain slowly and thoroughly. Cut, and press by placing a weight on it, until scarcely any whey runs out. This will prevent from dripping after the cheese has been pressed. When drained, cut the curd in slices in some convenient vessel, covering with cold water. Set in the cellar until next day, when the water should be removed. Put the curd into a tub, and let the warm whey drip over it. When it is drained, heat the whey, not boiling hot, but sufficiently to warm the whole mass. Slice the curd and scald all together. Drain, chop—not too fine—salt to suit the taste, press until night in a linen strainer, then turn it in a cotton one. Press two days—turning two or three times. This is much better than pressing but one day, on account of cracking, which will sometimes happen any way. Grease every day with bacon fat, well peppered with cayenne, to keep off the flies. Keep in a cool place. A safe or cup board with cloth doors is best. By following these directions, and the exercise of judgment, good double-curd cheese may be made.—*Cor. Manchester Mirror.*

Training Cattle to jump.

We are too apt to underrate the intelligence of the domestic animals under our charge—and yet a moment's reflection should teach every farmer that cows, horses, sheep and pigs are very apt pupils; and most farmers' boys are quite proficient in teaching them to do mischief. Thus we find many persons, when turning stock into or out of pasture, instead of letting down all the bars, leaving two or three of the lower rails in their place; and then, by shouting or beating, perhaps, force the animals to leap over. This is capital training; the results of which are seen in the after disposition of animals to try their powers of jumping where a top rail happens to be off, and this accomplished, to set all fences at defiance, and make a descent upon the corn or grain field, as their inclination, ability or hunger may prompt them. Another good lesson is to open the gate but a little way, and then, as in the case of the bars, force the cattle forward, and by threats and blows compel them to pass through it. The result of this teaching is shown in the determined spirit manifested by some cattle to make a forcible entry into the stable-yards, fields, or, in fact, into almost every place where a gate or door may, by accident, be left slightly open.

A Western farmer says he makes it a rule, whenever cattle are made to pass a fence, whether through bars or "slippage," to leave one rail for them to pass under. This gives them a downward tendency, and lessens their inclination to jump or look upwards, as they are sure to do when a lazy attendant throws down a part of the rails, and makes them vault the rest. Cattle may be taught to go over any fence by the careful training they often get for this end, performed as follows: "First, starve them or give them poor feed, which will make them light and rest less. As soon as they go over the lowest part of the fence after better provender, make them jump back again; and put on one more rail, saying, 'I guess that will keep them out.' Next day, (of course they will be in mischief again,) repeat the process, adding another rail; in a short time they will take care of themselves, and harvest the crops without charge."—*American Stock Journal.*

MAKING POULTRY PROFITABLE.—The place to which young chickens retire ought to have a dry floor, and be kept scrupulously clean; and as the floor is the coldest part of the room, their roosting ought not to be more than twelve inches high, and to be slanting, which will keep the warm air in the room. Setting hens can be cured by putting water in a vessel, to the depth of one inch, putting the hen into and covering the top of the vessel for about twenty-four hours. The vessel should be deep enough to allow the fowl to stand up. This is the best remedy we have ever tried. Earth-worms are greatly relished by confined fowls. Take a spade once a day and turn over the ground for your hens. They will soon run after you when they see you with the spade, and will amply reward you for the extra trouble to accommodate them by an increased supply of eggs.

HOUSE FLIES may be effectually destroyed by putting half a spoonful of black pepper in powder on a teaspoonful of brown sugar, and one teaspoonful of cream; mix them well together and place them in a room where the flies are troublesome, and they will soon disappear.

STAMENED HAY.—E. W. Stewart writes to the *American Farmer* that, after an experience of more than ten years, he finds two bushels of stamened hay are worth three bushels of un-stamened, and that one quart of corn meal stamened, with a bushel of straw, is equal to a bushel of hay.