Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, June 23rd, 1861.

Read—MATT. xiii. 44-58: The Parable of the hidden Treasure, &c., &c. DANIEL i. 1-21: Daniel, Hananiah, &c., &c., refusal of the King's meat.

Recite—MATTHEW xiii. 33-34.

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Sunday, June 30th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xiv. 1-14: Death of John the Baptist. DANIEL ii. 1-23: Nebuchadnezzar and the Chaldeans.

Recite—MATTHEW xiii. 45-46.

"Search the Scriptures."

Write down what you suppose to be the answers to the following questions.

49. Give the *only two* names of angels stated in the Scriptures.

50. Where do we find the first express mention of beggars?

Answers to questions given last week:—

47. Among the Philistines, Genesis xx. 2; xxvi. Psalm xxxiv.

48. Genesis i. 4; 1 Samuel xxv. 1.

The Little Torment.

"I never saw the beat of him!" exclaimed Mrs. Fanshaw, with a crimsoning face. "He fairly worries the life out of me. Go off this minute, sir, and don't come near me again, you little torment."

The child thus addressed, was a bright-faced urchin, of not over six summers. He had a pair of large, blue saucy eyes, that fairly danced in light; brown, curling hair, and red ripe lips, that tempted your kisses—a boy of whom any mother's heart might be proud.

"You don't do right, Florence," said her visitor. "This kind of treatment will ruin Harry's temper."

"But what am I to do, Mary? He gives me no peace of my life. I never saw such a boy—he isn't still for a moment, from the time he's out of bed in the morning, until night comes. Just look at him, now, thumping that sofa with his feet, as if they were a pair of trip hammers! You Harry! stop that, this instant!"

"Forgive me for saying so, Florence," answered the friend to this, "but indeed you are not managing him rightly. An active, restless child such as he is, demands great forbearance and consideration."

"Dear me, Mary!" replied Mrs. Fanshaw "children must be required to do right. I don't believe in letting them ride over you roughshod. I've seen mothers who made their children first in everything, and themselves mere slaves. Now I think they should be subordinate in a family—second, not first."

"There is reason in all things," said the friend "as well as justice. Children have rights as well as grown persons, and these rights should never be invaded. Let us see how the case stands now. Was Harry really to blame? Did he do anything wrong, that you sent him from you with such sharp words? Had he not a right to ask your assistance in mending his broken toy? He tried hard to do it himself, for my eyes have been on him for some time; and when all efforts of his own were unsuccessful, he came to you, and said—"Fix it, mamma, won't you?" His tones were not impatient, but coaxing. But you did not notice him. Then he pulled at your sleeve, and began to show signs of impatience. Instead of heeding him you made an effort to push him away; but he resisted, and called out in a more imperative voice—'Mamma! mamma—fix it I say!' Still he was not attended to. Then quick passion flooded his little heart; he demanded attention in a way that could not go unheeded, and for this you drove him from you, with words of angry rebuke, calling him 'A little torment.'"

"Again I say—forgive me, Florence, for speaking out so plainly—but the expression of that child's face as he went shrinking from you, touched my heart, and brought back a flood of old memories. Once I was the mother of a sweet boy"—her eyes grew moist, and her voice became a little unsteady. "He went from me many years ago, and sweet remembrances of him still linger in my heart. There is one incident connected with his life up to this time, known only to myself. I have never been able to speak of it; but now, for the sake of your precious one, so like in many things to the lost darling I mourn, the secret shall be uncovered, even though in doing it, I suffer acutest pain. How vividly the scene is before me! The very language to which you gave utterance just now, I used 'Little torment!' Yes those were my very words—'Little torment!' Ah! that I could forget that utterance! Angel! Precious one; Darling! These were better words, and more significant. How could I ever have permitted less endearing terms to pass my lips?

"It was a summer afternoon. The day had been hot, and I was suffering from an unusual langour. I sat near the window, reading a pleasant story, the interest of which was just enough to keep my mind awake. He was a restless, busy child, rarely still a moment while awake—one to exercise a mother's patience. Now he came to me with a stick and a string, to make him a whip; now to mend some broken toy; and now with a picture about which he asked me to tell him a story. He was cheerful, bright, and happy, in his restless activity. Oh, why did I not lay aside my book, and give an hour of thought and care to my precious boy! But I thought of my own ease, not of his delight.

