

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11TH, 1863.

Read—JOHN XIX. 1-18: Jesus scourged and crucified. JOSHUA III. : The Israelites passage over Jordan. Recite—JOHN XVIII. 36, 37.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 18TH, 1863.

Read—JOHN XIX. 19-37 : The crucifixion of Christ. JOSHUA IV. 1-18 : The passage of the Jordan. Recite—JOHN XIX. 11, 12.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

Write down what you suppose to be the answer to the following question.

1. Name some of the sacrifices for Atonement recorded in the Scriptures.

Answer to question given last week:—

- 29. 1—Noah removed the covering from the ark on the first day of the first month, Genesis-viii. 13. 2—Moses reared the tabernacle in the wilderness on the first day of the first month, Exodus xl. 17-33. 3—Hezekiah opened the house of the Lord, after it had been repaired, on the first day of the first month, 2 Chronicles xxix. 3, 17. 4—Ezra the scribe, also, started from Babylon on his return to Jerusalem on the first day of the first month, Ezra vii. 9.

Bright, Happy New Year.

Tune, "PRAIRIE FLOWER."

On this New Year evening, when our hearts are light, All around us cheerful, gay and bright, With our happy voices let us fill the air, And a Father's love declare. Merrily we sing, then, children, one and all. Praise your bounteous Giver, great and small, For the many mercies daily he bestows, From the dawn till evening's close.

CHORUS

Bright, happy New Year! joyful we sing, Heart full of gladness now we bring; Take the offerings, Jesus, full of love and cheer, Smile upon the glad New Year.

Come, dear children, join our happy little band, Pressing onward to the "better land," Where the angels welcome, with their harps of gold, All the lambs of Jesus' fold. In the land of sunshine sorrow is unknown, All is calm and peaceful round the throne; Come ye sad and weary to this place of rest, Come and be forever blest.

CHORUS

Bright, happy New Year! joyful we sing, &c. —From The Sabbath School Bell, No. 2.

The Exaggeration Department.

Some time ago, one of the editors of a daily newspaper asked another the secret of his success. "Well," said he, "first get the news, and then make a grand fuss about it." A fuss, a sensation, a stir, about it, is the one thing needful to make the most of newspapers "go."

The other day I was riding up-down in a fourth-avenue car. By the side of me sat a young man with two or three copies of the same paper in his hand. It was a popular weekly journal, the character of which was well known to me, and I also knew something of its "ways and means." As we rode on we fell into conversation and a remark of his led me to perceive that he had some relation to the papers he had with him.—At length I asked him if he was one of the editors. He said, "not an editor, but a regular contributor"—he furnished an article every week for which he was paid by the week a salary, and each communication was expected to be about a certain length. I then inquired what department he filed, and he opened the paper and showed me his production. It was entitled "The Rats of Brazil."

I read part of it, and being filled with wonder at the marvellous rat-stories, their numbers, size, ferocity, and power far exceeding anything that I had heard of before from Brazil or any other quarter of the world, I finally ventured, in a very confidential and yet knowing manner, to insinuate the faintest shadow of a doubt as to the strictly accurate character of the exceedingly interesting, graphic, and startling account he had permitted me to read. Pleased he evidently was with my simplicity; "verdancy" he may call it, when he serves me up as I am now serving him; and turning upon me with a familiar smile, he said:—

"True—well, that is a joke to be sure; true!—what has that to do with it? My business is to write an article that will sell the paper. I suppose my department might be called 'The Exaggeration Department.' I take a subject and work it up into a readable, entertaining, exciting paper. Who cares whether the rats of Brazil are a foot longer or shorter, or more or less in numbers? There are plenty of rats everywhere, and when people read about them they want to read something they never heard before. Everybody loves a 'big story,' and I love to tell it."

Here I interposed a question as to the line of his studies: "Do you confine yourself to Natural History?"

"Not always, but just now I am mostly in that way. I am getting up a splendid article on the 'Cockroaches in Japan.'"

"Are there any there?" I asked hastily.

"What has that to do with it?" he answered. "I take it for granted there may be, and nobody who reads will care enough about the matter to make any inquiries—so the thing will be read, wondered at, and forgotten; it is copied into other papers, goes the rounds, dies out, and by

and by comes up again. Then some traveller, merchant, missionary, or what not, pitches into it, and sends to the religious papers [here I winced a little] a communication denying the truthfulness of a statement he has seen going the rounds of the papers about the cockroaches of Japan; he knows from personal observation, having resided there seventeen years last July, and having just returned, that the statements are altogether unworthy of credit, and must have been made by some person not himself familiar with the natural history of that mysterious and hitherto secluded empire."

