

Youth's Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, October 30th, 1864.

Read—LUKE ix. 43-52: Christ rebukes the love of pre-eminence. 1 SAMUEL xxiii. 19-29: Saul continues to pursue David.

Recite—COLOSSIANS iii. 1-3.

Sunday, November 6th, 1864.

Read—LUKE x. 1-24: The sending out of the seventy. 1 SAMUEL xxiv.: Saul is reconciled to David.

Recite—EPHESIANS iv. 29-32.

BUSTER AND BABY JIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE FLAG," ETC.

"With God all things are possible."

CHAPTER III. A RIDE.

We will not follow Buster through the scenes of his trial. He could not be proved guilty of stealing the purse; but he was unable to show that he had any home or lawful way of life, and it was made plain that the men with whom he was known to associate were of the most suspicious kind.

Buster was not to be sent to the gloomy prison whose outer walls he had so often surveyed. The stranger, who had followed him, had gained permission to take charge of the young culprit.

Buster soon found himself in a railroad car. He was a prisoner, that was plain, for the stranger kept a kind but firm hold of his wrist until the train started, and resumed it at every stopping-place.

Along the banks of a wide river the swift cars were rapidly flying. The city with its din and bustle was soon left far behind them, and greenness and beauty took the place of brick walls and paved streets.

In the excitement that had attended Buster's capture and trial, he had thought but little of his brother; but now as a lonely yearning crept over him, his little companion came naturally to his mind.

The boy's face softened as he dwelt on this theme, and when the stranger turned to look at him, he was surprised at the expression that had taken the place of his hitherto prevailing look of sullen determination.

"What are you thinking of, my lad? You said you had no home and did not know who your parents were, or I should fancy you were thinking of your mother."

The gentleman's voice and manner were very kind, and Buster instinctively answered, "I did not say I had not a brother."

"So you have a brother. You need not be afraid to talk to me now. Nothing you say will go against you or him. I think you love your brother, from the way you looked when you were thinking of him just now," said the stranger.

"We've been together always, him and me. He's a little un, but knowin. I'm almost twice as big, but we are near about the same age," said Buster. "It's kind o' queer to me not to have him along. It's a lonely place out here, mister; no houses nor nothin'."

The conversation thus begun was kept up, until Buster grew so much at ease that his companion easily won from him the story of Baby Jim's theft, and Buster's impulsive thrusting himself into danger in his stead.

This confession prompted the stranger to two silent prayers. He knew not whether the young thief had fled, but he could follow him with a petition, and beg the God of love to check him in his career of crime, and call him to the paths of virtue and peace. To Buster his heart warmed, and earnestly he prayed that the kind natural feelings lingering in the boy's rough nature might be cherished, and that, sanctified by the Spirit of God, he might yet reflect the likeness of Him who bore our punishment, and was the sufficient sacrifice and satisfaction for the sin of the world.

A sudden checking of the train announced its approach to another stopping-place.

"We get out here," said Buster's companion; and he led the boy from the car.

A small wagon was in waiting. Apparently they were expected. Side by side they took their places, and then the driver started off the horse at an easy trot.

"Where be you going to take me?" said Buster, his curiosity at length finding vent in words.

"There" said the stranger. "We are going there."

On the top of a high hill stood a large stone building, firm and substantial, rising, story upon story, until the upper windows looked out far, far over the broad landscape on every side.

"This is to be, for a time at least, your home," continued Buster's guide. The boy was silent. These stone walls might hide many a dark cell; perhaps there was one in store for him. Yet the word "home" had a cheerful sound, a home the poor lad never had known; he would not banish the pleasant vision that its bare mention had conjured up; he would patiently wait until his fate should be made known to him.

CHAPTER IV. THE STONE BUILDING.

Buster's heart beat fast as he mounted the stone steps that led to the great building that had been pointed out to him.

The door was unlocked, and he entered with his companion.

Through a wide clean hall he passed into a neat, comfortable parlor, with its rocking chairs, piano, and every mark of comfort.

"You may sit here a few moments," said his companion. "I will return for you shortly."

