

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 24TH, 1862.

Read—JOHN ix. 18-41: The miraculous cure of the blind man. DEUT. xiv. What might and might not be eaten.

Recite—JOHN ix. 1-5.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 31ST, 1862.

Read—JOHN x. 1-21: Christ the good Shepherd. DEUT. 14: The Year of Release.

Recite—JOHN ix. 39-41.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

171. How many Herods do we find mentioned in the New Testament?

173. What was the great difference between the Apostles preaching before and after Christ's death?

Answers to questions given last week:—

169. For anointing the tabernacle and its contents, for the altar and its vessels, and at the consecration of the priests, prophets and Kings. Exodus. v. 30 and xxx. 26-29.

170. He smote Job with sore boils, ii. 7. He bound a woman with a spirit of infirmity 18 years, Luke xiii. 11, 16. He caused Paul's thorn in the flesh, 2 Cor. xii. 7.

Conscience-smitten; or, The little girl's confession.

Anne Freeman was a quiet child, of about seven years. She belonged to a pious family, and was carefully trained—so she had no bad habits; nevertheless, her little heart could not have been pure, or what we are about to tell would not have happened.

She had no little sister to play with, and her only brother was grown, almost a man. Her father was in easy circumstances, so she was well supplied with toys and books; but these were not sufficient to prevent her feeling lonely. Her chief pleasure she found in visiting her brother's room, and feasting her eyes on the pretty pictures there, for William Freeman drew admirably, and painted with much taste. He also wrote poetry; and Anne thought her brother a great genius, and loved to inspect his productions.

One day, when she had finished reading a little book, and had played with her dolls till she was tired, she went, as usual, to William's room. He was out, but the table stood, just as he had left it, with drawings and writings scattered over it. She had always been forbidden to touch anything in her brother's absence; but she had neat fingers—naturally neat, and careful—and she thought it great nonsense to prohibit her from touching. So she climbed up on a chair and lifted a picture, to look at it. It was a drawing in mezzotint, which was not finished; but the little girl, with a natural appreciation of art, imagined what it would be when finished, and feasted her eyes on its beauty. At length, satisfied with the inspection, she laid it down as she found it. Then, seeing a piece of poetry at a little distance, she thought she would read it, but, in reaching her hand for it, her sleeve caught in the pen, which had been left in the ink-bottle and the latter was overturned. Quickly she lifted the bottle, but it was too late; it had fallen on the unfinished drawing, and the beautiful picture was ruined.

Agony seized the child, and she burst into tears. Sliding from the chair, she threw herself on the floor, and cried loud and bitterly. The destruction of the picture would have been grief enough, fond and proud as she was of her brother's work; but the thought of that brother's anger, and the punishment he might inflict—perhaps forbid her entering his room again—oh! this last was dreadful!

No, she could not bear to be banished from this room! She realized more than she had ever done before, how greatly it contributed to her happiness; and, at any risk, such a mischance must be avoided. Then she sat up and studied: "Maybe William would think that Kitty did it when she came in to make up the room; but Kitty would stoutly deny it, and her word would be believed, for she was truthful; so that would not do." Several other suggestions came to her mind, but were each rejected.

At length, a bright thought struck her. Her brother was fond of dogs, and always kept a couple; now, if either of these dogs was in the room, he would certainly be charged with the mischief. Immediately rising, she left the room and ran to the yard. Only one of the dogs was there, however; the other was off with his master. The absent one, too, would have been the most likely to be guilty of the naughty act, for he was lively and active; whereas, the other was a little fat, lazy animal, who had never got himself into trouble in his life.

There was no choice, however; so Anna led the dog up-stairs, put him into the room, and went her way.

When William came home, Anne's heart beat; and it beat quicker when, in a few minutes, she heard her name called sharply on the staircase. Trying to put on an innocent look, she ran to her brother's room.

"Do you know anything about this?"

"Oh! what a pity!" exclaimed Anne. "It must have been Buffalo."

"Buffalo was not here when I went out," said William.

"Then he must have got in."

"I wonder who let him in?" and the young man looked straight at his sister.

The little girl hung her head as she answered: "I don't know."

William said no more.

When papa came home in the evening, his son showed him the spoiled picture, and he was very sorry.

"Anne says Buffalo did it," said William.

Papa turned a troubled look upon his little daughter, as he remarked:

"Then Buffalo must have done it, if Anne says so! Surely my little daughter wouldn't bear false witness against even a dog."

