

Boys' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, March 22nd, 1868.

MATTHEW I. 1-18: Preface to John's gospel.
Recite—Exodus xx. 1-17.

Sunday, March 29th, 1868.

MATTHEW I. 19-34: Testimony of John the Baptist to Jesus.
Recite—MALACHI iii. 1, 2.

Remember the Poor.

A little child sat on her grandpa's knee,
And she looked in his face with childish glee,
And asked, "Do you know what the wild winds
say?"

"Why no, little maid—so tell me, pray!"

"I think, as it pushes against the door,
It seems to say, 'Remember the poor!'
It howls down the chimney, as if to say,
'Remember the poor' this wintry day!"

"It sometimes whispers, as if to woo;
It speaks to all—and it speaks to you;
'Tis blessed to have the power to give,
'Remember the poor,' for the poor must live!"

Then list to the breeze as it passes by,
Or a hurricane soon may sweep the sky,
And he who holds the winds in his hand
May send destruction through the land.

When thickly are falling the flakes of snow,
And wintry winds around do blow,
Whether they whistle, whisper, or roar,
Give heed to their voice, and "Remember the poor."

Why Christ come as a babe.

"There is one thing," said Wynnie, after a pause, "that I have often thought about—why it was necessary for Jesus to come as a babe; he could not do anything for so long."

"First, I would answer, Wynnie, that if you would tell me why it is necessary for all of us to come as babies, it would be less necessary for me to tell you why he came so; whatever was human must be his. But I must say next, Are you sure that he could not do anything for so long? Does a baby do nothing? Ask mamma there. Is it for nothing that the mother lifts up such heartful thanks to God for the baby on her knee? Is it nothing that the baby opens such fountains of love in almost all the hearts around it? Ah! you do not think how much every baby has to do with the saving of the world—the saving of it from selfishness, and folly and greed. And for Jesus, was he not going to establish the reign of love in the earth? How could he do better than begin from babyhood? He had to lay hold of the heart of the world. How could he do better than begin with his mother's—the best one in it. Through his mother's love first, he grew into the world. It was first by the door of all holy relations of the family that he entered the human world, laying hold of mother, father, brothers, sisters, all his friends; then by the door of labor, for he took his share of his father's work; then, when he was thirty years of age, by the door of teaching; by kind deeds, and sufferings, and through all by obedience unto the death. You must not think little of the grand thirty years wherein he got ready for the chief work to follow. You must not think that while he was thus preparing for his public ministrations, he was not all the time saving the world even by that which he was in the midst of it, ever laying hold of it more and more. These were things not so easy to tell. And you must remember that our records are very scanty. It is a small biography we have of a man who became—to say nothing more—the Man of the world—the Son of Man. No doubt it is enough, or God would have told as more; but surely we are not to suppose that there was nothing significant, nothing of saving power in that which we are not told. Charlie, wouldn't you have liked to see the little baby Jesus?"

"Yes, that I would. I would have given him my white rabbit with the pink eyes."

"That is what the great painter Titian must have thought, Charlie; for he has painted him playing with a white rabbit—not such a pretty one as yours."

"I would have carried him about all day," said Dora, "as little Henny Parsons does her baby-brother."

"Did he have any brother or sister to carry him about, papa?" asked Harry.

"No, my boy; for he was the eldest. But you may be pretty sure he carried about his brothers and sisters that came after him."

"Wouldn't he take care of them," just?" said Charlie.

"I wish I had been one of them," said Constance.

"You are one of them, my Connie. Now he is so great and so strong that he can carry father and mother and all of us in his bosom."

Then we sung a child's hymn in praise of the God of little children, and then the little ones went to bed—The Seaboard Parish, in the Sabbath at Home.

A HANDLE TO HIS HAT—Dr. Bellamy was riding over one day on horseback, from Bethlehem to the neighboring town of Washington, both in Litchfield county. As he came to the centre of

Washington, he passed a boy, who gazed upon him in silence. The doctor, after riding by, stopped and said:

"My boy, you go home and tell your father that you want a handle to your hat."

The boy ran home innocently and did the errand.

"Ah!" said the father, "I understand what the difficulty is; you did not make a bow to him. Now the next time he passes you be sure and make him a handsome bow."

The boy watched his opportunity, and whether the same day or at some later time we do not know; but when he saw the doctor coming again on horseback, he mounted a stone wall, and took off his hat with such a flourish, and such a decided inclination of body, that he frightened the doctor's horse so that he shied suddenly and well nigh threw him off. The doctor rode on to the minister's.

"Well," said he, "this is the last time I shall attempt to meddle with the morals or manners of Washington boys," and then told the story.

No room for loafers.

