

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 12TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS iv. 23-27: The prayer of the Apostles and its answer. JOSHUA x. 23-43: Victories obtained by Israel.

Recite—ACTS iv. 10-12.

SUNDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1863.

Read—ACTS v. 1-20: The sin of Ananias and Sapphira. JOSHUA xi. Further victories obtained by Israel.

Recite—ACTS iv. 31, 32.

"SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES."

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

14. The dog is used in scripture as illustrative of various persons and characters: name them.

Answer to question given last week:—

13. Camel: Gen. xxiv. 64. Dromedary: 1 Kings iv. 28. Horse: Job xxxix. 19-25. Ass: Genesis xxii. 3. Wild Ass: Job vi. 5. Mule: 2 Sam. xiii. 29. Lion: Judges xiv. 5, 6. Leopard: Solomon's Song iv. 8. Bear: 2 Samuel xvii. 8. Wolf: Genesis xlix. 27. Unicorn: Numbers xxiii. 22. Behemoth: Job xl. 15. Ape: 1 Kings x. 22. Fox: Psalm lxxii. 10. Dog: Exodus xxii. 31. Coney, hare, swine, mouse, mole, weasel, ferret: 1 Leviticus xi. Badger: Exodus xxv. 5.

A Royal compliment.

When the King, William IV., entertained, as he not unfrequently did, officers of both services, he loved to give their united healths as a toast, and sometimes indulged in brief but energetic comments and their organization, and its suitability to the wants and feelings of the country. "The courage and talent of every class," he observed on one occasion, "is enlisted in the national defence. There is a striking proof of the fact at this very table. Here, on my right, is my noble friend Lord—, who traces a proud pedigree back to the Normans; and here, on my left is my gallant friend, Admiral—, sprung from the very dregs of the people."—*Life of Sir James Graham by Torrens.*

A good story.

Dr. Thomas, when Bishop of Salisbury, used to tell the following story:—"While I was chaplain to the British factory at Hamburg, a gentleman belonging to the factory died at a village about ten miles distant. Application was made to the pastor of the parish for leave to have him buried in his churchyard, but on being told that he was a Calvinist, he refused. 'No,' said he, 'there are none but Lutherans in my churchyard, and there shall be no other.' This being told me, (says Dr. Thomas,) I resolved to go and argue the matter with him, but found him inflexible. At length I told him he made me think of a circumstance which once happened to myself when I was a curate in Thomas street. I was burying a corpse, when a woman came and pulled me by the sleeve in the midst of the service, saying, 'Sir, sir, I want to speak to you.' 'Prythee,' says I, 'woman, wait till I have done.' 'No, sir, I must speak to you immediately.' 'Why, then, what is the matter?' 'Sir,' says she, 'you are burying a man who died of the small-pox next my poor husband, who never had it. The story had the desired effect, and the pastor permitted the bones of the Calvinist to be interred in his churchyard.'

Insinuation.

Mr. Gibson was sitting in the porch of his farm-house, at the close of a summer day. Mr. Harris, a neighbor, was by his side, and his son James a boy about twelve years old, was lying on the grass near at hand. He was, apparently, gazing listlessly at the blue sky, but in reality was listening to the conversation which was going on between his father and Mr. Harris.

"There comes Johnson," said Harris; "he has a subscription paper, I will be bound."

"It may be so, but I rather think he has come to see about some lumber that he wants to buy."

Mr. Johnson made known his errand as soon as he reached the porch. He was not a man to spend time in making observations on the state of the weather, when he had anything to do: "I am raising money to buy books for our soldiers," said he.

"A good object," said Mr. Gibson.

"What is done with the money you get?" said Harris.

"I just stated the object—books for our soldiers."

"How many of the books are torn up or thrown away, and the money all wasted?"

Some of them will no doubt, be abused and destroyed. So it is with many of the Lord's mercies to us; but he don't stop bestowing mercies upon us."

"How much did Jenkins give?"

"Five dollars. I suppose you can double that sum, your farm is worth twice as much as his."

"That may be; but I haven't a son to get a commission for, and so I can't give as much as Jenkins. Let me have your paper?"

Mr. Johnson handed him his subscription list. He looked it over carefully, during which operation Mr. Johnson manifested some slight signs of impatience. The paper was handed back to him with a one dollar bill. On the paper was written "Cash, \$1.00."