Here my neighbor paused to take breath, and I rewarded his eloquence by telling him that truth is the basis of all excellence in a newspaper as well as a man, and I thought it a great pity that a youth with so much imagination as he evidently possessed would not employ it in illustrating and adorning the true, rather than inventing the false. The word struck him harshly; the blow was not expected, and he went upon another tack immediately.

"It is bread, sir; it's a question of meat and potatoes, sir. I must live, you know, sir."

"No," said I. "I do not see any necessity of your living at all. What good do you do? What is your life worth to the community? What loss would it be to this city or the world if a man should die who earns his bread by exaggeration; by telling the public what he knows to be without foundation in fact, and which misleads and misinforms everybody who reads?"

We had just reached this point in our conversation and Fourth street at the same time, where he said he must get out. He looked a little hurt by the bluntness of my remarks. He was of the same class with the "Dreadful-Accident Makers," who startle the public with their ingenious fabrications. Just now that set are writing letters from the seat of war, and they lies they tell are so many that the regular correspondent who values his reputation hardly stands a chance. It is a fact that many people love a terrible story, an incredible story, and its truth is the last and the least element in it they care to question.—N. Y. Observer.

A Visit to the Great Pyramids of Egypt.

BY REV. D. A. RANDALL.

We have spoken of our approach to the Pyramids, and have contemplated their immense size. We are now to ascend the gigantic structure before us. A number of Arabs live about the base, who claim to hold their appointment from the Viceroy, as guardians of the place, and who procure their living by acting as guides, and assisting travellers in the ascent. I bargained with the Saiek for two of his men to accompany me, with the express stipulation that he, as receiver, should have a dollar and a quarter for their services, and no backsheesh.

The removal of layer after layer of stones from the structure has reduced it to the condition of an immense stairway. The steps are from two to three feet high corresponding in thickness to the original layers of stone; of these there are two hundred and six. I refused the assistance of my guides, and climbed along from stone to stone. Having reached an ascent of fifty to sixty feet, and gained a broad platform in one corner of the structure, I stopped to rest. My guides were very communicative; one of them I found could talk some in English, and we soon grew familiar with each other. Another ascent of about the same distance, and another rest. I looked out from this height upon the broad plain that lay before me. There were something strangely exhilarating in the air and scenery, and I shouted with my Arab companions in boyish glee.

By this time I was quite weary, and was glad to avail myself of the assistance of my swarthy companions. One took my right hand, the other my left, and stepping before me up the rocks, pulled me after them. Though I had stipulated for a fixed compensation, and no backsheesh, I soon found my companions adroitly preparing the way for an attack upon my liberality. As we got well under way, they broke out into a kind of wild extemporaneous song, a strange mixture of Arabic and English, the closing stanza winding up as follows:

Ya ah, ya ah, ya ah ha! Away, away, and up we go, American gentleman berry good man, Give us backsheesh, ya ah ha! Yankee doodle dandy.

Thus up, and up, and up we went occasionally stopping to rest, questioning, and being questioned. As we continued our ascent, they went on with their song, occasionally breaking out in wild animation, sometimes with the variation,

"Jack and Jill went up the hill."

I found they were quite well posted in American literature, and had I been an Englishman, I have no doubt they would have sung with equal readiness, "God save the Queen." At last we were

ON THE SUMMIT.—The barbarian Califfs that laid their ruinous hands on this noble structure, and quarried from its capacious sides, did not spare even the pinnacle of the enormous edifice. From thirty to fifty feet of its top had been torn away, and you are surprised to find that what from the ground looked like a point high in the air, too small for a man to stand upon, is really a broad base or platform, thirty-two feet across. I was surprised at the magnitude of the stones, even at this immense height—two or three feet thick, and several feet long!