These words recently met our eyes as we passed a working shop in this city. No room for loafers. Sure enough, there is no room for loafers anywhere in this working world. They are not wanted in the busy workshop, nor in the editor's sanctum; they are a nuisance in the country store, spitting and spewing about the stove, and at the post office, they are in everybody's way. They are forever out of place, except in the almshouse or jail. A dead weight upon society, they are a hindrance and a bore. They form no part of nature's plan, it abhors them as it does a vacuum. While all around them is going forward, they are standing still, or rather gliding imperceptibly into seedy vagabondism. A loafer soon grows rusty. It is only use which keeps our faculties bright, and the idle man gets dull, stupid, and muddy headed. Yet some of these fellows seem to think very well of themselves. You will see them strutting along the sunny side of the street, lounging at the corners, hanging about the doors of the hotels, or the entrance of the theatre, with fine cloths upon their backs, and a well satisfied smirk upon their vacant countenances. The poor creatures look down upon a working man as beings of an inferior order! No doubt the drones affect to despise the busy bees, until they are driven from the hive to starve while the workers feed upon the honey. A loafer setting himself above the man that labours with his hands! Why, he is as far beneath him as in the order of creation, the slug is beneath the common horse. A young mechanic in his working dress, and with his tools in his hand, is every way a more agreeable object than the most gaudily dressed loafer in existence. There is always room for him. He is never out of place, for he is keeping step with the movements of the universe. He has an aim, a purpose, and he stands for something. His faculties are trained to use, and he is of value to the world for what he can do. The skillful workman is to the idle man what the manufactured article is to the raw material. He has an additional value above that of mere manhood. The world cannot get on without him, while it could spare every loafer in it, and be all the better for their absence. Reader, whatever you do, don't loaf.

A Restoration.

A great "experience meeting" some years ago, was to be held one evening in—church, where the speakers were, as usual, to be reformed drunkards. An estimable woman, whom we will call Alice, was induced to attend. When the meeting was somewhat advanced, a late member of Congress arose with apparent sadness and hesitation.

"Though I had consented, at your urgent solicitation, to address this assembly to-night," he said, "yet I have felt so great a reluctance in doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty that I could drag myself forward. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall, I could wish that the memory of ten years of my life were blotted out." He paused a moment, much affected, and then added in a final voice, "Something must be said of my own case, or I fail to make the impression on your minds that I wish to produce."

Your speaker once stood among the respected members of the bar. Nay, more than that, he occupied a seat in Congress for two congressional periods. And more than that, he continued, his voice sinking into a tone expressive of deep emotion, "he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all these honors, all these blessings have departed from him. He was unworthy to retain them; his constituents threw him off, because he had debased himself and disgraced them. And more than all, she who had loved him devotedly, the mother of his two babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father's house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there to so debase me that my fellow beings spurned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away, heart-stricken from me? Alas, my friends, it was a mad indulgence in intoxicating drinks. But for this, I were an honorable and useful representative in the halls of legislation, and blessed with home and wife and children."

But I have not told you all. After my wife was separated from me, I sank rapidly. A state of sobriety brought too many terrible thoughts; I drank more deeply, and was rarely, if ever, free from the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. At last I became so

abandoned, that my wife, urged by her friends, no doubt, filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could be readily shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared; and to complete my disgrace, at the congressional caucus I was left off the ticket, as unfit to represent the district.

When I heard of this new movement, the great temperance cause, at first I sneered, then wondered, listened at last, and at last threw myself on the great wave that was rolling onward, in hope of being carried far out of the reach of danger. I did not hope with a vain hope. It did for me all and more than I could have desired. It set me once more on my feet, once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, and fervent prayer to him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, restored me to much that I have lost; but not all, not the richest treasure that I have proved myself unworthy to retain,—not my wife and children. Between myself and these, the law has laid its stern impassable interdictions. I have no longer a wife, no longer children, though my heart goes towards these loved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of wedded love, are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fireside circle; I see ever before me the placid face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into mine with intelligent confidence; the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ears."

Here the speaker's emotion overcame him; his utterance became choked, and he stood silent, with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half-stifled sobs.

At this moment there was a movement in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by the speaker, until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement caught his ear, and his eyes that instant fell on Alice, who, by the kindness of those near her was conducted to his side. The whole audience thrilled with the scene, were upon their feet, bending forward, when the speaker extended his arms, and Alice threw herself upon his bosom.

An aged minister then came forward, and gently separated them. "No, no," said the reformed congressman, "you cannot take her away from me."

"Heaven forbid that I should," said the minister; but by your own confession she is not your wife." "No, she is not," returned the speaker mournfully. "But is ready to take her yows again," modestly said Alice, in a low tone, smiling through her tears.

Before that large assembly, all standing, and with few dry eyes, the marriage ceremony was again performed, that gave the speaker and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man, with thin white locks, completed the marriage rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two he had joined in the holy bonds, and lifting up his streaming eyes, said in a solemn voice, "What God has joined together, let not man put asunder."

"Amen," was cried by the whole assembly, as with a single voice.—Old Oaken Bucket.

Discoveries at Jerusalem.

