

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, March 10th, 1861.

Read—MATT. vii. 1-14: Christ's Sermon on the Mount, continued. 2 KINGS iv. 18-44: The deadly pottage healed by Elisha.

Recite—MATTHEW vi. 19-21.

Sunday, March 17th, 1861.

Read—MATT. vii. 15-29: Conclusion of Christ's Sermon on the Mount. 2 KINGS v. 1-14: Naaman's leprosy cured.

Recite—MATTHEW vii. 13-14.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

19. Give the most ancient example of trade or commerce mentioned in the Bible.

20. Can you state where the earliest mention of a plough occurs in Scripture.

Answers to questions given last week:—

17. Eve, Lot's wife, and the men of Bethshemesh, Gen. iii. 6; xix. 26; 1 Sam. vi. 19-21. Also, when the Lord came down on Mount Sinai, the children of Israel received the divine declaration of death, if they obtruded "to gaze" on the wonders there presented.

18. Saul and Jonathan. 1 Sam. xiv.

My First Prayer

Nineteen years old, but never prayed! I had said prayers, but I had never prayed. My heart had closed its door, and though at times there were some signs of life without, all was silent and dead within.

But a good messenger came, and I promised to pray. It was night. God was there, and heard and bore witness. I was to pray that God would make me a Christian. How solemn the moment and O, how sweet the memory now!

The hour of prayer came. How well I remember my feelings and regrets! I was sad that I had made such a promise. Satan suggested that I had done unwisely, and that a bad promise was better broken than kept. But it was made to God! I could not break it; no, I must pray. I bowed down upon my knees. I thought the devil was near me, making light of my devotions, and I wept. He suggested that I was a hypocrite, and that I did not wish to be a Christian.—I could only say, "O God! have mercy on me, and give me a better heart!" Weeks passed before I felt peace in believing. But it came at last; yes, it came at last! Reader, have you prayed yet? God loves the prayers of repenting sinners.—*Journal and Messenger.*

What a Boy Can do.

"Sir," said a boy, going up the counter of a gin-shop, "I want to ask you never to sell my father another glass of grog. He's a kind father as ever was when he's sober, but gin tigers him."

"What right have I to refuse him more than any other man?" asked the gin-seller.

"You may tell him Bob begged you, for the sake of his family and for his own sake, not to do it," said the boy. "If you give it to him, he'll kill my mother, and you'll be the murderer."

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink!" Hab. ii. 15.

TOILET FOR GENTLEMEN.—For preserving the complexion—temperance.
To preserve the breath sweet—abstinence from tobacco.
For whitening the hand—honesty.
To remove stains—repentance.
Easy shaving soap—ready money.
For improving the sight—observance.
A beautiful ring—a family circle.
For improving the voice—civility.
The best companion at the toilet—a wife.
To keep away moths—good society.
To promote sleep—dispense with the latch-key.

WHAT THE ECHO ANSWERS.—What must be done to conduct a newspaper right? Write. What is necessary for a farmer to assist him? System. What would give the blind man the greatest delight? Light. What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace? Peace. Who commits the greatest abominations? Nations. What is the greatest terrifier? Fire.

Upwards of four hundred clergymen, embracing those of every denomination, in Canada, have signed a "ministerial declaration," to the effect that the wisest course for those who fear God and regard man, is to encourage every legitimate effort for the entire suppression of the trade in intoxicating liquors by the power of the national will, and through the form of legislative enactment.

It were to be wished, that the enemies of religion would at least learn what it is before they oppose it.

Under the Jewish economy truth appeared only in figure; in heaven it is without veil; in the Church it is veiled but discerned by its correspondence to the figure. As the figure was first built upon the truth, so the truth is now distinguishable by the figure.

A Visit to the office of a Daily Newspaper.

But few unacquainted with the process of printing imagine the amount of labor that is required before their newspaper, which so readily and regularly gives them information of what is passing in the world, can be prepared for them and placed in their hands. The following, from one of a series of articles in the *Boston Journal*, entitled "Behind the Scenes" gives an interesting peep into the editorial sanctum, the compositor's office, and the press-room of a daily newspaper.

The paper "behind whose scenes" we are visiting, prints both a morning and evening edition, so that it has an opportunity to send by such trains as leave for more distant points its morning edition, delivering its news on the same evening to towns and cities hundreds of miles away.

