

Youth's Department.

Bible Lessons.

Sunday, October 20th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xxii. 1-14: The wedding garment. GENESIS xlv. 1-15: Joseph's forgiving disposition. Recite—MATTHEW xxi. 42-44.

Sunday, October 27th, 1861.

Read—MATT. xxii. 15-33: Cavils of Christ's enemies. GENESIS xlv. 29; xlvii. 1-13: Joseph's filial love. Recite—MATTHEW xxii. 1-3.

"Search the Scriptures."

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

83. Which of the seasons is in scripture the constant image of the time when God shall gather his elect from the four winds of heaven?  
84. Name one who lived a prophet, but died an idolater.

Answers to questions given last week:—

81. When the word "Shibboleth" was presented as a test to the children of Ephraim by the Gileadites; all who pronounced it "Sibboleth," were put to death: thus in the battle and by the trial, 42,000 men were slain. Judges xii. 1-6.

82. "It doth not yet appear," saith the sacred writer, "what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

The Young Musician and his Mother.

The following passage in the life of an English composer, copied from the *Olive Branch*, will thrill the heart of many a mother who will read it here, no doubt, for the first time.

Little Pierre sat humming by the bedside of his mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still, at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world. The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius, and a fervent worshipper at the shrine of music. As the tears would roll down his cheeks, and his voice would falter at the sad, sad thoughts, he did not dare to let his sick mother see, but hastily rising, hurried to the window, and there watched a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madam M——, then a favorite character, would sing that night at the Temple.

"Oh! if I could only go," thought little Pierre. And then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted up with unwonted fire; and running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from his little box some old stained paper, gave one eager look at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was in waiting for me?", said Madam M—— to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can only see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he won't keep you a moment." "Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile. "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, with his hat in his hand, and in the other a roll of paper. With a manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight up to Madam M——, and bowing said:

"I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that perhaps if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat—very tall and stately she was; she took the little roll from his hand, lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked—"you a child! And the words—wonderful little genius! Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"Oh! yes." And the boy's blue eyes grew liquid with happiness. "But I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which do you go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me. My good little fellow, your mother has a treasure in you."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

Never in his life had Pierre been in such a grand place. The music clashing and rolling, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silk, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady all blazing with jewels, and whom every body seemed to worship, would really sing his little song? Breathless he waited; the band, the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh! how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing, many a bright eye was dimmed

with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that lutescent—oh! how touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for the money now? The greatest prima donna in all Europe had sung his lutescent, and thousands had wept at his grief. The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madam M——. She laid her hands on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by one of the best publishers in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount for the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down over his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who deigned to notice their affection. And the memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility, like the world's great Master, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, when the grave-damps gathered over her brow, and her eye, grew dim, he who stood by her bed, his bright face clothed in the mourning of sighs and tears, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days, rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day. All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations send down bounty unto the widow and fatherless child.

The cost of Intemperance.

The following grave statistics were given by the Hon. Edward Everett in a speech lately made at Boston. Can it be possible, with such astounding facts staring us in the face that the patriots, philanthropists and Christians of this country will long be content to look idly on and suffer this giant accursed evil to sweep over our land without an effort to stay it?

What Ardent Spirits have done in ten years in the United States of America.

|   |               |
|---|---------------|
| 1st. It has cost the country a direct expense of . . . . .                                  | \$300,000,000 |
| 2nd. It has cost the country an indirect expense of . . . . .                               | \$300,000,000 |
| 3rd. It has caused the burning and otherwise destroying property to the amount of . . . . . | \$10,000,000  |
| 4th. It has destroyed lives . . . . .   | 300,000       |
| 5th. It has sent to the Poor houses, children, . . . . .                                    | 100,000       |
| 6th. It has consigned to the jail and penitentiaries, at least, persons . . . . .           | 150,000       |
| 7th. It has made at least, maniacs . . . . .  | 1,000         |
| 8th. It has instigated to the commission of murder, persons . . . . .                       | 1,500         |
| 9th. It has caused the murdering act of suicide in persons . . . . .                        | 2,000         |
| 10th. It has made weeping, wailing widows, to the number of . . . . .                       | 200,000       |
| 11th. It has thrown on the acknowledged cold charity of the world, orphans . . . . .        | 1,000,000     |

Thus, in ten years, this yclept Christian Juggernaut has had under its death-dealing wheels: 452,000 persons absolutely killed. 151,000 " hopelessly injured. 100,000 " pauperized. 1,200,000 " widowed and orphanized.

1,903,000 persons! and at a money cost of \$1,210,000,000!! In one Nation—One million and nine hundred and three thousand persons! and at a known money cost of one billion and two hundred and ten millions of dollars!!—and yet, how much more must yet be left to the merest surmise! and Political (?) rant, about sustaining the revenue (!) when the only sure remedy is suggested—Prohibition!