Buster sat down alone in the large room, then rose, walked round it, astonished to find himself on a carpeted floor and surrounded by so many signs of plenty.

He had hardly completed his survey when his conductor returned. Sitting down by him, the stranger said, "Buster, my boy, you have had enough of a poor, miserable, wicked life. I do not want you to grow up to sin and shame. I have brought you here to be taught to do right, and to learn to lead an honest, useful, Christian life. There are more than three hundred boys in this building. Some of them, like you, have never had any home, and some have been brought up in wicked homes, where they have never learned any thing good. When they come here, we wash them and put on them clean clothes, and tell them we want them to leave all their dirt and wickedness behind them. My boy, you have heard of the great God who made you. He formed your body by his wonderful power, and he can make your bad heart pure. He can help you to leave off swearing, lying, stealing, Sabbath-breaking, anger and every wicked way. I want you to kneel down as I do, and I will ask him to help you and make you better, for the sake of his dear Son."

Buster mechanically knelt down, but kept his eyes open and fixed upon his companion's face.

Very earnest was the short, simple prayer that he heard offered for him, and love and sincerity were marked on the countenance of the speaker. "You ain't a sham, anyhow," said Buster, as the gentleman rose from his knees.

After a moment of silence, he said, "Go now, my boy, with the man you will find standing at the door. He will see that you are properly washed and dressed, and after that I will show you your new home."

"Ain't I going to be shut up? You would not come it over me?" said Buster.

"You will not be shut up here, if you do as you are told, and behave yourself properly. I have not brought you here to punish you, but to try to make you better," was the reply.

"That's a queer dodge," said Buster; "a first-rate one though," and with a cheerful step he left the room.

More than an hour passed before Buster returned, so completely transformed that Baby Jim would hardly have recognized him. His thick hair had been cropped close to his head, and his browned, begrimed face had been washed until it fairly shone in its cleanliness.

Buster moved but awkwardly in his new suit of plain stout clothing, but he looked approvingly at himself as he approached the gentleman whom he now considered quite as an old friend.

"Now a'n't I a beater!" he exclaimed, as he surveyed himself from top to toe.

"You do look greatly improved; I should hardly know you myself. See to it that you leave your badness behind you with those old clothes. Now give me your hand, and I'll show you your way over the building."

"Here is the dining-room," said the gentleman, opening the door to a large hall where several long lines of tables were ranged in regular order. Great slices of bread were piled in pans that were placed along through the centre of the tables, and by each boy's plate stood a bowl of good sweet milk.

"Here is where you will eat your supper presently. Do you think you can relish it, Buster?"

"Now that beats every thing. Do them boys all eat here? My!" exclaimed Buster, lost in astonishment and admiration. "Wont I lay in though, when I get a chance?"

"We will not follow Buster and his guide as they passed through chapel and school-room, bathing-room and work-room, until they reached the large sleeping apartment, when the gentleman again paused to unlock the door. The stranger used his bunch of keys to open every door; this alone gave to Buster the idea of confinement. This was just what was needed to make him feel that though kindly cared for, he was still to be under wise control.

The door of the large dormitory was thrown wide open. Cool breezes came in through the windows, and from white scoured floor to white ceiling the air was pure and sweet as if it was fresh from the mountain-side. Everywhere small white beds were standing in long rows across the room. "These are the beds for the boys. Here is to be your place, number 373. That's to be your number. I shall hope to hear every thing good of 373," said Buster's companion.

Buster looked curiously at the bed, and slowly turned down the spread, examining every article of the covering; then he exclaimed, "You do not mean I am to sleep in there! why, I shan't never want to get up. My! but it's soft." Buster sat down suddenly on the edge of the bed, and looking up into the face of his friend, he said, "What makes you do so?"

What makes you get us boys and serve us so, instead of lickin us all to pieces, or shuttin us up in the jug, or just kickin us and lettin us go?"

"Buster," began the stranger, "listen to me and I will answer your question truly." The boy's attention was caught, and his heart softened. He listened—listened with tears in his eyes, as he heard the story of the Saviour's love, how He came to seek and to save that which was lost, and had bidden his true followers to go and do likewise.