"You had better give your name."
"No. I don't want to make a display of my charities. Some men give in order to get their names on a subscription paper. If you hadn't let Jenkins put down his name, you would not have got five dollars out of him."

"I think you are mistaken. When he had put down his name for five, he handed me five extra."

"Because he knew you would tell of it."

Johnson took his departure, after he had received a liberal subscription from Mr. Gibson, and a dollar from his hired man, who had come in from the field in time to hear what Harris had said. Mr. Harris took his leave also.

"Father," said James, "what did Mr. Harris mean, when he said he had no son to get a commission for: what had that to do with getting money to buy books for the soldiers?"

"It had nothing to do with it," said his father.

"What did he mean, then?"

As his father hesitated, the hired man replied, "He meant to insinuate that Mr. Jenkins gave his money, not out of regard to the welfare of the soldiers, but with the hope of getting a commission for his son. Harris is never willing to admit that any one has a good motive for what he does. He can't have many good motives himself."

"Wasn't his motive good for not having his name put down? The Bible says we must not let our left hand know what our right hand doeth."

"The real motive was not a desire to avoid display, but a desire to conceal his meanness. He was ashamed to have it known that he gave only one dollar."

"James, you may go and see if the cows have come," said Mr. Gibson. James did as he was told.

"You think I have spoken too freely before James," said the hired man, who saw Mr. Gibson's object in sending James away.

"Yes, I do."

"Well, I may be wrong, but I think it best to call things by their right names. Charity rejoiceth in the truth. Less harm is done by exposing such men to children, than is done by allowing them to deceive children. They can't deceive any but children."

The Granite Quarries of Cornwall.

The following description of a visit to the great Penryn Granite Quarries has been handed to us by a friend of one of the owners.

It has several points of interest especially that concerning the monument of the "Iron Duke" and the one proposed in memory of Prince Albert.

THE PENRYN GRANITE QUARRIES.—There are not many who know that from this comparatively out of the way place have been shipped granite for the great national dockyards at Devonport, Keyham, Portsmouth, Chatham, and Deptford; the Harbours of Refuge at Dover, Portland, and Alderney; docks at nearly all the great ports; for the London, Westminster, and other bridges; for several of our lighthouses & for private undertakings out of number.—Yet such is the case, and not only so, but the enterprising proprietors were honoured with commands by his Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, at Frogmore. The pedestal for the statue of Lord Clive at Shrewsbury; the large obelisk erected in the Cemetery at Scutari, containing 95 blocks of polished granite; the pedestal for the statue of Richmond Cour de Lion, erected before the palace at Westminster; and the extraordinary pedestal for the statue of Carlo Alberto, erected at Turin by Marchetti, all came from the yard in which we now find ourselves. On all sides are to be seen colossal blocks, varying in size and shape—some as they came from the quarry, others with a beautiful polish, one on your left hand a few inches thick, and another on your right hand weighing forty or fifty tons.

The first work which attracts attention is that connected with a monumental monolith, which the present Duke of Wellington will shortly erect at Strathfieldsaye to the memory of his great father. It is to be formed of a base, with a flight of three steps, covering a space of thirty feet. Upon the highest of these will be a plinth for the monument twelve feet square and six feet high. Above this comes a moulded plinth.—The die is to be no less than nine feet six inches high, and seven feet square, and will weigh upwards of forty-five tons of itself. The trouble involved in quarrying, dressing, polishing, and carriage of such an immense piece of granite cannot be well estimated by those unacquainted with the working—the greatest of all being to preserve it from injury. The cornice moulding will be ten feet eight inches square. On this will be placed the "monolith," respecting which we hear the following interesting particulars. It is a single piece, thirty feet in length, and, like the other parts of the monument, is Penryn granite, which has a fine grain, and is susceptible of a high polish.