The Editor's Room—that mysterious sanctum of which one has heard so much—here it is, a snug, little apartment, with room enough for two or three visitors. This is the Editor-in-Chief's room; a window sash puts him in communication with his assistant editors and reporters, whose desks are ranged about a large room, each desk lighted by a gas burner, and more or less covered with papers, cut and uncut, opened and unopened, maps, plans, bits of manuscript, pens, inkstands and some ink, scissors and wafers. One end of the room is completely covered by a long glass case, holding all sorts of dictionaries and gazetteers, legislative, agricultural, Government and City Reports, atlases and books of reference too numerous to be particularized, ready for use whenever required.

Here is the commercial editor's desk, an expert can tell that by the trade circulars about it, and by the commercial aspect of the papers upon it. Files of the *Shipping List*, the *Commercial Bulletin*, the *Mark Lane Express* and similar sheets marked by the inroads of his scissors, show that he appreciates the good works of his cotemporaries. Here is another desk; a file of theatre bills suspended on a hook, three or four envelopes enclosing tickets and waiting the arrival of him to whom they were addressed, a small photograph of Booth and caricature of another actor suggests that the absent occupant does the "dramatic and musical." A third desk has a black-bearded looking man scratching away busily at it, who uses no papers and seldom the scissors or wafers—the local reporter—he who furnishes the full account of the fires, the shocking accidents, the incidents and occurrences; his productions are always original, being merely a statement of facts. Here is a man—a phonographic or verbatim reporter—rapidly transcribing a sheet of odd-looking characters into a speech, which some political speaker has just finished; here one who reports the suburban news, who is bound to keep posted on the events in Roxbury, Charlestown, Cambridge, Chelsea, South Boston, &c. Still another, who is the individual despatched to attend important political and other meetings at a distance, one of "our special correspondents;" a further examination reveals to us the quarters of the ship-news editor and reporter, who is expected to know the name of almost every vessel in existence, where she now is, and by whom she is commanded; files of *Shipping Gazettes*, *Shipping Lists*, *Marine Circulars*, &c., show that he has all the means and appliances at hand to assist him in his labors. A few copies of legislative pamphlets, a printed list of members of the legislature, and lithographed plan of legislative halls, indicates to an expert the seat of the legislative reporter, the presence of a few stock lists and broker's circulars, and several railroad reports and pamphlets relating to coal and copper mining companies, &c., where the monetary writer sits.

Pushing our way still further we come to the assistant editors, who, perhaps, we should have mentioned first. Four of these gentlemen are hard at work; here are two news editors, whose attention is devoted exclusively to news; one is entirely engrossed in foreign news; he has the latest files of foreign papers; maps of different countries on the European continent, plans of different parts of Italy and the scenes of Garibaldi's victories, charts and maps of the Crimea, of the river Amoor, etc., shows his department of newspaper writing to be foreign news; another, more exclusively devoted to domestic news, is the chief or head of the staff of reporters, and has the responsibility of reporting such matters as the public interest requires, and devoting to each such amount of space in the paper as its importance demands; he must see that the paper has all the news that is worth having, and not waste either time or space on that which is not,—and, in this instance, the editor is one who fully understands his duty in this respect. The other two are engaged, one upon a leader and the other on a literary critique.

Everybody is hard at work, everybody minds his own business, very little conversation is carried on; only now and then a few words, and those are such as smack of the shop, perhaps something after this style:

News Editor—"Got that fire?"

Reporter—"Yes, sir, most ready."

News Editor—"How much will it make? we're crowded to-night."

Reporter—"Makes about three sticks full; can cut it down, though."

News Editor—"You'll have to get it into one stick."

(He means a composing stick, full of type.) One asks if that head will go in "full face" or "small caps," and another suggests that "that dinner might be solid." (He means his report of it, and not the dinner itself, and the "head" referred to is a heading of type.)

