

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, MARCH 9TH, 1862.

Read—MATT. xxvii. 24-63: The burial of Christ. EXODUS xxv: Israel's covenant with God. Recite—MATTHEW xxvii. 24, 25.

SUNDAY, MARCH 16TH, 1862.

Read—MATT. xxviii. 1-20: The Resurrection. EXODUS xxxvii: The Golden Calf. Recite—MATTHEW xxviii. 54-56.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

- 123 Name an Old Testament saint whose character we have, drawn by two Apostles. 124 Name one whose character is given in the New Testament in three words.

Answers to questions given last week:—

- 121. The leprosy. 122. The price of the purchase was paid to the slave himself, not to a master or a slave buyer; for the words are, "If he sell himself," &c., Lev. xxv 47, 51.

Little Eddie, the Drummer.

Our American exchanges—religious and secular—have a large and constant supply of war incidents—some of them calculated to cherish the war spirit and induce the wish to seek "glory at the cannon's mouth." The following, which we presume is no fiction, is but a sample of what might be written of thousands who have left their home, with the hope of coming back "in six weeks." We copy it as a vivid picture of life, as it now is in the States, which we doubt not will impress our readers with a higher estimate of the blessings of peace.

A few days before our regiment received orders to join Gen. Lyon on his march to Wilson's Creek, the drummer of our company was taken sick and conveyed to the hospital, and on the evening preceding the day that we were to march, a negro was arrested within the lines of the camp and brought before our Captain, who asked him "what business he had within the lines?" He replied, "I knew a drummer that would like to enlist in your company, and I have come to tell you of it." He was immediately requested to inform the drummer that if he would enlist for our short term of service, he would be allowed extra pay, and to do this, he must be upon the ground early in the morning. The negro was then passed beyond the guard.

On the following morning there appeared before the Captain's quarters, during the beating of the reveille, a good looking, middle-aged woman, dressed in deep mourning, leading by the hand a sharp, sprightly looking boy, apparently about twelve or thirteen years old. Her story was soon told. She was from East Tennessee, where her husband had been killed by the rebels, and all their property destroyed. She had come to St. Louis in search of her sister, but not finding her, and being destitute of money, she thought if she could procure a situation for her boy as a drummer for the short time that we had to remain in the service, she could find employment for herself, and perhaps find her sister by the time we were discharged.

During the rehearsal of her story the little fellow kept his eyes intently fixed upon the countenance of the Captain, who was about to express a determination not to take so small a boy, when he spoke out, saying, "Don't be afraid, Captain, I can drum." This was spoken with so much confidence, that the Captain immediately observed with a smile, "Well, well, Sergeant bring the drum, and order our fifer to come forward." In a few minutes the drum was produced, and our fifer made his appearance, a tall, round-shouldered, good natured fellow, from the Dubuque mines; who stood, when erect, something over six feet in height.

Upon being introduced to his new comrade, he stooped downward, with his hands resting upon his knees that were thrown forward into an acute angle, and after peering in the little fellow's face a moment, he observed, "My little man, can you drum?" "Yes, sir," he replied, "I drummed for Captain Hill, in Tennessee." Our fifer immediately commenced straightening himself up, until all the angles had disappeared, when he placed his life to his mouth, and played the "Flowers of Edinborough," one of the most difficult tunes to follow with the drum that he could have selected, but nobly did the little fellow follow him, showing himself to be a master of the drum. When the music ceased, our Captain turned to the mother and observed, "Madam, I will take your boy. What is his name?" "Edward Lee," she replied; then placing her hand upon the Captain's arm, she continued, "Captain, if he is not killed—" here her maternal feelings overcame her utterance, and she bent down over her boy and kissed him upon the forehead. As she arose, she observed, "Captain, you will bring him back with you, won't you?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "we will be certain to bring him back with us. We shall be discharged in six weeks."

In an hour after, our company led the Iowa 1st out of camp, our drum and fife playing "The girl I left behind me." Eddie, as we called him, soon became a great favorite with all the men in the company. When any of the boys had returned from a horticultural excursion, Eddie's share of the peaches and melons was

the first apportioned out. During our heavy and fatiguing march from Rolla to Springfield, it was often amusing to see our long-legged fifer wading through the mud with our little drummer mounted upon his back—and always in that position when fording streams.