A few moments' rest, and I gave my self up to the emotions and reflections the place was calculated to awaken and inspire. First, like

Moses from the top of Pisgah, I took a survey of the land; that like a great panorama, lay in its variety and beauty at my feet. There was the green valley of the Nile, stretching away up and down, as far as the eye could reach, opening its fertile bosom to the beautiful heavens, welcoming the floods of golden sunlight that came streaming down from a cloudless sky. Along the line of the valley could be traced for many miles the majestic and wonderful river, winding, like a great serpent, its voluminous folds in strength and dignity, as it rolled onward to its ocean home. Far away in the distance were the Arabian hills, skirting the barren desert that lay in black sterility beyond. Nearer by were the Mokuttam hills, and the quarries of Masarah, from whence the mountain of stone upon which I was standing had been chiselled; and the eye could trace the long, laborious distance over which the great causeway was built upon which these stones were transported. Nearer by, an attractive spot upon the landscape, was the great city, Grand Cairo, its walls, its great, gray, towering, citadel, its mosques and multitudes of minarets. Around my feet, and away to the south and west, was the vast expanse of the Libyan desert, presenting, in its sullen and gloomy sterility, a striking contrast to the fertile valley that bloomed by its side. Then I turned, and looked down upon the battle field, just beneath me, where Bonaparte, with thirty thousand men, met Murad Bey, when the memorable "Battle of the Pyramids" was fought, where Bonaparte inspired his men with valor, by pointing to these hoary monuments, exclaiming "Forty centuries are looking down upon you from these mighty structures!" I could scarce persuade myself that those green fields, now so smiling and beautiful, had been the theatre of such scenes of carnage.

Then History came, and lifted the gates of memory, and opened long vistas through the winding and intricate mazes of the past. I saw the wandering children of Ham emigrating from Shinar, and settling in these fertile vales.—Here, shut in by sea and desert, in their settled homes, they could pursue their peaceful avocations. Industry became a necessity, and of industry, art and science were born. My imagination replaced their cities, rebuilt their ruined temples and altars, and I saw Egypt in her pomp and pride, splendor and glory. But as I gazed, a change came over the vision of the valley; clouds gathered upon her glory, and beneath the devastating hand of ruin her magnificence and splendor faded away. Alas, how changed, how fallen! Who cannot read upon her ruined cities, crumbling temples, and plundered tombs, the handwriting of God? Who cannot see deeply traced in unmistakable lines, upon all about him, the fulfillment of the ancient prophetic declaration: "The sword shall come upon Egypt, and they shall take away her multitude, and her foundations shall be broken down." They also that uphold Egypt shall fall; and the pride of her power shall come down, * * * * and they shall be desolate, in the midst of the countries that are desolate, and her cities shall be in the midst of the cities that are wasted."

A BOTTLE-BOY.—My reflections were suddenly broken by a little ragged urchin, a genuine sapling of Arab stock, who thrust an Egyptian pottery bottle into my face. "Water, sah? water? Nile water, sweet water, got him right out de Nile." It was not the first time I had seen the little scamp. He started with us upon our ascent, bottle in hand, and most persistently persevered in offering me water every time I stopped to take breath, though I repelled him several times with absolute rudeness. It was certainly kind of the little fellow thus to remember me, but I could not resist the impression that he was thinking, not so much of my comfort as of a backsheesh. I was no thirsty, but the interruption served to recall my wandering thoughts, and arouse me to the necessity of finishing my errand.

Cheops is a great traveller's register, and many a visitor has inscribed his name upon the summit. It is related of Chateaubriand, that when in Egypt, in 1806, not being able to visit the Pyramids, "I requested," he says, "M. C.ffe, on the first opportunity, to inscribe my name, according to custom, on these prodigious tombs; for I like to fu fill all the little duties of a pious traveler." One of my attendants, anxious to make himself useful, smoothed with his rude knife a place upon one of the rocks, and I added my name to the many who have here "fulfilled the pious duty."

How I staid and had a dinner with the Arabs upon the top; how the bottle-boy induced me to drink his "sweet Nile water," and how his countenance brightened at the prospect of a backsheesh; how my two attendants, notwithstanding my express stipulation with the Saiek, put in an importunate plea for extra compensation, and how I promised them a backsheesh of twenty-five cents each, with a pledge I would not tell the Saiek, because they said he would take it all away if he knew it, would make too long a story to be narrated here. The descent and visit to the interior of this wonderful structure, will be given.

As the flowers never put on their best clothes for Sunday, but wear their spotless raiment and exhale their odor every day, so let your life free from stain, ever give forth the fragrance of the love of God.

Don't feel elated when you are praised, God only knows the heart. Having consecrated yourself, believe that you are accepted. If the burden of sin or imperfection depresses your spirit go right to the fountain of holiness and "wash and be clean."