"Ah!" says the foreign news editor with a sign of relief as he ceases his labors, and picks up three long strips of paper covered with alter-

nate patches of printed scraps and writing and kicks aside his heaps of exchanges, "that's all there is new by this boat," and he passes his copy into the editor-in-chief's room. The editor-in-chief is supposed to know everything; but there is one thing he knows certainly, and that is—what the tone of the paper should be, what bearing its articles should have upon the topics of the day, and how to arrange so that all the different writers' views shall form a harmonious and perfect whole. He is commander-in-chief of a small army of intellects, and no mean post, or sinecure is his office; he must know just what subjects the public are the most hungry for, and just in what way his journal must season them for their taste, for he is the man that is responsible; two lines, pronouncing an entirely adverse opinion to those he means to advocate, may creep into an article, unless it has the scanning of his jealous eye; verbose articles are cut down; communications received, examined and given out for publication, or passed to reporters or editors of different departments, or thrown aside. Letters, communications, &c., come in to the number of nearly a hundred a day, so do not be disappointed, ambitious scribbler for the newspaper, if your contribution is lost sight of, or your invitation unheeded.

It is a common error that it is easy enough to write for a newspaper. As the means of communication with different points increase, and new facilities for obtaining news are introduced, the difficulty of writing for the press is increased. The most skillful and most valuable men in the editorial force of a newspaper are those who can say the most in the fewest words. It requires more practice to be an expert condenser than a diffuse writer for the newspaper.

But we have tarried long enough in the editorial rooms; let us mount a story higher. Here in a long hall (the composing room) are the type stands and thirty type-setters or compositors, making music with click, click, click of the types in the composing stick.

Those who are prone to sneer at an occasional typographical error in a newspaper should visit a printing office, and their great wonder will be that it is within the bounds of possibility to be so accurate and expert as newspaper compositors are.

Two foremen to superintend the "make up," and the general management of this department, two proof-readers and two or three boys, with the compositors, complete the force in this room. "Copy" is given out by the foreman. There are in this office, like all other large newspaper offices, particular compositors who are experts in and "set" particular kinds of copy; for instance, some set ship news, others are good on figure work, and others have good taste (and this is quite a possession) in setting up advertisements. The speed with which important news, speeches, reports, &c., are put in type when occasion requires, is astonishing.

On special occasions the regular force can be doubled by employing extra hands. On such occasions, say the reception of a President's message, the document is cut up into sixty small bits or "takes," and numbered from one to sixty, each compositor starts on his "take," which, as fast as set up is placed by the foremen in the "form" in regular order, forming, a perfect whole. Thus a matter which would require an ordinary force four or five hours to complete is prepared in twenty or thirty minutes.

The value of time in the composition room is fully appreciated by all employed, and frequent are the races against time by the employees; for the foreman, anxious to get all the news in up to the latest moment, and knowing that railroad trains wait not even for the press, calculates to a nicety on the hour of "locking up" and sending down the "forms," or turtles, to the great eight-barreled revolver that is in waiting below to shoot into the expectant world a broadside of thousands and thousands of broad sheets stamped with the foot-prints of immortal thought.

The minute hand of the clock slowly approaches the hour of going to press. Operations continue apparently as usual till near the last minute, where suddenly the foremen close up the columns, rapidly arrange a few last paragraphs, "plane down the forms" (not with the jack-plane of a carpenter, but a contrivance that presses every type down into place that may by chance be projecting up beyond its proper level), give a few dexterous turns with steel wrenches to the apparatus that secures the type in the forms, and they are ready. The tables on which they rest are whirled to a slide at one side of the room, communicating with the press-room over sixty feet below. A voice, in response to the faint tinkle of a bell, comes from the depths below, through a speaking tube—"All right—let go!" and down slide the turtles, and in three minutes more the rattle of machinery is heard, "the first audible foothold of thought in its outgoing into the world."

The press-room, a huge, well warmed, well lighted basement, under the whole building, is one of the most interesting portions of the establishment. The "press gang" consists of fourteen "feeders"—good feeders themselves, and good "feeders" to the insatiable maw of the press, into which they continually thrust fresh sheets in response to its cry of "more, more, more!" at each revolution. The pressman is the presiding deity of this department, and two engineers have charge of the pliant giant, steam, which sets the presses in motion.

