

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, January 27th, 1861.

Read—MATT. IV. 16-25: Christ's Preaching and Miracles. 1 KINGS XX. 20-43: The Syrians defeated.

Recite—MATTHEW IV. 1-4.

Sunday, February 3rd, 1861.

Read—MATT. V. 1-16: Christ's Sermon on the Mount. 1 KINGS XXI. 1-16: Naboth's death.

Recite—MATTHEW IV. 23-25.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

- 7. Can you state which is the most ancient war, and say where it is recorded?
8. What proof can you give of the reputation for honesty, which workmen in the days of Josiah and Josiah had gained?

Answers to questions given last week.—

5. Huldah the prophetess dwelt there, and though Jeremiah and Zephaniah prophesied at the time, the King's messengers made her their oracle; her husband was keeper of the wardrobe.—2 Kings xxii.
6. This important word is always named in connection with our reconciliation to God, through Christ; it first occurs in Romans v. 2, where it signifies our introduction into a state of settled friendship with God; the other passages are, Ephesians ii. 18, —iii. 12.

Lame and Lazy.—A Fable.

Two beggars, Lame and Lazy, were in want of bread. One leaned on his crutch, the other reclined on his couch. Lame called on Charity and humbly asked for a cracker. Instead of a cracker he received a whole loaf.

Lazy, seeing the gift of Charity, exclaimed, "What! ask a cracker and receive a loaf? Well, I will ask for a loaf, and I shall expect a loaf of bread; or, if I ask a biscuit, she will give me a batch of bread."

Lazy now applied to Charity, and called for a loaf of bread. "Your demanding a loaf," said Charity, "proves you a loafer. You are of that class and character, who ask and receive not; you asked amiss."

Lazy, who always found fault, not fortune, and had rather whine than work, complained of ill-treatment, and even accused Charity of a breach of an exceeding great and precious promise—ask and you shall receive.

Charity pointed him to a painting in her room, which presented to his vision three personages, Faith, Hope, and Charity. Charity appeared fairer and larger than her sisters.

He noticed her right hand held a pot of honey which fed a bee disabled, having lost its wings. Her left hand was armed with a whip to keep off the drones.

"Don't understand it," said Lazy. Charity replied: "It means that Charity feeds the lame and flogs the lazy."

Lazy turned to go. "Stop," said Charity, "instead of coin I will give counsel. Do not go and live on you poor mother, for I will send you a rich ant."

"Rich ant," echoed Lazy. "Where shall I find her?"

"You will find her in Proverbs 6th chapter and 6th verse."

The Poor Boy.

Don't be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow; it is no mark of disgrace. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips, or to smell the fumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companion; and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Fear God, my boy, and if you are poor, but honest, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and were addicted to bad habits.

An Optical Illusion.

Prof. Rogers, in a paper read before the Scientific Association, gives the following directions for a very simple experiment which is attended with a most astonishing result:—

"Take a sheet of foolscap or letter paper, roll it up so that the opening at one end shall be large enough to take in the full size of the eye, and at the other end let the opening be not half so large. Take it in the right hand, holding it between the thumb and forefinger; place the large end to the right eye, and look through it with both eyes open toward the light. You will see a hole through your hand!"

If you take it in your left hand and hold it to your left eye, it will be the same. You will in both cases be astonished to see that you have a hole in your hand. The illusion is most complete."

The Professor regards this result as an indication that the visual perception belongs to the part of the optical apparatus near or within the brain which belongs in common to both eyes. An impression made on the retina of either eye does not of itself enable us to determine on which retina it is received.

A Wayward Child.

"Oh, just as you please," said Mrs. Lewiston in a cold way. "Just as you please. Get into bed. If you don't care about having the angels watch over you through the night, get into bed, and go to sleep, without praying to the good Lord. Maybe you can take care of yourself."

The child, a little boy nearly six years old got into his bed, and turning his face away from his mother, shut his eyes, and lay as still as if sleeping.

