

Teachers' Department.

Sabbath School Scripture Lessons.

AUGUST 30th, 1857.

Subject.—THE MISSIONARY TOUR OF PAUL AND SILAS.

For Repeating. Acts xv. 21-22. For Reading. Acts xvi. 1-18.

SEPTEMBER 6th, 1857.

Subject.—THE IMPRISONMENT AND RELEASE OF PAUL AND SILAS.

For Repeating. Acts xvi. 14-15. For Reading. Acts xvi. 19-40.

THE QUESTIONER.

Mental Pictures from the Bible.

Reader, you need but "search the scriptures," To comprehend our Mental Pictures.

[No. 27.]

THE moon has shed her radiance pale
Upon a solitary vale,
Where sparkling in her silver ray
The waters of a fountain play.
A horseman with his followers few
Has come this midnight scene to view,
From yonder city's open gates,
And by that fountain's margin waits.
What barrier has thus checked his speed?
He has reined in his Arab steed.
See, buildings fallen and crumbling round,
In scattered heaps bestrew the ground;
And o'er what was a pathway lie,
On which he looks with mournful eye.

Believers, do ye thus lament
To see the world God's work oppose?
Weep not—but strive, with one consent,
With hand, with heart, to meet his foes.

QUESTIONS to be answered next week.

65. What great victory gave greater grief than joy?
66. Where was the gospel first preached out of Jerusalem, after the ascension of our Lord?

SOLUTION to Picture No. 25.

David and Abisbai visiting the camp of Saul.—1 Sam. xxvi. 7-12.

ANSWERS to questions in our last.

63. Merari had to carry the more bulky and weighty parts of the Tabernacle. Num. iv. 29, 33.
64. Olivet. Matt. v. 1; Luke xxii. 39-44.

A Brave Boy.

"I love a brave boy. I don't mean a rash boy, who rushes into danger without thinking. Nor do I mean a blustering boy, whose words are larger than his deeds. But I do mean a boy who never shrinks from dangers which he must meet, who keeps cool when most boys would get excited, and who fixes his mind more on the best means of getting out of a bad fix than on the trouble itself. I have read of such a boy lately, and I will tell you what he did.

The boy's name was Gelse. He lives at Grosse Isle, near Detroit, and is about seven years old. A few weeks since he was on the dock, when seeing a storm coming up, he took refuge under the deck of a sail boat, belonging to Mr. F. W. Backus, lying at the dock with the sail hoisted. In a moment after, the squall struck her, when she broke from her moorings and started toward the open lake.

When first seen she was nearly half way across the river, and the little fellow crawled from his place of shelter, and taking his place at the helm, was endeavoring to direct her course toward the shore. Soon the rain came down in torrents, the wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and the banks of the river were lined with wailing women and children, and strong men who were powerless lookers-on. Not a boat was immediately within reach. The sailboat had almost reached Stony Island, and the hearts of the lookers-on were for a moment relieved, expecting to see her go ashore, when all at once she broached to and came abruptly round again, heading for Grosse Isle.

As the boom settled round, the anxious spectators held their breath; for a moment the head of the little pilot disappeared, only again to reappear, holding manfully the helm. Directly another and fiercer squall struck the sail, and the boat was thrown upon her beam ends, and the sail and boom in the water, and cries of 'he's lost, he's gone,' were heard on all sides.

Still the gallant bark held her way; again she went about and took her course toward Malden, and again her brave young pilot was plainly seen standing at her helm. By this time a boat had been manned and put off to the rescue; but before getting any distance into the river the sail-boat took another turn, heading again toward home. She ran straight to the middle of the river,

when Mr. F. W. Backus and H. Gray, Esq., ran down the bank and made signs to the boy to keep her helm up or down, as the meandering of the channel required.

He obeyed the signs like an old salt, and in a few minutes the boat was run into shallow water, when the gentlemen named above were enabled to wade on board, and in a little time the boy was in the arms of his mother, who had been an almost distracted spectator of the whole scene. In answer to a question how he was getting along when the gentlemen boarded the boat, he said he was pretty wet, but added, 'Wasn't it lucky, Mr. Backus, that I was aboard your boat when she went off?'

Scientific.

OREIDE.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR GOLD.—This is the name of a new metal which has recently made its appearance under a French patent, granted in March last in this country. It resembles gold in many respects, and may be used in a pure condition, or as a base for gold plating. Its cost is about eighty cents per pound, and yet its appearance is such that it would readily be taken for gold by most casual observers. It is not a pure metal, but a compound of several metals, refined to such a degree that it does not easily oxidize or tarnish. These qualities make it a valuable acquisition to the metallic arts. When tested with nitric acid ebullition takes place, but no spot remains. This quality, though valuable for utensils, makes it a dangerous metal for dishonest men. It can be used in counterfeiting gold so readily, that it will be exceedingly difficult to detect counterfeit from true coin. When placed side by side with gold it requires close scrutiny to decide which is gold and which oreide. In France a law has already been passed to prevent frauds, by compelling, under severe penalties for neglect, all manufacturers of "oreide" to stamp the word upon the articles produced.