"And you do it. You go into it strong," said Buster as his companion ceased speaking. Rough and unsuitable as seemed his comment, he yet had felt and understood what had been said to him.

"You will try, my boy, to learn to be better, wont you?" said the gentleman.

"I wish Baby Jim was in that 'ere bed, long side o' mine. Then I could turn in, and feel about right," said Buster, following out his own train of thought.

"When you go to bed every night, kneel down by that bed, and say, 'God bless me, and help me to be a good boy, for Christ's sake. God bless my brother Jim, and help him to be a good boy; and may-be it will all come out right before you expect it. The great God who sees you and me, sees your little brother, and can watch over him and keep him from evil.'"

"I was n't thinkin about keepin him from evil; he takes to that most too nat'ral. I wish I had him though, there in that bed, and I'd tell him I'd thrash the skin off from him if he did n't mind just what you say; for I hold to it, you are the right kind of a man, just uncommon different from any I ever come across before. Eh, do you think it's about time for them boys to be layin in with the bread and milk? I'm ready."

Buster folded his hands that evening with more than three hundred boys, while the blessing of God was asked on the simple bountiful meal before them. Very heartily prayed his friend that poor Buster might be fed with the bread from heaven, and lay hold on eternal life.

Plan for prolonging Life.

M. Robin, an eminent French Chemist, in a memoir recently presented to the French Academy, expresses a belief that the period of human life may be greatly prolonged, and enters into an argument to show that his opinion is based upon sound reasoning. He gives the result of his personal observations on the subject, and proposes to demonstrate the truthfulness of his position by actual experiments upon animals whose lives are of short duration.—His argument is, that the mineral matter, which constitutes an ingredient in most of our food, after the combustion, is in our systems to incurst and stiffen the different parts of the body and to render imperfect many of the vital processes.

He compares human beings to furnaces which are always kindled; life exists only in combustion, but the combustion which occurs in our bodies, like that which takes place in our chimneys, leaves a detritus or residuum which is fatal to life. To remove this, he would administer lactic acid with ordinary food. This acid is known to possess the power of removing or dissolving the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages and valves of the heart. As buttermilk abounds in this acid, and is moreover, an agreeable kind of food, its habitual use, it is urged, will free the system from those causes which inevitably cause death between the seventy-fifth and one hundredth year.—Annual of Scientific Discovery.

Agriculture, etc.

TOP-DRESSING MEADOWS.—The best mode of manuring meadows is thoroughly enriching the soil by manure, applied to crops which precede laying down. But scarcely inferior, and perhaps equal to this treatment, on clayey soils, is autumn top-dressing. The manure for this purpose should be broken fine, and very evenly spread. Harrowing, some weeks after the application of the manure, will often be useful where the grass is short. The manure thus applied, causes a strong autumn growth, enriches the surface soil by washing in of autumn rains, and both the manure and the increase of grass protect the roots during the winter, and give an early growth in spring.—Genesee Farmer.

ABOUT EGGS.—At the season of the year when eggs are plentiful, boil some four or five dozen in a capacious saucepan, till they become quite hard. Then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves of garlic. When cold, bung down closely, and in a month they are fit for use. Where eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive.

And to prevent your hens from eating their eggs, take a partially eaten egg from the nest, and substitute ground mustard for the yolk. This dose will give the hens such a disgust of eggs that they will ever after be content to lay them, and leave others to eat them.

"I think the intimacy which is begotten over the wine bottle," says Thackeray, "has no heart. I never knew a good feeling come from it, or an honest friendship made by it; it is only a phantom of friendship and feeling, called up by the delicious blood and the wicked spells of the wine."

VARIETIES.

It is stated that a single U. States leg-factory has leased eight square miles of forest in Maine, for the purpose of obtaining supplies of timber for the manufacture of the artificial limb.

From the Petit Journal we learn that in Paris they are about to get up a "Theatre Religieux," where nothing but pieces taken from the Old Testament will be played.