The child cast down her eyes, and the hot blood rushed up into her face and neck. Her father's words had shown her her real guilt, and a sensation of misery crept over her.

The picture was put away, and no more said about it; but a cloud was over the little party, which made the supper-table very dull. Anne tried to chat as usual, but her tongue felt stiff; besides, she could think of nothing to say.

Papa was as kind as ever, and William as attentive; but both were grave, and papa seemed even sad. The evening was not spent with the ordinary cheerfulness; there was no lively conversation, no game of play; William occupied himself with a book, and papa sat back in his chair, with his eyes fixed on the fire; he was evidently thinking.

Anne tried to amuse herself, but she could not; a pain was in her heart, and a weight on her spirits, which nothing could ease; and she wished—oh! how she wished—that she had not been so smart when she planned that piece of deception. She felt if what she had done could only be undone, nothing could tempt her to do it again. And how easy it now seemed to have confessed the accident, and borne the consequences; and as to punishment—why, no punishment could be compared with what she was now suffering.

If she could only think of something else, or if papa was pleasant as usual; but there must be something very serious on papa's mind, he was so silent, and several times she heard him sigh deeply. At family worship, too, he was particularly solemn; and she noticed that his voice shook, when, in prayer, he offered this petition:—

"Wherein we have sinned this day, grant that thy Holy Spirit may operate upon our hearts, so as to lead us to repentance and confession."

Anne was glad when her bedtime came. The good-night kiss was as affectionate as ever; but when her father said, "God bless my daughter!" his voice broke, and tears started to his eyes. With a heavy weight upon her little heart, the child retired. She loved her father passionately, and could not bear to see him in trouble. At another time she would have wound her arms around his neck, and kissed away his tears; but now conscience made her shy, and, with a feeling of unworthiness, which made her wretched, she turned away.

When she was in bed, and the light out, and the maid gone, she felt worse; fear took possession of her then—a horrid fear of death and of judgement. She thought of Ananias and Sapphira, and trembled and covered; and oh! how she wished that the past day could be lived over again!

Her room adjoined her father's; and, as she lay thus in terror and anguish, she heard him come upstairs, and enter his room. It was a relief to have him near, and she raised her head and listened to his movements. He was walking up and down the room—up and down, with slow and measured step; his heart was very sad to-night. And then came the thought that her loving and indulgent father, who knew what trouble was himself, would sympathize with her in her present distress, if she would tell him all.

The thought brought comfort with it—the first comfort she had since her sin was committed—and she resolved to act upon it.

"Papa," said a little voice; and papa, turning quickly round, saw the child, whom he supposed to be asleep in bed, standing, in her little white night-dress, inside the door.

"My love, what's the matter?" he exclaimed; "are you sick?"

"No, pa," she said, coming towards him; "but I couldn't sleep, and I want to tell you something. Pa" and her tones were quick and nervous—"Buffalo didn't spill the ink on William's table; it was I spilt it, and told a lie about it."

"Now thank God! my child has grace to confess;" and papa joyfully caught her up to his heart, and kissed her again and again.

Papa then told Anne that he had known of her sin, and it had made him very, very unhappy. It nearly broke his heart to think of his only daughter growing up a liar, and that most dangerous of all liars, a slanderer. The child was shocked that she had caused the pain which she had witnessed her father suffering; then asked, in surprise, how he knew of it. He told her that William had found the ink-bottle restored to its place in the stand, which could not have been done if Buffalo had upset it. Oh! these mute tell-tales! how many sins they reveal which the perpetrators fondly believe are known only to themselves!

Years have passed away, and Anne Freeman is a woman. Her talented brother has long been sleeping beneath the shadow of an old church wall, and her loving father, too, has gone to rest; but that lesson learned in childhood is still remembered, and never since has she been tempted into the mean vices of falsehood and slander.—N. Y. Methodist.

Mr. Asa Richmond and wife, of Shutesbury, Franklin Co., Mass., respectively ninety-seven and ninety-six years of age, who had been man and wife for the long period of seventy-five years, held the "Diamond Wedding" Festival recently. A large number of their descendants and relatives were present on the extraordinary occasion.

Deferred U. States Items.

British sovereigns are current in some parts of the Northern States at \$6, and are much sought after.

Among the last acts of the American Congress just closed was one making an appropriation of \$15,000 for the purchase of wooden legs for their Army.