"At last, his restless spirit seemed to die out. He came, and standing beside my chair, leaned heavily against me. 'Mamma,' he said. I hear the low, plaintive voice, now. Just then, I was in the midst of an exciting passage, and even this disturbance annoyed me. So I tried to push him away, and said—'Go and amuse youself.' But he did not stir. It was hot; I felt languid; his weight was heavy against me. 'Go away' said I, with some sternness of manner, and I tried to push him from me. A strange fit of passion seized him, and he struggled resolutely against me, trying to climb upon my lap. I, too, felt the impulse of a sudden excitement, and and seizing him by the arm, thrust him angrily from the room, letting the words, 'You little torment!' fall from my lips, as I did so.

"He went crying up stairs, and I heard his voice in the chamber above, for the space of nearly a minute. Then all became silent, and resuming my book, I kept on with the pleasant story I was reading, until just as twilight began to fall, my husband entered.

"'Where is Freddy?' was his first question, for the boy was very dear to him.

"'Up stairs, somewhere,' I answered, and going to the door of the room, I called 'Freddy!' But no answer came; nor, though I listened intently, was any sound of feet heard. A sudden concern swept across my heart, and I ran up stairs to the room above the parlor. He was lying on a bed, his face partly buried in a pillow. His cheek was red, and as I laid my hand upon it, I was alarmed by its feverish glow. 'Freddy! Freddy!' I called. My voice and hand aroused him, and, turning, he drew his arm around my neck, murmuring as he did so—'Dear mamma!' Then his eyes shut heavily, and he was asleep again. His father came in at the moment, and I said, betraying anxiety in my voice—'He's going to be sick, I fear!'

"In less than half an hour the doctor was there. He spoke lightly, but my eyes saw concern in his face. Dear Freddy! He never looked upon earth's beauty and sweetness again. In less than a week he passed upwards, to dwell with the angels. Take the lesson, Florence, and let it awaken more consideration for your boy. You have seen into my heart, and God grant that you may never know a sorrow kindred to one which has lain there, hidden, for years."

A Dancing Child.

Calling at the house of an old friend a few days since, we fell into conversation about his little daughter, when the following dialogue, "for substance of doctrine," took place:

"Have you any little girl?"

"Yes, one nine years old."

"Does she dance?"

"Yes, certainly. From my window I see her dancing every day, up and down the yard, and out into the street."

"Does she take the step?"

"I guess you would think so, if you saw her. She steps up and down, and round and across." All sorts of steps—more in one hour than you can count."

"Does she have a teacher?"

"Oh! yes; her mother teaches her in this way: She gives her a lesson on some sewing, and when her task is finished, the little girl feels all over as if it was time to dance, and so puting on sacque and boots, she sallies forth. There is a flock of kind and happy children at the next door, and they come out and join her, and the dance begins. It's a beautiful sight."

"What do they dance."

"Country dances—that is, dances made in the country. Now and then, Cato, the dog, from over the way, springs in among them, and proposes a polka. Dogs always like polkas. They are not to blame, 'for God has made them so.'"

"Do they have any music?"

"Certainly they do, and the best I ever heard. It comes right up from their glad hearts. In cold weather they furnish it all. But in a few weeks, when the maple is casting its blossoms, and the green grass is coming up out of the ground, and the south wind is waking up the earth from its sleep, their orchestra will be greatly enlarged. They will be joined by the oriole, with his silver trumpet, and the thrush, and the robin, and the blue-bird, who, making their nests in the elms above, will pour down their music upon the performers below. With such music and a ball-room so beautiful, what little girl could keep from dancing? Oughtn't we to pity poor children who have to dance in the cellars and alleys of the town, and those—big and little—who are crowded into great, hot, and dusty rooms, without any grass, flowers, and trees, and who are obliged to hop round at the music of fiddles and horns, instead of the sweet melody of the birds?"

"Does it make your girl sick to dance?"

"Not by a great deal. When, just at evening, she goes out to dance for an hour, she returns with a face flushed with health—she is hungry for the supper; and when she lies down for the night, she falls quickly asleep, to dream of music and dancing, and all that is beautiful in sight or sound."