Mrs. Lewiston was disappointed. She had hoped, by an affectation of indifference, and a suggestion of the child's helplessness in slumber, to turn the current of his feelings in the right direction. But no; her tone and words had failed to move him. They had no tender love in them; no winning power. They repelled, instead of attracting. Not by coldness or indifference was that wayward spirit to be moved.

Mrs. Lewiston sighed, as a deeper shade crept over her feelings. She did not like the states into which her boy occasionally subsided—states of silent wilfulness; stubbornness, his father called them—and she was yet wholly at fault in the discipline by which she had endeavored to remove them. A feeling of annoyance had, in most instances, blinded her right perceptions.

"Very well," said she, still trying to move the child by a propelling rather than by an attracting power. "If Franky doesn't want the angels to take care of him, he can go to sleep. I should be afraid. But Franky is a great strong boy and can take care of himself."

And Mrs. Lewiston turned down the light and went from the room.

"This will not do," she said to herself, stopping a little way from the chamber door. "If he should have his way to-night, he will, in all probability, refuse to repeat his prayers to-morrow night."

She stood very still, listening. She hoped that Franky, after her withdrawal from the room would, of his own accord, get upon his knees. But, no; his state remained unchanged.

Then Mrs. Lewiston returned to her chamber, and going to Franky's bedside, sat down, and bending over him, said, in a tender, coaxing voice—

"Come, darling! Say your prayers. I'm afraid to let you go to sleep without calling the angels around you."

But the child gave no sign.

"Franky, dear!" she laid a hand on him, and tried to turn him toward her; but he resisted. The impassive mood which had troubled the mother's heart so often, was on him. Throbs of impatience ran along her pulses; but she repressed them.

"What shall I do?" was the mental ejaculation that expressed her troubled state of mind. Getting up from the bedside, Mrs. Lewiston crossed the room, and after raising the light, sat down by a table to think. As she did so, her hand rested on a Bible. She turned her eyes upon the book, and taking it up, opened without design, to the second chapter of Matthew. The thought came into her mind to read aloud, and in a low, distinct, tender voice, she read of Christ's nativity—read, as if for her own ears alone, yet so that Franky might hear.

Still, as if sleeping, the child lay; yet, into the mother's heart was coming a peaceful assurance that an influence from heaven, through the Word, was passing into his soul.

The chapter was concluded, and yet her boy's head had not stirred from the pillow. Then Mrs. Lewiston read passages, here and there from the Sermon on the Mount, among them the prayer "Our Father," which the Lord taught to His disciples. Ere she was half through this prayer, Frank had risen up in bed, kneeling, with his hands clasped together. His mother read on, and he remained kneeling until the "amen," was said. Then he laid himself down a long, deep sigh of relief trembling out upon the air.

Silence was in the chamber. Mrs. Lewiston felt that she had overcome, in the strife with her child, through the power of heaven flowing into his soul. God's Word had been more potent than her word, in changing his state of opposition. The evil spirits which were infesting and disturbing him, could not abide the presence of his Holy Word in his thought, and so withdrew, with all their hindrances and obstructions.

"Dear Frank!" said the mother, as she laid her lips on his pure forehead. "I leave you, now, with the angels who keep us through the darkness in safety. Good-night, my precious one! Good-night!"

His arms were flung about her neck; he gave back the kiss with loving ardor; and then turning to his pillow, went sweetly to sleep. The mother had conquered but not in her own strength.—Arthur's Home Magazine.

EARLY VICE.—Lord Shaftesbury recently stated as the result of his personal investigation, that "of all the adult male criminals in London, not two in a hundred who live an honest life up to the age of twenty, afterward enter upon a course of crime," and that "almost all who enter upon such a course, do so between the ages of eight and sixteen." O, the necessity of family discipline! O, the blessedness of early religious instruction!

A curious scene occurred at St. Germain-en-Laye, France, recently, at the sale of the effects of an old gentleman. Among a quantity of clothes was an old belt, which one of the bystanders threw aside, saying that such rubbish ought not to be sold. The auctioneer, however, thought proper to examine this apparently worthless article, and found in it bank bills and railway shares to the value of 16,000c.

A Golden Shower.