Bible Examples of Domestic Worship.

The Patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob whenever in their pilgrimages they fixed on a place of residence, erected an altar to God for family devotion, and called on the name of the Lord.

Joshua resolved that as for him and his family they would serve the Lord, that is, worship him.

Job practised family worship. "He sent and sanctified his children, and rose early in the morning, and offered burnt-offerings according to the number of them all. Thus did Job continually."

David, having spent one day in bringing the ark from the house of Obed-edom to the place he had prepared for it, and in presenting peace offerings before the Lord, returned at night to bless his household, that is, to pray for blessings upon his family, or to attend upon family devotion.

Cornelius, the centurion, it is said, "feared God with all his house," meaning, worshipped him with his family.

In the Lord's prayer, we have a command for family devotion. "After this manner, therefore pray ye: 'Our Father who art in heaven.'—The form of prayer is plural. It must, therefore, mean social prayer; and if social then family prayer; for a family is the most proper society to engage in this devotion."

Paul, in his epistle to the Colossians, having pointed out the duties of husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants, adds, "Continue in prayer, watch in the same with

thanksgiving." The subject upon which he was speaking leads us to conclude he meant family prayer.

In his epistle to the Ephesians, he enjoins it as a duty, to "pray always with all prayer," that is to offer prayer of every kind, and in every form, and at every proper season. Family prayer must, therefore, be included in this injunction. The apostle Peter exhorts husbands and wives to live together in the discharge of the duties to conjugal affection and christian obedience.

A Column of Varieties.

THE Turkish Sultan has prohibited the three or four papers printed at Constantinople from publishing telegrams.

AMONG the curious weapons of war captured in India, which have been brought to the Tower, is an ax more than one hundred pounds in weight, used by the King of Oude's executioner.

THERE are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Won'ts," and the "Can'ts." The first effect everything, the second oppose everything, and the third fail in everything.

A MADAM HORJOT, the wife of the Duc d'Aumale's valet, has been fined twenty-five francs for bringing ten copies of the Duc's pamphlet into France in a pot, marked "preserves."

The Emperor Napoleon has contributed eight pounds towards the funds of the English church at Biarritz, where an English congregation has been collected to the number of one hundred

At a recent sale in London the carved chair designed by William Hogarth for David Garrick, was knocked down at 300 guineas. Miss Burdett Coutts is said to have been the purchaser.

A little girl who has a brother in one of the volunteer regiments, now in the Federal service, had been told by her mother to pray for him. Upon retiring to bed one night, she frequently lisped, "O Lord, let brother Joe shoot the others, but don't let the others shoot Joe."

The California Christian Advocate states that a secessionist recently entered an eating-house at Martinez, and called for a "first-rate Jeff Davis meal." In due course of time the waiter placed before him a large covered dish—"only that and nothing more." On removing the cover, Seesh found snugly coiled up a hempen rope, with a slip-noose at the end. He left—had no appetite.

BAPTISTERIES.—Dr. E. S. Shepard, in a communication to the Christian Union says; "In my travels in Italy, on visiting the ancient baptisteries, and inquiring of Catholic priests why they where so constructed, they all, as with one voice, replied that they were built when immersion was the practice of the church, and that such was the practice till the eleventh century. They say the change was made by their church, and that is sufficient authority for them. Their candor is worthy of imitation."

A GENTLEMAN of our acquaintance, says the Methodist Protestant, one day recently stopped a little girl in Annapolis, and politely said:—"Will you be kind enough to tell me where I will find the Methodist Church?" "Methodist church, sir," said she, "the Methodists have no church—that is their meeting-house,"—and she pointed to an edifice near by, of quite an imposing appearance. That girl is worthy to become the wife of a bishop of the Church.

Rev. S. H. Ford, who, as editor of the West-ern Recorder, of Louisville, Ky., is trying to steer his way as a professed neutral, but who manifest rebel proclivities, is sadly and deservedly harrassed. He says that in travelling in Kentucky he has not visited a place where he has not been "severely, and almost threateningly, asked what side he was on in the present conflict." He has "endeavored to evade their questions," and he thinks he "must adopt William Vaughan's conclusion—'Wait to see which side the Lord is on, and take that.'" One thing we should say is pretty clear—the Lord is not on the neutral side, with strong rebel sympathies.

IMMENSITY OF SPACE.—It is calculated by Sir John Herschell (says Humboldt's Cosmos) that the light is nearly two millions of years in coming to the earth from the remote nebulae, reached by his forty-foot reflector, and therefore, he says, those distant worlds must have been in existence nearly two million years ago, in order to send out the ray by which we now perceive them. It also follows that their light would continue to reach us for two million years to come, were they to be now stricken from the heavens.