BRIDGING THE STREAM.—When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single thread. With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

Rules for Public Speaking.

We are enabled to recommend with confidence, the following rules to those who would be successful public speakers:

1. Endeavour to possess yourself wholly of your subject.

2. Be calm and self-collected, and speak to the audience under a lively consciousness that they are expecting instruction and edification, and of the importance of acquitting yourself *well*.

3. Be sure to pitch your voice *low enough* at the commencement of your discourse. It will then find its natural tone as you proceed.

4. Let your enunciation of every syllable, and, so far as possible, of the souud of every letter, be *clear* and *distinct*, and you will then be heard and understood in every part of the largest hall, though your voice may not be loud.

5. Keep the lungs well inflated, and speak mostly by the movement of the abdominal muscles.

6. Let your voice be flexible, undulatory, and rythmic in its motion; and mind your pauses, emph ses and intonations, according to the nature of the subject, and the passions that are to be expressed.

7. *Keep the mind well concentrated, and enter thoroughly into the spirit of the subject.*

8. Keep the limbs flexible, and let gesticulation be prompted by the impulse of feeling.—Then it will always be natural.

Let each public speaker drill himself to these rules until their observations become natural and spontaneonus; and if the *matter* of his communication is of interest and inportance, he will not fail to acquit himself to the satisfaction of his audience.

A timely reproof.

Some five or six years ago, in one of the trains of cars running between Newark and Jersey city, N. J., there was a young naval officer who was constantly intermingling his conversation with the most profane oaths. A young lady was so situated that she could not but hear every time he swore. At first, she bore it with perfect equanimity; then, as it continued, and rather increased in the shocking character of his imprecations, she began to grow fidgety, and her eyes flashed. We knew a bolt would soon be shot, and that it would *strike* him. It came directly.

"Sir, can you converse in the Hebrew tongue?"

"Yes," was the answer, in a half unconscious, but slightly sneering tone.

"Then," was the reply, "if you wish to swear any more, you would greatly oblige *me*, and probably the rest of the passengers also, if you would do it in Hebrew."

I watched him. It had hit. His color came and went—now red, now white. He looked at the young lady, then at his boots, then at the ceiling of the cars; but he did not swear any more either in Hebrew or English, and he probably remembered that young lady.

God's work and Man's work.

Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the designing Mind of the universe than the correspondences in nature. The establishment of these correspondences is the work of the Creator; the use of them the work of the creature:

God puts the oak in the forest, and the pine on its sand and rock, and says to men, "There are your houses: go hew, saw, frame, build, make." God builds the trees; men must build the house. God supplies the timber; men must construct the ship. God buries the iron in the heart of the earth; men must dig it, and smelt it and fashion it. What is useful for the body, and still more, what is useful for the mind, is to be had only by exertion—exertion that will work men more than iron is wrought, that will shape men more than timber is shaped. Clay and rock are given us, not bricks and square stones. God gives no clothes; he gives us flax, and cotton, and sheep. If we would have coats on our backs, we must take them off our flocks, and spin them and weave them. If we would have anything good or useful, we must *earn* it.

Never put off.

Whene'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgement view it,
And never idly *wish* it done;
Begin *at once* and *do it.*

For Sloth says falsely, "By and by
Is just as well to do it:"
But *present* strength is *surest* strength;
Begin at once, and do it.

And find not lions in the way,
Nor faint if thorns bestrew it;
But bravely try, and strength will come,
For God will help thee do it.

The New-Haven clock company makes six hundred and eighty clocks per day, or two hundred and fifty thousand a year. There are one hundred and fifty kinds of clocks made, and each contains four hundred parts. The number of rooms occupied by the workmen at this establishment is about one hundred. That occupied by those who paint the pictures on the glass doors is jealously guarded, as that operation is a valuable secret.

It costs us more to be miserable than would make us perfectly.

Agriculture, &c.

Remedies for the Potato disease.