Since the lamentable death of that good Prince, for whose loss the nation has so profoundly sorrowed, the newspapers have contained not a few articles respecting monoliths. Day after day, and week after week, we read that diligent search was being made to obtain a block of granite, which in some public place should be a monument to his memory for ages yet to come—not that a monument was wanted for any name that, like his, was graven on every heart, and will through all the future adorn the page of history. After a long time a monolith of the required size and deemed to be impracticable of attainment, and the scheme was, we regret to say, abandoned. In our utilitarian age this class

of monuments are by many thought to be an unprofitable waste of money: but the writer must at least confess that while admiring philanthropy and charity, he does not look upon any beautiful piece of art, or any noble monument—though not in the shape of public schools and alm-houses—as altogether out of place and not required. However, these monoliths are rather difficult to get, particularly in the North of England, where some firms have taken out a patent for joining several large stones together previous to "dressing." The Messrs. Freeman do not experience such a difficulty, as they can quarry monoliths of sufficient length and beauty without. At Rosemanewis last year they could have removed one seventy-six feet in length, nine feet square at one end and seven at the other; the probable weight of which would have been about three hundred tons. While inspecting this fine quarry, the spot from which it was taken was pointed out to us, and it also appeared that an even finer monolith than this could be obtained from the back of it. As the proprietors considered the granite to be a very beautiful specimen, they informed the Commissioners appointed to consider the most advisable form of monument to his Royal Highness, of the circumstance; but as those gentlemen could not be content with a less length than one hundred feet, the offer was not accepted. This magnificent block was subsequently split into suitable sizes for the works at Dover and Portland.

Although the monolith purchased by the Duke of Wellington is only half the length of the other, it is said to be the finest piece of stone ever dressed in the country of Cornwall, and, indeed, in the kingdom. The Wellington monolith will occupy between two & three months in finishing. When erected it will be surmounted by a bronze capital in the Corinthian order, and on this will rest the statue of the Iron Duke, the execution of which is entrusted to Baron Marochetti.—Those persons who are not acquainted with the peculiar formation of granite may justly wonder how it is possible to remove such immense blocks in the desired size and shape—at least, as wanted in the rough outline. This is effected more by the aid of wedges than blasting by gunpowder. The men can judge of the manner in which the rock will split by a nature which is found in all regular formations.

The time for the completion of the monument in memory of him who alone vanquished the Great Napoleon, is in 1864. In the same yard other workmen are engaged about a monument which is to be erected to the memory of another good man—who, although he is not the famed victor of a hundred fights, was well known to this generation as one who served his Queen and country well, whose abilities were recognized in the National Chamber, whose virtues were appreciated by all, and, of whom, when he died, it was said, "He was the soldier's friend." The tomb of the Lord Herbert, of Lea, is sacred to all. The monument is simply designed for a square shaft, on which will be placed a statue by Baron Marochetti. Amongst other articles ready to send away is a most beautiful little column of the choicest specimen, and very highly polished. It is for Lord Claremont, and is designed for a bust. All the designs, &c., are prepared in what is called the "mould loft." At first one would expect to find such conveniences as are seen in an architect's office; but the drawings, though most carefully prepared, are here done on the large floor. So you see before you the exact dimensions of the work, elaborate church windows, tablets and monuments, parts of bridges and lighthouses, the fronts of banks and all kinds of offices. From the drawings here made, models of the different parts are taken in zinc and wood, and given to the workman as his guide.

As the day is unusually fine for this season of the year, our friend asks us to accompany him in his inspection of the quarries themselves. We gladly accept the offer, and are soon driving along the old Helston road. After two or three miles, the country becomes one vast district of moorland.

First we enter Carnsey quarry, which has long been celebrated for its fine grained granite, and as it is of particular quality will fetch a higher price. From this one was sent the large block to the Great Exhibition 1851, and which weighed 35 tons, as well as the stone for the monuments at Scutari and to Carlo Alberto. Here we watch the process of splitting the hard granite, which may be thus briefly described.—When it is a valuable block and is wanted a certain size, a "race" of holes is drilled in line until it can be fairly lifted by leverage—a work of time and difficulty. At other times Davey's blasting powder is used. This powder possesses the peculiarity of a slow explosion; and so instead of a sudden start and shatter, the mass of rock is rather lifted from its bed.

This firm supplies Government with from 20,000 to 30,000 tons a year. We have only space to add that there are upwards of 70 of these quarries, in which about 1,000 men are at work. The majority of those who profess religion belong to the Wesleyan persuasion.

That Church Letter.

What have you done with it?—One thing you have not done with it viz., you have not presented it to the church where you reside. You are not in the communion of saints. You do not go to the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His words, uttered as the shadow of his terrible agony and fearful death was over Him, "Do this in remembrance of me," you disregard.