DEAD BODY FOUND.—The body of Laughlan McLean, master of the schooner Alexandria, from Nova Scotia, who has been missing since last Saturday night, was found in the dock at Battery Wharf, yesterday morning, by John Shaughnessy, who was grappling for old junk.—Boston Courier, 1st.

GEROLAMO GARIBALDI, a nephew of the liberator of Italy, arrived in this country a few days since, whither he has come to offer his services to the government. His sword was given him by his uncle, with the remark that if the cause of liberty requires it he will come himself.—Boston W. & K.

FATHER TAYLOR, the noted seaman's preacher, recently prayed for the President in this way: "O Lord, guide our dear President, our Abraham, the friend of God, like old Abraham. Save him from those wriggling, intriguing, politic, piercing, slimy, boring keel-worms; don't let them go through the sheathing of his integrity."

REV. ISRAEL WASHBURN, a Methodist clergyman, formerly a resident of Fairhaven. Is among the volunteers from Lakeville. He is sixty-five years of age; but is ready to strike a blow in defense of the right.—Era.

CHICAGO lies on both sides of a narrow river. It is proposed to run a tunnel beneath it to accommodate the travel, which now has hardly room enough on the bridges.

The FEDERALS are evacuating Corinth and all points South of the Tennessee River, but will be able to hold the North side until arrival of new levies!

William H. Webb, the well-known New York shipbuilder, has contracted with the Government to build an iron steam ram, to be covered with six-inch iron, to have two turrets, like the Monitor, bow to be covered with twelve-inch iron, and to have a solid iron ram half the length of the vessel. Price, \$1,250,000.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—A terrific tornado visited Marengo, in this State, last night, killing 4 and injuring several other persons. Several buildings were shattered and the crops in the fields destroyed. The loss in Marengo is estimated at \$10,000.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—The World says yesterday afternoon a serious disturbance occurred at the tobacco factory of Watson & Lorillard, Sedgewick street, Brooklyn, caused by the efforts of some of the Irishmen to drive out the colored employees of the factory, of whom there are a large number.

The Herald gives the following version of the origin of the riot: For several days past the negro population in the vicinity are charged with having used insulting language to the white females on several occasions. This conduct had the effect of exciting the indignation of Irish labourers in the neighborhood some of whose wives and daughters had, it is said, been thus insulted, and vengeance was accordingly vowed against the colored people. Some minor encounters had taken place previous to yesterday.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 2.—The Northern coast steamer has arrived with \$80,000, from Oregon, and \$72,000 from British Columbia. New discoveries were reported in the Cariboo region, also further North. The Russian Possessions mining news was favorable.

DISLOYALTY IN THE FEDERAL CAPITAL.—The New York World is our authority for saying that evidences of disloyalty continue to show themselves in Washington. Not many days ago a young lady appeared in Pennsylvania avenue with the rebel emblems on her person, while small rebel flags have been secretly seen on persons about the hotels.

It is reported that General McClellan telegraphed recently to Washington that he could not get milk for sick soldiers—that the Secessionists would not furnish it, and that Union men charge high prices. General Halleck telegraphed back: "If Secessionists, won't furnish milk, seize their cows and milk them yourselves. Have a military board to fix the price at which Unionists shall sell, and if they refuse to take that price, seize from them also."

The leading Boston and New York papers applaud the call of the President for 300,000 additional men by conscription. This draft is for nine months service, that being the longest period the law allows. The drafting for men will be a great improvement on the bounty system. The latter is a most corrupt as well as inefficient method of raising or recruiting an army. But it cannot be expected that the citizen soldiers—the real representatives of the American people, and not mere mercenaries such as are now in the field—will be fit for service under at least six months.

MOVEMENTS OF THE GUERRILLAS.—A raid was made by Col. Faulkner, (Confederate) on Boonville, on Friday the 2nd. Every man that was there buying cotton, was taken prisoner and \$120,000 worth of cotton was burned.—Five hundred Federal cavalry arrived the same evening. The rebels fled, but were pursued and a slight engagement took place on the Hatchee and Forked Deer river. A number of rebels were captured. The ferry and bridge have been destroyed.

The guerilla Jackson was at Remaken on

Saturday with 800 of his cavalry. It is reported the rebels are marching on Bolivar. Jackson used a pontoon bridge to cross the Forked Deer river.

Later advices state that heavy cannonading was heard at Bolivar on Sunday. On Sunday the telegraph line was destroyed and portions of the Mobile and Ohio railroad, at Humboldt were torn up by the rebels.

