

Youths' Department.

BIBLE LESSONS.

Sunday, July 24th, 1864.

Read—LUKE v. 1-17: The miraculous draught of fishes. 1 SAMUEL xvii. 1-19: Saul sends for David.

Recite—LUKE iv. 40-41.

Sunday, July 31st, 1864.

Read—LUKE v. 18-39: The Paralytic healed. 1 SAMUEL xvii. 1-19: Goliath's challenge.

Recite—ISAIAH iv. 6, 7.

My Grandfather's Pictures.

A STORY ABOUT THAT OLD SUBJECT—THE WEATHER.

The sky was cloudy, and the wheels of the carts and carriages which passed by our door, on their way to the busy little market town of Chamberburgh, wore a coating of mud which by no means improved their appearance, as my grandfather, wrapped in his long black cloak and old-fashioned gaiters, came up the steps and saluted me with, "Eb, Willie, lad, what's to do?"

"Oh, nothing much, grand'father," I replied, in my blunt, boyish way; "I am bothered about this horrid thaw: that's all."

"About the thaw, eh?" said my grandfather, inquiringly.

"Yes. I just wanted the frost to last one week—only one, and this morning all the snow is turned to slush, and the ice to water!"

As I finished this energetic speech, I kicked aside a row of skates which had been placed in the lobby overnight, in the hope that my cousins and I might require them as usual after breakfast, and "banged" the door with a violence that brought Lizzie, my little sister, from the parlour.

"Oh, Willie, Willie!" said my grandfather, "thou art altogether wrong."

He laid his hand upon my shoulder as he spoke. I wished to shake it off, but dared not; so good, so firm, so wise and kind, was my grandfather.

"A selfish lad! to think always of his own pleasure, and never once of the shivering poor," said he; "God help him!"

"God help them, you mean, don't you, grandpapa?" said my little sister, putting all the skates in order as she spoke.

"No, darling; I was thinking of the help that must come to Willie, if he is ever to be a happy, contented, generous lad; and so I say again, God help him!"

I was offended, but I controlled myself so far as to allow that large, thin, dark-veined hand to rest upon my arm another minute. Then, leaving my grandfather at the door of the little breakfast-room, in which my mother sat mending and making for her large family, I went back, and deliberately kicked all the skates from the top of the kitchen stairs to the bottom. I was in what my sister Lizzie called my "tantrums," and it was not until they were over that she ventured to touch my cheek with her lips, and say, in a tone that seemed an echo of my grandfather's "Willie, Willie!"

"It is all very fine for you," I replied, as I endured, without encouraging her caresses; "you are a girl, and you don't skate, or slide, or throw snowballs, or anything of the sort, and you want your snowdrops to be coming on, and your crocus bed to be in full bloom on St. Valentine's day, as it was last year; so you need not talk!"

Lizzie waited a while before she answered me, and then, it was only to say, "I dare say I am selfish, but"—there she waited again.

"But," I repeated, lounging moodily against the wall—"but what?"

"I do not feel angry with God," said Lizzie, in her grave yet perfectly child-like way; "that is all."

That was all; but the "all" was everything. Angry with God! how the words seemed to cover my face with shame! I did not speak, but I went up to the staircase window and stood there with my hands in my pockets and my head upon my breast, thinking as I had never thought before.

After a time came a sound from the lobby, "Willie, I want you to go with me and see some pictures." In a moment more I had shaken myself out of my reverie and was bounding over two stairs at a time.

"What pictures, grand'father? I did not know that there were any in the town."

A smile was the answer, and such a smile! Ah, I wish you had known him, my dear, kind, wise-hearted grand'father!

"Can Lizzie go, and the cousins?"

"Not to-day, Willie; another time, perhaps."

We went off together, and my spirits rose higher as my grandfather conducted me to the principal street in Chamberburgh, stopping to buy a bag of oranges, at one place, half a pint of jolly at another, and so on. "Depend upon it," thought I, "we shall have a spread!"

At last, turning into a narrow lane that opened on a court in which three small, half-naked children were quarrelling over a crust, we drew up at the door of a house with dirty windows, and prepared to mount a staircase of which every step was three-cornered and half decayed. But before we went up, my dear grandfather looked round suddenly, and, pointing to the miserable court and its starving occupants, said, "Look there, Willie! that's the first of my pictures. Number one."