"The assembling together" has no charm to you. Once it had. Why such a change?

You no longer bear a part in the expenses, the labors, the conflicts of the militant church.

Once you did. Once your sympathy was in them. You often sung in those days—

"I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye
And graven on thy hand."

You more than once felt the exiled Psalmist's emotions: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning." Alas! alas! As that church letter grew old and sore, your love for Zion grew less and less. Now, deny it as you may, you are backslidden, and no longer really love the church "He hath purchased with His own blood."

This loss of love for the church is a sign of soul blight, which should excite the gravest alarm. Why did you not present that letter?

"I found the church cold and lifeless."
So, instead of attempting to arouse it to life, you deserted it. You found it dark, and therefore put your light under a bushel! Can you go to the bar of God with that excuse?

Did you think the world so much better, so much purer, that you chose it with its sins rather than the church with its ordinances.

"I was a stranger, and none noticed me." Possibly there was wrong there, but what claim had you to brotherly recognition, until you presented a brother's credentials, and showed a brotherly sympathy, and brotherly love? Was it manly in you; did it exhibit sturdy piety to stand off, forsaking privileges and abjuring duty, because there seemed a barrier in the way? Have you a piety so spongy and infantile that it cannot overcome difficulties? Why did you not come into the church and set an example of Christian courtesy to strangers? Many have come since you.

N, no, the church may have been neglectful, but for your neglect of positive duty, there was no excuse.

"The church was contentious." Indeed! and you forgetting that the Master had said, "Blessed are the peacemakers," put yourself where it was not possible to breathe a peaceful, loving spirit upon it! By your own showing, you saw the ship in danger, and made no effort to save it!

Brother, sister, hunt up that old church letter. Take it in your hand—look at it—read it slowly. What memories it calls up! How the days of the past come up! Let them come—vows, promises, and all. Remember them—measure your duty, and go at once to the minister of Christ, present it to him—tell him of your error, and start anew. Do this for the sake of your household, for the sake of your imperilled soul.—*N. W. Advocate.*

Temperance, &c.

WHAT HAS DONE IT?

In one of the Atlantic cities in the United States, I knew a Baptist brother, who was once a city missionary, and a leading member in the church to which I belonged. I can well remember his exhortations on week evenings in the lecture room—they were at all times edifying. He had an adaptation of language seldom equalled, and a very melodious voice. When he sang that good old tune, China, it was heavenly; altogether he was a man that was calculated to do much good, and for a time he seemed to be fulfilling the promise he gave of usefulness.

But that insidious destroyer, Intemperance, came creeping in by degrees, and sapped the vitality from every fibre of his mind and body, and left him a total wreck. His wife and children were obliged to leave him and support themselves; and when I last saw him, he was earning a scanty pittance by the most menial services. We talked feelingly and warningly to him of his downward course, but he turned away saying, he knew all we could tell him, and it was no use. In a short time he ended his miserable career in *delirium tremens*.

This is only one case in thousands that are frequently thrust upon our notice, if we will only pause to look at them. Christian reader, consider well whither your example is leading. Let those who are strong not be a stumbling block to the weak, neither let them condemn in others what they allow in themselves, even though they should dignify their indulgence by the name of moderation.—*Canada Baptist.*

PRESERVING WOOD BY SALT.

J. B. Simons, of Brush Valley, Indiana, thus writes to the *Scientific American*:—"I have used common salt for the preservation of mill-shafts or water-wheel shafts, and it has had a good effect in staying the decayed timber. Take a two-inch auger, bore holes into the stick of timber, and fill up with salt, and then plug up the holes tight. In a large stick of timber, like a water-wheel shaft, bore a hole through the centre, like a pump, and fill up with salt and plug up, and there is no telling how long this may last, as it has been tried with us, and has answered very well. No man would believe what effect it will have till he tries it. I have used it in a mill-shaft that was decaying, and it certainly has helped it wonderfully. I have never seen a salt-barrel but that was sound, and it will stand more wet weather than any other barrel or stave of its kind."

CURE FOR CORNS, which is said to be a thorough cure:—"A little white bread soaked in vinegar, applied to the corn night and morning, will remove it in a short time. Let the soaked bread be laid on as a poultice, a piece of oilskin being bound on to keep it moist."

If the very idea of having a hard heart, makes you tremble; it is a certain sign, that your heart is not hard.