LUNAR LIFE.—Herr Schwabe, a distinguished German astronomer, announces having seen a species of vegetation in the moon. Here is the fact on which he bases his conclusion: "The surface of the moon presents numerous striped lines, like so many furrows. These had been explained in a variety of ways—some considering them as dried up river-beds; others, as tracks left by torrents of lava, &c. Schwabe advances quite another solution. According to him, the ridges that run down the loftier lunar mountain-sides present at certain seasons a green color, which they lose at the end of a few months. Thence he concludes that there exists a vegetation in the moon, coming at a season corresponding to our autumn. Should this interesting fact receive final authenticity, it will certainly overthrow the commonly-received opinion that there is no water on the surface of the moon; for, since the vegetation seen by Schwabe is green, would not analogy suggest that it is the result of chemical combinations similar to those which produce the phenomena of our earthly vegetation?"

Agriculture, &c.

How to clear land of Brush.

Our pastures are encroached upon by shrubs and trees of inferior growth, making nesting places for weeds, and shading much land which otherwise would produce grass. We prefer to use the brush hook, and cut up everything, to lay the dry brush over the stubs and burn it. If sheep are kept on the lot afterwards, they will feed down the young growth which start from the roots, for the most part, and a scythe will keep under the remainder. A correspondent of the *Homestead* gives his views as follows:

"This is often a problem of much importance and the solution of it is attended in some sections with much difficulty and expense. After cutting and burning the brush piled up in heaps, many think the best and perhaps the only mode of extermination is plowing and thorough tillage. This is an effectual remedy, and where circumstances will admit, a good one. But there are many fields that cannot be treated in this manner. Either the occupant cannot sustain the requisite expense, or impediments to plowing stand in the way.

"In many sections there are large quantities of land now comparatively useless: that would, if the brush is destroyed, be valuable for grazing. Last year I tried burning the land over without cutting the brush, and have been so well pleased with the result that I wish to recommend the practice to others, and also draw out the experience and opinions of others. Now is the time, as soon as the ground is dry enough. The fire runs best in the middle of the day. From a single experiment I have come to the conclusion that fire running over the land a few consecutive years will run out the brush, and the land be benefited by the operation, especially if a top-dressing of gypsum or something else be applied afterwards."—*Journal of Agriculture.*

A NEW VEGETABLE.—There has lately been exhibited, at several meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society, a new vegetable, which promises to become a permanent institution among kitchen garden crops. It is a cabbage in the form of Brussels sprouts. The stem is about a foot high, bearing on its summit a good-sized hearted cabbage, of the ordinary character; but the stem is covered with small cabbage about the size of a small desert apple, and these, when cooked, form an excellent dish, partaking of the flavor of a nice summer cabbage, and without the strong Savoy flavor which distinguishes the Brussels sprouts.

MOVING BOGS.—A bog at Ballagh, two miles south of Dunmore, on the road to Tuam, has moved a distance of about 50 yards, and had not a rising ground prevented it, would have crossed the road. So loud was the rumbling that it was heard half a mile off. Mrs. MacHugh by the sad accident has lost several acres of land, and the turf, which was nearly saved, is all lost. Another bog below Dunmore also changed its position. About 40 years ago a bog to the east of that town moved some distance.—*Connaught Patriot.*

GRASS SEED.—Farmers should raise their own grass seed. It is cheaper, they get better seed, and, if some care is taken, that which will be free from weeds and foul seeds. It is a prime source of stocking our farms with noxious weeds to purchase grass seed without knowing the reliability of the person growing it.

In saving timothy or herds grass select that which is the best and tallest, and where the heads are longest. If weeds are noticed they should be cut and carefully carried from the field. The grass should stand until about two thirds of the heads have turned to a brown color. Many farmers let herdsgrass remain uncut until it is dead ripe. By so doing, almost the half of the seed will shell out when being harvested, and the leaves and stalks are so much dried that they are of no account for fodder. But if cut when the heads are just turning brown, the bud will be fully matured, little seed will be lost by harvesting, and the straw will make very fair fodder.

The most practicable way of mowing timothy for seed, is to perform the job with scythe. Then turn that it may fully dry, and bind into small bundles, allowing it to cure for three or four days before it is hauled into the barn.

TO PERFUME LINEN.—Rose leaves dried in the shade, or at about four feet from a stove, one pound; of cloves, caraway seeds and allspice, each one ounce; pound in a mortar or grind in a mill; dried salt, a quarter of a pound. Mix all three together and put the compound into little bags.

ONE OF PHAROAH'S DAHLIAS.—Lord Lindsay states that, in course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years of age. On examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in a question, how long life could last, and he therefore took the tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth, and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.