Having, a short time since, a little business to transact at the U. S. Assay Office—a place it is needless to observe that we do not often visit—we accepted the kind invitation of an officer in charge, and passed a pleasant half hour in observing the several processes, chemical and mechanical, that were going on in its several departments. Entering the weighing room we found a busy crowd gathered around the counter, and an amount of gold in various forms awaiting its turn for estimate and entry, which contrasted strangely with the stagnation in business, and the tightness of the money market. There was gold in dust, gold in bars, and gold in coin; gold from California, gold from Europe, and gold from Pike's Peak. On one corner of the counter stood a half dozen iron-bound boxes of sovereigns from which the bags of shining coin were poured one after another like so many sacks of wheat into the hopper, while an attendant placed the weights on the other end of the scale, and noted the successive pounds, ounces, and grains of each succeeding golden grist. Here and there, there were heaps of bullion, consisting of little yellow blocks piled up like so many bricks, and California dust in dirty buckskin bags, while around the counter waited the patient crowd, each seemingly regardless of his own particular "pile," and confident that nobody would steal when gold was so plenty.

We are next conducted through the melting and refining rooms. In the former, the yellow ingots were lying about the floor very much like the new-made castings in an iron foundry. The workmen were busy at the blazing furnaces, and as the hot smoking blocks of metal came one after another from the moulds, they were treated with as little ceremony as so many bricks.

After this preliminary melting the gold is assayed, or its value delivered by a process which we have not the space now to describe. The next process is refining, and is conducted on this wise: The ingots are melted with twice their weight of silver, and the alloy is then poured while in a state of fusion into cold water. By this means it is granulated or separated into small fragments. It is next placed in large earthen jars, holding about 70 gallons each, and subjected to the action of nitric acid. By means of steam these jars are kept at a high temperature, and all the silver and copper of the alloy is dissolved out by the acid, and the gold is left almost entirely pure, in a finely divided state, resembling nothing so much as a mass of brownish yellow mud. We were shown a pile of it in a wooden tub which our gentlemanly cicerone informed us was worth something more than half a million of dollars. It was certainly a dirty looking substance enough, and one which forcibly suggested the idea of "filthy lucre." This gold powder is next subjected to powerful hydraulic pressure, and afterwards alloyed with the requisite proportions of silver and copper, and is then ready for the concluding operations of the U. S. Mint.

The nitrate of silver which is obtained in such quantities by this process is decomposed by means of common salt, and the chloride which resembles in appearance nothing so much as a pile of recently slacked lime, is then decomposed by means of metallic zinc, and the silver which appears now in the form of a black powder is melted and coined, or again used in the process of gold refining.

The golden shower which has been pouring in upon the city, for several days past, must have the effect to relieve the monetary pressure to a very great extent. California sent us a million, the Europa brought us \$540,000 from England, the Etna came with \$330,000, the Atlantic brought \$850,000, and then came the Persia with \$3,100,000, to which the Quaker City, from Havana, added \$107,718, and the Borussia, from Hamburg, \$17,500, the Fulton about \$400,000, and the City of Manchester \$38,000, making the receipts of gold by steamers, since Saturday, Dec. 14th, no less a sum than \$6,583,218, a pretty good sum for a little more than a single week's importation. There is probably more gold now in the country, by many millions, than at any previous period of our commercial history, and it seems probable at the present rates of influx that it will soon become a drug in the market. The Assay Office in this city, we are told, never, in the same time before, sent on so much of the precious metal, as they have during the past week.—N. Y. Chronicle, Dec 27.

Character is Power.

It is often said that knowledge is power—and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he who, in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called WISE and GOOD.

A distinguished divine was walking with a friend past a new church, in which another distinguished divine is the shepherd. Said the friend to D. D., looking up at the spire, which was very tall and not yet completed. "How much higher is that going to be?" "Not much," said the D. D. with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in that direction!"

Gorillas and their ferocity.

