

Family Circle.

The Sabbath and Young Men.

The value of the Sabbath to young men cannot be estimated. As a means of intellectual culture, it is invaluable. The stirring themes of pulpit discussion wake up thought, and excite the mind to investigation. The appetite thus created is fed in the Bible class and the Sabbath school, and in private reading. The Sabbaths of a year are equivalent to two months schooling; and no science can furnish better mental aliment than religious truth. The intellectual advancement made under its influence is healthful and symmetrical. But all this is lost to the young man, who disregards the claims of the holy Sabbath, and spends its sacred hours, in seeking his own pleasure. While the Sabbath-keeping young man takes fifty-two steps forward in intellectual improvement, the Sabbath breaker takes fifty-two strides backward to mental debasement. Nothing elevating and ennobling will be found in the social intercourse of Sabbath breakers. It all tends downward. But the intellectual are nothing in comparison with the social and moral advantages of the Sabbath to a young man. Let us suppose the case of a young man, who comes from the country to the city to acquire a knowledge of business.—Let him conscientiously regard the Holy Sabbath. His regard for the Sabbath will lead him to the house of God. Here, all the associations which clustered around the home of his childhood, will be called up by the similarity of the scene. The same truths fall upon his ear. The same atmosphere surrounds him. He is drawn into the Sabbath school or Bible class. There he meets with associates, who surround him with a genial influence. At length he is introduced into the religious families, as a visitor; thus a net work of sacred and salutary influences surround him, to secure him against the snares and temptations of city life. But, on the other hand, let him disregard the Sabbath. The moment he sets his foot on God's holy day, his moral principle is gone; his self-respect is diminished; and one great barrier in the way of his downward course to ruin is removed. He must find some occupation on this, his only leisure day. He sallies forth in search of amusement. He meets with others, in pursuit of the same object, who, to secure it, have made similar havoc of conscience and principle; and among them are not wanting adepts in wickedness. Having broken over one restraint, others readily give way before him, and he falls an easy prey to the destroyer. It would be the next thing to a miracle if he should be rescued from ruin. But this process is not confined to the city. Show us the young man anywhere, who disregards the holy Sabbath, and we will show you the young man who is on the highroad to ruin. All the good influences in any community, cluster around the Sabbath; and all the evil influences concentrate among Sabbath breakers. Pause then, young man, before you presume to trample on God's holy day; for in so doing you tread under foot Heaven's richest blessings, and invite all the enemies of the human soul to combine for your destruction. Turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on God's Holy Day.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

Buy the Truth.

HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

Go thou in life's fair morning
Go in thy bloom of youth,
And dig for thine adorning—
The precious pearl of truth.
Secure the heavenly treasure,
And bind it on thy heart,
And let no earthly pleasure
E'er cause it to depart.

Go while the day-star shineth,
Go while thy heart is light,
Go, ere thy strength declineth,
While every sense is bright.
Sell all thou hast and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things,
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.

Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steals o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth.
Go, seek thy great Creator—
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice."

The Forest Funeral.

She was a fair child, with masses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine, she started slightly, but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strain of the *Æolian*. You may imagine that the answer started me, and with a very few words of the like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, rich, melodious voice.

"Father, I am cold—lie down beside me," and the old man lay down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmured in a dreamy voice, "dear father—dear father!"

"My child," said the man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father—and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearst thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father—as the voices of angels, falling from afar in the still and solemn night-time—and they call me. Her voice, too, father—O, I heard it then!"

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaketh in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile. But I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there is mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?"

"It is death, my Mary."

"Thank God!"

Sabbath evening came, and a slow, sad procession wound through the forest to the little school-house. There with simple rites the good clergyman performed his duty, and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough, in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, as they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot—and the stars were bright before I left—for I always had an idea that a graveyard was the nearest place to heaven on earth; and with old Sir Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a graveyard, for even as we pass through the place of graves to the temple of God on earth, so we must pass through the grave to the temple of God on high.

For Farmers.

Useful Hints for Spring Work.

Fences.—Go yourself around your fences, throughout their entire lines, carefully examine every panel, and wherever one needs renewing or repairing, have such panels as require it renewed, and those repairs attended to immediately.

Fence Sides and Corners.—If yours be lined with bushes, brambles, and briars, have all such nuisances grubbed up, burn them, and use the ashes for manure; for a bushel or two of ashes will supply the inorganic food for many bushels of wheat, corn, oats, rye or barley.

Hauling out Manure.—Have a care to haul out your manure timely; but, before you haul it out, mix with every twenty loads of it, if they have not been previously applied in composting, two bushels of salt, and one of plaster.

Liming and Marling.—If your lands need liming and marling apply it on your corn ground. After you have ploughed and harrowed, spread your lime of marl, and then harrow it in.

Orchards.—If there are any dead limbs on your trees, they should be carefully cut off into the sound wood, the wounds should be made smooth and receive a dressing of a mixture of equal parts of rosin, beeswax, and tar, melted over a slow fire; alter two coats are put on, dust the surface with sand. If the bodies of the trees are mossy, or the

bark rough, scrape them, and apply a dressing composed of one gallon of soft soap, 1 lb. of sulphur and 1 quart of salt.

Shade Trees—Shrubbery.—If your dwelling is without these sources of comfort and enjoyment, supply the deficiency this spring.

Winter-killed Grain.—If your grain is winter-killed, or spewed up, pass a light harrow over it, and follow that with a roller. These operations should be performed as soon as the frost is out of the ground, and the soil sufficiently dry to admit the team without danger of poaching.

Meadows.—Hide-bound meadows should be harrowed, dressed with 5 bushels of ashes, 2 bushels of bone-dust, and 2 bushels of salt per acre, which should be rolled in.