The night after the fight of Wilson's Creek, where Lyon fell, I was detailed for guard duty. The hours passed slowly away, when at length the morning light began to streak along the eastern sky, marking surrounding objects more plainly visible. Presently I heard a drum beat up the morning call. At first, I thought it came from the camp of the enemy across the creek; but as I listened, I found that it came up from the deep ravine; for a few minutes it was silent, and then, as it became more light, I heard it again. I listened—the sound of the drum was familiar to me—I knew that it was

Our drummer-boy from Tennessee, Beating for help the reveille.

I was about to desert my post to go to his assistance, when I discovered the officer of the guard approaching with two men. We all listened to the sound, and were satisfied that it was Eddie's drum. I asked permission to go to his assistance. The officer hesitated saying that the orders were to march in twenty minutes. I promised to be back in that time, when he consented. I immediately started down the hill through the thick undergrowth, and upon reaching the valley, I followed the sound of the drum, and soon found him seated upon ground, his back leaning against the trunk of a fallen tree, while his drum hung upon a bush in front of him, reaching nearly to the ground. As soon as he discovered me he dropped his drum-sticks, and exclaimed, "O, corporal, I am so glad to see you! Give me a drink," reaching out his hand for my canteen, which was empty. I immediately turned to bring him some water from the brook, that I could hear rippling through the bushes near by, when thinking I was about to leave him, he commenced crying, saying, "Don't leave me, corporal, I can't walk." I was soon back with the water, when I discovered that both of his feet had been shot away by a cannon-ball. After satisfying his thirst, he looked up into my face, and said, "You don't think I will die, corporal, do you?" This man said I would not—he said the surgeon could cure my feet.

I now discovered a man lying in the grass near him, dead. By his dress, I recognized him as belonging to the enemy. It appeared that he had been shot through the bowels, and had fallen near where Eddie lay. Knowing that he could not live, and seeing the condition of the boy, he crawled to him, took off his buckskin suspenders, and corded the little fellow's legs below the knee, and then lay down and died. While he was telling me these particulars, I heard the tramp of cavalry coming down the ravine, and in a moment a section of the enemy was upon us, and I was taken a prisoner. I requested the officer to take Eddie up in front of him, and he did so, carrying him with great tenderness and care. When we reached the camp of the enemy, the little fellow was dead.—Chicago Tribune.

Popular Retrenchment.

Children are often sagely told, that "they don't know what is good for them." The saying is as true when applied to large folks, and their conduct proves the fairness of the application. When hard times, or a fear of hard times, come over a land, on what do they begin retrenchment and economy. On the back?—No, madam: you clothe yourself with the finest and rarest stuff. With the stomach?—No, sir: you pamper it with every delicate meat as usual. On luxuries?—No, Mr. Sybarite: you drink the choicest, and smoke the most exquisite, in wretched profusion. No, no, deluded big children! you begin with the printer; you cut off books as if they were a pest, and you either stop your paper or refuse to pay for it. You seem to imagine that you are merely animal, without a soul or intellect. Your ratio indicates this, anyhow.

Verily, the public has been spoiled. Books and papers have been furnished at so low a rate, and with so little recompense to author and printer, that they are lightly esteemed, when they should be held above all price; and the consequence is, that the printer, who makes but a scanty living at the best of times, is left to crumbs or starvation when a real or fancied necessity for retrenchment exists. Out upon such retrenchment! Wear less costly gear—eat plainer food—drink less and smoke less, or none at all, rather than cheat your soul and mind of their due portion. Buy good books, and take and pay for an honest and decent newspaper; and as upright, God-created beings, you will be the better and richer for it.—Advertiser.

"A HUNDRED EOLD."—A young Turk in Constantinople is the nephew of one of the first pachas in Constantinople, and resided with his rich uncle before his conversion. This was effected by reading the New Testament. As soon as he was thus brought by the Holy Spirit to know and feel the truth as it is in Jesus, and to avow himself a Christian, his uncle turned him out of doors. He was from that day cast off by all his relatives and entirely destitute of the necessities of life. The missionaries found him thus poor as to this world's goods, but full of happiness. In the fullness of his heart, when thus introduced to the society of pious Christians, he exclaimed: "Before I was converted I had but one uncle; now I have thousands of brothers and sisters." Thus does he find in the communion of saints on earth the fulfillment of the Saviour's promise to those who are persecuted for His sake. (See Matt. 19: 29)—N. Y. Obs.