If Mr. Darwin's notion that the human race may have developed from the monkey tribes had any scientific basis, it would be a little humiliating that other branches from the original stock have attained a higher degree of physical strength than has fallen to man. The gorillas are far more than a match for him, when unassisted by weapons:

Dr. Du Chaillu is probably the first and only white man who has dared to wage war with gorillas. The apes of Borneo and Sumatra are infants in comparison with them. The far-famed chimpanzee is a great docile creature which can never be named in the same day with the gigantic savage of Central Africa. Think of it! The gorilla is six feet two inches in height, and three feet between the shoulder-blades. The paw is that of a giant—three times the size of a human hand. The finger measures six inches in circumference at the base. There is an immense ridge running perpendicularly over the cranium; this and the great jaws are packed with muscle of prodigious strength. The creature has huge arms altogether disproportioned to the body. It is covered with black hair, and has a matted lock on its head, which it has the power of bringing over its face. It has almost the sagacity of a man, and almost the ferocity of a fiend. The male is terribly pugnacious; the female always flies. When they make their attack they beat their breasts with their fists, making a sound which can be heard a mile. Their cry—which has a terrific resemblance to a human voice—can be heard three miles amid the reverberations of the hills.

As they approach their adversary, they endeavor to intimidate him. One would think this was easily done. That fearful sound, those frantic eyes, glaring with the intelligence and malignity of a demon, were enough to shake nerves not easily disturbed from their equipoise. Our hero lost five or six men in these strange engagements. Think of the tremendous strength that, with one blow of the arm, could crush the ribs like pipe-stems, and tear out a piece of the side; and that with a single movement of the jaw, could crush the barrel of a gun as if it had been a stick of candy! Another fact: There are no lions in the beat of the gorilla.

Agriculture, &c.

CEREAL GRAINS.—The Manchester American says that Mr. Killam, an enterprising farmer of Temple, N. H., has for some years been collecting all the varieties of grain in this country, and such as he could obtain from Europe. This season he sowed a small parcel of each, seventy in number, of which over forty were wheat—the rest, rye, oats, and barley. The most of these species have a very slight difference in their general appearance. The Egyptian wheat is the most marked, having a cluster of heads, instead of a single one, on each stalk. Mr. K. will keep a sample of the kernels and heads of each in his cabinet, as an agricultural curiosity.

PLANTS FOR FOOD.—Linnæus found by actual experiment that the horse ate 262, and rejected 212 species of plants indigenous to Sweden; cattle ate 276 species, and rejected 218; while sheep took readily 387, and refused only 141. A sheep pasture is a desert to a botanist.

POINTS OF MERIT IN A FARM-HORSE.—Mr. Strawn, the well known stock-farmer of Illinois, states the points of a horse to be—a large eye, bay color, with heavy black mane and tail, round body, large ham-string, short back, long belly, fifteen or sixteen hands in height, and weighing about 1200 pounds.

CANADA CLIMATE.—The Montreal Farmer's Journal, in commenting on the practice, common in other sections as well as in Canada, of ascribing to unfavorable climate many failures which result from mismanagement or no management at all, says:

But let them talk of the climate of Canada as they please, it is more regular and steady than the climate of Britain. It is not so variable, though the winters are more severe and protracted, and the summers warm; what we want is unstinted application of capital. With British appliances, we should bear less abuse of our Canadian climate.

HOW TO MAKE A CEMENT FOR STOVES.—Take fine salt one part, and two parts of fresh hard wood ashes, mix well together, then take cold water, and mix into a mortar. Apply to the crack either warm or cold, and you will find a cement which will answer all common purposes, and found to be very useful where the stove-pipe joints are not as tight as is desirable.

STILL ANOTHER.—Take iron filings, and mix to about the consistency of putty for glazing, with white lead and linseed oil. Fill in the joints as securely as possible, while the stove is cold, and let it stand a day or two before using.—Rural New-Yorker.

WOMAN'S HOPES.—In early youth, perhaps they said to themselves. "I shall be happy when I have a husband to love me best of all," then when the husband is too careless, "My child will comfort me;" then through the mother's watching and toil, "My child will repay me when it grows up." And at last, after the long journey of years has been wearily travelled through, the mother's heart is weighed down by a heavier burden, and no hope remains but the grave.