Round goes the press and off come the papers; and now let us step into the mail room. We have said the value of time is appreciated in the composition room—here it is doubly so. The head mail clerk must get out all his bundles for express offices, railroad depots, &c., at or before a certain time, to "save the trains, that newspaper dealers all over New England may not miss the receipt of their Journals to supply their anxious customers hungry for news. A five minutes delay would cost the office the loss

of a thousand papers or more, and to despatch and get out the papers in season to reach their several points of destination, requires no small degree of dexterity as well as severe and rapid labor. The wrappers and directions are written, and other preparations made during the interim between the publication of each edition, so that as soon as the paper commences coming into the mail-room from the press, huge bundles of fifties, hundreds, and thousands are bound together, and despatched with a speed astonishing to behold. The mail clerk and his three assistants are tying, pasting, writing and counting—and the counting of papers is done with a speed that must be seen to be appreciated. The folders are also, with a peculiar slip and three slaps, throwing papers together in different folds with great rapidity; the mail clerk's message-boy hurrying hither and thither in obedience to his direction, and thousands of papers that twenty minutes before were unprinted sheets, are soon whirling away on railroad trains on their way into the country.

The mail clerk generally works with one eye on the clock and the other on the papers; he can tell you on demand the hour of departure of all the principal trains over all the principal lines of railroad out of Boston.

The next and last room of interest to the visitor can hardly be said to be behind the scenes, because it is always in view of the public; it is the counting room. The clerks here are the principal and readiest means of communication between the proprietors and the public, their duties require the same requisites as those of every other department in the business, namely—speed, patience, tact, accuracy and discrimination. The counting room clerks are the recipients, as proxies, of a large amount of the "blowings-up" intended for editors, by people who think they know how to conduct a paper; from individuals who find a vast deal of fault at the non-receipt of one copy of the paper, which has come regularly for months, and the loss of which, on investigation, proves to have been the fault of a new servant, and not the carrier; of requests of all kinds from all sorts of people; of questions about everybody and everything.

The force behind the scenes we have sketched consists of 5 editors, 10 reporters, 35 compositors, 14 feeders, 2 pressmen, 2 engineers, 4 mail clerks, 3 mail assistants, 5 clerks, and four boys—in all 82 persons.

Agriculture, &c.

ATMOSPHERIC FERTILIZERS.—M. Barral, of Paris, has lately made the discovery that rain-water contains minute quantities of phosphorus. He believes that it exists in the atmosphere in the form of phosphated hydrogen, which escapes from decaying animal substances. As phosphorus is necessary to the fertility of soils, we have in this discovery a key which unlocks the secret of "summer fallowed" lands becoming fertile. The ancient Hebrews were accustomed to allow the land to rest without cultivation every few years. This was, no doubt, for the purpose of restoring it from comparative barrenness by cropping, to renewed fertility. It is now well known that ammonia also exists in rain-water, and this is held to be the chief of fertilizing agents. Any worn out lands may be restored to fertility by allowing them seasons for repose, in the same manner that Moses provided for the perpetual fertility of the land of Israel.—*Scientific American.*

HOW CARROTS AFFECT HORSES.—The carrot is the most esteemed of all roots for its feeding qualities. When analyzed, it gives but little more solid matter than any other root, 85 per cent. being water; but its influence in the stomach upon the other articles of food is most favorable, conducing to the most perfect digestion and assimilation. This result, long known to practical men, is explained by chemists as resulting from the presence of a substance called pectine, which operates to coagulate or gelatinize vegetable solutions, and favors the digestion in all cattle. Horses are especially benefited by the use of carrots. They should be fed with them frequently with their other food.—*Mark-Lane Express.*

WATER ON STOCK FARMS.—Mr. Strawn, the great Illinois farmer, gives the following method in the *Farmer's Advocate* for keeping water on a stock farm. Dig a basin five or ten rods square and ten feet deep, upon a high knoll. Feed corn in the basin to your hogs and cattle until it is well puddled by trampling of their feet, which will make it almost water-tight. He says the rains of a single winter sufficed to accommodate several hundred head of cattle, and that it had been dry but once in twelve years.

The natives of the interior of Western Africa manufacture, in immense quantities, a kind of butter from the Shea tree (the *Bassia Parkii*). Specimens have been sent to London by the Niger Exploring Expedition, and its marketable value found to be five pounds greater per ton than palm oil, which comes from the same vicinity. The outer shell of the nut is torn away and eaten, the taste resembling that of an overripe cherry. The nut is then dried by being subjected to a gentle heat, in clay pots, after which the meat is easily detached from the shell. These meats are then ground, and the butter resembles, in this stage of its preparation, a black dough. After a thorough washing in cold water, it is finally boiled, and the pure butter rising to the top is skimmed off. When well-prepared, it is pleasant to the taste, remains hard, and never becomes rancid.