Deferred Items.

LADY FRANKLIN, the widow of the great Arctic navigator, has been visiting the Sandwich Islands in the Pacific Ocean.

The largest number of guns carried by any vessel in the British Navy is 131—that being the armament of the Duke of Wellington.

The French excavators of the Suez Canal have found it said, the ruins of an Egyptian city buried under a bed of sand, with accompanying embalmed crocodiles and mummies.

Washington and Prince Albert died in the same month and on the same day of the month, and about the same hour in the evening—14th December—1799 and 1861. This is a very curious coincidence.

Rev. Mr. McFarland, of St. Mark's Church, Baltimore, recently fell dead in his robes, while standing in the chancel, after the sermon, reading the service book, while the collection was being taken up.

RAREY is in Madrid, performing in white kids, dress-coat, and beautiful apparel, before Queen Isabella, and also challenging the bull-fighters to tame bulls with him, he using his strap, they their ring-weapons.

DISCOVERY OF A LARGE GOLD FIELD AT BOMBAY.—A company has been formed in Bombay for working a large gold field which has been discovered by an Australian gentleman in the Southern Mahratta country.

AFTER singing at Aberdeen lately, Madam Lind-Goldschmidt placed in the hands of the Lord Provost a sum of 100 guineas, to be distributed as he thought best among the local charities, or among the general poor of the city.

A young widow woman, named McDonald was discharged from Col. Boone's regiment, at Parquet Springs, Kentucky, last week, where she had been serving as a private, dressed in regimentals for some time. This was her second offence, she having once before been discharged from a regiment.

THE WARRIOR.—The Times says that letters received from Lisbon state that the Warrior (40), iron-frigate, laboured in a most extraordinary manner on her passage out from England flooding her decks and cabins with water, and, in nine cases out of ten, taking no notice whatever of her helm.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—The Montreal Gazette of the 7th inst says that between two and three o'clock on Thursday morning a bright red light, having the shape and appearance of a sword, was seen in the Western part of the heavens and remained visible for some minutes. It had a very striking appearance, and by many was looked upon as an omen of evil portent.

A SHAME TO HUMANITY.—The wife and child of a volunteer have just finished to death in New York. While the Common Council was engaged in bandying about, from Board to Board the resolution appropriating some more money to sustain the families of volunteers now in the service of our country, this poor neglected, friendless creature, with her little babe, laid herself down to die of hunger.—Christian Era.

UNPRECEDENTED CHURCH COLLECTION.—We learn from the Glasgow Herald that the Rev. Dr. Guthrie recently preached in the Free College Church at Glasgow, in connection with a special appeal for the reduction of the debt on that church, when the unprecedented sum of £2680 was put into the collection plate. The collection is the largest ever made upon any day in Scotland. Three office-bearers of the church contributed amongst them the munificent sum of \$1100.

ACCORDING to experiments made in Paris, the pulse of a lion beats forty times a minute, that of a tiger ninety-six times: of a capri, forty-four times; of a horse, forty times; of a wolf, forty-five times; of a fox, forty-three times; of a bear, thirty-eight times; of a monkey, forty-eight times; of an eagle one hundred and sixty times.—It was impossible to determine the beatings of the elephant's pulse. A butterfly, however, it was discovered experienced sixty heart pulsations in a minute.

AN INTERESTING FACT REGARDING THE SOUTH SEA MISSION.—It is very wonderful how few have been killed in connection with this Mission, compared with others. During the last thirty years 260 persons in search of sandal wood had been killed; while of about 120 missionaries who had been laboring there within the last twenty years there had only been killed the martyred Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. To the Baptist denomination belongs the honour of sending out from Nova Scotia the first missionary to Heathen lands.—Sun.

GERMAN CHURCHES.—A traveller in Germany who was present at the administration of the Lord's Supper in one of the churches, thus describes the exercises:

The two deacons who officiated had seats on the rostrum with the pastor and other ministering brethren, and in addition to their usual office of passing the bread and wine, led in prayer. At the close a hymn was sung, the entire Church joining hands. Last of all came the kissing—a custom quite prevalent in our German Churches. As a general thing it is not promiscuous; each sex is confined to itself.—But I understand that in some places there are some radical ones, who insist that no distinction should be made, appealing with considerable earnestness to the Scriptures in support of their position. However, the number of such is very limited.

Agriculture, &c.

HENS' NESTS.