Things to be Saved.—All the bones, rags, offals of every description, poultry-dung, urine, soap-suds, old leather, hair, feathers, dead, animals, soot, &c., made on your premises, should be saved, and composted with earth of some kind. There is enough made on even a small farm in a year to infuse the principle of fertility into fifty loads of common earth. Take our word for the truth of what we state; act upon our suggestion, and you will be surprised at the end of the season at the immense body of fine manure that you have accumulated.

Implements and Tools.—Examine yourself, everything of this kind; if any need repair, have the repairs made without delay.—*American Farmer.*

Seed Potatoes.

In the December number of the *Genesee Farmer*, page 277, the question is asked "Whether it is more advantageous to plant small potatoes than large ones?"

From my earliest youth I have been taught the importance of selecting the largest and best potatoes to be used for seed. My practice has been occasionally to put one such in a hill; but generally, to cut them into two or three pieces, and put three pieces into each hill. In the spring of 1849, owing to the scarcity and high price of potatoes, I was induced to plant, as an experiment, some small *Mercers* in the garden on a square that was highly manured. The yield was great, and the potatoes first rate as to size. Being much disappointed, and stating the fact to a friend, he gave an unqualified opinion that the favourable result was owing to the richness of the soil. The past season I planted several bushels of the largest and best *Mercers* I could purchase in the city. They were generally cut in three pieces each. But the supply not being sufficient, I planted three bushels of small ones, such as had been laid aside as too small for table use. Of these, three were put into each hill, and were planted along side the large ones. The quality of the ground, the time of planting, and the tillage, were in all respects the same.—When the shoots from the small seed first appeared, and for a short time after, I thought them rather more slender than those from the large ones, but soon there was no perceptible difference. At harvesting, the size, quality and product from the small seed was equal in all respects to the large ones. But the ground in which these were planted was rich, having been highly manured. To complete the experiment, however, I planted at the same time half an acre of ground of fair quality that had been tilled before, but not manured. Half the piece was planted with the small seed, and half with the largest and best quality.—These were cut into two or three pieces each. Previous to the first hoeing, a handful of leached ashes was thrown on each hill.—At harvesting, the potatoes were large and fine; and those from the small seed were equal in size and product to the others.—The richness of the ground therefore, in the first parcel, was not the cause of producing as large potatoes from the small seed as from the large. In the latter case, the ground, comparatively poor, produced the same results. If a bushel of small potatoes that would not sell for one-fourth the price of large ones, should prove as good for planting as the large, it would be well to know the fact. I have made these suggestions to direct the attention of the farmers to the subject.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Sheep Paint.

An agriculturist says:—"I wish to impress upon every one who keeps a flock, if not more than half a dozen, that Venetian red is the best thing that I ever used to paint or mark sheep. It is, as most all know, a cheap red paint, only a few cents a pound, and one pound will mark a thousand.—Take a pinch of dry powder, and draw the thumb and finger through the wool, loosing the powder at the same time, and it will combine with the oil of the wool and make a bright red mark that will never wash out, and does not injure the wool. It is readily cleaned out by the manufacturer.—*Granite Farmer.*

Literary.

For the Wesleyan.

Mental Science.

NO. XXIV.

THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Our imagination is sometimes fearfully extravagant and wild. How often have we been influenced with this wild power, by which we have formed and pursued phantoms, building and pulling down castles in the air! It has frequently raised us into proud conceits, and then sunk us into gloomy apprehensions! And, as the pious Fletcher says, "where is the man that it never led into such mental scenes of vanity and lewdness, as would have made him the object of universal contempt, if the veil of a grave and modest countenance had not happily concealed him from public notice?"

But whether we view the imagination in its pleasurable or extravagant flights, still it presents us with no inconsiderable proof of the existence of the human soul.

Dreams, however, present us with a more forcible argument in favour of the existence of the human mind, than even the imagination. The materialist can have less tangible ground for objection against the proof of the independent existence of the soul, arising from *dreams*, than he can from the imagination, in its strange, wild, grand, or almost boundless flights. *Dreams*, it must be admitted, are the imaginations or reveries of a sleeping man. Sleep, which may be considered an emblem of death, suspends the natural functions of the external senses. The sleeping man lies without sense or feeling. No external objects are present to his mind to suggest ideas, nor are those ideas which arise in rapid succession, under the rule or conduct of the understanding. His eyelids are shut, and even though the light should fall upon the eye-ball, the powers of vision are not awakened to active exertion, unless the light becomes so strong as to arouse him from sleep. He disregards those sounds which are not sufficient to disturb his sleep; for we may speak softly beside a person asleep without fearing that he will hear us. Feeling too, is suspended. Touch a person gently who is asleep, he feels not the impression. We may awake him by a smart blow; but, when the stroke is not adequately violent, he remains insensible of it. He is equally insensible both to sweet and disagreeable smells. It is not easy to ascertain whether his organs of taste retain their activity, without awaking him; but, if we may conclude from analogy, it may be presumed that these too are inactive. Though all the external senses are, in some measure, suspended; yet all within his body is as active as ever. The blood circulates as regularly, if not as rapidly, in the sleeping as in the waking man. Respiration, digestion, nutrition, secretion, and all the other functions of life proceed, and yet the understanding is absent.

While dreaming we are not conscious of being actually asleep. This fact is well known from a thousand circumstances. Nor do we consider ourselves as witnessing or bearing a part in a fictitious scene. We seem not to be in a similar situation with the actors in a dramatic performance, or the spectators before whom they exhibit, but engaged in the business of real life. In *dreams* the imagination appears to be free from all restraint, and indulges in the most wanton freaks; yet it is admitted that the imaginary transactions of the dreamer, if in health, generally bear some relation to his particular