A manufactory has lately been started in Waterbury, Connecticut, capable of turning out any quantity of the new metal. It is said that a great deal of the late imported gold chased ware is nothing but oreide. It has already made its appearance in counterfeit coin out West.

A metal having so many of the characteristics of gold will soon find its way to the hands of dishonest men. The public need to be on their guard in the purchase of gold chased ware and gold dust. It is an easy matter to transport a metal to California which costs but eighty cents per pound; and it would be quite as easy for a dishonest man to mix the cheap material with the costly.

It is likely, however, that science, while furnishing a combination of metals so useful, will also furnish a detector against its use as a counterfeit.—*Boston Traveller.*

MAGNETISM.

Rev. Dr. Scoresby, when he heard of the loss of the Tayleur, an iron ship, stated to a friend that he would venture, without knowing any thing of the ship but her fate, to say she was built with her head to the north. It turned out that she was built with her head to the north-east. Dr. Scoresby was led to his conclusion by having observed that iron has magnetism induced upon it by hammering, and when the bar thus magnetized is turned in an opposite direction and hammered again, the magnetic poles are reversed. If an iron ship be built with her head to the north, the hammering will give her a magnetic polarity, which will have a certain effect on the magnetic needle of the compass. Her variation from this cause may be ascertained, and so long as the magnetic polarity of the ship continues the same, the compass may be as serviceable as if it were not affected by the ship. But when the ship sails and strains in the storm, the waves in part hammer her over again; and if she sails in an opposite direction to that in which she was built, her magnetic poles get reversed, and a new variation of the compass is produced. The Tayleur was sailing to the south-east when she struck a rock, by an error of the compass, and hence Dr. Scoresby inferred that she must have headed in an opposite direction when built, and had her poles changed by the water-hammer of the storm.

EGGS FOR BURNS.—The white of an egg has proved of late the most efficacious remedy for burns. Seven or eight successive applications of the substance soothe the pain and effectually exclude the burned parts from the air.

Agriculture.

A Picture of English Landscape Gardening.

LETTER FROM MR. FRENCH TO THE NEW ENGLAND FARMER.

Having to-day attended a Flower Show held by a Horticultural society at Chiswick, near London, and having spent most of the day wandering among the varied beauties of the place, it seems to me that some attempt to transfer to the columns of our paper the impressions now fresh in my mind, may be worth my time and that of our readers. Chiswick is the name of a beautiful seat of the Duke of Devonshire, about five miles from the central part of London. Here, it is said, Fox and Canning both died, and the place has the appearance of considerable antiquity. There is nothing in the particular features of it to which I shall allude, that distinguishes it from many other country residences of the nobility of England, but I have thought that a somewhat minute description of the points which struck my eye at first view, might illustrate the costly and magnificent style with which a wealthy aristocracy are accustomed to gratify themselves and the public.

Of the flowers I will not attempt any description.—They seemed to me far to surpass anything I have ever seen in my own country. A few hot-house peaches, not equal to many that grow in all our gardens, attracted much attention. Strawberries larger by far than any I have seen in Boston, were upon the tables; the variety known as the British Queen afforded the largest specimens. The horticultural implements, which were thought to be worthy of special attention, can be matched at any agricultural warehouse in Boston. A little machine for mowing lawns, and sweeping up the grass at the same time into a box, would be convenient to us in America, though the prices which ranged from twenty to one hundred dollars, according to size, might induce an economical Yankee to cut his lawn in the old way until he could invent a cheaper machine. The machine is pushed by hand and cuts by knives set diagonally in a cylinder like some of the hay-cutters.

The house is large and low, with no great pretensions to beauty. Indeed, so far as I have observed, there is not so much attempt at architectural show in the dwellings in general in England, as in America. The surroundings of the house are beautiful beyond anything we can imagine in our new country. I will only attempt a few features of the landscape that struck me in my hasty view. A broad gravel driveway leads up to the principal entrance. On the one side is a hedge of lime trees, cut square at the top and sides, with the branches interwoven so as to present a nearly solid surface of verdure, some fifteen feet in height. On the other side of the carriage way, at perhaps eighty feet distant, is a double row of lime trees, some twenty feet apart; these two rows are trained across at the top so as to form a covered archway of leaves, forming an arched bower, some twenty rods in length, leading up towards one of the principal windows of the palace, as perhaps it should be called. The limbs of the limes are bent down and fastened with wires, and interwoven at the sides so as to form living walls of some three feet thickness, and as if to show what art could do, another archway, high and broad enough for a carriage road, is cut across this bower, the whole work being almost as regular as masonry. Near in front are huge dark yew trees, more like our hemlock in color and foliage than any other of our forest trees, though of an irregular, lower and more spreading form. At the end of the vista, between the lime trees, upon a pedestal, is the huge marble or stone figure of a gladiator, and along on either side are busts of ancient sages and heroes. A huge goat of stone dark with age, probably from some classic model, is reclining in the shade.