Professor Porter, of Belfast, in supporting the claims of the Palestine Exploration Fund, gives a testimony which has peculiar weight from his own extensive knowledge of the Holy Land. Speaking of the wonderful discoveries of Mr. Garren in and around Jerusalem, he says:—"Their importance to the Biblical archaeologist can scarcely be over-estimated. He can not but feel that the great vexed questions of the topography of the Holy Land, and its sacred monuments are on the eve of solution. In common with many others I have been watching with the most intense eagerness every fresh stride in the excavations, as it corroborated some fact in history, or illustrated some statement in the Bible. The courses of the three ancient city walls, so minutely described by Josephus, are now being gradually traced. The exact sites of the most hallowed spot on earth—the Holy Sepulchre and the Jewish Temple—are in a fair way of being determined. The colossal foundations of the Temple wall, in which the 'stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits,' laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of 90 feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the Palace on Zion and the Temple on Moriah is now proved to have been upwards of 150 feet high. If this be, as it seems, the 'ascent' to the house of the Lord, which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it 'there was no more spirit in her.' The 'Pinnacle of the Temple,' on which the tempter placed the Saviour, has just been uncovered to its base, and is found still to have an elevation of 133 feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration: 'If any one looked down from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth.' Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the southeast angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, and rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered in and around Haram, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the services of the Temple. The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fair and auspiciously commenced."

Agriculture, &c.,

We shall be glad to receive communications from persons who have had experience on the question proposed below. An exchange of thought, on such a subject, would probably benefit many young farmers, and be thankfully received by them:

Mr. Editor.—Would some of your numerous readers, be kind enough, to communicate the best, and cheapest method of reclaiming Swamp Land, that is, a mere moss swamp, without bush or tree on it,—lying in a favorable position for draining. Would it need manure or lime? Would grubbing and burning be approved of? The object is to raise hay on it. It lies in a granite district.

ENQUIRER.

Nova Scotia.

SOILS THAT NEED LIME.—"To ascertain the soils likely to be benefited by lime," says an exchange, "put a small quantity of soil in a tumbler, and pour upon it, first a little water, and then a good deal of spirits of salts, or muriatic acid. If this addition produces a strong effervescence, there is no need of applying lime to the land; if no effervescence is produced, in all probability, liming or marling will be useful. However, this simple test cannot always be depended upon, and it is, therefore, much safer to have the proportion of lime determined in the soil, which, at no great expense, can be done by an analytical chemist; but, in localities where the services of a competent chemist cannot be conveniently obtained, the test should be made."

CURE FOR FOUNDER.—Mix one pint of the seed of the common sunflower in the animal's feed as soon as you discover symptoms of founder, and you will give immediate and certain relief. This is the best remedy ever known.

SPLITTING RAILS.—A correspondent of the Iowa Homestead, alluding to the difficulty frequently experienced in making a wedge stick in frozen timber when splitting rails, advises the use of dry sand, dashed into the crevice from which the wedge rebounds. The end sought can be equally attained by making a few checks close together with the ax on the end of the log to be split, and inserting the wedge between them. We never knew a wedge to rebound under such circumstances.

SPLITTING CAST-IRON WITH WATER.—Advantage has recently been taken in France of the non-compressibility of water to effect the reduction of large masses of cast-iron. The method, which is simple and ingenious, consists in drilling a hole in the mass for about one-third of its thickness, and filling the hole with water; then closing it with a steel plug which fits very accurately, and letting the ram of a pile driver fall on the plug. The first blow separates the cast-iron into two pieces.

A STORMY TIME.—Learned men predict that the year 1868 is to be remarkable for storms, inundations and earthquakes, the result in part of several comets being in the neighborhood.

A Swiss journal states that a young woman named Anna Arnold, sister of an innkeeper at Willisau (Lucerne), has just carried off the first prize at a rifle shooting competition of that town, having made a white with every shot.

AN HIBERNIAN RIDDLE.—We have had sent to us a riddle which we do not remember to have heard before. It is new, it is strange that it is not old: if it be old, it is strange that it should not be always new. The problem is—"My first, when he makes my second, calls himself my whole;" and the solution is,—Patriot.

THE MASON AND HAMLIN CABINET ORGAN stands unrivaled among all competitors, both for power and sweetness of tone. It takes the lead of all others, and notwithstanding the constant increase of means for manufacture, there is no accumulation of instruments. Several hundred workmen, with a wonderful variety of machinery, occupying several buildings, are the evidences of the appreciation given to the Cabinet Organ.—The (Cincinnati) Presbyter.

NO REACTION.—THE SAFEST KNOWN TONIC. The vivifying operation of ordinary stimulants is succeeded by nervous disturbances which require further medication to remove them. But Radway's Ready Relief tones and invigorates without exciting. Hence, it is a perfectly harmless preparation. Instead of determining the blood to the head, it equalizes the circulation, and while acting locally, braces up the whole physique.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

If there is a general remedy for which the people ought to be thankful, it is Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is curious to notice the enthusiasm with which some people speak of it, more particularly our returned soldiers, to whom it has been a friend indeed.

Parsons' Purgative Pills may be used in all forms of diseases with the most decided benefit, and without fear of injury. Try them.

No doubt exists but what there is in Grace's Salve real worth, And that it is for bruise, scald, burn, The best thing known on earth.