Fowls of all kinds, when laying, like a secret place where their fellows cannot see them.—They do not like to squat down in the henery, surrounded by a greedy flock, that are ready to pounce into the nest as soon as the egg is laid, and devour it. Therefore, to gratify the hen's secretiveness, and at the same time save the eggs from being devoured by one of the flocks, my practice has been, for a number of years, to make their nests in nail kegs, not those that are very small, nor the largest ones, but of the size that will hold about one hundred pounds of nails. In years past, I have been accustomed to fill a keg about half full of straw for a nest; but the past winter I have sawed all the kegs in two equal parts, knocking out the heads, and then nail a piece of cloth over the large end of each half keg, for a bottom. Any kind of old, or new cloth may be tacked on with small trimming tacks. During the winter, these half kegs are nailed up against the side of the henery, about four feet from the floor. Hens that lay, will soon learn that when they get into these nests, their fellows cannot see them, as they are completely secluded in their cosy little nests; and if they themselves are disposed to eat eggs, they find that, if they attempt it while standing on the edge of the keg, they cannot reach them conveniently; and if they hop down into the nest, and attempt to pick the eggs, they will roll down against their feet, and they soon learn that they are not able to pick hard enough in such a position to break the shell. I find that a cloth bottom is superior to a wooden bottom, covered with a nest of straw. As the weather becomes warmer, so that the hens seek nests in the yard, we make nests in secluded nooks, or the kegs might be removed from the henery, and nailed against the side of the fence, and a little roof made over them.

FRESH MAPLE MOLASSES.

A correspondent of Field Notes gives the following:—"Maple molasses well made and put up in cans right from the kettle, and hermetically sealed as you would can and seal fruits, will keep as fresh as when first boiled from the sap, and this is decidedly the best plan for keeping, as when made into cakes, if exposed to the air, it will lose somewhat of the peculiarly delightful flavor for which it is so prized, and is often injured by insects. All this is obviated by canning while hot. To many families who do not make on a large scale, this need be but little expense, as the cans that have been emptied through the winter can be used until autumn fruits demand them again. Put up your best in this way. Wee large quantities are made for market, the buyers must select and can for themselves."

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

A correspondent of the Detroit Tribune, who is indorsed by that paper as an experienced cuisinier, gives a recipe for a partial substitute for coffee, which has proved to be good. It is to cut raw carrots in thin slices, and brown slowly in the oven; then grind or pound them, and mix with coffee in equal portions; or the slices may be put to boil with the coffee without being broken. He says that the carrots cannot be detected by the taste of the beverage, and that several gentlemen, at a dinner party where he was, drank each two or three cups of this coffee, who seldom indulged in but one, ignorant of the ingredients, attributing the superior flavor to the excellent quality of the cream.

A VARNISH FOR IRON WORK.

To make a good black varnish for iron-work, take 8lbs. of asphaltum and fuse it in an iron kettle, then add 2 gallons of boiled linseed oil, 1 lb. of litharge, 1/2 lb. of sulphate of zinc (add these slowly or it will fume over), and boil them for about three hours. Now, add 1 1/2 lbs of dark gum amber and boil for two hours longer, or until the mass will become quite thick when cool. After which it should be thinned with turpentine to the proper consistency.—Scientific American.

TO CLEAN KID GLOVES OF ANY COLOUR.

Take white soap and make a very thick "lather" with a soft brush, such as gentlemen use in shaving, and put the glove upon the hand cover it with the "lather" and rub it off quickly with a clean flannel till it is dry. Repeat the process till the glove is clean, being careful that it is done so quickly as not to saturate the kid, and "it will look as nice as new."

PRESERVED FISH.

When the Russians desire to keep fish perfectly fresh, to be carried a long journey, in a hot climate, they dip them into hot beeswax, which acts like an air-tight covering.—In this way they are taken to Malta, perfectly sweet even in summer.

HOLES IN PIES.

Persons who are in the habit of making pies during fruit season, should not make a hole in the top of their pies. By leaving the crust whole the juice is made to boil quicker, and thus the fruit is well done without the crust being burnt. The same result applies to meat pies.

Dallas, in his Animal Kingdom, tells us that he was informed by a Scottish minister that on his first going to his parish in Morayshire, he had seen a cow, a sow, and two young horses yoked together, and drawing a plough in a light sandy soil, and that the sow was the best drawer of the four.