Porter's band of guerillas crossed the north Missouri railroad Wednesday and on Thursday night crossed the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, on their way to the northern counties. They were pursued by Col. Guitar's forces.—Porter had between 5 and 700 men. Bands numbering 10, 25 and 50 were constantly joining him. Pondexter, another noted Confederate, with about an equal number of men was marching on Glasgow on the 2nd, where there are less than 200 of our troops. The guerillas in north eastern Missouri will probably number 2000. Porter and Pondexter profess to have come from the Confederate government to raise recruits and then join Price, who it is expected will soon be in the State again.

The New York Independent of 24th ult, of which the Rev. H. W. Beecher is editor contained an article that has attracted considerable attention entitled "The duty of to-day." It begins by stating that "In the beginning of this great struggle, the question among loyal men was, How shall we save this nation? One year of fighting, and the question is, WHETHER we can save it? That is the question to-day."

The Editor closes with the following:—"Nothing will unite this people like a bold announcement of a moral Principle. Let the American flag be lifted up by Mr. Lincoln, as was the brazen serpent, that every man, who looking upon it on this continent should be free, and a tide of joy and irresistible enthusiasm would sweep away every obstacle. Let Mr. Lincoln decree it. The nation will do it!"

Agriculture, &c.

AUGUST.

Twice August noon. I sat me down upon A fallen tree, beside a little rill That ran along the bottom of the hill And sang upon its way. The summer sun Beamed hotly down; but 'neath the shadowing trees My bosom felt the coolness of the breeze. A buzz and silence seem'd by turns to reign; The squirrels nimbly pranced along the fence,— I harm'd them not, nor feign'd to scare them thence— (For who could put such merry things to pain?) Upon the ground came lightly down a bird— A frog was grave y sitting by the rill— But far from me was thought or wish to kill: And quietly I sat and saw, and quietly I heard.

MANURES—PROFITS OF FARMING.

At the late Fair of the New York State Agricultural Society, meetings for discussion were held each evening, Hon. A. B. Conger president. On Tuesday evening, the subject chosen for discussion was—

MANURE—"How shall barn-yard manure be saved, and how applied? Shall it be kept under sheds? Shall it be piled? Shall it be applied raw or rotten? Shall it be put on the surface or plowed in? And is a different method of application required for different crops, and for pasture and meadow lands?"

One speaker said he occupied a farm where grain is principally grown, and where straw is very abundant, he gave the following directions as the result of his observations on the subject:

1. The barn-yard should be made so that the manure would not run out of it. 2. Straw enough to absorb all the liquid. Then in spring pile up the manure in heaps, with square sides and flat tops. If very strawy, the heaps should be high, and the tops somewhat hollow to hold the water, or they will rot. If this is done in the spring, by July the piles will be in a condition to cut with a spade. The outside will not decay, and they should be pared off and thrown on top. It is folly to put straw manure under a shed. If it is three-fourths cow-dung, it might be advisable to put it under sheds. Sheep-manure under sheds will fire-jang. Pile it up early, and it will not fire-jang. The dairy-men want it under sheds, but grain-growers do not. In regard to its application: Put it on either grass or wheat. Do not put it on corn directly; it produces weeds. Rot it thoroughly draw it out on the wheat-fallows and drag it in. Do not plow it in. Better on top than plowed in. Believes in top-dressing clover or grass. Get a good crop of clover, and you have laid the foundation for subsequent crops.

Another, an extensive dairyman, spoke of the benefit he had derived from the use of earth in his barn-yard, as an absorbent of liquid manure. A top-dressing of five loads per acre, of this saturated earth, applied in the fall, produced three tons of hay per acre.

Another wheels the manure into covered and in the spring sheds, applies it to corn. Has a drain from his yard, and irrigates an excellent crop of grass.

One speaker alluded to the time when the farmers on the Mohawk used to make "bees" to clean out their premises, drawing their manure out on to the ice, so that when the river broke up it might be washed away, and thus save them any further trouble! Another said his biggest crop was manure. Does not believe in having foul seeds in manure. Cuts the hay and weeds go to seed. Saves everything; draws muck, grass, weeds and refuse of all kinds into the barn-yard to rot.

On Wednesday evening, the subject for discussion was:

DAIRY FARMS.—Is it advisable to cultivate dairy farms, so as to secure fresh pastures, or are permanent pastures most profitable; and how can noxious weeds be excluded from pasture lands the most advantageously?"