A writer in the N. Y. *World* gives the following:

I will mention but two. Prof. Bolman, of Russia, some eight or ten years ago, planted a few choice potatoes, given him by a friend, which by accident had been excessively dried, almost baked, and portions of some of them burnt to a coal. Contrary to his expectation, they all sprouted, grew well, and produced largely, with no symptom of the disease, and that in a season when nearly all the potatoes in his region rotted. This led him to repeat the experiment. His neighbours took up the practice. It spread widely over that country, and is said to have proved a reliable remedy. Without knowing the man, and having direct intelligence from him and others who have long practised in that way, I could with great difficulty believe that thus abusing the seed would insure a sound crop. If any one wishes to try the experiment with a few hills, he may place the seed potatoes in an oven, about half hot enough to bake bread, and leave them till about as hard and dry as a brickbat, and then plant them. Professor Bolman is said to have proved by actual experiment that potatoes will sprout and produce well, if burnt to a charcoal before planted. One would rather see before believing.

The other remedy was proposed by a professor in one of the colleges in Virginia, whose name and place, unfortunately, I do not recollect, perhaps six or seven years ago. It was not proposed as a remedy solely, nor, if I remember correctly, was it vauntingly put forth as a sure remedy against the rot in all cases, but rather modestly proposed as a way of growing potatoes more in quantity and better in quality, decidedly more nutritious, than those grown with the ordinary manures, and less subject to the disease. His practice appeared so reasonable, and was so well backed by careful experiments and analyses reported by him, that I was induced to try it, and did so five years in succession with entire success. It was to plant on gound not much enriched either that or the previous year with barn manure, but to apply mineral manures, such as potash, soda, lime, &c. His exact prescription I cannot now give, but remember my own procedure in consequence of his statements. It was to plant on ground but moderately rich, not expecting a very large crop, say from a hundred to two hundred bushels to the acre, and to manure in the hill only, with a compost of twelve bushels of unleached ashes, three bushels of plaster, and one of salt, thoroughly mixed and thrown into the hill in a way to scatter it somewhat, to prevent so much heat in case of dry weather after planting, that the seed would not come, applying not more than fifteen or twenty bushels of the mixture to the acre. The quantity varied in different years, but averaged for the five years one hundred and fifty bushels to the acre or more, and the quality was far superior to that of potatoes grown on similar ground by the aid of barn manure. One of the years I added to the mixture oyster-shell lime, but saw no improvement for it, nor do I see why there should be, since the ashes, in addition to potash, contain sufficient lime for the potato. If leached ashes should be used instead of unleached, I see not why it would not be as well; but the quantity of ashes should in that case be greatly increased, in order to give the requisite supply of potash. The salt I do not suppose to be very important, but believe a little to be advantageous. My own experience, and the testimony of others who have practiced in the same way, are strongly in favour of this mode of growing potato, with a view of getting, not a large one in crop but a fair one in quantity, and the very best in quality, at a very moderate expence. I would plant potatoes early, of medium size, perfectly preserved and uncut, one, and never but one to a hill, rows three feet apart, hills two-and-a-half or a little less. Not one of either of the five crops thus grown by me rotted, though the disease was bad in the neighborhood three of the years; nor do I know of any grown in this way that have failed. My belief is, that, since new seedlings, obtained from the ball, are coming into general use, we shall have very little trouble with the rot hereafter, if we will always plant whole, sound potatoes, on land adapted to this cross, and manure in the way indicated above.

Plea for the Birds.

The spring, the beautiful spring has come again! and with it our cheerful little friends the birds. We hope that during the present season, no person, young or old, will show his want of humanity and good sense, by killing any of these innocent creatures; for they not only cheer and refresh the heart with their music, but do an immense amount of positive good by destroying, annually a vast number of insects, which are injurious to vegetation. Will not the farmer have a care for his pecuniary, if not for his moral interests by preventing his sons, and others, from prowling over his lands for the purpose of shooting birds? When will men, generally become intelligent lovers of nature, and learn to appreciate all the blessings of Divine Providence?

A NEW SOAP FOR WASHING CLOTHES.—Cut one pound of common bar soap into small pieces; dissolve this in two quarts of hot water. When the soap is thoroughly melted, add one ounce of powdered borax. Heat this to boiling, stirring well. Cool this new soap, and use one pint for four gallons of water, in which soak the clothes one hour before washing.