Agriculture, &c.

FAREWELL TO THE MILKMAID.

Every one knows the charming part the milkmaid has borne in all English pastoral writings. Poet and novelist alike have written of her simple charms; but it all accounts are true, a recent Yankee invention will banish the milkmaid into the libo of wooden ships and other obsolete matters. It appears that a milking machine, which had not previously excited any great attention in our own country, was on exhibition at the great London Fair. Every day at eleven o'clock, the inventor milked a cow, to the admiration of a multitude of spectators. It is done by the application of a sort of pump by which the four teats are all milked at once. Orders began to come in for it, and the inventor sold his right for £5000, with a per centage on each sale. It is said that enough have already been sold to cover the first cost.—Journal of Agriculture.

KILLING RATS—A NOVEL TRAP.

The premises of a good many farmers are infested with rats, and we are often asked for modes of destruction. A resident of Brooklyn is vexed with an increasing family of rats that seem to grow fat on arsenic and rat exterminators. He doesn't like rats, and refers his case to the Sunday Times. That journal recommends a trap made as follows:

"Take a mackerel barrel, for instance, and fill it to about one-third its height with water. Then place a log endwise in the water, so that one end of it will just remain above the surface. Make the head of the barrel a little too small to fit, and suspend it by two pins to the inside of the top of the barrel, so that it will hang as if on a pivot and easily tip by touching either side. On this head, thus suspended, secure a piece of savory meat. The first rat that scents it, will, to get the meat, leap on the barrel head. The head will tip, or tilt, precipitate him into the water, and resume its position. The rat in the water will swim to the log, get on the end of it, and squeal vociferously. His cries will bring other rats, all of whom will be tilted into the water, all of whom will fight for the only dry spot in it—viz., the end of the log. As only one rat can hold it, the victor will drown all the rest, and can, in the morning, be drowned himself. We have seen twenty rats caught in one night by such a trick."

RELIEF OF NEURALGIA.

As this dreadful disease is becoming more prevalent than formerly, and as the doctors have not discovered any method or medicine that will permanently cure it, we simply state that for some time past a member of our family has suffered most intensely from it, and could find no relief from any remedy applied, until we saw an article, which recommended the application of bruised horseradish to the face, for toothache. As neuralgia and toothache are both nervous diseases, we thought the remedy for the one would be likely to cure the other, so we made the application of horseradish, bruised, and applied to the side of the body where the disease was seated; it gave almost instant relief to the severe attack of neuralgia. Since then we have applied it several times, and with the same gratifying results. The remedy is simple, cheap, and may be within the reach of everyone.—Lawrenceville Herald.

NEW WHITEWASH.—A thick wash composed of lime, some salt, a little molasses and some fine sand, applied to shingle roofs render them nearly fire-proof and far more durable.

A SWISS SOUP.—Boil three pounds of potatoes mash them well, and add slowly some good broth sufficient for the soup. Let these boil together then add some spinach, a little parsley, lemon thyme and sage, all chopped very fine. Boil together five minutes; pepper and salt to taste. Just before taking it off the fire to serve add two well-beaten eggs.

ANTS are frequently troublesome pests in an apiary. To get rid of them, mix equal parts of potash and sugar, pulverizing the whole in a mortar. Set the mixture, in shallow plates, in places which the ants frequent.—Bee Journal.

PARSNIP OYSTERS.—To one pint of mashed parsnips add three well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to suit the taste, and sufficient flour to hold the mixture together. Make into little flat balls and fry brown in butter.—Genesee Farmer.

GRUB IN THE HEAD OF SHEEP.—Dr Dadd, in a communication to the Prairie Farmer, says the only way to prevent grub in the head of sheep is to put plenty of wholesome "grub" into the stomach of the animal—and that it is a well-known fact, that sheep properly attended to, well fed and housed, are never troubled with the parasite know as the grub.

TO COPY FERNS.—The most perfect and beautiful copies imaginable of ferns may be made, by thoroughly saturating them in common porter, and then laying them flat between white sheets of paper, (without more pressure than the leaves of an ordinary book bear to each other,) and let them dry out.

LAMPAS IN HORSES.—When lampas appear, sponge the horse's mouth a few times with a solution of alum water. We have practiced this simple remedy, in many cases, and always with satisfactory results.—Working Farmer.