I obeyed him with a flushed cheek and swelling heart, for I saw now what he meant by "pictures."

"Do you think," said my kind guide, as, for the second time that morning, he laid one of his large hands on my shoulder,—do you think those poor children would call this a 'horrid' thaw?"

I did not speak; and we went up the crumbling stair to a room in which a poor girl, whom I guessed to be sixteen or seventeen years old, lay on a low bed, under a thin blue coverlet. By her side was a stool on which stood a large mug half full of water. By the dull window was another stool, and a flower-pot full of dusty mould. Other furniture I saw none.

"I have brought you some jelly, Mary," said my grandfather presently. I had given him the spare stool that he might rest, for he was feeble, even then, and breathed hard after mounting those high stairs. "Where is your mother?"

"She is gone out to get the coals with the ticket that you gave her this morning, sir," replied poor Mary.

"That's right. Can my grandson find a spoon for this jelly anywhere?"

There was one in the cupboard—scarcely worth a halfpenny, but still a spoon. I administered some of the jelly, awkwardly enough, but with a pleasure which I had never known before.

"God is so good to me," said poor Mary, with a sigh of relief, as the bag of oranges was laid beside the remaining portion of the jelly. "First of all came this blessed thaw, and the coals, and now—oh, sir, how can I thank you?"

"Don't even try," said my grandfather, with his kind smile: "let us all thank God." We did so, and my heart melted.

"Good bye, poor Mary," said I, as we rose from our knees. A shilling found its way into her thin white hand at that moment. It was all I had to give. "Good bye, poor Mary!" I repeated at the door, for I found it hard to tear myself away.

"Come, my lad," said my grandfather, "there are other pictures to be seen; so come away."

This time we walked briskly towards the parish workhouse.

"I am going to the hospital now," said my grandfather; "you shall hear what sick paupers think about 'this horrid thaw.'"

I looked up with a glance that seemed to say, "Have mercy." He saw it, and smiled. After that he looked brighter, I thought, than in the earlier part of our walk. We were soon at the workhouse, and its door was opened by a man of seventy-five, or thereabout, who seemed to be well acquainted with my guide.

"Ah, Woolcot, not so cold to-day eh?" said the kindly voice, as we went on.

"No, thank God, master!" said the pauper, reverently.

We turned back when he had closed the heavy door, and saw him bending over a grate half full of bricks. "Number three," said my grandfather. "If he is cold now, what would he have been if the frost had continued, Willie?"

I was silent. Our path lay across two courts, and through a passage that was colder than any place I had ever known. At the end of this passage was the door of a ward set apart for infirm and aged women. To one of these, as I afterwards discovered, my grandfather had once been indebted for some trifling service, in return for which he carried her a weekly present of tea and sugar, that spoke volumes to her grateful heart.

"You are looking quite cheerful to-day," said the kind voice, after reading and prayer.

"Yes, sir, we are," said Old Susan; "it's the change in the weather."

"What, you don't like the frost?" said my grandfather, with a side glance at me.

"Not so well as the thaw, sir," replied Susan: "though, to be sure," she added solemnly, "the good Lord above knows best."

We came away. At the gate we stopped again. "How old are you, Jacob?" said my grandfather.

"Seventy-six, an' please you, master, come next month—that's March, if I live to see it."

"And the cold cuts you up, does it, Jacob?"

"Ah, yes, master, for you see I've got nothing to keep me warm"—he held out his withered arm as he spoke,—"I'm nothing but bones," he said, "and skin, and the frost was terrible. But, thank God, it's gone now."

Thank God! I could say that too, as we walked homewards. Grandpapa's pictures had done their work. Since that time I have never once been angry about the weather, for I have learned to feel, with poor old Susan, that "the good Lord above knows best."

HOW TO TRAIN BOYS.—Hosts of selfish, thoughtless mothers shall send upon us another generation of listless, vapid sons, open to temptation. Years ago, a son of my own was the object of pleasant theories and plans. An unerring teacher took him hence; yet have I learned, through him to look with loving eyes on other women's sons, and think what I would do for them. O mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boys' natures. Make the most of any gentle taste or comely propensity. Encourage them to love flowers, pictures, and all the beautiful things which God has made. Talk with them, read to them; go out with them into the fields and woods, and hallow pleasant scenes with holy memories. A daily ministrations to their untutored hungry minds, a daily touch to their untutored taste, shall make them more comely than costly garments. They will ever bear you witness in the character and conduct of your children; but your laces and embroideries will crumble to dust. Why don't mothers teach their children more, and dress them less?—*A Lady in Springfield Republic.*

A WELL-SPENT day prepares for sweet repose.