Everywhere, the grass of deepest green, soft as velvet and almost as even, spreads a beautiful carpet beneath the feet. On the opposite front, the occupants look out upon a lawn, open near the house, but passing into a varied scene of beauty beyond. A figure of a wild boar, and opposite to this a huge wolf, show their teeth, and almost howl aloud. Two or three gigantic yew trees stand upon the left, with their long, heavy, lower branches resting on the ground.

Upon the right, nearest the mansion, is a large, irregular group of lofty oaks, horse chestnuts and beeches, and other trees, with

swings and hammocks suspended beneath them, a pleasant playground for children of almost any age.

Directly in front, beyond a considerable space of smooth lawn, in the midst of a broad walk or drive way, a band of music on this occasion played for the entertainment of the thousands of "fair women and brave men," who were seated on benches and chairs in the shade, or wandering in the labyrinthine walks around. Still beyond, as one looks from the windows, is seen a semi-circle of closely planted willows, of some hundred feet span, in the back ground of which, in deep shadow, upon pedestals, three colossal human figures of marble look gravely down upon the vanities of life beneath them, while on either side, to complete the semi-circle, are stone seats at regular intervals, and busts of ancient sages; among which are those of Homer and Hesiod, with their names inscribed in Greek characters beneath.

Still farther to the right, separated somewhat by irregular groups of trees, are beds of flowers, and at the opening of the wood, as if by accident, a figure of Venus, upon a pedestal some twenty feet high, meets the eye; and farther on, is a dark wall of about fifteen feet height, having the outline of a castle wall, with here a projecting round tower, and there a curved recess in the wall, the curves as regular, and angles as sharp, as if of brick and mortar. This wall is of living trees, of dark green like our hemlock, covered with verdure from the ground to the summit, cut square on both sides and on the top, with occasionally an arched door-way through it, leading to the ground beyond. Looking out at the angles, is here and there seen a stone bust of some classical personage, almost hidden in a frame of evergreen, which is cut away to form a little niche about him.

A little way on is a clean gravel walk some three hundred feet in length, and perhaps ten in breadth, between straight living walls of this same hedge, about twelve feet high, which is called yew, although it seems not to be like the large yew trees. At the end of this walk stands a small temple, with a marble figure, hardly discernible in the distance. I walked alone down the dark unvaried avenue of sombre evergreens, and as I approached the temple recognized the figure of Napoleon, alone in his glory.

In another part of the grounds are extensive green-houses, full of rare plants and flowers, in front of which is a most beautiful flower garden, laid out in somewhat regular forms, in beds full of masses of single varieties of flowers, all, it seemed, at once in full blossom. But of the flowers I will not attempt a description. Thronging this part of the grounds were the noblemen and ladies of England, most of whom attend the Chiswick show, and the people of England, wherever I meet them, are a more interesting study, even, than her trees and flowers. Turning from the crowd, I struck into a narrow path into a dense wood. In a few moments I was alone, on a forest of huge horse-chestnuts and elms and oaks of a century's growth, and covered with English ivy from the ground to the branches, filled with a thick undergrowth of holly and laurel and oleanders, tangled like a "forest primeval" of our own country. Alone, I walked on, on, it seemed a half mile, determined to see the end of the path, till the music of the band died entirely away in the distance. There was scarcely a mark of cultivation—except that the pathway, which was only wide enough for one person, seemed to have been newly swept—till I emerged from the shade upon an extensive meadow, where cattle were quietly grazing around a long irregular pond, in which were swans, sailing majestically on the surface. I retraced my steps in part, and turning off,

came to a bridge of elegant architecture, about which I found many of the company carelessly strolling. Passing along another path which ascended a hill, I observed a long series of arches, resting on round pillars of some two feet diameter, all of solid living green of the yew trees, and under each arch, a small tree cut into a regular pillar, all as systematic as if of stone. Upon careful examination, I perceived that rods of iron supported the arches, and long branches were trained of, and bound to these rods to form the covering. A little farther on, was a hill or mound, some twenty feet high, appearing to be composed of laurel, and I should have passed it by as merely a pointed group of trees, had I not suddenly noticed a half dozen young girls quietly perched on its summit, I presume upon a mound which they ascended by a hidden staircase.

But I may as well close abruptly. My purpose has been to give some idea of the refinements in landscape gardening, and rural ornament, so common in England, and which make the homes of England's nobles so delightful.