A Hoosier who suspected unfair play in the drafting operations asked to be allowed to draw the names from the wheel. He did so, and drew his own name the first time.

Why are greenbacks more valuable than gold, even at its present price? Because when you put a greenback in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out again you find it in creases.

An editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of the inner pages of his paper, says: "For the effect of intemperance, see our inside."

THE ATLANTIC CABLE TESTED.—The Atlantic-cable, which is to be laid next summer between England and America, was recently tested to try its strength and ductility. A given length was taken, suspended, and gradually weighted until it broke, the elongations succeeding, each additional weighting being duly registered, the cable selected being the weight of six three-fifths tons. The case, the spiral wire-involving it, the insulating body, the jute yarn, and each separate strand of the cable, were similarly tested. It was found from those experiments that the more the fibres of wire were brought into a state of tension, the greater became its strength, and that an insulator gutta percha, although not so perfect as India rubber, is far more durable, and that the cable as now manufactured, will be able to bear a strain four times its own weight when laid at the bottom of the Atlantic.

AN AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINESE BIBLE.—It is not often that one sees the language of the aborigines of South Australia in print, but a specimen is now before us. It consists of portion of the Holy Scriptures, selected from the books of Genesis, Exodus, Matthew, and John; and translated into the dialect of the Murray River and Lake Black by Mr. George Toplin, the missionary to the natives at Point McLeay, and printed by order of the South Australian Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. A glance at the book reveals the total absence of words in the native language to express various ideas occurring in the passages selected for translation, and we accordingly meet with such words as "God," "kingdom," "governorship" and several others, where purely English words, or English words with an aboriginal affix, are employed to indicate ideas for which the language of the aborigines seems to possess no equivalents.—South Australian Paper.

FORTY MILES AN HOUR AT SEA.—The Liverpool Mercury observes that Mr. James Steel, a working joiner of that town, has invented a screw propeller, and that he states from experiments made on the Prince's Park lake, that with this screw he can get four times the speed of the ordinary screw with the same engine and the same pressure of steam. The screws are worked reverse by means of two wheels at the centre boxes of the screws, and can be replaced at sea at any time, and being only one-third in the water, can be unshipped without any difficulty. There are six blades in one frame, the reversible one catching the back water as the ordinary one, giving thereby five times the velocity, as proved the last three to four years on Prince's lake. The steam on his model is raised by naphtha. The admiralty has been communicated with, and the Duke of Somerset has ordered the tracings to be sent which was done on the 1st instant.

DESERTING IN A WHEELBARRROW.—The men of the 47th Regiment have already commenced deserting from Hamilton, Canada. The plan adopted by one of the advance party the other day, as related by the St. Catharines Journal, is certainly a novel one.

"One of the soldiers of the 47th Regiment escaped across the Suspension Bridge, at Clifton, on Saturday last, in a very adroit and clever manner. In the afternoon of that day, a man wheeling a wheelbarrow, with a barrel on it, approached the bridge on this side, and on paying the usual fee, of course, was permitted to pass unquestioned, the 'look out party' not paying the slightest attention to him or his barrel. On crossing, he rested once or twice, but on reaching terra firma on the 'other side' he threw up his cap and gave a loud huzza, then knocked in the head of the barrel, when out popped a soldier of Her Majesty's service, dressed in full regimentals, but a little stiff from the cramped position he had occupied.—We have no doubt but that that soldier has gone to the front to fight for Uncle Sam. It will scarcely be possible to repeat the experiment."

USEFUL ADVICE.—A transcendental preacher took for his text, "Feed my lambs." A plain farmer quaintly remarked to him on coming out of the church, "A very good text, sir, but you should take care not to put hay so high in the rack that lambs can't reach it."

An idle man always thinks he has a right to be affronted if a busy man does not devote to him just as much of his time as he himself has leisure to waste.

A child four years old fell into the Ottawa river one day last week and would have been drowned but for a "retriever" dog, which sprang in after him, and though unable to bring the child ashore, kept him above water till assistance was brought and the child saved.