SAMSON'S FOXES.

"How could one man catch three hundred foxes? and if he tied their tails together, two and two, with firebrands between, wouldn't the brands burn the string? and how could a mere brand, without a blaze, drawn along, set anything afire?" These, and other difficulties, are felt by the readers of the story. But when we know the geography and the customs of the country, all is clear and beautiful.

The word in the original is not brands, but torches. These torches, in the East, are made of resinous wood, or other highly inflammable materials, the large blaze at one end approaching the other end slowly. The foxes were jackals; these are similar to the foxes, but differing in this respect, that they associate together in large herds or packs, sometimes to the number of two or three hundred or more. Then Samson's tribe, Dan, occupied the range of hills which, like a rocky wall, overlooks the vast plain of Philistia. On these hills are numerous caves, and ruins of ancient towns, where the jackals hide. Samson, being a chief, would find it easy, with his hardy men, to catch three hundred, cooped up in large caves. The handle-end of the torch could easily be fastened by the long hair of the two tails tied in many knots.

A single jackal would have bounded forward with such speed as to give no time for the blaze to take hold; while two must go on a slower run, retarded by the grain, much as if a couple of boys were to drag a piece of rope, each with an end in his hand, through a grain field, with the stiff resisting stalks enclosed in the semicircle behind them. This would leave a line of fire, as the animals pulled along, burning to the right and left; at the same time the crackling flame, constantly approaching, would compel them to go on. If Samson had sent his men to apply the torch, they would be shot after or caught by men swift as themselves; but the jackals could not be caught. At the same time, there were no fences to hinder them. The one hundred and fifty frightened pair, then being let go, here and there, on the long brow of the steep hill, not being able to go back to their caves, would run swiftly down toward the tall grain for shelter, producing a vast conflagration, and spreading, as they were chased, for miles around. The fertile plain of Philistia, to this day, is said to have on it extensive grain fields.

The translators of the Bible, not being well acquainted with Eastern matters, sometimes fell into these small mistakes. Thus, this same word, here translated firebrands, they rendered, in the account of Gideon, 7: 19, by lamps. So in Prov. 30: 28, "The spider taketh hold with her hands," &c., the original is lizard. Everywhere in the East, in dwelling-houses, lizards are seen running along on the ceiling over your head, with their backs downward. The most common animal in England that took hold of the ceiling was the spider, and so the translators thought the spider, must be meant. In the same way, *tiling* is used in Luke 5: 19, for *awning*.—*Examiner.*

WEAR A SMILE.

Which will you do, smile and make others happy, or be crabbed, and make everybody around you miserable? You can live among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire surrounded by fogs and fogs. The amount of happiness which you can produce is incalculable, if you will show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks, cross words and a fretful disposition, you can make hundreds unhappy almost beyond endurance. Which will you do? Wear a pleasant countenance, let joy beam in your eye and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy so great as that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

PERILS OF DIVING.—A very expert diver had been employed to recover the treasure from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's ship *Ava*, wrecked a few weeks ago on the coast of Ceylon. Having on a gutta percha dress made his way into the saloon he saw a large ground shark come sailing in at the door. With great presence of mind, he lay motionless on the locker, and watched it silently and grimly cruising about. One can imagine his feelings when he saw its cold, green eyes fixed upon him, and felt it pushing against the leaden soles of his boots, and rubbing against his dress, the slightest puncture in which would have been certain destruction. After ten minutes of suspense, which must have seemed an age, during which the monster came back twice or thrice to have another look at him, Mr. Pound's courage and coolness was rewarded by seeing him steer his way back as he came. Afterward he always armed himself with a large dagger when he went down to the wreck, from which he recovered altogether £220,000, having spent eight hundred and fifty hours under water.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.

If you have a great many bad thoughts, do not try to find a market for them; for bad thoughts, publicly expressed, often return again to plague the inventor.

He that is good may hope to become better; he that is bad may fear that he may become worse: for vice, virtue, and time never stand still.

STRIVE to distinguish yourself, not for adherence to the tenets of a sect, but for a daily walk in godliness.

Agriculture, etc.

FRUITS BY THE WAYSIDE.

A friend, recently returned from Europe, says nothing delighted him more than the fine rows of fruit trees, particularly cherries, planted along the sides of the public roads, through Germany and Switzerland, affording to the pedestrian both grateful shade and refreshing fruit. Many of the railroads, too, have a flower border on each side, cultivated with care. Mr. Loudon gave the following account of the fruit avenues on the continent:

On the continent, and more especially in Germany and Switzerland, the cherry is much used as a roadside tree, particularly in the northern parts of Germany, where the apple and the pear will not thrive. In some countries the road passes for many miles together through an avenue of cherry trees. In Moravia, the road from Brunn to Olmutz passes through such an avenue, extending upward of sixty miles in length; and we traveled for several days through almost one continuous avenue of cherry trees, from Strasburg by a circuitous route to Munich. These avenues, in Germany, are planted by the desire of the respective governments, not only for shading the traveler, but in order that the poor pedestrian may obtain refreshment on his journey. All persons are allowed to partake of the cherries, on condition of not injuring the trees; but the main crop of the cherries, when ripe, is gathered by the respective proprietors of the land on which it grows; and when these are anxious to preserve the fruit of any particular tree, it is, as it were, tabooed, that is, a wisp of straw is tied in a conspicuous part to one of the branches, as vines by the roadsides in France, when the grapes are ripe, are protected by sprinkling a plant here and there with a mixture of lime and water, which marks the leaves with conspicuous white blotches. Every one who has travelled on the continent in the fruit season, must have observed the respect that is paid to these appropriating marks; and there is something highly gratifying in this, and in the humane feeling displayed by the princes of the different countries, in causing the trees to be planted. It would indeed be lamentable if kind treatment did not produce a corresponding return.

We hope to see the time when something like this will be inaugurated in our country.—The moral effect would more than pay the cost. Then we should hear much less of the robbing of orchards, and the pilfering of fruit and flowers. The young would learn that while full provision was made for their enjoyment, they must respect the rights and interests of others. *Rural New Yorker.*

DO CATTLE REQUIRE SALT?—It has been questioned by many agricultural writers whether stock actually require salt, either a one or in connection with their food; whether it is really one of the necessities of life or simply a luxury to be used or let alone as convenience may require. Prof. Johnston, a Scotch writer, referring to the subject, says: We know why the animal craves salt, and why it ultimately falls into disease if salt is for a time withheld. Upwards of half the saline matter of the blood (57 per cent.) consists of common salt; and as this is partly discharged every day through the skin and the kidneys, the necessity of continued supplies, of it to the body becomes sufficiently obvious. The bile also contains soda as a special and indispensable constituent, and so do all the cartilages of the body. Therefore, if the supply of salt be stinted, neither will the bile be able properly to assist the digestion, nor the cartilages be built up again, as they naturally waste. And when we consider it to be a fact that without salt man would miserably perish; as, among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times, we may become partially convinced at least of the necessity of feeding salt to our stock—that it is one of the necessities as well as one of the luxuries of life for man and beast; and it should be profusely provided at short intervals, in proper places, if it cannot be kept by them continually, so that each and every animal may satisfy the demands of his nature. Then it shall not be said of us that while our puddings is always well seasoned and salted our stock are allowed to suffer for want of the same ingredient, which is as truly necessary for their food as for ours.—*Genesee Farmer.*

SOMETHING LIKE A WORD.—Chinese literature is making way in Germany. Here is the pleasant name of a handbook for the use of students, just published at Frankfurt.—*Hant-schen-fachoukouangtsongnou; Bibliotheca Sinologica, als Wegweiser zur Sinologischen Literatur.*

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENTS.—"Three things," said the Rev. Dr. Henry, of New York, "appear to be unjoined by the Fall; the song of birds, the beauty of flowers, and the smile of infancy; for it is difficult to conceive how either of these could have been more perfect had men remained holy; as if God would leave us something pure to remind us of the Paradise we have lost, and to point us to that which we shall regain."

The Ohio "Statesman" says that three thousand farms in Ohio are left without a man to attend them—thousands of fields are left waste for the want of hands to cultivate them; this, too, at the very season when every working man in the State is required at home.

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